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The Democratic party has made a new-year's present to the people. Part of it is a deficit, and part of it is a tax.

The part which is a deficit is already collected and squandered. The part which is a tax is about to be collected. The iniquitous Democratic, Populistic, and socialistic income-tax law goes into effect on and after the first day of January, 1895. From that date, "there shall be assessed, levied, collected, and paid annually upon the gains, profits, and income received in the preceding calendar year, by every citizen of the United States, whether residing at home or abroad, and every person residing therein, whether said gains, profits, or income be derived from any kind of property, rents, interests, dividends, or salaries, or from any profession, trade, employment, or vocation carried on in the United States or elsewhere, or from any other source whatever, a tax of two per cent. on the amount so derived, over and above four thousand dollars."

After that date, therefore, the citizens of California, as well as of the rest of the United States, will have an army of private detectives shadowing them. Tipstaves will be tapping them on the shoulder; detectives will be demanding to see their books; collectors will be extracting from their

once fat purses, made lean by State taxes, city taxes, county taxes, charity taxes, and Democratic panics, what little coin remains.

According to the regulations issued by Secretary Carlisle, every citizen of the United States, whether residing at home or abroad, and every person residing or doing business in the United States, who has an annual income of more than three thousand five hundred dollars, must make return under oath before the first Monday in March of each year. The first return must include all income received in the year 1894, from January 1st to December 31st. Guardians, trustees, and all corporations acting in any fiduciary capacity must make similar returns for minors, wards, or beneficiaries. All incomes of four thousand dollars and over are taxable at two per cent. The return must be verified by affidavit, setting forth that all sources of income are included. These sources of income must include gross profits of any trade or business wherever carried on; rents received or accrued during the year; profits from sales of real estate purchased within two years; farming operations and proceeds; money and value of all personal property acquired by gift or inheritance; premiums on bonds, stocks, notes, and coupons; income from trade or profession not by stated salary and not heretofore enumerated; from salary or compensation other than that received from the United States; from salary or compensation paid by the United States; undivided gains and profits of any partnership; interest received or accrued from all notes, bonds, or other securities; interest on bonds or coupons paid by any corporation; dividends from corporations; income of wife or minor children; all other species of income not above enumerated.

The deductions allowed include four thousand dollars exempt by law; interest due and paid within the year; national, State, county, school, and municipal taxes paid, not including assessments for local benefits; amount expended in purchase or production of live stock or produce sold within the year; necessary expenses, specified by items, actually incurred in carrying on any business or trade; losses actually sustained during the year specified; actual losses on sales of real estate purchased within two years; debts contracted and ascertained in the year to be worthless; salary or compensation over four thousand dollars, from which the tax of two per centum has been withheld by disbursing officers of the United States Government; and dividends included in the estimates of gross profits from corporations on which the two per cent tax has been paid by such corporations. Corporations are obliged to make annual returns according to a detailed plan which may be found in the law. The tax on incomes for the year 1894 will be due and payable on or before the first of July next, and if not paid at that time, penalties will attach for non-payment. The penalty for neglect to make a return is an addition of fifty per cent. to the amount found due, and for making a fraudulent return a penalty of one hundred per cent.

The foregoing is a brief but comprehensive summary of the Democratic-Populistic-Socialistic income tax. It is the only time since the country was in the throes of a bloody civil war that the attempt has been made to levy such an iniquitous tax. It is a move in the direction of segregating the people of the United States into classes. Part of the people will be subject to the burden of this tax; the remainder will go free. This is unequal taxation. It is a blow at the institutions of republican government.

There are a great many capitalists in the Democratic party—we have never quite understood why. In all the large cities of the United States there are scores of men of great wealth who call themselves Democrats. Inasmuch as that party has, always been behind every socialistic move which threatened the business of the country, and every financial heresy which threatened the soundness of its currency, it is difficult to understand their adherence to the Democratic party. This latest madness may shake their faith. It will be difficult for them to escape the operations of the law. Even perjury will not save them. For the law affects the income of corporations. As most capitalists

have large holdings scattered in different corporations, and as it will be impossible for corporations to resort to the same expedients as individuals for hiding wealth, the individual stockholders will have to pay the income tax. Already one corporation in the East, the Catawissa Railroad, a part of the Philadelphia and Reading system, has deducted from its semi-annual dividend, just declared, the two per cent. income tax. If the capitalists who own the stock had the money all distributed to them, they could have hidden it. But they can not hide it now.

A similar experience awaits all who hold stock in corporations, whether they are capitalists or not. There are many thousands of such holders of corporate stock whose incomes do not reach four thousand dollars, or anywhere near that sum. But in their capacity as stockholders they are going to pay the income tax all the same. Every man, woman, and minor heir holding corporate stock will feel the income tax.

On and after New-Year's Day, then, the Democratic-Populistic-Socialistic income tax goes into effect. We shall all presently be followed, searched, spied upon, our bank-books examined, our check-stubs compared, our wives' and daughters' pin-money scrutinized, and ourselves put under oath. The Democratic party has made its new-year's present to the people.

A thrill of horror shot through humane breasts at the recital by James Creelman, correspondent of the New York World and the San Francisco Examiner, of the alleged cruelties of the Japanese troops after the capture of Port Arthur. According to his account, it would appear that no prisoners were taken nor quarter given. The Chinese, wherever found, whether armed or unarmed, were put to death. It was a scene which can not be republished in terms too severe.

But such massacres have not been unusual in history. Where a fort is stormed, and lives have been lost by the storming party, it has always proved impracticable to restrain the fury of the troops when they get into the place. The homicidal rage of the conquerors has not been peculiar to any race or any age. It has been an invariable feature of war. Without going back to times when cruelty and carnage were hardly thought to require excuse, the slaughter of unresisting non-combatants after the capture of a fortified place has stained the honor of almost all modern belligerents. Eighty-two years ago, Lord Wellington captured the town of Badajoz in Spain. In his history of the Peninsular War, Sir William Napier tells us that, after the assault, the place was given up to the soldiers for a sack of two days, during which time the most frightful cruelties and outrages, ending generally with death, were perpetrated upon the Spanish men and women, though England was at peace with Spain. About the same period, the soldiers of Napoleon captured Saragossa, and, no quarter being given, men, women, and children were massacred by the infuriated French.

A score of years later, in the wars of the French with Abd-el-Kader, few prisoners were taken on either side. One Algerian tribe, which made an obstinate resistance, was penned up in a cave in the mountains by General Pellissier, afterward Duke of Malakoff; brushwood was piled at the mouth of the cave, and was kept burning till every one of the Algerians was suffocated. Not long after, the native tribes of Hindostan rose against English domination. Two of the places they seized were Delhi and Lucknow. When the British troops recaptured them, they gave no quarter; at Lucknow the Highland brigade under Sir Colin Campbell, afterward Lord Clyde, bewed down or spitted the wretched natives as long as they had strength to wield the sword or bayonet. This was long after all resistance had ceased.

Nor have we much ground for boasting of superior humanity to that of the English and French. There were instances in our Civil War where negro regiments, cut off from the army corps to which they belonged, were massacred to a man. No American, either Northerner or Southerner,

likes to recall the slaughter at Fort Pillow. And not many months ago we were every day hearing accounts of the slaughter of ill-armed and naked negroes in Matabeleland, mowed down by the Maxim and Gatling guns of the South African Company, which is merely a pseudonym for the British Government.

War is the art of killing, reduced to scientific principles. The business of a belligerent is to kill as many of the enemy as possible, in order to bring the war to a close. And though it is not found that the restoration of peace is promoted by the slaughter of non-combatants, yet still, when the blood is up, soldiers who have seen their comrades fall by their side are not apt to draw nice distinctions between men who have arms in their hands, and are still fighting, and men who may have laid aside their weapons to assume the attitude of peaceful spectators. The instinct of the soldier is to kill. It is impossible to improve upon General Sherman's saying at Atlanta: "War is cruelty, and you can not refine it."

As to the Oriental nations, they have never taken the first lessons in humanity. The whole criminal code of China is based on corporal punishment, leading up to mutilation and the most cruel forms of death. For offenses which should be punished with a term of imprisonment, the law prescribes decapitation; for more heinous crimes, decapitation is prefaced with various forms of torture. When a Chinese soldier fights in battle, he expects death if he is beaten. At the close of the battles in Tonquin, both the French and the Chinese generals wound up the day by executing their prisoners. Nor are the Japanese different. When an American correspondent remonstrated with a Japanese general on the shooting of fugitives from Port Arthur, the Oriental replied: "We took prisoners at Ping Yang; it cost us a great deal of money to feed them, and it took quite a force to guard them; why should we be put to such expense and trouble?" The idea that it was inhuman to murder in cold blood men who had surrendered, never entered his mind. In the old days of the Samurai, those pitiless warriors walked over a battle-field after the fighting had ceased, and finished off the survivors with their two-handed swords.

After all is said and done, the fact remains that there are no Japanese prisoners in Chinese hands. That is significant. China has evidently put to death all of her prisoners. Japan can therefore hardly be blamed for putting to death some of hers. And when the war-record of the Occident is stained with so many massacres, we of the civilized nations can scarcely indulge in wholesale condemnation of this slaughter in the Orient.

Last winter, when the "Industrial Armies" were pillaging the country, seizing railway trains, and, with force and violence, taking the property of the industrious members of the community, the *Argonaut* strongly urged that the local governments should exert their authority and adopt repressive measures. When "General" Fry was organizing his army of tramps in Los Angeles, we suggested that "a little chain-gang labor would soon rid the country of such creatures as Fry." At that time, our contemporaries were impressed by what they considered the unnecessary anxiety of the *Argonaut* rather than by the serious nature of the situation. But now the *Chronicle* and some of the others have come to see this evil in its true light, and swing into line in demanding more stringent vagrancy laws.

There is no question that the legislature which convenes next week will be compelled to consider the tramp problem. That problem has assumed a new and acute phase since the legislature last met, and the vagrancy laws now on the statute books are wholly inadequate. The Penal Code, Sec. 647, provides:

"Every person (except a California Indian) without visible means of living, who has the physical ability to work, and who does not for the space of ten days seek employment, nor labor when employment is offered him; every healthy beggar who solicits alms as a business; every person who roams about from place to place without any lawful business . . . is a vagrant, and punishable by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months."

Those parts of the definition of a vagrant that do not apply to the tramp problem have been omitted from the above quotation. The defects of this law are apparent. A tramp must be kept under surveillance for ten days before his character as a vagrant can be established, though it may be immediately apparent to any one but the judge; the prosecution must prove that the beggar has adopted begging as a business and not as a measure of temporary relief. And, when a difficult conviction has been obtained, the penalty is one to which no properly constituted tramp would object. Six months' free board and lodging, without the necessity of doing a stroke of work, is not an alarming prospect for any of the tramp fraternity. The fact is that the law was framed when the tramp was practically unknown in this State, and was intended to reach a wholly different class of offenders. It was amended in 1891, but this

amendment was not intended to reach the tramps, and that part of the law referring to them was not improved.

It is apparent that a radical change in the law is necessary. California lags behind the other parts of the country in this matter because of a surviving touch of the happy-go-lucky characteristics of the early days. Then the lucky miner tossed gold to the idle tramp because he might be "down on his luck." It is time that this absurd sentiment that is mistaken for generosity be cast aside, and what has become a serious problem be confronted seriously.

In 1879, the discussion of the tramp problem throughout the country resulted in the enactment of stringent legislation in five States, and these statutes may be accepted as characteristic of the modern method of treating these vagabonds. In Delaware a vagrant is immediately arrested, and for one month is compelled to labor on the streets, or on public works, or he is hired out to private persons, who become responsible for his safe-keeping. At the end of the month, he is released and paid a reasonable sum for his work, that he may have no excuse for resuming his roving mode of life. In New York the penalty is one year's confinement at hard labor in the county jail or the penitentiary. The North Carolina statute is similar to that in this State—six months' confinement in the county jail. In Pennsylvania a vagrant is sentenced to solitary confinement at hard labor for from six to eighteen months. Wisconsin gives him either six months' confinement at hard labor or thirty days' solitary confinement on bread and water, at the discretion of the committing judge. In case of a refusal to work, he is confined in the State prison for a period not exceeding two years.

In Canada there is a general vagrant law for the dominion, but it is so strict that the tramp soon leaves the country for the more hospitable communities of the United States.

In Europe the method of repressing vagrancy forms a part of their general system of handling the dependent classes. Those who are out of employment are assisted until they show an inclination to avoid work. Then they are made to work, and the compulsion is continued until they cease to be vagrants. This is possible because of the more settled condition of the people, and the more perfect police methods by which the tramp is kept under perfect surveillance all the time.

The legislature will not be able to create a complete system of handling vagrants such as those of Europe, for such a system must be a growth. But it can make the vagrant law something more than a farce, as it is at present. The most essential feature to add to the present section of the code is a provision that all convicted vagrants shall be made to work during the period of their sentence. What labor is to be done must be left to the different localities. In country districts, road-making would be the most natural employment; in cities, they could be employed profitably in cleaning the streets, though this involves some difficulty in watching them. The Delaware plan of hiring them out to private persons is objectionable.

Another necessary change is in the definition of the vagrant. The clause requiring him to have been without means of living for ten days should be stricken out, as also should that requiring it to be proved that the beggar solicits alms as a business. Stringent provision should be made against tramps massing together into gangs for the purpose of enforcing their demands for support; and all offenses against property rights or against the person should be made a felony and strictly punished. This is the work for the legislature to perform; there will still remain the necessity for the community to demand a strict enforcement of the provisions of the law.

If the Lexow Committee had accomplished nothing beyond extorting from Captains Crendon and Schmittberger confessions of the corruption prevailing in the New York police department, it would have rendered a service of which it is impossible to exaggerate the value. These police officers admitted that they had obtained their posts by bribery, and that they had used them to levy black-mail for the benefit of themselves and their superior officers. They had extorted tribute from merchants, peddlers, rum-sellers, "green-goods men," "bunco-steerers," harlots, and doctors engaged in illegitimate practice. All these classes were at the mercy of the police, and were bled by members of the force, from commissioner to roundsman. Every form of vice was tolerated so long as it paid its regular monthly bribe to the police. It is safe to say that never in our whole history was such a disclosure of infamy as the confessions of the captains contained. The Belknap revelations, the story of the whisky frauds, and the tale of the star-route swindles were tame in comparison.

The reader is appalled by the recital of the corruption which prevailed under the Caesars of Rome. He is shocked by the accounts of the rottenness in France which culminated in the Panama Canal scandals. But these infamies

were venial in comparison with the systematic organization of vice in New York under the auspices of the police, and conducted for its emolument. Every police force contains black sheep. But they carry on their rascalities in secret, and hide them from the knowledge of their superiors and from the public eye. At New York, the machinery was run so that no member of the force could be ignorant of it. A price was set on every form of wickedness, and the division of the price was agreed upon and settled beforehand. For a parallel we must go back to the Middle Ages, when absolution for every variety of crime was assessed at a sum stated in the ecclesiastical code of Rome. It cost so much to make one's peace with God for a mayhem, so much for an outrage upon a woman, so much for the robbery of a castle, so much for a murder. When the fines were all in, a portion was remitted to the Papal treasury at Rome, a portion went to the bishop of the diocese, and the remainder was pocketed by the peddler of divine forgiveness.

As a rule, in times past, when things got to the stage which they seem to have reached in New York, social and political disintegration set in. The Roman Empire collapsed at the approach of foreigners who were not unwelcome to sober fathers of families. The corrupt Napoleonic empire was swept away in a night, leaving no mourners behind but bullies of the type of Cassagnac. People are asking whether the revelations of the Lexow Committee may not lead to an uprising in New York which may bear a revolutionary flavor. Municipal administration could not certainly be worse if the New Yorkers borrowed from Germany the laws which make property, as well as manhood, the basis of suffrage, and which create a municipal bureaucracy to hold the proletariat in check. Universal suffrage, with the supremacy of the grog-shop and the ward boss which it implies, is at the bottom of the corruption which has shocked the world; the question can not help suggesting itself whether the true cure for existing evils should not deal with the causes which render them possible.

If there were any prospect of a moral revival, that might be relied upon to institute and maintain municipal reform. But a very large proportion of the citizens of New York do not share the horror which the Lexow revelations awaken elsewhere. The most numerous of the religious sects in New York is the Roman Catholic. Speaking of the Lexow Committee, Archbishop Corrigan, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in New York, and a prelate who is in close touch with his congregation, wrote to Father Ducey in the following words:

"REVEREND DEAR SIR: I have noticed with pain your repeated attendance at the sessions of the Lexow Committee. Many an honest layman would blush to go to such an assemblage of his own free will, and much more is it disedifying that a priest should frequent such sessions day after day, and seem to glory in it. Certainly I would not allow any other priest of the diocese to exhibit such conduct without calling him to order."

It does no injustice to the archbishop to infer from this language that his sympathies are with the corruptionists, the black-mailers, and the robbers whom the Lexow Committee was unearthing, and not with the honest men who were striving to expose villainy. He seems to see nothing wrong in officers of justice fostering crimes they are paid to suppress. He has no indignation for the infamies which the investigation brought to light, but he deems it "disedifying" that a priest of his church should give the investigators the moral support of his presence. How could such a prelate and the congregations which kneel at his feet be counted on to cooperate in a work of purification?

We are to assume from Archbishop Corrigan's letter that he holds that the degradation, which in almost every instance can be traced to Tammany Hall, is not "disedifying," but attacks upon it are. A priest who sits silent when Irish Catholic policemen levy black-mail on poor outcast women may be "edifying"; it is the priest who sustains the committee by the support of his presence who is "disedifying." Was the case of Georgiana Hastings, who paid no protection money because several judges frequented her house and protected her in person, "edifying"? What is Archbishop Corrigan's definition of "edifying"?

If all the prelates of the Papal faith in this country are cast in the same mold as Archbishop Corrigan, his church must be pronounced as formidable an obstacle to morality as it is to intelligence. No influence is doing so much at the present time to retard intellectual progress as the church which proclaims a faith in the vulgar "miracles" which are being worked to win the coppers of the ignorant, and certainly no influence is so potent an adversary of morality as a church which shields the police black-mailers of New York from public execration. Far be it from us to assume that the Roman Catholic clergy are all in sympathy with black-mail, or corruption, or the fostering of vice for the sake of gain. There are in that church as pure Christians as in any other of the sects. Such bishops as Ireland and Watterson may safely be classed as good citizens. But an institution must be judged by those who direct it and who give

the law to its members. And in this view Archbishop Corrigan's letter to Father Ducey makes it quite certain that the church, as a body, not only can not be counted on the side of the champions of morality, but must be expected to be found, working in a Jesuitical way, for the opposite cause. To expose black-mailers who batten on thieves and barlots is, according to Archbishop Corrigan, "disedifying."

The following communication has been received at this office :

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: For a newspaper that plumes itself on accuracy, how does the *Argonaut* find authority for the statement in the issue of December 24th that England has no paper money for less than five pounds? The Bank of England, it is true, issues no notes of less denomination; but how about the one-pound notes issued by other banks in the United Kingdom?

Again, in the "Literary Notes" in the same issue, is the erroneous statement that the "Prince de Joinville served during our Civil War under General McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign." This is a mistake. The Prince de Joinville, a sailor, and an admiral in the French navy, certainly did not serve under McClellan in the late Civil War. He had two nephews who did; the late Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, on the staff of that general.

Somebody on the *Argonaut* is not well informed. I don't like to see such slipshod assertions.

W. HARDCASTLE.

The signature to the foregoing is very illegible, but it looks as much like "W. Hardcastle" as anything else, so we shall let it go at that. If we have read it awry, we shall be pleased to reprint it correctly in our next number.

Touching the accusation of boastfulness, the *Argonaut* has not, to our knowledge, "plumed itself on its accuracy." It endeavors to make no statements that it does not believe to be true, and it probably succeeds as often as most people—certainly more frequently than its present critic has done.

The statement made in the *Argonaut* of December 24th, and quoted by Mr. Hardcastle, that England has no paper money of less than five pounds, is perfectly true. The matter is regulated by statute. There are one-pound notes issued by banks in Scotland and in Ireland, and they sometimes circulate in the northern and western counties of England. But Scotland is not England, and neither is Ireland England, we are glad to say. As to the notes issued by banks in the *United Kingdom* we had nothing to say. We said England, and we meant England. We were not speaking of "Great Britain," or of "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," but of England. We repeat our assertion—that there are no bank-notes issued in England of a lower denomination than five pounds. The *Argonaut* generally knows what it means, says what it means, and means what it says.

As to the second count in the indictment which Mr. Hardcastle so courteously prefers against us, we fear that gentleman will again have to gnaw the file of mortification. Our statement was that "the Prince de Joinville served during our Civil War under General McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign." We repeat that statement, and will proceed to prove it. Mr. Hardcastle furnishes us with some rudimentary information concerning the profession of the Prince de Joinville, and remarks triumphantly that he was "a sailor, and certainly did not serve under McClellan in the late Civil War." This seems to us to be a *non-sequitur*. It does not follow that because a man is a sailor, he can not serve in a military capacity on shore. Before the profession of arms became specialized, as have many other callings in modern times, there have been men who were great captains both by land and by sea. Has Mr. Hardcastle ever heard of Lord Howard of Effingham, who commanded the English fleet at the time of the Spanish Armada? Lord Howard was a bold soldier and a stout mariner; at one time, under the title of "lieutenant-general," he commanded both the army and the navy of England. Even in the war of which Mr. Hardcastle speaks—the Civil War in America—there was a notable instance. Raphael Semmes, after having commanded first the *Shenandoah* and then the *Alabama*, found his occupation gone when his ship was sunk by the *Kearsarge*. He reported for duty to Jefferson Davis, and was given command of a fleet of gun-boats in the James River. But when Davis fell back toward "the last ditch," and the Confederacy was tottering toward its fall, Semmes was in command of troops as an officer in the Confederate army. This is one of many instances which we might give Mr. Hardcastle.

But it is scarcely worth while to give illustrative instances. The shortest way to refute his statements is to quote from contemporary records. In "McClellan's Own Story," in speaking of his personal staff, is found this passage :

"The Prince de Joinville . . . constantly accompanied me through the trying campaign of the Peninsula, and frequently rendered important services."

Elsewhere General McClellan speaks of the fact that the Prince de Joinville was always with his nephews, and adds "our relations were always confidential and most agreeable." To the same effect is the testimony of Fitz-John Porter, who

says in the Century Company's "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War":

"The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, were on the field as volunteer aids-de-camp, actively engaged in encouraging the men, carrying messages, and performing other duties of aids. . . . At one time the Comte de Paris, regardless of himself, begged me to send his uncle [the prince] to General McClellan with a message, which would at once and permanently remove him from the dangers of the battle, since the family interests at stake were too important to permit him to be so exposed."

In addition to this testimony, we may remark that the advance sheets of "Vieux Souvenirs," the personal memoirs of the Prince de Joinville, also say that he accompanied his nephews when they served as volunteer aids to General McClellan.

To sum up, then, it appears that the *Argonaut's* statement—that the Prince de Joinville served during the Civil War under General McClellan—is backed up by three people who ought to know. General McClellan says that the prince was there; Fitz-John Porter says that the prince was there; and the prince himself says that he was there. On the opposite side, Mr. Hardcastle says that the prince was not there. There is safety in numbers, and we are regretfully obliged to disagree with Mr. Hardcastle and to agree with the other three.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Hardcastle, but we commend to him the remark of a certain profound philosopher, "that it is better not to know so many things than it is to know so many things that ain't so."

In the dispatches recently, we were surprised to see a statement that Mr. Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, had received at the hands of Archbishop Corrigan the "Golden Rose." Our surprise was natural, as the gift in question, which comes from the Pope, is generally presented to ladies. By late files of the New York papers, however, we see that the dispatches were erroneous. The gift which Mr. Daly received was not from the Pope, but from the Roman Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana. It was not the "Golden Rose," but was a "Lætare Medal," so called from Lætare Sunday, the fourth in Lent, "when a break in the gloom of penitential austerity occurs," to quote from Archbishop Corrigan's address in presenting this sacerdotal bauble to Mr. Daly. The University of Notre Dame has decided to present such a medal yearly to "some child of the church who has distinguished himself or herself in literature, art, or science, or in his benefactions to humanity." Mr. Daly's claims on the medal, according to the presentation address, were "in recognition of his success in restoring the best traditions of truth and art to the theatre. He has revived for us the great traditions of Blackfriars and the Globe. In him faith and art unite, and duty makes the trinity complete. If our theatre return to ideals of a Christian civilization, if the drama reach the dignity it had in the time of the great Greeks, and of Molière, and Lope de Vega, the English-speaking world will be Mr. Daly's debtor."

Mr. Daly is indeed deserving of envy. Few theatrical managers have ever been eulogized in such burning words, delivered by the wearer of the mitre and bearer of the crozier, and probably signalized with bell, book, and candle. But does Archbishop Corrigan know that a bevy of dizzy damsels in tights are now disporting themselves on the stage of Daly's Theatre in "The Gaiety Girl"? Does he know that some of them appear there in bathing-dresses, and that others dance the skirt-dance there? Does he know that "Cissy" Fitzgerald is winning salvos of applause at Daly's Theatre by "high kicking"? If in Mr. Daly, according to the archbishop, "faith, art, and duty unite to make a trinity," we may add that, at Daly's Theatre, skirt-dancing, high kicking, and tights total up a trinity too.

We fear that his eminence, Archbishop Corrigan, has not kept well posted on the latest bills at Mr. Daly's Theatre. If so, he would scarcely speak of "The Gaiety Girl" as "a return of the drama to the dignity it had in the time of the great Greeks."

However, we are glad that it was not the "Golden Rose" which Mr. Daly received. One of the latest recipients of the "Golden Rose" was Queen Isabella of Spain. The Pope gave it to her for "cbshty." Had Mr. Daly received the "Golden Rose," we think he would have had cause of action against the Pope.

In a recent article in an Eastern periodical, discussing the literary and political weeklies of the United States, such as the *Nation*, *Public Opinion*, etc., Mr. Joel Benton says :

"The *Argonaut* of San Francisco is a rattling free lance of conceded and exasperating ability, which gets widely quoted and doubtless is much profaned. It is in a perpetual campaign heat, with no beginning or end to the election, and people who disagree with its advocacies read it for its remarkable and clean-cut vigor of speech."

If he accuses us of heat, it is evident that Mr. Benton has

not been perusing these pages since the election of November, 1894. We will freely admit that the *Argonaut* has at times been somewhat heated in its discussion of political topics ever since the Democrats got into power two years ago, and began playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven. But since the election, all this is changed. Now that the Democrats have been flung out, neck and crop, a beautiful calm pervades these pages. The *Argonaut* shows a certain peaceful resignation over the Democratic calamity which can not but redound to its advantage in the courts of heaven. We declare to Mr. Benton that we are quite calm, and beg to extend to him the assurances of our most distinguished consideration.

When the legislature convenes, there will be the usual button-boling of members over the filling of the various offices in the control of the two houses. The *Argonaut* takes no special interest in such matters; but there is one name to go before the senate as a candidate for the secretaryship of that body which we hope to see favorably acted upon. It is that of Marcus D. Boruck. Mr. Boruck has lived in the State for many years, and is a veteran Republican editor. He has already been secretary of the senate, and has also occupied the position of secretary to the governor. He is thus familiar both with the workings of the legislature and the needs of the State. The senate will find him invaluable as a secretary, and he ought to receive the votes of Democrats as well as Republicans.

After a number of months' labor attempting to raise three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the projected San Joaquin Valley Railroad, the Traffic Association announces "six months' extension of time in which to make subscriptions." If San Francisco can not raise such an amount as that in five months, it is evident that she does not want a San Joaquin Valley Railroad. The dwellers in the valley have come to that conclusion, and have now turned to Los Angeles. That city has less than one-fourth the population of San Francisco; it is eighteen miles from the seashore, while San Francisco is situated both on a bay and on the ocean; a railroad from Bakersfield to San Francisco would run over a plain as level as a billiard-table, while a railroad from there to Los Angeles would have to climb a lofty mountain range. Yet we are inclined to think that there is infinitely more chance of such a road being built by Los Angeles than by San Francisco. By geographical conditions, the San Joaquin Valley is tributary to San Francisco. But by the other conditions of brains, energy, and men, it is tributary to Los Angeles.

During the last few days, the stock of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company has fallen in San Francisco from sixty-two dollars to forty-five dollars per share. This heavy drop has been caused by a recent decision in the United States Circuit Court adverse to the Berliner patent of the American Bell Telephone Company of Boston. This company leases patents to the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, and controls fifty-one per cent. of the California company's stock. The Circuit Court held that the issuance of the Berliner patent was delayed unnecessarily, and that a former patent issued to Berliner covered substantially the same claims as were made in the patent issued in 1891. The court stated that "the unwarrantable delay was intended by the respondent corporation." The case will doubtless be appealed, but if the Circuit Court is sustained, as seems probable, the effect will be to throw open the telephone patents to the world. In San Francisco it will bring about the organization of a rival telephone corporation. This will result in cheapening the rates and improving the service, two things very much to be desired.

Elsewhere will be found a communication from a subscriber renewing for the coming year, in which he says that his copy of the *Argonaut* is read regularly by seven persons in the United States and five in Europe. We have long been aware that this journal is preserved by many subscribers, and forwarded to friends in other parts of the world. For many years we have known that thousands of copies of the *Argonaut* pass through the mails *single-stamped*, showing that they have been forwarded by individuals, and not by our publishing office. While this secondary circulation has not directly added to our revenues, it has much increased the value of the paper as a medium to our advertisers, hence we have been content. It is usually estimated by advertising agents and general advertisers that every copy of a good weekly has from four to five readers, as its contents are not so ephemeral as those of a daily paper. But we have never dreamed of a single copy of the *Argonaut* being read by about three times that number. Such is the fact, however. It is gratifying to learn that the paper is so carefully read and preserved.

A WHITE LIE.

The Confession of a Young Bride's Venial Sin.

The Baron Delaborde was already an old man when I came into the world. The son of a courtier of Charles the Tenth, he had led an adventurous life: recalled to the court of Napoleon the Third, he had been one of the most noted *viveurs* at Compiègne; finally, he had retired after the war to Châtellerault, his native town, where, in spite of his fifty years, he managed to upset two or three staid provincial families.

I remember as a little girl seeing him, still handsome and fascinating, showing in his face and bearing that his reputation was not undeserved. Young wives, girls, old ladies—all were crazy about him still. He knew so well how to say to each one just what would flatter her, how to pay to each the tender little attentions that made her wonder: "Can it be that the baron has fallen in love with me?" As for me, when I was only ten years old, he addressed me as "Mademoiselle," treated me with all the evidences of respectful admiration, and, on New-Year's Day, instead of giving me toys, he sent me flowers, as if to a grown woman. You may imagine how captivated I was!

To the Baron Delaborde, then in his sixty-ninth year, my first coquetries were addressed: it was he who first made me feel the secret joy of being admired. Others kissed me on the cheek or forehead; he alone thought of kissing my hand, and chose for that deferential caress occasions when we were alone together. It used to make me feel very guilty. My confessor could not avoid laughing when, with an emotion that almost choked me, I confessed that "I had allowed a gentleman to kiss my hand."

That innocent intrigue lasted nearly four years, until I was sent to the convent. Then, I confess with shame, the old friend was soon forgotten. Paris, even seen from the narrow windows of a convent, soon changes a country girl's heart. Indeed, when I returned to Châtellerault in the long vacations, my old friend's graces seemed to me a little fantastic. To celebrate my return, he insisted on giving me a fête, the memory of which still survives in Châtellerault. Private theatricals, ball, supper, illumination in the garden—nothing was omitted. I was a distinct success, and that fact gave me the liveliest pleasure.

From that memorable evening, a change took place in my relations with my old friend, but a change of which I alone was conscious: I no longer took him seriously. He no longer dominated me. I was supremely coquettish with him, granting favors, refusing them, pouting, cajoling, amusing myself with his jealousy. Do not imagine it was precocious maliciousness on my part. I would have been very sorry to make him suffer, nor did he. Indeed, I think his ancient heart grew young again in this youthful intrigue.

Last year I left the convent to return definitively to my home in Châtellerault. Our little city is not so dull, I can assure you. The officers especially kept up the gayety. Before I was married there was always some lieutenant, or even captain, to be found dangling about me, a man who could dance well, and talk, and thought me sufficiently to his taste to devote his time to me. This privileged officer—he was called, successively, Desfeuilles, D'Erbelincourt, Rodrigue, and so on—was naturally my old friend's pet aversion. For my old friend did not yield to the younger generation. I must always give the first part of my evenings: Messieurs Desfeuilles, D'Erbelincourt, Rodrigue, and the rest took their turn afterward. I lent myself readily to the little comedy, until the day when—but I must tell you in detail of that memorable adventure, on which my whole life depended.

At the sous-préfet's I met Captain de Langallery. Do you believe in love at first sight? Perhaps you do not, but if so you are wrong, for I myself fell in love at first sight. When I got home after this ball, at which I had danced only a single waltz with Captain Langallery, I drew mamma into my room, threw myself into her arms, and whispered to her:

"Darling mother, I must marry M. de Langallery."

Imagine mamma's face! She thought me crazy.

"M. de Langallery!" she gasped. "Who in the world is M. de Langallery?"

"What! Didn't you see him? The captain, you know—the one with the brown mustache and the dark eyes, with the pretty eyehrows?"

She didn't know! She hadn't noticed the pretty eyehrows, or the brown mustache, or the dark eyes! She had not distinguished this particular captain from the other captains. Poor mamma, she had not fallen in love at first sight.

"Well, never mind. I must marry M. de Langallery."

"My dear child, you must not think of such a thing. We do not know the gentleman, we know nothing of his family."

"Oh, but I do. The Langalleries are an old family of the Orléans nobility. The father is dead. Henri has only an invalid mother and a married sister."

"Henri! She calls him Henri! And who, pray, has given you all this information?"

"A little of everybody. Oh, you need not fear, I did not compromise myself. I ventured a little question here, another little one there—and when they answered me, I looked as if I were thinking of something else."

Mamma laughed, but she was a little uneasy, nevertheless. I made her sit down, knelt down beside her, and gave her a long, long hug.

"You'll marry me to M. de Langallery, won't you, mamma?"

"We will marry you—well, if this gentleman is an eligible person—"

"But I tell you he is eligible."

"What do you know about it?—what they told you at the ball? Perhaps this soldier of yours has only his pay."

That consideration did not count for much with me. But you know what parents are, so I did not express my sentiments, but murmured something about a château in Orléans.

"A château—we have one, too, in Poitou, and an historic château in the bargain; but if we wished to inhabit it, it would cost us two or three hundred thousand francs for repairs. Besides," she continued, in a lower tone, after a short silence, "does he love you?"

"I hope so, mamma!"

"Has he told you so?"

"Oh, no, mamma! We have only danced together once. He didn't tell me anything."

"Then—are you sure he loves no one else? He may be engaged already."

Poor mamma quickly regretted that she had evoked this possibility. I grew hysterical at once, and it took five minutes' work with salts, vinegar, and slapping my hands to bring me to.

I slept scarcely at all that night: I was forever seeing M. de Langallery kissing hundreds of girls, and none of them looked the least bit like me.

The next day, without saying a word to me, mamma made a visit to Colonel Rémy's wife. She returned in high spirits, and, taking me aside:

"I have found out a great deal," she said. "M. de Langallery is not engaged, he is a rising officer, and he has some money, though he is not very rich."

"Oh, joy!" I cried, clapping my hands. "He is not too rich!"

"You will dine together on Thursday at Mme. Rémy's."

We dined together on Thursday at Mme. Rémy's. He was the last to arrive. When he entered the drawing-room, I watched papa and mamma; they seemed to me a little disappointed. Probably they had expected to see the Apollo Belvedere enter the room. But you may be sure I was quite satisfied. "So much the better," I reflected; "I would rather he be the only one who thinks him so very, very handsome—then no one will dispute him with me."

And to think how meek I was before him—I, who, the evening before, had made fun of everybody and twisted the young men about my fingers! Henri noticed it, and I think it touched him. Some men are captured by resistance and others by surrender. Complete surrender was what Henri needed to decide him in favor of marriage. And he got it. He took no less than two months to confess to himself that he loved me; but it must be acknowledged that, his mind once made up on that point, he informed me of the fact immediately.

I shall never forget that corner of the glass-enclosed hall in Colonel Rémy's house, with its Algerian hangings and its palms in great porcelain tubs. It was one evening, after an informal dance.

"Mlle. Roberte, I have something very important to tell you. I love you, and I implore you not to send me away."

The words were humble, but they were spoken with the air of a master—a king.

And I could only murmur, "Oh, joy!" and faint like a little idiot.

You can imagine if the incident was noticed, and if there was any talk about it! Happily, the Baron Delaborde was not there.

He was not there, because he was ill. He gave it out that he had "a severe cold," but everybody knew he was beginning to pay, in the cruel pains of rheumatism of the heart, the debts of his gay youth. When the attacks were on him, he shut himself up and endured his misery, preferring to suffer alone rather than to be seen without the apparel and toilet appliances with which he prolonged his youth.

We were at table one morning—Henri, who called every day now, papa, mamma, and I—when Dr. Routurier, an old friend, was ushered into the room. He seemed to be much upset.

"I have just made an awful blunder," he said. "I was making my daily visit to the Baron Delaborde, who is not at all well this morning, and, chatting of this thing and that, I imprudently let fall a word about the fact that Mlle. Roberte, here, was going to be married. *Crac!* The baron had an attack from which I have had all the trouble in the world to rouse him. Even now he is in a pitiful state. He can scarcely breathe, and as to speaking, he has tried hard, but I can only distinguish 'Rodrigue—marry Rodrigue.' If you have any affection for the poor baron, my dear Mme. Hautecroix, you should go to see him at once with Mlle. Roberte."

"But what can I say?" mamma demanded. "Roberte is going to be married. We can not tell the baron the contrary. He must know some day."

"Know—no. No one will be able to tell him while he is ill—and just now he should be spared all violent emotion. Once his health is reestablished, we can confess everything. I beg of you, my dear friends, do this for me."

Poor baron! Poor old friend! He looked all his sixty years and more when I saw him that day, extended on his bed, his face and hands yellow as wax, his eyes glassy with anguish, his breath short and ragged.

"So—you are—going—to marry—Rodrigue?" he managed to gasp.

The question was put in such a fashion that I could answer "No!" with a certain warmth and manifest sincerity. He was not convinced at once, however. He questioned mamma, he made her declare that this rumor of a marriage with Rodrigue was a pure fabrication.

For several days the little comedy devised by Dr. Routurier was easy enough to play. But the situation grew complicated as the day for my wedding approached. Tired of all this deception, I declared to the doctor that I absolutely refused to continue it; and where was the use, besides? All must necessarily be discovered; for, after the wedding, I was to go away on a bridal tour of more than a month.

"I have looked out for that," Routurier replied. "This very morning I warned the baron that your visits must cease. I told him that you were run down; that, as your lungs were weak—"

"Are Roberte's lungs weak?" interrupted Henri, uneasily.

"No, no, of course not. She is as sound as you are. It was another lie, that's all. When one starts out on this road, one never knows where it will end. So, Roberte having weak lungs, I have forbidden her to go out in this uncertain weather, and I have even made her parents promise to take her south until spring. And I have come to beg you to make a last visit to your old friend—a parting visit."

I looked at Henri.

"So he it," he said. "We are too happy not to be as good as possible."

"Thanks, dear," I said, giving him a little kiss for his goodness of heart, "I would have obeyed you, whatever you decided. But, you see, to go away with you without having given this last pleasure to this sick man—it seems to me it would not have brought happiness to our wedding-trip."

It was agreed that the first night after our wedding should be passed at our farm, Ingrandes—a few miles from Châtellerault—in order not to add the fatigue of travel to the fatigue of the day. My mother, my father, and Henri's mother would come, the next day, to dine with us, and after dinner we should start for San Remo.

Only to think that, but for my husband—my dear husband—I might have forgotten to go to bid good-bye to the Baron Delaborde!

"You have promised, dear," Henri said. "There is no time now to draw back. But we shall make the trial as light as possible. We shall drive to the baron's in Châtellerault; I shall leave you to go in alone, waiting for you in the carriage; you will stay a quarter of an hour, and then hurry back. The whole thing will not have taken an hour—and we shall have been separated only a few minutes."

So said, so done. You could never imagine the poor baron's joy when he saw his little friend enter the room. He seemed to come back to life, to take on again for an instant his manner of former days.

"Roberte!" he cried. "And alone!"

I sat down beside him, happy in the pleasure I had brought him. He gazed at me with admiring tenderness.

"I do not know what is changed in you," he said, uneasily. "It is you, and it is not you. Is it my old eyes that have changed?"

I noticed at once that his manner was not the same. He seemed to have abandoned all pretensions to gallantry and youth: for the first time he was simple and paternal with me. How I loved him so!

"Shall you stay long in Italy?" he asked, holding my hands in his, which were agitated by nervous twitchings.

"Three or four weeks, I think—certainly not more."

"How long that sounds! Who knows if you will find me here again when you return?"

"Oh," I cried, bursting into tears, "do not say that."

"Yes," he continued, in a calm voice, "when you return you will not find me here—but you must not forget me. You must come to see me, where I shall be—and to pray for me. If I thought you would never again think of me when you see me no more, it would be very sad for me—yes, more sad than to be old and to die."

What could I reply? I wept silently, my face in my hands.

"You must be reminded, my little Roberte, of the old friend who loved you so well. I do not know how you will be loved in the years to come; but surely you will not be loved as I have loved you. By your presence alone you have effaced the memories of my past life—which is, alas, too full of memories. Thanks to you, its last years have been its best. Ah, I feel that you must have smiled, sometimes, when I spoke to you as a young man of your age would, when I was jealous. Think of that with indulgence, Roberte, or, better, do not think of it at all. One need never laugh at having been so loved."

He no longer panted, his voice had grown gentle. He seemed not to suffer any more.

"What a pity," he resumed, "that you were so young and I so old! How different my life would have been if, at thirty, I had met a woman like you."

We sat in silence for some moments. He waited till I had dried my tears. Then:

"Go, my child," he said. "You are awaited."

Much moved, I leaned over him, and he paternally kissed my brow. I left the room, and quickly, quickly, I ran to throw myself in my husband's arms, where, little by little, I grew calm again.

During our sojourn at San Remo, I inquired two or three times, in my letters to my mother, about the baron's health. My mother replied at first that there was no change, then did not reply at all on that point; and in the state of mind in which I then was, I wanted nothing better than to suppose that all was going well.

It was not until the day after my return to Châtellerault—they had prepared our new home while we were traveling; for the first time I was at home, mistress of my own house, and I had Dr. Routurier, with papa and mamma, to dinner—I asked:

"By the way, how is the baron?"

The question fell on the table like a bombshell. Everybody was silent, and they glanced inquiringly at one another. I was afraid to understand.

"Can—can it be," I stammered, "that—"

Mamma came to me and kissed me.

"Yes, dear," she said. "We did not tell you, because we did not wish to sadden you then. It happened, suddenly, less than two weeks after you went away."

When I had a little recovered from the burst of tears evoked by this news, I asked for details. My old friend had died suddenly, in full consciousness, however; for three days he had waited and called for the end. He had died, boding my portrait in his poor, trembling fingers.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Marcel Prévost by L. S. Vassault.*

THE GOSSIP OF LONDON TOWN.

Society has Deserted the British Metropolis and "London is Empty"—The Queen Knits by her Own Fireside—
Things at the Theatres.

I do not suppose in the memory of man, so far as he is typified in the Londoner, both *habitué* and resident, London was ever so dull as just at present. Royalty is even more conspicuous than usual by its absence. The queen is at Windsor, whither her great-grandson, the future King of England (if there be such a thing when his turn comes), is gone to join her in charge of a retinue of nurses and nursery maids, apartments having been provided for his infantile highness in the tower of Windsor Castle.

Now just to show how homely and natural the queen is, at the bazaar in aid of the flooded Windsor sufferers held this week, there were for sale at one of the stalls several wool shawls made by the queen herself. It goes without saying that these specimens of her majesty's handiwork found ready and eager purchasers, willing to pay any price that was asked for them. The novelty of possessing an article wrought by the queen's own hand was quite enough to justify the most rabid Radical in wishing to have it. Besides, it is an example that should be encouraged. There are hundreds of women among the nobility of England who would not bore themselves with either knitting-pins or crochet-needles, and who know nothing of the use of such domestic implements. They are far more familiar with guns and fishing-rods, with walking-sticks and tennis-rackets, with golf-clubs and hunting-crops.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been away in Russia going on three weeks, and the Duke of York is with them. Of course there is the Duke of Connaught at home. He is the commander-in-chief at Aldershot, and now and then he runs up to town from the camp. But he does not count for much. Twenty thousand Connaughts would not make up for the Prince of Wales, who always manages to make things "go" wherever he is. And so everybody will be glad when he comes home. Not exactly that it will do London very much good directly when he does come. He will, of course, go down to Sandringham and hunt. Of fox-hunting his royal highness is very fond. He does not hunt like nine-tenths of the men who follow the hounds in England because it is the fashion, and there being nothing else to do, it is better to hunt than to do nothing. The Prince delights in hunting for its own sake. Here is what no less an authority on sport than the Duke of Beaufort says of the Prince of Wales in respect to hunting:

"I can say, from personal observation, that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horse-men, when a fox breaks covert, more dexterously and quickly than his royal highness; and that when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better."

This is high praise from the quondam friend of Connie Gilchrist, the most famous "Gaiety Girl" of a famous group some ten years ago.

Of course there are the theatres. The Criterion is running "The Case of Rebellious Susan," by Henry Arthur Jones, whose plays of the heavy-villain-and-broken-bearded-wife type attract lovers of the old-time stamp of melodrama written up to date; Drury Lane is still going on with Augustus Harris's realistic turf spectacle, in a frame of horsey slang, "The Derby Winner"; the Gaiety has "The Shop Girl"; the Comedy, Sydney Grundy's "The New Woman," a brilliant skit on the foibles, and absurdities, and inconsistencies of the advanced female of the day; the Avenue, George Dance's "Lady Slavey," in which May Yohe and San Francisco's old favorite comedian, Robert Pateman, appear; "A Trip to Chinatown" holds the boards at Toole's; the Court has "A Gay Widow"; the Vaudeville, Arthur Law's "New Boy"; the Prince of Wales's goes on with "Asbes"; while Haddon Chambers, the natty, the nobby, the knowing young dramatist *par excellence* of the hour, has two plays running at the same time—"The Fatal Card" (a clever re-hash of blood-and-thunder scenes that every play-goer of any experience has seen before somewhere or other) at the Adelphi, and at the Haymarket, "John a' Dreams," a play reeking of the fallen-woman's-past-life style of thing, as old as the hills, but not near so clean, a subject that was written dry by Whyte-Melville in "Uncle John" and by Wilkie Collins in "The New Magdalen" years ago. But people seem never to tire of this unsavory topic, and audiences sit spell-bound night after night listening to the confessions of a woman whom decency should compel to keep her mouth shut. There is a scene or two—two acts, in truth—on the deck of a yacht, which are made realistic by the hoisting of sails and singing of sailors' songs, but nobody pays any heed to this while the female with a past is telling about it. However, this is nearly the last of this abomination, for it is to be shelved at the end of the month to make room for "Hamlet," with Tree as the Prince of Denmark. Tree is now the only real rival of Henry Irving in this part, Wilson Barrett having apparently abandoned the rôle for other more modern characters.

Henry Irving, by the bye, has been playing this last week in Dublin, where he seems to have made a hit. The lord mayor gave him and Ellen Terry a big reception at the Mansion House, where the Irish gentry assembled to do the actor honor. Just eighteen years ago I saw Henry Irving in Dublin for the first time. The play was "Hamlet," I remember, and I also recollect that I left the theatre—the old and famous Theatre Royal, since burned down—after the third act. To me his Hamlet was simply unbearable. However, eighteen years is a long time in an actor's career, and he has undoubtedly improved since then.

Besides all these, there is "The Wrong Girl" at the Strand, "A Gaiety Girl" at Daly's, "Little Christopher Columbus" at Terry's, and, last but not least, "Money" at the Garrick. Lord Lytton's grand old play, whose hits are as fresh to-day as they were fifty years ago, was never better staged or played in London (which, for a play of this sort,

means the world) than it is now at the Garrick. The "old member" in the club scene, usually left out when played out of England, is a feature of the piece.

But theatres do not count when you talk of London being dull. They are always here, and they always have something worth seeing or hearing. Besides, their effect is only felt at night. Matinée performances there are, of course, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at the principal theatres. But matinées in London mean audiences of women and children, and country people up for a day's holiday. They are not the fashionable, dressy affairs they are in America, nor are they the favorite resort of the *demi-monde*, whose promenading in the adjacent streets after the performance seems in the States to be part of the show. A London matinée is often the means of testing a new or untried play, and then the army of London critics—men whose ages vary from twenty to eighty—turn out to damn the piece, if they possibly can, and often the prospects of a promising author into the bargain. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 1, 1894.

OLD FAVORITES.

Queen Guenevere.

Tbence, up the sea-green floor, among the stems
Of mighty columns whose unmeasured shades
From aisle to aisle, unbedded in the sun,
Moved without sound, I, following all alone
A strange desire that drew me like a hand,
Came unawares upon the Queen. She sat
In a great silence, which her beauty filled
Full to the heart of it, on a black chair
Mailed all about with sullen gems and crusts
Of sultry blazonry. Her face was bowed,
A pause of slumberous beauty, o'er the light
Of some delicious thought new-risen above
The deeps of passion. Round her stately head
A single circlet of the red gold fine
Burned free, from which, on either side, streamed down
Twilights of her soft hair, from neck to foot.
Green was her kirtle as the emerald is,
And stiff from hem to hem with seams of stones
Beyond all value; which, from left to right
Disparting, half revealed the snowy gleam
Of a white robe of spotless samite pure.
And from the soft repression of her zone,
Which like a light hand on a lutestring pressed
Harmony from its touch, flowed warmly back
The bounteous outlines of a glowing grace,
Nor yet outflowed sweet laws of loveliness.
Then did I feel as one who, much perplexed,
Led by strange legends and the light of stars
Over long regions of the midnight sand
Beyond the red tract of the Pyramids,
Is suddenly drawn to look upon the sky
From sense of unfamiliar light, and sees,
Revealed against the constellated cope
The great cross of the South.—The chamber round
Was dropt with arras green; and I could hear,
In courts far off, a minstrel praising May,
Who sang, *Si donec, si donec est la Margarete!*
To a faint lute. Upon the window-sill
Hard by a latoun bowl that blazed if the sun
Perched a strange fowl, a Falcon Peregrine;
With all his feathers puffed for pride, and all
His courage glittering outward in his eye;
For he had flown from far, athwart strange lands,
And o'er the light of many a setting sun,
Lured by his love (such sovereignty of old
Had Beauty in all coasts of Christendom!)
To look into the great eyes of the Queen.

—Owen Meredith.

Discussing newspaper "influence," the San Diego *News* says: "The *Argonaut* recently made a strong point on the San Francisco dailies in showing how little their boasted influence amounts to in election times. Sutro, the Populist candidate for mayor, without any newspaper backing at all, was triumphantly elected over all competitors. A more recent instance is that of Rader, the mayor-elect of Los Angeles, who was bitterly opposed by the two leading Los Angeles papers, yet was elected by a large plurality over all opponents." Commenting on this state of things, the *Tulare Register* makes some very pertinent remarks, as follows: "The *Colusa Sun* reviews the fact that all the papers in San Francisco supported Ellert, and yet Sutro was elected; they all opposed Dr. Stanton for railroad commissioner, but Dr. Stanton was elected, and the *Sun* wishes to know why this is so. The answer appears to be easy. Every paper in San Francisco has its policy dictated by its business-office. The San Francisco daily papers are mere news-mongers without power over the minds of their readers."

"Gyp" (the Comtesse de Martel) is the author and the embodiment of the celebrated definition of *chic*: "*Chic* does not replace distinction; it is something else. A distinguished man or woman can be *chic* without at the same time ceasing to be *distingué*. What is above everything else indispensable in order to have *chic* is to have personality—a personality well defined, accentuated. One must be one's self, and only one's self, with one's own qualities, defects, and hobbies, and no one else's." In pursuance of this, "Gyp" is the most irrepressible and individual person in Paris. She always wears a poke-bonnet, generally gray, no matter what the fashion is, and is always noticeable and *particulier*, to use M. Coquelin's favorite expression.

Paris *Figaro* does not agree with Poultney Bigelow in thinking that the Cossacks would do well to throw away the whips which they carry and wear spurs instead. Spurs, it thinks, would be a hindrance to the equestrian acrobatic feats which the Cossack excels in, and the whip or knout, it says, is very handy in recalling nihilists to a sense of their duties. Mr. Bigelow himself speaks of it as a useful instrument in spreading the doctrines of the Greek Church.

The *Weekly Telegraph*, a miscellany published in connection with the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, is now being sold in the streets of London by a corps of presentable damsels, becomingly dressed in a uniform of dark gray, with red facings, hood lined with the latter color, and forage-cap to match.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Nicolas the Second is the first Czar who has ascended the throne of Russia unmarried since Peter the Great, the first Romanoff of two hundred years ago.

Cecil Rhodes started his South African career as a cotton-planter in the colony of Natal; but when the first rush to Kimberley took place, Mr. Rhodes deserted the cotton-field for the diamond-mines, and has remained there ever since.

Henri Rochefort has an income of about thirty thousand dollars a year, and, though he lives with great simplicity in London, he is never able to save any money, owing to his generosity. He is always ready to help those who deserve it.

Secretary Carlisle is aging rapidly. He looks haggard and careworn, and, as he walks along, his steps seem to drag. He has little vitality in his movement, and to look at him it would be hard to imagine him delivering one of his old-time speeches.

Mr. Whympier, the famous mountain-climber, was engaged recently to deliver a lecture at Birkenhead on his mountaineering experiences, and in ascending the staircase leading to the platform, he missed his footing and fell to the bottom, fracturing his collar-bone.

Reports from Gibraltar say that, owing to threatened revolts, the one-eyed elder brother of the Sultan of Morocco has been walled up in his prison at Widah. The door and windows of his cell have been blocked up, leaving only a small opening through which food is passed to him.

Wilford Woodroff, President of the Mormon Church, has for years cultivated a farm of forty acres with no other labor than that of his own hands and those of his family. His wife and daughters raise chickens, preserve fruit, and run a dairy, while his sons raise bogs and do general farm-work.

Prince Alexandrovitch Galitzine, who comes from a royal Russian family, has been a high roller in New York and Newport society for the past three years. He owned one of the finest collections of blue china, bronzes, paintings, and bric-à-brac in existence, but he has just been sold out, bag and baggage, to pay gambling debts.

During the eleven years that the late William T. Walters, of Baltimore, gave annual exhibitions of his gallery of pictures for charity, over thirty thousand dollars was taken in and handed over to the poor of Baltimore. Whenever Mr. Walters himself invited a party of friends to see the pictures during an exhibition, he would always send his check to the fund for the number of admission tickets. Last year he paid for nearly three hundred tickets of admission to his own gallery.

The cruelest blow that threatens Crispi is the loss of that matrimonial alliance upon which he and his wife had set their hearts. In order to secure his daughter's marriage to young Prince Linguaglossa, Crispi submitted to many humiliating conditions. The recent religious marriage of Crispi and his wife was the result of the dowager-princess's insistence, and there is reason to believe that Crispi's new-born kindness toward the Vatican is due to the same influence. Now the same dowager has broken off the match.

Philo Norton McGiffin, who is commander of the *Chen-Yuen*, the largest war-ship of the Chinese navy, is a native of Washington, Pa. He was a student in Washington and Jefferson College for two years, and then entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis. His father was a classmate of Mr. Blaine in Washington College. After his graduation from Annapolis, he continued two years in the United States navy, and then went to China to serve in the war against France, having command of a gunboat. He afterward superintended the building of ironclads in England for China, one of which he now commands.

Natban Barnes Greeley, who died at Clymer, N. Y., December 9th, was the only brother of the founder of the *New York Tribune*. He raised many recruits for the war, and was himself a lieutenant in the army. By nature a reformer, he was an early abolitionist, a temperance advocate, and avoided the use of liquor and tobacco. Though always a poor farmer, he would often board, free of charge, half a dozen tramps through a severe winter. When all supposed he was at the point of death, he was asked if he had any fear. "Fear of death? Why, no," he replied. "Only I don't want so much fooling about it."

Prince Bismarck one evening, in his earlier career, entered a restaurant in Berlin frequented by the advanced partisans of Radicalism, took a seat, ordered a tankard of beer, and began to read a newspaper. Around him unpleasant remarks were made aloud and plainly directed at him; he put down his paper, and, looking fixedly at the most virulent of the tavern orators, said, coldly: "If you have not vacated the place when I have finished my *seidel*, I shall break it on your head." He was as good as his word, and, while the by-standers were still mute with amazement, he called out in the dead silence: "Waiter, what do I owe you for the glass I have broken on this gentleman's head?" and coolly walked away.

The Sultan of Turkey rises at six o'clock every morning, and devotes his days in the seclusion of the Yildiz Palace and gardens to personal attention to affairs of State. He is of slight figure. A pale-brown overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the view of the people is not diverted from his pale, wan, and careworn face, half covered by a thin, brown beard, tinged with gray, and surmounted by a plain red *fes*. The Sultan has been the means of establishing fifty thousand schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also—a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

IN THE SECRET SERVICE.

The bright, warm sunshine streamed along the white garden walk, glistened the precise rows of abalone shells, and furtively pushed its way through the low, open door into the cool, dark room, where, bandaged, he lay upon a reclining-chair. Lying there, luxuriously comfortable, his eyes dreamily wandered out and followed the massive, adobe garden wall, with its old, red tiles, until they met the California hills and the blue beyond showing through the arched, whalebone gate.

Suddenly the view was shut out; a dark-eyed girl stood in the doorway.

"Buenos días, señor!" she cried, blithely.

"Buenos días, Doña Carlota."

"That is very good, señor," laughed the girl. "Listen to the Spanish you hear and soon you will speak it, and be able to say something besides 'good-morning.'"

"But never enough to thank you for all you have done for me."

"Ah! that is foolish to talk so"—with a pretty gesture of deprecation—"I did nothing. I found you lying in the cañon, and had you brought to our house. Who would not have done that?"

She took a stool and sat close beside him, resting her chin in her hands, her big dark eyes fixed intently upon his face. He thought her the most ingenious as well as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"Tell me more about yourself," she broke out, impulsively, as she placed a warm hand upon one of his. "When the fever was on you, I could not talk to you; but now, *gracias a Dios*, you are almost well. Where did you come from, and what were you doing in the cañon? And you say your name is George Hilliard?"

"Did I tell you that?"

"Sí; Don Jorge Hilliard."

"Carlota"—with some anxiety—"you must not repeat what I have told you. I can not tell you now what brought me here."

And certainly he was delighted when he saw that his strange admonition brought no sign of doubt or suspicion into her face.

"It matters not, señor," she went on; "you are here now and you will stay until you get well, and perhaps longer? My mother will not let you go."

"But José?"

"José? Bah! *Un bribón!* Look! It is this way, señor: I have not many friends; the Americans and the, what you call, Spanish do not mix together here. Spanish! Most of them are not Spanish, but Mexicans, South Americans, Portuguese, and—*es lo mismo*—Indians. The Machados are Castilians, señor, but I am an American. I was born here. I have been to the convent at Santa Barbara. That is why I speak such good English. I like Americans. *Sí, mia madre*"—to a voice calling from another room—"I am coming," and she was gone.

Hilliard looked fondly after her as she left the room. Of course he knew that she was in love with him—in love as only a Spanish woman can be. And he? Well, why not? Did he not owe his life to her? Was she not beautiful and good?

The days went by, and it was very pleasant for him. Never was convalescence more enjoyed. Carlota talked to him, and read to him, and tried to teach him Spanish.

Whether or not la Señora Madre approved of the violent flirtation going on under her roof and nose, was difficult to determine. She spoke "no Ingles," and her dark face was absolutely bereft of expression.

It was altogether different with José Sanchez. His intense hatred for the invalid and his fierce love for the girl were alike apparent. He galloped in from the rancho—which Carlota said was fifteen miles distant—almost daily, and spent hours in the room with the two, silently watching them, or else walked nervously about the garden smoking yellow paper cigarettes.

Carlota's artless and frank admission that José loved her, charmed the American; but he knew, nevertheless, that he had in him a rival not to be despised, and possibly to be feared. At the outset, he had made an effort to extend him more than the usual affability. He even presented him with an expensive cigarette-holder, which had been given him by an old sweetheart. But José, although he accepted the present, remained sullen, silent, and implacable.

It was not until the time came for Hilliard to make his departure that he asked Carlota to become his wife. Somehow a proposal of marriage had seemed to him an almost unnecessary proceeding, for he had made no effort to conceal his feelings, and Carlota, in her delightful simplicity, had given her heart to him without a struggle. The proposal, therefore, was not an ordeal.

But he had a mission to perform—one known only to himself. Promising Carlota to return in a few days, he hoarded a train, ostensibly for San Francisco, and left it at the first station. Back he trudged until within a mile of the town, and then leaving the road, he followed a trail into the mountains. It led him to the edge of a precipice, where great masses of earth and rocks, loosened by winter rains, had years before slid down as in an avalanche. Standing in the thick chaparral, it was easy for him now to see how he had walked over the brink. He leaned over and looked down on the very spot where he had fallen.

Then he started on a cautious but seemingly erratic search for something in the mountain fastness. Back and forth under the trees, down into gulches, beneath overhanging rocks, through narrow passes, and along steep trails, he went.

Late in the afternoon he found the object of his search. It was a cabin almost hidden by the branches of a fallen tree. From his pocket he took a revolver, examined it, and then moved stealthily toward the hut. It was deserted; he pushed back the door and entered. There was nothing unusual about the bare interior; a heap of charred embers on

the hearth was the only sign that it had lately been occupied.

The embers interested him at once. On his knees he examined them carefully, sifted the ashes with his hands, and was rewarded by finding a broken counterfeit die. With an exclamation of satisfaction, he took it to the light to inspect it more closely. Something on the floor at the threshold attracted his attention. He picked it up. It was an ornamental cigarette-holder—the one he had given José.

The following morning saw him back in the town, walking rapidly toward the house of the Machados. During the night, after long study, he had formulated a plan whereby Carlota and her mother would be spared the mortification consequent upon the publicity of the proposed arrest. José would be taken quietly away and no one would know of it.

He passed quickly through the whalebone gate, along the garden walk, and into the dwelling. Carlota's hat and gloves were on a table. A moment he stood there looking down upon them, and then the mother entered, expressionless as ever, and silently handed him a note. He opened it and read:

"SEÑOR DON JORGE HILLIARD: I can not marry you, because I have married Don José Sanchez. We sail from America to-day. Don José would have gone long ago, but he would not leave without me. I learned your business after you were brought to our house, and thought it well to keep you there. I can not tell you whither we sail. You are in the secret service. So am I. Adios."

"CARLOTA."

WILLIAM A. TAAFFE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1894.

FALLING IN LOVE AND MARRYING.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

There is an old story told of Voltaire, that once, while walking with a lady in a garden, they came upon a statue of Cupid on a tall pedestal. The lady challenged her companion to compose some lines impromptu. Voltaire at once pencilled on the pedestal these lines upon the God of Love:

"Qui que tu sois, voici ton Maître—
Il l'est, le fut, ou il doit l'être."

From what follows, it is evident that Stevenson agreed with Voltaire. He looks upon every man as doomed, sooner or later, to fall in love, and hence counsels him. His counsels may be wise—of that every man must judge for himself; they certainly are witty, and they are well worth reproduction here. The passages which follow are taken from "Virginibus Puerisque," one of the most charming of the many charming essays that Stevenson left behind him when he died.

There is only one event in life which really astonishes a man and startles him out of his prepared opinions. Everything else befalls him very much as he expected. Event succeeds to event, with an agreeable variety indeed, but with little that is either startling or intense; they form together no more than a sort of background, or running accompaniment to the man's own reflections; and he falls naturally into a cool, curious, and smiling habit of mind, and builds himself up in a conception of life which expects to-morrow to be after the pattern of to-day and yesterday. . . .

When at last the scales fall from his eyes, it is not without something of the nature of dismay that the man finds himself in such changed conditions. He has to deal with commanding emotions instead of the easy dislikes and preferences in which he has hitherto passed his days; and he recognizes capabilities for pain and pleasure of which he had not yet suspected the existence. Falling in love is the one illogical adventure, the one thing of which we are tempted to think as supernatural, in our trite and reasonable world. The effect is out of all proportion with the cause. Two persons, neither of them, it may be, very amiable or very beautiful, meet, speak a little, and look a little into each other's eyes. . . . They fall at once into that state in which another person becomes to us the very gist and centre-point of God's creation. . . . And all the while their acquaintances look on in stupor, and ask each other, with almost passionate emphasis, what so-and-so can see in that woman, or such-an-one in that man? I am sure, gentlemen, I can not tell you. For my part, I can not think what the women mean. It might be very well, if the Apollo Belvedere should suddenly glow all over into life, and step forward from the pedestal with that god-like air of his. But, of the misbegotten changelings who call themselves men, and prate intolerably over dinner-tables, I never saw one who seemed worthy to inspire love—no, I read of any, except Leonardo da Vinci, and perhaps Goethe in his youth. About women I entertain a somewhat different opinion; but there, I have the misfortune to be a man.

. . . It is by no means in the way of every one to fall in love. You know the difficulty Shakespeare was put into when Queen Elizabeth asked him to show Falstaff in love. I do not believe that Henry Fielding was ever in love. Scott, if it were not for a passage or two in "Rob Roy," would give me very much the same effect. These are great names and (what is more to the purpose) strong, healthy, high-strung, and generous natures, of whom the reverse might have been expected. As for the innumerable army of anæmic and tailorish persons who occupy the face of this planet with so much propriety, it is palpably absurd to imagine them in any such situation as a love affair. A wet rag goes safely by the fire; and if a man is blind, he can not expect to be much impressed by romantic scenery. Apart from all this, many lovable people miss each other in the world, or meet under some unfavorable star. There is the nice and critical moment of declaration to be got over. From timidity or lack of opportunity a good half of possible love cases never get so far, and at least another quarter do there cease and determine. A very adroit person, to be sure, manages to prepare the way, and out with his declaration in the nick of time. And then there is a fine, solid sort of man, who goes on from snub to snub; and if he has to declare forty times, will continue imperturbably declaring, amid the astonished consideration of men and angels, until he has a favorable answer. I daresay, if one were a woman, one would like to marry a man who was capable of doing this, but not quite one who had done so. It is just a little bit abject, and somehow just a little bit gross; and marriages in which one

of the parties has been thus battered into consent scarcely form agreeable subjects for meditation. Love should run out to meet love with open arms. Indeed, the ideal story is that of two people who go into love step for step, with a fluttered consciousness, like a pair of children venturing together into a dark room. From the first moment when they see each other, with a pang of curiosity, through stage after stage of growing pleasure and embarrassment, they can read the expression of their own trouble in each other's eyes. . . .

This simple accident of falling in love is as beneficial as it is astonishing. It arrests the petrifying influence of years, disproves cold-blooded and cynical conclusions, and awakens dormant sensibilities. Hitherto the man had found it a good policy to disbelieve the existence of any enjoyment which was out of his reach, and thus he turned his back upon the strong sunny parts of nature, and accustomed himself to look exclusively on what was common and dull. He accepted a prose ideal, let himself go hind of many sympathies by disuse, and if he were young and witty, or beautiful, willfully forewent these advantages. He joined himself to the following of what, in the old mythology of love, was prettily called *nonchaloir*, and in an odd mixture of feelings, a fling of self-respect, a preference for selfish liberty, and a great dash of that fear with which honest people regard serious interests, kept himself back from the straightforward course of life among certain selected activities. And now, all of a sudden, he is unhorsed, like St. Paul, from his infidel affectation. His heart, which has been ticking accurate seconds for the last year, gives a bound and begins to beat high and irregularly in his breast. . . .

. . . Our race has never been able contentedly to suppose that the noise of its wars, conducted by a few young gentlemen in a corner of an inconsiderable star, does not reëcho among the courts of Heaven with quite a formidable effect. In much the same taste, when people find a great to-do in their own breasts, they imagine it must have some influence in their neighborhood. The presence of the two lovers is so enchanting to each other that it seems as if it must be the best thing possible for everybody else. They are half inclined to fancy it is because of them and their love that the sky is blue and the sun shines. And certainly the weather is usually fine while people are courting. . . . In point of fact, although the happy man feels very kindly towards others of his own sex, there is apt to be something too much of the magnifico in his demeanor. If people grow presuming and self-important over such matters as a dukedom or the Holy See, they will scarcely support the dizziest elevation in life without some suspicion of a strut; and the dizziest elevation is to love and be loved in return. Consequently, accepted lovers are a trifle condescending in their address to other men. An overweening sense of the passion and importance of life hardly conduces to simplicity of manner. To women, they feel very nobly, very purely, and very generously, as if they were so many Joan of Arcs; but this does not come out in their behavior; and they treat them to Grandisonian airs marked with a suspicion of fatuity. I am not quite certain that women do not like this sort of thing; but really, after having bemused myself over "Daniel Deronda," I have given up trying to understand what they like.

. . . He must be rather a poor sort of human being, to be sure, who can look on at this pretty madness without indulgence and sympathy. For nature commends itself to people with a most insinuating art; the busiest is now and again arrested by a great sunset; and you may be as pacific or as cold-blooded as you will, but you can not help some emotion when you read of well-disputed battles or meet a pair of lovers in the lane.

Certainly, whatever it may be with regard to the world at large, this idea of beneficent pleasure is true as between the sweethearts. . . . The essence of love is kindness, and, indeed, it may be best defined as passionate kindness; kindness, so to speak, run mad and become importunate and violent. Vanity in a merely personal sense exists no longer. The lover takes a perilous pleasure in privately displaying his weak points and having them, one after another, accepted and condoned. . . . When once a man is moonstruck with this affection of love, he . . . discovers a great reluctance to return on former periods of his life. To all that has not been shared with her, rights and duties, by-gone fortunes and dispositions, he can look back only by a difficult and repugnant effort of the will. . . . That he himself made a fashion of being alive in the bald, beggarly days before a certain meeting is deplorable enough in all good conscience. But that she should have permitted herself the same liberty seems inconsistent with a divine providence.

. . . Jealousy . . . is one of the consequences of love; you may like it or not, at pleasure; but there it is. It is not exactly jealousy, however, that we feel when we reflect on the past of those we love. A bundle of letters found after years of happy union creates no sense of insecurity in the present; and yet it will pain a man sharply. The two people entertain no vulgar doubt of each other: but this preëxistence of both occurs to the mind as something indelicate. To be altogether right, they should have had twin birth together, at the same moment with the feeling that unites them. Then indeed it would be simple, and perfect, and without reserve or afterthought. Then they would understand each other with a fullness impossible otherwise. There would be no barrier between them of associations that can not be imparted. They would be led into none of those comparisons that send the blood back to the heart. . . .

. . . There seems to have been much less hesitation over marriage in Shakespeare's days. . . . In modern comedies, the heroes are mostly of Benedict's way of thinking, but twice as much in earnest, and not one-quarter so confident. And I take this diffidence as a proof of how sincere their terror is. They know they are only human after all; they know what gins and pitfalls lie about their feet; and how the shadow of matrimony waits, resolute and awful, at the cross-roads. They would wish to keep their liberty; but if that may not be, why, God's will be done! "What are you afraid of marriage?" asks Cécile, in "Maitre Guerin."

"Oh, *mon Dieu, non!*" replies Arthur; "I should take chloroform!" . . .

The fact is, we are much more afraid of life than our ancestors, and can not find it in our hearts either to marry or not to marry. Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age. The friendships of men are vastly agreeable, but they are insecure. You know all the time that one friend will marry and put you to the door; a second accept a situation in China, and become no more to you than a name, a reniniscence, and an occasional crossed letter, very laborious to read; a third will take up with some religious crochet and treat you to sour looks thenceforward. So, in one way or another, life forces men apart and breaks up the goodly fellowships forever. The very flexibility and ease which make men's friendships so agreeable while they endure, make them the easier to destroy and forget. And a man who has a few friends, or one who has a dozen (if there be any one so wealthy on this earth), can not forget on how precarious a base his happiness reposes; and how, by a stroke or two of fate—a death, a few light words, a piece of stamped paper, a woman's bright eyes—he may be left, in a month, destitute of all. . . .

People who share a cell in the Bastille, or are thrown together on an uninhabited isle, if they do not immediately fall to fistcuffs, will find some possible ground of compromise. They will learn each other's ways and humors, so as to know where they must go warily, and where they may lean their whole weight. The discretion of the first years becomes the settled babit of the last; and so, with wisdom and patience, two lives may grow indissolubly into one.

But marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being. . . . The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day "his first duty is to his family," and is fulfilled in large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the health of an invaluable parent. . . . It is not for nothing that Don Quixote was a bachelor and Marcus Aurelius married ill. For women, there is less of this danger. Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. . . . [If you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.]

I am often filled with wonder that so many marriages are passably successful, and so few come to open failure, the more so as I fail to understand the principle on which people regulate their choice. I see women marrying indiscriminately, with staring hurgesses and ferret-faced, white-eyed boys, and men dwell in contentment with noisy scullions, or taking into their lives acidulous vestals. It is a common answer to say the good people marry because they fall in love. . . . If this be love at all, it is plain the poets have been fooling with mankind since the foundation of the world. . . . I can not help fancying most people make, ere they marry, some such table of recommendations as Hannah Godwin wrote to her brother William anent her friend, Miss Gay. It is so charmingly comical, and so pat to the occasion, that I must quote a few phrases:

"The young lady is in every sense formed to make one of your disposition really happy. She has a pleasing voice, with which she accompanies her musical instrument with judgment. She has an easy politeness in her manners, neither free nor reserved. She is a good housekeeper and a good economist, and yet of a generous disposition. As to her internal accomplishments, I have reason to speak still more highly of them: good sense without vanity, a penetrating judgment without a disposition to satire, with about as much religion as my William likes, struck me with a wish that she was my William's wife."

That is about the tune: pleasing voice, moderate good looks, unimpeachable internal accomplishments after the style of the copy-book, with about as much religion as my William likes; and then, with all speed, to church. . . .

. . . Seeing we are driven to the hypothesis that people choose in comparatively cold blood, how is it they choose so well? One is almost tempted to hint that it does not much matter whom you marry; that, in fact, marriage is a subjective affection. . . . But even if we take matrimony at its lowest, even if we regard it as no more than a sort of friendship recognized by the police, there must be degrees in the freedom and sympathy realized, and some principle to guide simple folk in their selection. Now what should this principle be?

[In all that concerns eating and drinking, company, climate, and ways of life, community of taste is to be sought for. It would be trying, for instance, to keep hed and hoard with an early riser or a vegetarian.] In matters of art and intellect, I believe it is of no consequence. Certainly it is of none in the companionships of men, who will dine more readily with one who has a good heart, a good cellar, and a humorous tongue, than with another who shares all their favorite hobbies and is melancholy withal. If your wife likes Tupper, that is no reason why you should hang your head. She thinks with the majority, and has the courage of her opinions. I have always suspected public taste to be a mongrel product out of affectation by dogmatism. . . . Enthusiasm about art is become a function of the average female being, which she performs with precision and a sort of haunting sprightliness, like an ingenious and well-regulated machine. . . . When you remember that you will be tempted to put things strongly, and say you will marry no one who is not like George the Second, and can not state openly a distaste for poetry and painting.

The word "facts" is, in some ways, crucial. I have spoken with Jesuits and Plymouth Brethren, mathematicians and poets, dogmatic republicans and dear old gentlemen in bird's-eye neck-cloths; and each understood the word "facts" in an occult sense of his own. . . . How would you have people agree, when one is deaf and the other blind? Now this is where there should be community between man

and wife. They should be agreed on their catch-word in "facts of religion," or "facts of science," or "society, my dear"; for without such an agreement all intercourse is a painful strain upon the mind. "About as much religion as my William likes," in short, that is what is necessary to make a happy couple of any William and his spouse. For there are differences which no habit nor affection can reconcile, and the Bohemian must not intermarry with the Pharisee. . . .

A certain sort of talent is almost indispensable for people who would spend years together and not bore themselves to death. But the talent, like the agreement, must be for and about life. To dwell happily together, they should be versed in the niceties of the heart, and born with a faculty for willing compromise. The woman must be talented as a woman, and it will not much matter although she is talented in nothing else. She must know her *métier de femme*, and have a fine touch for the affections. And it is more important that a person should be a good gossip, and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day and hour, than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels; for a while together by the fire happens more frequently in marriage than the presence of a distinguished foreigner to dinner. . . .

. . . I would never marry a wife who wrote. The practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind; and after an hour or two's work, all the more human portion of the author is extinct; he will bully, backbite, and speak daggers. Music, I hear, is not much better. But painting, on the contrary, is often highly sedative; because so much of the labor, after your picture is once begun, is almost entirely manual, and of that skilled sort of manual labor which offers a continual series of successes, and so tickles a man, through his vanity, into good humor. . . . And, again, painters may work out of doors; and the fresh air, the deliberate seasons, and the "tranquillizing influence" of the green earth, counterbalance the fever of thought, and keep them cool, placable, and prosaic.

A ship captain is a good man to marry if it is a marriage of love, for absences are a good influence in love and keep it bright and delicate; but he is just the worst man if the feeling is more pedestrian, as habit is too frequently torn open and the soldier has never time to set. . . . Those who have a few intimates are to be avoided; while those who swim loose, who have their hat in their hand all along the street, who can number an infinity of acquaintances and are not chargeable with any one friend, promise an easy disposition and no rival to the wife's influence. I will not say they are the best of men, but they are the stuff out of which adroit and capable women manufacture the best of husbands. . . . [Lastly (and this is, perhaps, the golden rule), no woman should marry a teetotaller, or a man who does not smoke. . . . Whatever . . . makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness.]

. . . There is something in marriage so natural and inviting, that the step has an air of great simplicity and ease; it offers to bury forever many aching preoccupations; it is to afford us unfailing and familiar company through life. . . .

And yet there is probably no other act in a man's life so hot-headed and fool-hardy as this one of marriage. For years, let us suppose, you have been making the most indifferent business of your career. . . .

. . . What! you have had one life to manage, and have failed so strangely, and now can see nothing wiser than to conjoin with it the management of some one else's? . . . And it is . . . she, whose happiness you most desire, you choose to be your victim. You would earnestly warn her from a tottering bridge or had investment. If she were to marry some one else, how you would tremble for her fate! If she were only your sister, and you thought half as much of her, how doubtfully would you intrust her future to a man no better than yourself! . . .

. . . Poor girls in Italy turn their painted Madonnas to the wall; you can not set aside your wife. To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. . . .

. . . When a young lady has angelic features, eats nothing to speak of, plays all day long on the piano, and sings ravishingly in church, it requires a rough infidelity, falsely called cynicism, to believe that she may be a little devil after all. Yet so it is; she may be a tale-bearer, a liar, and a thief; she may have a taste for brandy, and no heart. . . . That doctrine of the excellence of women, however chivalrous, is cowardly as well as false. It is better to face the fact, and know, when you marry, that you take into your life a creature of equal, if of unlike, frailties, whose weak human heart beats no more tunelessly than yours.

But it is the object of a liberal education not only to obscure the knowledge of one sex by another, but to magnify the natural differences between the two. Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords; and the little rift between the sexes is astonishingly widened by simply teaching one set of catchwords to the girls and another to the boys. . . . They are taught to follow different virtues, to bate different vices, to place their ideal, even for each other, in different achievements. What should be the result of such a course? When a horse has run away, and the two flustered people in the gig have each possessed themselves of a rein, we know the end of that conveyance will be in the ditch. So, when I see a raw youth and a green girl, fluted and fiddled in a dancing measure into that most serious contract, and setting out upon life's journey with ideas so monstrously divergent, I am not surprised that some make shipwreck, but that any come to port. What the hoy does almost proudly, as a manly peccadillo, the girl will shudder at as a debasing vice; what is to her the mere common sense of tactics, he will spit out of his mouth as shameful. Through such a sea of contraries must this green couple steer their way; and contrive to love each other; and to respect, forsooth; and he ready, when the time arrives, to educate the little men and women, who shall succeed to their places and perplexities.

BICYCLING IN GOTHAM.

The Fury of the Fad—"Society" has Taken it up—A Bicycle Club Formed—What the Women Wear on the Wheel.

As the frost grows nipping, the appetite for outdoor exercise increases, and though bicycling is apt to be productive of cold toes, it is the fad of the hour. At sunrise in the park, the roads are full of fair cyclers, with rosy cheeks and flowing locks, going like the wind. The bicycling fad has led to the organizing of a fashionable club called the Michaux Bicycling Club. It was named after Michaux, the inventor of the weighted pedal which always preserves its lateral position, and who was practically the father of the modern safety bicycle. The club was organized by C. Wyndham Quin and George B. de Forest; it already includes among its members a number of well-known personages in society, and is very exclusive. Mr. Quin has been a successful club promoter, having been the father of the Peconic Club at Southampton. The bicycle club meets in a hall at Fifty-Second Street, on the junction of Broadway and Seventh Avenue; here, on bicycle days, may be seen Mrs. G. B. de Forest, Mrs. Clement C. Moore, Miss McAllister, Mrs. Gianni Bettini, Mrs. C. G. Franklyn, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mrs. William Jay, Miss Remsen, and other social notabilities, with a swarm of men who are not, as a rule, as successful or graceful riders as the ladies. The men generally wear short jackets, knickerbockers, and Scotch stockings; the ladies appear in street-dresses, with slightly abbreviated skirts and leggings. Bloomers and bifurcated skirts have been tabooed by common consent. A shirt-waist, black skirts reaching to the shoe-tops, and long black leggings constitute the costume most generally worn.

The best teacher of bicycling is a colored man named "Ike" Johnson, who is the ruling authority on the subject. He says that skirts do not interfere with swift, safe, and graceful cycling, and he is pronounced against the bifurcated garment, which shocks his sense of propriety. Where he teaches, neither trousers nor knickerbockers are to be seen. He says that when a lady falls from her bicycle it is the fault of her teacher, and that the women who are seen coming croppers in the streets are persons who have not been properly educated. His method of teaching is very simple. He makes his pupil buckle a broad canvas belt round her waist; on one side of the belt is a sort of handle which he grasps; then, when the lady is mounted and has adjusted her skirt, he propels her by this handle—first at a walk, then at a quicker pace, and finally at a run. He reckons that five lessons of an hour each ought to enable any smart girl to ride her bicycle alone. The great art is to know how to distribute the weight on the machine, so that the centre of gravity shall always be in the plane of the wheels.

"Ike" Johnson says that one of the difficulties of the exercise arises from the fact that most women are knock-kneed. He further remarks that girls generally imagine their legs are straight and shapely as those of a Greek goddess; but when they get on a bicycle, they soon find that they converge at the knees, and that the crook interferes with free action. We are not all "Ike" Johnsons, and men in general are, of course, unaware of the fact from want of opportunities of observation, except in the case of ballet-dancers. This defect in the conformation of ladies be ascribes to their habit of kneeling, either in church or by the bedside of children. In kneeling, the knees are drawn together, and if prayer be prolonged, the unregenerate insist that the limbs acquire a crook which is not easily overcome.

The season is fairly under way. Never before was the Patriarchs' hall so crowded. There were seventy-five more guests present than ever before, and the consequence was that the rooms were too crowded for comfortable dancing. They presented a bird's-eye view of exquisite toilets moving about in an atmosphere heavy with the odor of sachet powders, hut, like the uniforms of crack regiments in battle, the toilets suffered when the trumpet sounded the charge. Many absentees were remarked: Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. George Gould, Miss Helen Gould, Miss Consuello and Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, and others; but conspicuous in the crowd were the Baroness Fava, the Count de Castellane, Señor del Drogo, a connection of the Infanta Eulalia, the Countess de Brazza, the Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord, Mrs. Cornelia Adair, of London, daughter of the late General Wadsworth, Miss Hunt, daughter of Mrs. John Munroe, of Paris, Mrs. F. Eraud Hauteville, and the usual leaders of the Four Hundred. Congressman Franklin Bartlett led the cotillion with Mrs. John Steward, Jr., as his partner. About a dozen buds made their debut, among whom were Miss Clapp and Miss Hoffman, who are heiresses as well as beauties, and Miss Wilmerding, granddaughter of ex-Secretary Tracy of the Navy.

There was nothing particularly new in toilets, but a new fashion in hair-dressing, which may be an old fashion among ladies, hut strikes mere men as a novelty, was observed. The hair is brushed back in front and up in the hack, and then piled higher and higher, until the knot ends in a point, like a Psyche twist in the wrong place. These coiffures are called by the uninitiated "church-steeple head-dresses." Diamonds were not as conspicuous as they have been at some former Patriarchs' balls; almost the only jewels which attracted attention were those of Mrs. L. P. Morton, the wife of the governor-elect, who wore a necklace and stomacher of brilliants. Many pretty gowns were observed, and have been described by the man-milliners who attend to the social department of the papers. By general consent, the helle of the hall was pronounced to be Miss Hatch, of London, who appeared under the chaperonage of Mrs. Adair, and is half an American already. It is odds that she will become altogether an American before the season when our men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love.

NEW YORK, December 22, 1894.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The following account of the death of Robert Louis Stevenson is extracted from a letter written by his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, to a friend in this city:

"Our dear Louis died the night of December 3d in the full tide of work and life. He passed away without pain or consciousness, finding the death he had always prayed for. The doctors said that nothing could have been done for him; he had simply come to the end of his power of living. The extraordinary love and kindness we have received from our Samoans has passed all knowledge. If anything could have comforted us, it was the unforgettable devotion that they displayed. There was none of the professional horrors that make death so terrible. Not a strange hand touched him; his own people dug his grave on the high mountain ridge, where it was always his wish to lie. Even the coffin was made by one of his oldest friends, and I covered it with the great red ensign we flew on the *Casco*, and he was buried so. I asked only people who loved him."

The frontispiece of the January *Harper's* will be a portrait of the late Comte de Paris, drawn and engraved by Flurien to accompany an article on "The Fortunes of the Bourbons."

Edward Dale Appleton, who was married the other day, is a brother of Colonel Daniel Appleton, of the New York Seventh Regiment. They are both sons of the late John Appleton, one of the original four brothers of the big publishing house. "D." Appleton, from whom the firm is named, was the grandfather of Daniel, Edward, and George. Mr. W. W. Appleton, an active head of the house, known about the place as "Mr. Willie," is the son of W. H. Appleton, the only one of the sons of D. Appleton now living.

Oscar Wilde says that books are too cheap, and that his new poem, "The Sphinx," shall not be handicapped by that objection. It is printed very handsomely, bound in vellum, tied with ribbons, and illustrated by Ricketts. Only twenty-five copies are offered for sale, and they will cost you thirty dollars each. Here is Mr. Wilde's invocation to the sphinx:

"In a dim corner of my room, for longer than my fancy thinks,
A beautiful and silent sphinx has watched me through the shifting gloom.

"Invisible and immobile she does not rise, she does not stir.
For silver moons are naught to her, and naught to her the suns that reel.

"Red follows gray across the air, the waves of moonlight ebb and flow,
But with the dawn she does not go and in the night-time she is there.

"Dawn follows dawn and nights grow old and all the while this curious cat
Lies crouching on the Chinese mat with eyes of satin rimmed with gold.

"Upon the mat she lies and leers and on the tawny throat of her
Flutters the soft and silky fur or ripples to her pointed ears.

"Come forth, my lovely seneschal! so somnolent, so statuesque!
Come forth, you exquisite grotesque! Half woman and half animal!

"Come forth, my lovely, languorous sphinx! and put your paws upon my knee,
And let me stroke your head and see your body spotted like the lynx.

"And let me touch those curving claws of yellow ivory, and grasp
The tail that, like a monstrous asp, coils round your heavy velvet paws."

The Boston *Transcript*, in running over "some of the names of our writers who contribute to the Boston autumn lists," mentions—quite casually—that Miss Whimsey's translations of Balzac "have put him among the Boston classics." Poor Balzac! (says the *Critic*). Death came before he had fairly begun to enjoy the wealth his marriage brought him. And to think that he died without knowing what highest honor Fate had in store for him—that of becoming, in due time, a "Boston classic"!

Julian Ralph has prepared a series of popular papers on the resources and development of the new South for *Harper's Magazine*. The first, on "Charleston and the Carolinas," will appear in the January issue.

The way in which fiction becomes fact has recently been illustrated in the organization, in various parts of the country, of "Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Associations." The idea of this novel scheme for the protection of bachelors origi-

nated with Robert Grant's story in the Christmas *Scribner's*.

Mr. Damrell, of the Old Corner Bookstore, in Boston, said recently to a writer for the Boston *Transcript*:

"Dr. Holmes kept up with the literature of the day until the very last. It was but a little while before he died that he sent down to 'Peter Ibbetson,' and the week before that for 'Triby,' on September 19th, as soon as the book came out."

It is authoritatively announced that John T. Morse, Jr., the editor of the American Statesmen Series, and the writer of four volumes in the series, will prepare a memoir of Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which will be given a large number of letters.

"Shakespeare's Americanisms" is the odd title of a paper Henry Cabot Lodge contributes to the January *Harper's*.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish early next year the fourth volume of John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States." It will open with the repeal of the British Orders in Council and the close of the armistice concluded just before the surrender of Hull, and take up the story of the second war for independence. The closing chapter will treat, among other things, of the early magazines and periodicals.

Mr. Baring-Gould has set his heart upon writing a series of novels that shall illustrate the different types of character among the common people in different parts of England. Several of the series he has already published. "John Herring" deals with Devonshire, "Mehala" with Essex, "The Queen of My Love" with Cheshire, and the book he is now engaged upon has Surrey for its scene. He says that he never reads novels, and has in his library scarcely any fiction beyond Dickens's works. "Somehow or other," he adds, "I never seem to have any desire to read a novel; my imagination is sufficiently at work as it is."

The Sultan of Turkey is among the contributors to Lady Colin Campbell's new London weekly, *The Realm*, for which he "dictated almost every word" of an article on Armenia in one of his ministries.

"The Slave Traders of New York" is Mr. Janvier's continuation, in the January *Harper's*, of his colonial maritime history.

The late Professor James Darmesteter, the husband of the writer of verse, Mary Robinson, was, we are told, a Jew, and one of the most brilliant and scholarly lights of modern Judaism.

Robert Grant begins in the January *Scribner's* a series of satirical yet very practical papers on "The Art of Living." Mr. Grant has created a number of characters who take part in the discussions. The illustrations are by Charles Dana Gibson.

The very latest Ibsen news, as promulgated by the *Critic's* London correspondent:

"The whole of the new Ibsen play is now with the printers. 'Little Eyolf' is the final name, Eyolf being the cripple child drowned at the close of the first act. The high hopes entertained over the first and second acts have been somewhat cooled by the arrival of the third: Ibsen has shirked a frank discussion of a problem which, at one part of the play, he seemed to be approaching with open arms. But it is generally granted that the play is a very strong one. It is much shorter than any other of Ibsen's dramas, and would not play for much more than an hour. Dr. Ibsen has discovered the manner in which the first rough information concerning the play got publicity. It seems that a certain author, whose work was passing through the same press, received one sheet of 'Little Eyolf' among his proofs. He read it, and spoke of it to his wife, who spoke of it to a friend, who spoke of it to a reporter, who printed the news in his paper, largely metamorphosed through this little game of 'Russian Scandal.'"

The January *Harper's* will contain the first installment of a three-part novelette by Richard Harding Davis. It is entitled "The Princess Aline."

D. Appleton & Co. announce as published "The Madhi, or Love and Race," by Hall Caine, and "Noemi," an historical romance, by S. Baring-Gould.

Anthony Hopley's first novel was called "A Man of Mark." For many years it has been out of print, but in January Mr. Hopley's London publishers will issue a new edition of it. "A Man of Mark" is a story of political adventure in South America.

TWO TRANSLATIONS.

Le Grenier.

Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
De la misère a subi les leçons.
J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
De francs amis, et l'amour des chansons.
Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,
Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,
Leste et joyeux je montais six étages.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

C'est un grenier, point ne vena qu'on l'ignore.
Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur;
Là fut ma table; et je retrouve encore
Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.
Apparaissent, plaisirs de mon bel âge,
Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le temps:
Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,
Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau;
Dès sa main à l'étroite fenêtre
Suspend son schal, en guise de rideau.
Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette;
Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottants.
J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

A table un jour, jour de grande richesse,
De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,
Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse;
A Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur.
Le canon gronde; un autre chant commence;
Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatants.
Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France.
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'énivra,
Oh! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés!
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,
Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,
Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instants.
D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie,
Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

—P. J. de Béranger.

The Garret.

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song:
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes! 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed, full hard it was and small;
My table there, and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoal'd on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold, how roguishly she pins her shawl
Across the narrow casement, curtain-wise;
Now hie the hed her petticoat glides down,
And when did woman look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears;
We rise, we join in the triumphant strain,
Napoleon conquers, Austerlitz is won;
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone, the place is sad and strange,
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here,
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From fountains of hope that never will untrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

The Garret.

O, it was here that love his gifts bestowed
On youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode
In pilgrimage:
Here my young mistress with her poet dard
Reckless to dwell,
She was sixteen, I twenty, and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret! it he known to all
Here was love's shrine.
There read in charcoal, traced along the wall,
The unfinished line;
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend;
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch to feast a friend
In attic cell.

O, my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl,
Bashful yet fond.
What tho' from whom she got her dress I've since
Learned but too well,
Still in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell.

Here the glad tidings on our hanquet hurst
Mid the bright howls:
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!
Bronze cannon roared, France with redoubled might
Felt her heart swell!
Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell.

Dream of my youthful days, I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live
For one of those.
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt—
Joys that he fell
And hopes that dawned at twenty when I dwelt—
In attic cell.—Father Mahoney.

The American owner of the "Triby" and "Peter Ibbetson" drawings paid Mr. George du Maurier for them the comfortable sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars.

The readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may count themselves fortunate in having the promise of the best series Mr. Robert Grant has yet written. The author's "Reflections of a Married Man" were in a manner entirely original, and these articles on "The Art of Living" will touch upon the life of the family, in the same diverting way.

The problem Mr. Grant sets himself to solve, as far as such problems can be solved, is made up of the every-day questions which beset the well-to-do family:

THE INCOME: How can it be spent in the best advantage? What are the necessities and what the luxuries? Does the man with \$8,000 income get \$6,000 worth more for his money than the man with \$2,000?

THE DWELLING: Recounts the experience of two families, one moved into a street rising in dignity, and the other where at least one neighbor dined in his shirtsleeves. Is it better to rent or to buy and pay interest?

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES: Providing for the table, keeping accounts, trying to keep house expenses within a fixed amount, and similar burning questions.

EDUCATION OF THE CHILDREN: What it means in this day and generation, and the expense of it all.

THE SUMMER PROBLEM: Especially as it affects the head of the family, who must spend his week days and nights in town.

MARRIED OR SINGLE LIFE: The joys of one and the compensations of the other.

THE CASE OF MAN: Being his way of looking at all these problems of living.

THE CASE OF WOMAN: Being the same problem from her point of view.

Begins in January.

The illustrations it is believed, will be as good in their way as the text. Mr. C. D. Gibson has drawn the pictures for the first two articles.

Subscriptions for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for 1895 should be sent now. Price \$3.00 a year. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"A Sporting Pilgrimage."

Caspar W. Whitney, whose work as sporting editor of *Harper's Weekly* in the past two or three years has not only proclaimed him the leading American authority on amateur sports, but has deepened popular interest in athletics in general, has collected the various papers on English sports which he wrote for *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly* as a result of his recent trip to England, and they are now issued in a handsome volume entitled "A Sporting Pilgrimage."

The first chapter is an admirable introduction to the subject, discussing "The English Sporting Spirit" as it impresses a visitor from America. Mr. Whitney is particularly struck by the fact that the sporting spirit pervades and permeates all grades of English society, from the highest ranks of the peerage to the humblest rustic or the costermonger racing his whippets, and he shows its many-sidedness by a few words on several forms of sport—such as shooting, yachting, etc.—which, being unseasonable at the time of his visit, do not come within the purview of his book.

The subject of "Riding to Hounds" is treated at length in two chapters—one considering it in the "shires" and the other in the "provinces"—the notable packs and meets being described vividly. After a chapter on "University Sportsmanship," Mr. Whitney gives four chapters to the branches of the subject: "Rowing—at Oxford and Cambridge," "Rowing—on the Thames," "University Football"—followed by an interpolated chapter on "Club Football"—and "University Athletics." This last leads naturally to "Club Athletics," and these are followed by "Clubs," "Cycling," "Cricket," and "Golf," with two supplemental papers, "A Bit of History" and "First Lessons," treating the historical and practical sides of the ancient and royal game of the Scots.

In all this Mr. Whitney has recounted history and described the things he saw and the impressions they made upon him. There is much comparison of English and American sports, the advantage being now on one side and now on the other. For instance, Mr. Whitney deprecates the mercenary blight that has fallen upon almost all club athletics in England; again, he finds that our British cousins in the colleges go in for sport for sport's sake and not—as in America where inter-collegiate rivalry runs so high—for the sake of beating others. The book is a handsome one, and is admirably illustrated from photographs and drawings by Frederic Remington and others.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

New Publications.

"Paul St. Paul: A Son of the People," a novel by Ruby Beryl Kyle, has been published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo; price, 50 cents.

"Two Girls," by Amy E. Blanchard, a story written for girls of ten or twelve years, has been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Victor Vane, the Young Secretary," by Horatio Alger, who has written "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom" stories for more than one generation of young Americans, is published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

"Under Fire," by Captain Charles King, has a title of double significance, for his hero has made an ill-advised marriage, and his reputation for courage is under a cloud, and he is physically under the fire of the Indians whose misdeeds followed the Custer massacre. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Captain Brand, of the Schooner Centipede: A Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies; His Loves and Exploits, together with Some Account of the Singular Manner by which he Departed this Life," by Lieutenant Henry A. Wise, U. S. N. ("Harry Gringo"), has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Minor Tactics of Chess," by Franklin K. Young and Edwin C. Howell, is not an elementary treatise, but has for its purpose the exposition of that part of the system which governs the opening of a game, the authors having studied and compared the recorded games of men who have risen to eminence as chess-players and deduced therefrom certain principles of play. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

A third edition of "Inebriety or Narcomania: Its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence," by Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S., contains nineteen new chapters, filling three hundred and seventeen additional pages. Dr. Kerr, who considers that habitual and periodic inebriety is often either a symptom or a sequel of disease, first presents a general view of his subject and discusses the similarity of inebriety and insanity. Then the forms of inebriety are considered, under the various exciting causes, as alcohol, opium, chloral, chloroform, ether, chlorodyne, and intoxicants, in seven chapters, after which five chapters are devoted to its etiology. Then follow "The Medical Prescription of Alcoholic Liquors,"

"Pathology of Inebriety" (two chapters), "Treatment" (five chapters), and "Inebriety in its Medical-Legal Aspects" (twenty chapters), and appendix. The book closes with an index. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$3.50.

"Chambers's Concise Gazetteer of the World" is a valuable little reference book—it is uniform in size and style with Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," and contains more than seven hundred and fifty pages—which has been compiled from the geographical articles in "Chambers's Encyclopedia," with many new articles and numerous additions to the list. Its information is topographical, statistical, and historical, and is brought well up to date, and in some cases its compact entries are supplemented with references to other works where more detailed information may be obtained. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.50.

"The Musician's Leisure Hour" is the title of a little book prepared by J. H. Rosewald, which will commend itself to the music-lover. It contains a large number of selections from the newspapers relative to music and musicians, and, as it is the result of a labor of love carried on for many years by a cultivated musician, the result will be found to embody both amusement and instruction for the amateur, the professional, and the general public. The first selection is a little comedy, "The Planet Phonos," on which wander the souls of departed musicians, and from this they range down to humorous paragraphs. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.

The old riddle that begins, "If that man's father is my father's son," is quite put in the shade by Warren Holden in a sonnet on "Sham Aristocracy" in "Many Moods," a book of verses by Mr. Holden. He says:

"My great-grandfather was a gentleman.

With vulgar work his hands were never soiled.

To serve his daily needs another toiled.

And I'm my father's father's father's son,"

which makes him father to his father and grandfather to himself. The book contains a number of sonnets and other kinds of verse, but nothing quite so daringly original as the above. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

A selection of "Essays and Addresses," by Phillips Brooks, late Bishop of Massachusetts, has been edited by the Rev. John Cotton Brooks. It contains "all of which any record at all satisfactory has been preserved of Bishop Brooks's public utterances outside of the pulpit," in some cases in a more or less fragmentary shape as they were taken directly from his lips, so retaining the peculiarly forcible forms of his extemporaneous expression. The contents are divided into two classes, "On Religious Topics" and "On Literary and Social Topics," the entries under each head being arranged in chronological order of delivery. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's "A Bachelor Maid," is a discussion of the question of woman's true sphere, put in the form of a novel of fashionable society in New York. Her heroine has a tiff with her lover and seeks sympathy from her former school-mistress, now posing as the relic of a German socialist. This Mrs. Stauffer preaches the gospel of Emancipated Woman; but she has an eye to the main chance and deserts her young friend by marrying the latter's father, whereupon that young woman takes chambers with a friend in like condition and becomes a bachelor maid. They are then beset by a Russian baron, with the result that both retire precipitately into their natural sphere, i. e., the arms of the men who love them. The story is an interesting one, and in narrating it Mrs. Harrison discusses the questions that are now agitating cultivated men and women, incidentally presenting clever pictures of the environment in

which they spend their lives. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The young woman who writes under the pseudonym of "George Egerton" has followed "Keynotes" with "Discords," a second book of short stories of the same kind. "A Psychological Moment" pictures three periods in a woman's life: when, as a child, she obeys her conscience by closing till the morrow a tale in which she is passionately interested; again, when, as a girl, she rebels against the Providence that allows a half-witted, misshapen child to be, and to be the slave of a brutal taskmaster; and finally, when, as a woman, she gives herself to a man to obtain certain papers, and leaves him gladly when he keeps his bargain. The story falls quite flat, because, the author giving no clew as to the nature of the papers beyond hinting that her purchase of them is an act of self-sacrifice, the reader can not guess at her motive. "Her Share" is a spinster's tale of her love for a man from whom the world kept her because he was a poor workman and she a vicar's daughter. "Gone Under" is two glimpses of a lost woman's life: a little stenographer sees her in her finery and helps her in her sickness during the voyage from New York to London, and again the girl sees her, a draggled wreck, in the streets of London after dark. These are not pleasing tales: they are would-be realistic treatment of revolting themes. There are three more stories in the book: "Wedlock," "Virgin Soil," and "The Regeneration of Two." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Alphabet and Language," "Immortality of the Big Trees," and "Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition" are the titles of three essays by Thomas Magee which have recently been issued in a volume of something more than one hundred pages. Their subjects, as the titles show, are widely diverse, but the essays are alike in being the original thoughts of a man of unusually wide reading. The growth of the alphabet through the centuries, from the hieroglyphics and ideograms of Egypt to the present English alphabet—which is still incomplete, inasmuch as it contains three superfluous letters, leaving only twenty-three to express thirty-two sounds—is briefly shown in the first essay, which, however, is mainly devoted to showing the close association of a language and the condition of the nation that uses it. In "Immortality of the Big Trees," Mr. Magee quotes John Muir's statement that the age of a sequoia in the Sierra Nevada has been computed at more than four thousand years, and he argues that, from the characteristics of their nourishment and growth and the fact that the trees seem to be subject to no disease, so far as observation has shown, they could grow to infinite age and size if it were not for such accidents as wind-storms, fires, lightning, and the like. The usual cause of the fall of a sequoia is the disturbing of its balance due to greater growth of its top branches on the sunny (southern) side, which tilts the tree, loosens its roots, and makes it an easy prey to the wind. "Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition" is a consideration of the great advance in the mechanical arts that has characterized the past few years, regarding it from a philosophical and poetical standpoint. Published by William Doxey, San Francisco.

The Harvard University Catalogue for 1894-95 is a volume of six hundred and twenty-three pages, forty pages larger than the catalogue for last year. The courses of instruction offered by the faculty of arts and sciences last year covered fifty-one pages; this year they cover fifty-eight. New departments have been established in architecture, mining engineering, astronomy, and military science. In the whole university there were last year 3,156 students; this year there are 3,290. Last year there were 322 teachers; this year there are 337.

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"The Passport" is delightful. It is really a light comedy that makes one laugh. It is an anomaly, with its gaiety which is not puerile, its humor which is not idiotic, and its lightness which is not trivial. There are possible people in it—people one has met and people one would like to meet. There are daring crises of folly in it, but it is the sort of folly which occurs sometimes, and might occur often without the heavens rolling up like a scroll or philosophers pronouncing the race on the decline.

The story of it turns on the same incident as that upon which "My Official Wife" was built. But Colonel Savage is a man of blood, and whatever he selects as a subject for his facile pen is sure, in the process of treatment, to become more lurid than the aurora borealis in northern latitudes. The frightful adventures that beset his hero after the unlucky offer of the shelter of his passport to the enchanting nihilist were so greswome that they made Colonel Savage famous, and caused him to urge his muse to further flights. Even the dramatization of that wild tale was successful, and Minnie Seligman and the youthful Adonis that she reft from his parent stem in the Four Hundred reaped dollars and glory from it.

In "The Passport," the predicament which launched Colonel Savage's hero into a sea of trouble and tumult, developed for Ferdinand Sinclair many tribulations of irrepressibly comic tendencies. The fair lady who loses her passport in the station at Wirballen and is prevailed upon to travel to St. Petersburg as the absent Mrs. Sinclair of Sinclair's passport, does not seem to have been any more dangerous than extremely brilliant good looks may make any forlorn, passportless lady with manners of a fascinatingly irresponsible foolishness. At first, especially when she is seen to be so gorgeously dressed, in a long, dove-gray traveling-cloak, trimmed with plush and lined with chinchilla—a costume in which the ugliest of women would have developed some sort of unsuspected beauty—one naturally finds one's suspicions suggesting a nihilist. It has really reached that point now that no play can be set within or near Russia without every member of the cast being taken in turn for a nihilist. Give a dog a bad name and hang him. You can not expect to introduce a lovely, blonde lady, in gray fur-lined and fur-edged garments, into a play which opens at a railway station near the Russian frontier, without having her incur the suspicion of being a nihilist spy.

But she is nothing half so dramatic. She does not seem even to have been an adventuress, which is the next position the well-trained play-goer's experience suggests. She smokes no cigarettes, she murmurs no darkly meaning asides into the wings, she does not even cast oblique looks of vengeful import out of the sides of her eyes at the orchestra. The long, fur-lined cloak has an adventuress suggestion in its complacent gorgeousness, but none of the other characteristics which mark the species in stageland is to be seen in Mrs. Darcy.

In fact, Mrs. Darcy's smiling, inconsequent folly would disarm the suspicions of the most aciculated censor. Her sweet, serene silliness, the delightful complacency of the pretty woman who is quite confident of her charm and quite happy to be indulgently admired and idly adored, is portrayed with inimitable humor and appreciation. Mrs. Darcy is extremely well satisfied with herself, her clothes, her position, and life generally. Even in the trying position of a lonely lady at a Russian frontier station, who discovers that she has left her passport behind, she is not overwhelmed with the disaster, but with sweet, confiding helplessness tells her predicament to the first man she sees, who, as her experience has led her to anticipate, will without loss of time suggest a solution to the problem and extricate her from her difficulties. The fascinating dependence which is so potent an attraction in the fascinating female, was never more gracefully suggested than it is by Mrs. Darcy.

Miss Sadie Martinot is admirably suited to this part. Miss Martinot is a wandering star who has shone in many dramatic firmaments. She has played in every sort of play. She has tried light comedy and taken a turn at burlesque. She sang in comic opera until her voice failed, and then turned her attention to drawing-room drama, where the characters are treated from a strictly millinery point of view. In that dreadful production of that dreadful play "Moths," she was chosen to personate the typical American girl, Fuchsia Leach, who in the play is depicted as a bleached beauty who always sits with her feet on the seat of an adjacent

chair, smoked cigarettes, talked a language unknown on this side of the water, and ended by marrying a guileless duke, whose possessions were a coat-of-arms, family pride, and some ancestral oak-trees.

In none of her previous theatrical attempts has Miss Martinot found a character so well suited to her talents as is that of Mrs. Darcy. She shows more ability in her rendering of this part than she has ever been suspected of. She seems to possess a quality of humor extremely rare in actresses of her order, whose abilities all run to the portraying of the tearful heroine who is miserable in French costumes, or the wicked heroine who is morbid and intense in French costumes.

An extremely light touch, a suggestion of intense, frothy frivolity give to her rendering of Mrs. Darcy a most delicate air of dainty humor. The scene in the second act between her and the two servants is simply absurdly and delightfully funny. As finely frilled and furlowled as a French fashion-plate, an exquisitely dainty, diaphanous figure in all sorts of airy, floating white and green fripperies, she begins her politely ingratiating queries for the church in which the wedding is taking place. Her treacherous memory reinforced by the two servants' sedate assurances that it is St. George's, Hanover Square, she retires with the precise airs, the mincing walk of the most charmingly egotistic self-satisfaction, only to reappear again, serenely, graciously apologetic, and, with the coaxing sweetness of the petted child, announces that she has forgotten it. It is unquestionably quite absurd and also irresistibly funny. Possibly the humor of it all may lie in the fact that the actors are so very serious about it, quite eliminating the element of burlesque from the scene. The slightest suggestion in their deportment that they were conscious they were assisting at a ridiculously improbable act in a ridiculously improbable play would have spoiled it all. But they are perfectly serious.

Not the least funny element of the scene is the intense gravity, covering bewildered indignation and astonishment, of the two servants, who both recognize Mrs. Darcy. As she turns and goes mincing down the room, the look—furtive, meaning, alarmed—that they surreptitiously exchange, is admirably expressive of their amazed and uneasy state of mind. It is a look of dark Masonic intelligence, for Mr. Ferdinand Sinclair is now at church being married to Miss Mildred Coleman, yet this gorgeous green and white, heffrilled, helaced, beribboned lady is that very person who, a year and a half before, he introduced to Mr. Coleman at the station of Wirballen as his wife.

The complications that ensue upon this most inopportune reappearance of Mrs. Darcy are numerous, intricate, and humorous to a degree. The play itself is of the lightest texture, each scene containing a very small amount of solid matter to a thick covering of well-beaten-up froth. Its merits consist of a dialogue which is not so much witty as it is natural. People say extremely natural things, and the actors are clever enough to know how to say them in a natural way. The weeping mother and the weeping bride have been in hundreds of thin-drawn comedies before now, but it is rare for the author to have made the weeping mother deliver a series of fond injunctions for the care of her child, which ends in high, hysterical staccato with "and he sure that she changes her stockings every time she gets her feet wet."

One of the most striking features in this comedy is its extreme, frivolous lightness. It is not a solid comedy like "Lord Chumley." It is light, light as thistle-down, ephemeral as cobwebs. It never drags, it never is labored, it runs as easily as though on oiled rollers, and the spectator follows its rollicking path with unstrained, idle observation. There is none of the boisterousness of "Charlie's Aunt" about it to tire one's eyes, none of the labored wit of "Lady Windermere's Fan" to make one feel the weariness of the struggling playwright hammering out the jokes with his teeth set.

It is this very ease and absence of effort in it which attracts the spectators. So many people go to the theatre who are tired that the relaxation offered them in a play which shows this perfect easiness and smoothness of performance is an especial, soothing grace which covers a multitude of faults. Great plays and great players do not always engross one to such a point of absorption that one overlooks the evident fatigue and baggard exhaustion of the actor. The physical and nervous strain to which Irving subjects himself when he acts in "The Bells" is so apparent that every sensitive member of the audience feels a reflection of his weariness and suffers with him. The great play should engross to the forgetfulness of all such outside considerations. The small play, the light comedy, the drawing-room drama, should run so easily, should be so smoothly pieced together, so artfully portrayed, that it soothes, delights, and absorbs one exactly as a good novel or short story should do. The author, though he may have wept tears of blood over it, should seem to the reader to have written it off as spontaneously, as he might have talked on the weather to his next-door neighbor.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Passport" will be repeated at the California Theatre, "Aladdin, Jr.," at the Baldwin, and "Lalla Rookh" at the Tivoli Opera House, next week.

"The Gaiety Girl," which ran for a year and more in London and for three months at Daly's Theatre in New York, is to be at the Baldwin in the near future.

Arrangements have already been made, according to the New York Sun, for the production of Harry Dam's play, "The Shop Girl," on this side. It has been so great a hit that London papers just to hand state that seats had already been booked well on into February.

In speaking of the production of "Aladdin, Jr.," at the Baldwin, the Argonaut took occasion last week to condemn heartily the vulgarity of Anna Boyd's songs. It is gratifying to see that the worst offender, the song "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down her Back," has been withdrawn.

Lottie Collins is now at the head of a vaudeville company which will follow "The Passport" at the California Theatre. It embraces several vaudeville specialists, and the performance includes a farcical operetta, "The Devilbird," in which Lottie Collins does more ambitious work than is involved in singing "Ta-ra-ra Boon-de-ay."

Miss Leila Owen Ellis has been elected to the New York Twelfth Night Club. This is an especial honor to the young Californian, as the club bears upon its roll the names of the most distinguished women of the dramatic profession, and she is the youngest member, having been christened upon her admission "The Lamb of the Flock." Miss Ellis spent the Christmas holidays in Washington as the guest of Mrs. General Ordway.

Henry Irving's reception in Dublin has been an ovation. Says an English paper:

"Every class of society with any claim to intellectual distinction joined in the tribute to the distinguished actor. An address presented to him on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre, in Dublin, by the lord-mayor, was signed by Lord Wolseley, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the provost of Trinity College, the presidents of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the president of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, the high sheriffs, and the Parliamentary representatives of the city. Mr. Irving attended a meeting of the Corporation, and was welcomed by the chief magistrate in a speech of eloquent eulogy."

Georgia Cayvan is to be a star when she returns from Europe next year. Her withdrawal from the Lyceum company has not made nearly the stir that Ada Rehan's did when she left the Daly company, but it is the same action, and it has earlier precedents in the cases of Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, and other stars. They grow too big for the stock-company idea, and must come out as stars. How Miss Cayvan will succeed without the entourage of a perfect company, remains to be seen.

The Marie Tavy Grand English Opera Company will follow the Henderson extravaganza at the Baldwin. The repertoires for the two weeks are as follows:

Monday, "Rigoletto"; Tuesday, "Trovatore"; Wednesday matinee, "Bohemian Girl"; Wednesday evening, "Traviata"; Thursday, "Carmen"; Friday, "Faust"; Saturday matinee, "Martha"; Saturday evening, "Tannhauser."

Monday, "William Tell"; Tuesday, "Traviata"; Wednesday matinee, "Carmen"; Wednesday evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci"; Thursday, "Faust"; Friday, "Martha"; Saturday matinee, "Trovatore"; Saturday evening, "Lohengrin."

Viva Cummins, the little daughter of Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, has made a decided success in New York with her songs of many lands. She gave a costume recital under the auspices of the New York School of Opera and Oratorio on the Thursday before Christmas, which was largely attended, and elicited favorable comment from the New York press. The programme consisted of Arabian airs on the *oud* and Hungarian airs from Europe; Hindoo, Santal, Sanscrit, Cingalese, and Javanese songs from Asia; Bedouin Arabic love-songs from Africa; and native airs of the Zuni, Sioux, and other aboriginal Americans. Miss Cummins will appear in the second act of "Carmen" on January 15th, in a performance to be given by the same dramatic school.

The autocratic Mr. Daly rules his company with a rod of iron, and even lovers' sighs can not make him relax the rigidity of his regulations. One of the strangest of his laws was brought to public notice in New York a few days ago by the disappearance from the cast of May Young, one of the girls who dance before the Duke of Illyria in "Twelfth Night." Two years ago, when she was but thirteen, she was playing in Mr. Daly's company in London, and she and John Craig, another member of the company, went off to St. Giles in the Fields on St. Patrick's Day and got married. When they returned to New York, Craig told the manager all about it, and then Mr. Daly's rule, that no husband and wife shall play in the same company while under his control, came into play. Craig was taken out of the cast, and Frank Carlyle took his place. A fortnight ago, Mr. Daly put him back in his place, but the wife was laid off. Now she has resigned and thinks Mr. Daly a hard-hearted monster.



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ACTRESSES AND TIGHTS.

Some interesting facts about ballet-girls and their costumes have been elicited by a local reporter from the mistress of the robes of the Henderson Extravaganza Company, who has in her keeping the six hundred dresses used in "Aladdin, Jr."

"The girls are all so proud of their figures," she exclaimed. "It's hard to fill out the 'peasant-girls' in a chorus or ballet; they all want to be boys and wear full-length tights. Whenever a girl gets to wearing tights, she wants 'em full length. In 'Aladdin, Jr.' the costume being Chinese, the sketches provided for loose trousers of various colors reaching almost to the knee. They were worn the first night as designed. Since that time, these loose trousers have been shrinking, despite my best endeavors, till, on some of the ladies, they have at last reached the regulation burlesque trunks, which, as the topical song says, 'are just the width of a sash.' The material has not been cut, oh, no! they aren't do that—but the girls turn in these obnoxious loose trousers whenever I'm not looking."

"One important feature of burlesque dressing is the shoes," added Miss Barclay. "When the orders are taken for the shoemaker, every girl is asked what size she wishes her slippers made. She gives it, and then we go through the whole list and add half a size all round, except in the case of the ballet. The ladies of the ballet don't tell fibs about the size of their feet. They can't afford to. A dancer can't do her work cramped up in a tight shoe, and she knows it; so she gives a liberal measurement; but the sweet little dears of the chorus would undergo the tortures of the Chinese women if the costumer gave them the slippers they asked for."

Apops of this, it is interesting to recall the statements of some famous Eastern comic-opera queens regarding their sensations when they wore tights for the first time on the stage. The query was propounded to several of them some time ago, and though some of them no longer appear in fleshings, their replies have lost none of their piquancy or value as "human documents."

Lillian Russell, whose controversy over her refusal to wear tights is famous, says:

"I never had but one sensation from the beginning to the end of my use of tights. That sensation or feeling was one of dislike and detestation. I felt thoroughly uncomfortable when I first wore them years ago in California, and remember distinctly going into another company just to get rid of wearing them. I was obliged to make use of them for several years, however; but made up my mind that some day I should throw them off forever. It cost me several hundred dollars, in legal damages, to do this. A great many have unkindly said that I gave up tights because I was getting too stout, but I insist that my reason was because I hated to wear them. I don't think it is dignified enough for a woman playing a leading part in comic opera. It detracts from her singing and acting, in my opinion. Then, again, I don't like to see a woman in tights. I do not think she ought to exhibit her figure in that fashion; in fact, I don't believe in immodesty of dress, any way. There is nothing beyond embarrassment, to me, at least, in wearing tights."

"I never had any aversion to tights," Mrs. Marion Manola-Mason declared. "I may have rather dreaded them before ever wearing them; but when I made up my mind to go into comic opera, I accepted everything that went with it, both agreeable and disagreeable. My dread of wearing tights, if I ever had any, was forgotten, the excitement of the moment absorbed every other feeling, and my anxiety over my work in the part was so great that it was really a week or two before I realized that I was actually wearing that bane of the average actress's life. Undoubtedly, if I had been obliged to first appear in tights in my former home, Cleveland, before society friends, I should have been very much embarrassed, but it was fortunately in England. Tights can be made vulgar or otherwise; it all lies with the wearer. I don't think any one ever accused me of making them unduly prominent. Perhaps this was due to the fact that I never tried to stride like a man. On the contrary, my aim was to make my walk just the same as if I was still wearing skirts. Indeed, I like tights. I never allow them to embarrass me."

Marie Tempest emphatically declared that she does not like them. Here are her views:

"I suppose everybody who has worn tights says the same thing, don't they? That they 'felt perfectly ridiculous and as if they had no clothes at all on.' That is exactly the way I felt at first, and still feel. I have never been comfortable in them. The first time I ever wore tights was in England in 'The Red Hussar.' It was the worst case of tights I ever saw—tights straight up to the waist, with only a small sash tied in a bow behind and a short undress uniform jacket buttoned close up in front. When I was arrayed and looked in the glass, I certainly thought I was the most dreadful-looking object I had ever seen. I sent for the stage-manager."

"You don't suppose I am going on in this horrible dress, do you?" to which he answered:

"Don't be a fool! Come right along. The whole thing looks beautifully on you, and I sha'n't even give you a cape."

"You will give me a long cape to hide my hack, or I won't go on," I said, stubbornly, and we finally compromised on a short military cape, which in reality wasn't the least use in the world, but I felt as if I had something more on, and that was a good deal."

It is to be observed that the ladies of the chorus are all anxious to display their figures, while some queens of comic opera, being made of finer stuff, are, according to the very best testimony—their own—extremely modest in that respect.

COMMUNICATIONS.

An Enthusiastic Subscriber.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., December 22, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been a subscriber for the *Argonaut*, through a news-dealer, for more than a year, and I want to tell you why I read it. Two years ago, a patriotic friend in New York city sent me several numbers in which he referred to the editorials on Roman Catholicism and the *frank* cures that have been so miraculously distributed over our continent. The genuine Americanism displayed in these editorials captured my heart, and inspired me with a loyal indorsement for your genuine American sentiment expressed in the editorials—not on account of Roman Catholicism alone, but upon every important subject that is dear to a free-born, liberty-loving American citizen. I can say sincerely that I wish the *Argonaut* could go into every American home, and be read by every lover of American institutions. I admire the *Argonaut* for its sound American principles. I admire the *Argonaut* for its fearless championship of protection to Americans and American industries and products. It is my ideal of what a loyal American newspaper should be in spirit and patriotism. I can not keep house without it. If you will send me a package of *Argonauts* I will place them where they will do you good and bring you more loyal subscribers.

A TRUE BLUE AMERICAN.

Twelve Readers for One Argonaut.

SEATTLE, WASH., December 19, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please find inclosed post-office order for seven dollars, for which you will be good enough to renew my subscription for the *Argonaut* and *Century* for 1895. By a close calculation, I find that this one paper is read by seven people in the United States and not less than five in Germany, finally being read by a young German as his English lesson. Truly your good work is wide-spread.

Yours truly, R. N. WILLIAMS.

The Old London Cable Railway.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The writer remembers perfectly well the railroad alluded to in this week's *Argonaut*, having traveled on it for nearly a decade. The name was "London and Blackwall" and not "Minorities and Blackwall." The Minorities was simply the first station after leaving the starting point, viz., Fenchurch Street. The engine-house was situated at the Minorities, and it was there the train took the rope; it ran from Fenchurch Street to the Minorities by a decline, and on the return by its acquired velocity. They dropped a carriage for each station, so that the through carriages did not stop. Each carriage had its own grip and gripman, and returned to the city alone. The rope was abandoned for two reasons: the one, on account of constant breaks; the other, because it was found that too many employees were necessary. Next to the London and Greenwich Railroad, it was the most expensive road to build. It was a continuation of arches, built of brick, as high as the tops of the houses. In fact, the bones nearly the whole length of the line had to be removed and the arches built in their place. The East End of London is densely populated, the class being rather of the lower order. Some amusement was afforded to the passengers on the trains when the inhabitants failed to pull down the blinds, if they possessed any.

R. D. PERRY.

Never Too Late to Mend.

SANDWICH, MASS., December 10, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been a constant purchaser and reader of the *Argonaut* for ten years, and have never missed a copy. I think it about time to become a regular subscriber. Please send the *Argonaut* for one year to Mr. John A. Holway, Sandwich, Mass.; and also send me for one year the *Argonaut* and *Harpers Monthly Magazine*. I inclose check for ten dollars and fifty cents.

Very truly,

R. H. FAUNCE, M. D.

Women as Editors.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 26, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The Christmas edition of the *Examiner* has been so widely heralded as offering the first opportunity for Woman to show what she can do in Man's sphere, that a few words of comment on the achievement may be excused. One can not glance through its forty pages and see the numerous evidences there of the self-sacrificing struggles with unfamiliar and distracting problems without being filled with admiration for the ladies who thus devoted themselves in the cause of charity to a task of the utmost difficulty. But the production has a broader and deeper interest, and when viewed in this light, the individuality of these particular editresses sinks into the background. Considered impersonally, and simply as a contribution to a vexed social problem—Exhibit A for the plaintiff—it is both interesting and instructive. To me, personally, it was most interesting for three things—what it contained, what it did not contain, and the difficulty of getting a fair idea of what it did contain. It has been said that the female mind can not grasp details—that she is so much impressed by the woods that she can not see the trees—and perhaps this mental characteristic will account for the arrangement, or lack of arrangement, of the reading matter in this paper. Foreign, domestic, and coast telegraphic news were hopelessly mixed up with local news and interesting extracts reprinted from the Eastern press; the most important news was obscurely placed, the unimportant was thrown into prominence by elaborate captions. Are these defects characteristic of the feminine mind, or accidental features of this particular

publication? Is woman's sense of order and proportion less developed than that of the male?

The matter that is not contained in this issue may be briefly described as news. A glance at the other papers published on Christmas morning will sufficiently explain what is meant by this. Perhaps, however, this is to be attributed to inexperience, and is not to be taken as evidence that the Woman's daily paper would be a literary publication and not a news publication. And, after all, the interest lies in what was published rather than in what was left out. To me, at least, the great charm of the publication was found in the feminine tone of the reading matter. This appeared in the method of treatment instead of in the subjects chosen, for I am convinced, after mature deliberation, that the page devoted to men's fashions and local male society huds was an intentional joke. The editorial page distinctly refutes any charge of frivolity, and effectually avoids sensationalism. The same exclusion of sensationalism is seen in the special articles, with, perhaps, one exception, and this exception will, I fear, impress painfully those who remember the discussion, as to what a newspaper should be, carried on by the ladies of this city some months ago. There is also a lack of originality in the subjects of these special articles, and they were, I regret to say, only mildly interesting.

These comments are not made in a spirit of fault-finding, but rather as observations on a scientific problem. I have pointed out what strike me as the points of difference between this Woman's paper and the average article produced by man. Indeed, I am not prepared to say that it is not an improvement.

I. F.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As it may interest the ladies who got out the Christmas *Examiner* to know what newspaper men say of their newspaper work, I have jotted down for you a few of the comments I have heard among fellows of our craft, and trust you will give them space in the *Argonaut*.

In the first place, we were all struck by the extraordinary diversity of heads. Six of the seven columns on the second page had heads, and the six heads—which, be it observed, in such a case are uniform in most papers—showed four separate and distinct styles. This was due, in part, to the fact that the writers of those heads had not properly estimated the number of letters in the lines, and this same want of precision in counting "heads" was to be noticed all through the paper.

Of the merits of the articles, we had nothing to say, but we took a lively professional interest in the way the local news was handled. The court news was delightful. The cardinal law of the local-room, that a reporter should report and not comment, was hardly shattered in the account of a Chinese woman's suit for alimony. It began with a congratulation of the public on the way our laws protect the "poor, deluded, and innocent Chinese," and concluded with a statement of a wife's bard position in China; the facts were stated in five lines, and eight lines were devoted to comment.

Two notices of contested elections were from the same band. In one, the phrase "as nearly as can be made out from the documents, Haley contests," etc., was used, and in the other: "In a long and apparently incomprehensible document from an ordinary person's point of view, he states," etc.

But the prize report was that of the McLaughlin shooting. When the major covered his assailant in the car, "a perfect scene ensued, during which both men fled in opposite directions." Perhaps the young lady who wrote it, and some of her friends, might have the whole picture called up by the phrase "a perfect scene," but I defy her to imagine even one of the men fleeing in opposite directions. However, the major followed—in opposite directions too?—"firing as he ran," but, horrors! "the cartridge slipped." That is a thrilling statement, but I would really like a few more details.

Yours respectfully, A NEWSPAPER MAN.

—DR. DE MARVILLE

Has removed to 533 Sutter Street, Corner Mason.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Anthony Hope's popular story, "The Prisoner of Zenda," is to be dramatized for E. H. Sothern, who will present the play next season.

Awarded Highest Honors---World's Fair.

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MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.



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Price One Dollar.

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THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
75 CTS. PER CAN
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YOU CAN REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

From Face, Neck, and Arms in five minutes with NUDENE, without pain or injury to the skin. Send for circular. Agents wanted. NUDENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 216 Front St., S. F. Mention this paper.

EVANS' INDIA PALE ALE —AND— BROWN STOUT

are brewed from the best malt and hops obtainable.

They Never Vary in Quality, and are unsurpassed by any other brands brewed in America or elsewhere.

Are Allowed Two Years to Ripen

before being bottled, to insure a uniform high grade and prime condition.

Freedom from False Ferments and Harmful Acidity rarely absent from other Ales.

Unequalled Brilliance there being no sediment in the bottles

Lower in Price than Foreign Brands

because we have no custom duties to pay.

All our Ales and Stouts bottled at the brewery has a fac-simile of our signature on the label.

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Columbian Exposition.

Bound volumes of the Argonaut from 1877 to 1894—Volumes I. to XXXIV.—can be obtained at this office.



VANITY FAIR.

Carissime Taurorum.

O Cousin John across the pond,
Of ample waist and ringlets blonde,
Our youth of thee have grown so fond
They scorn the land that bore 'em;
Behold them, in adoring rows,
With canes reversed and haggly clothes,
While lisping adulation flows;
Carissime taurorum!

They love the fads thy cockneys make;
They love thy cold pump-handle shake;
They love the strides thy daughters take,
With forty miles before 'em;
The eye-glass, wrinkling brow, and cheek,
The soft, flat way thy lordlings speak,
Ah! these are charms they vainly seek,
Carissime taurorum!

When forth we venture on the street,
Same would-he Britisher we meet,
Whose forbears raised their rye and wheat,
Away down East in Gorham.
He has the English drawl, y' know,
And crooks his pipe-stem elbows so,
And struts like some stiff-legged crow,
Carissime taurorum!

Our scribblers are your poets, too,
Their "primrose" reeks with English dew;
They dote on "larks" that scale the blue,
And "carol unceasing" o'er 'em.
They "turn a pretty thing" like Gosse,
Or flinch a thread from Dobson's floss.
Like you, they never write, but toss,
Carissime taurorum!

Our very architecture shows
How huge our taurus-worship grows.
Why, even things like flats, Lord knows,
We call the "Kent" or "Shoreham."
They must have steps like Lunnun town,
And "lifts" to hoist us up and down.
Their backs are red, their fronts are brown,
Carissime taurorum!

And when your namby-pamby jakes
Come over here in shoals, like flukes:
How fine our upper-tendon looks,
Bowed down to cockalorum!
Our pretty girls are every vile
To win some graybeard's fishy smile;
Then, if he pops, hurrah for style,
Carissime taurorum!

O, Uncle Sam! upon your knee
Ahae such children speedily,
And some of that old Boston tea,
Consigned to Neptune, pour 'em!
What! shall the eagle of the West
Sneak back to heg a British crest?
Not while there's fur left in her nest,
Carissime taurorum!

—James Buckman in Youth's Companion.

"The question of women wearing décolleté gowns," writes a correspondent of the *Illustrated American*, "should be referred to a commission composed of men. It is a well-known fact that women expose their arms, shoulders, and busts in public only with a view to their being seen by men. All women who are honest will acknowledge this. Therefore it seems right that the judges in this matter should not be Mrs. Grannis, who believes the practice to be wrong, or Mrs. Frank Leslie, who believes it to be right; but those chiefly concerned—that is, the men themselves. Now, it is a fact that most men like to look at attractive arms, shoulders, and busts. It is also a fact that there are in the world—*horresco referens*—busts, shoulders, and arms which are not attractive. These latter, men certainly do not care to look at, and they should be severely suppressed. Why, then, would it not be a good idea to have a law passed by which all women should appear at stated intervals before local inspectors of arms, shoulders, and busts, who would issue or withhold permits entitling the bearers to appear in décolleté gowns? There might be complications, it is true; for example, where a woman had broken her right collar-bone, but had an exquisite left shoulder, she would be given a partial, a left-handed permit. Other special cases would doubtless arise; but the inspectors, if wisely chosen, would know how to deal with them."

Recently the Academy of Medicine considered the value of cycling as an exercise. The general decision arrived at was that, taken properly, and not overdone, it was of great value. The stooping position was condemned; and, in the case of women, it was said that they must ride in loose clothing in order to get the proper benefit. Dr. Savage, the well-known physical director, was of practically the same opinion, when a writer for the *Basar* asked him about it. He said, however, that he thought it was a little too soon to pronounce a final judgment on the subject. We had not yet lived a generation on the bicycle. But no injurious effects had yet been discovered, except those resulting from its abuse, and that, of course, could not condemn it as an exercise. Leaning over on the handle-bars is a very bad fault, said Dr. Savage; but he agreed that women, as a rule, sit erect much more than men. He said that the reason why many women did not get a great amount of good from horseback-riding was because they would insist upon wearing tight corsets when they took the exercise. It was impossible for them to take deep breaths under such conditions, and what ought to have been beneficial failed utterly in its purpose. If women were going to persist in the same course when they rode their wheels, the result would be no better. Women certainly can not complain that their interests are not regarded by the bicycle manufacturers. Improve-

ments are constantly being made in their wheels. For the last two or three years the weight of all machines has been steadily decreased, and most of those for next year will show a still further reduction. There is, however, such a thing as going too far in this direction, for the very light machines can not be as strong as the others. When the tubing of the frame is too thin, it is apt to lack rigidity. The result may be a slight, gradual distortion of the frame; or worse, if subjected to much strain, it will break. The objection to making it of aluminum is that this is a metal which can not be welded, so that the frame would have to be made in one solid piece. Wherever it is practicable, aluminum is used in connection with steel. Women's wheels have always been heavier than men's, so there is more opportunity for reducing their weight. Mud-guards are now made of rubber or gossamer, instead of the old ones of metal, and the new skirt-guards are usually either of rubber or silk cords. One thing which should be strongly condemned by every woman who is interested in the welfare of cycling is the fact that of late a few women have adopted the low handle-bars. So much has been said against their use by men that there is certainly no excuse for women's taking them up now. But, happily, a reaction seems to have set in. The makers are selling many more high handle-bars than they did a few months ago. "I think there are more sane riders than crazy ones now," said one.

One often asks if the great multitude of gems constantly being found will not tend to discredit their value in commercial markets, and in the eyes of the world generally, till perchance the time may come when they will be considered barbaric, as trivial as bright gauds of any kind, and absolute simplicity and plainness will be reckoned more regal than whole plastrons of jewels. Even now it is thought inelegant for a gentleman to wear transparent stones, the opaque substances that are cut with labor and skill, and are works of art, outranking diamonds for a man's wear.

One of the surprising things to American women in England is the number of English women who marry men from five to twenty years younger than themselves. The action of the Baroness Burdette Courts in taking so young a husband as Mr. Bartlett is by no means uncommon in all grades of English society, and a bit of a shock to the romantic-minded American, who prefers to let her husband have quite the advantage of her, in point of years at least. It was with almost a gasp of horror a sentimental little American was told of the first meeting between Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, and her present husband. His mother was a very dear friend of Miss Anne Thackeray, who, one day, when about twenty years old, dropping into the Ritchie home, received the interesting information of a brand-new arrival in the household. Proud Mrs. Ritchie herself placed the wee Richard in Miss Thackeray's arms, as that young lady remarked with a laugh: "So it is another pink little boy come to make the Ritchie family happy." It was the same Richard Ritchie who, in after years, made Miss Anne Thackeray his wife—and presumably happy.

The beliefs circling round garters are relics, it appears, of most ancient times. In all save barbarous conditions women have worn some semblance of our perfected modern stocking and held it in place by bands of silk or wool, knotted closely about the leg, and, until the latter half of this century, strapped always below the knee. At all times garters have been considered very important details of women's dress, and always associated in some manner with matrimony. Down through half a dozen centuries comes to us the custom practiced to-day of having the garters as a finishing touch to a bride's toilet. The particular girl friend who is permitted to slip them into place is conceded to stand the best possible chances of wedding happily before twelve months are out. A prospect of near and blissful matrimony is also shared by the friend who secures the privilege of making a bride's garters—the proper pattern for which is now a circle of white silk elastic covered with embroidered white satin and clasped by a small gold buckle, enameled in white bow-knots. The garters of Marie Antoinette were pretty pink silk bands elaborately embroidered on the upper half in tiny jewels and gold thread, and in an American family are preserved the bridal garters of a titled English ancestress. These, of white silk, are nearly two inches broad and decorated with round buttons made of seed pearls, from which suspend pearl cords and tassels two inches long. The matrons and maids who came over in the *Mayflower* undoubtedly clasped their hand-knit hose with sturdy woolen garters, bearing in the weave or worked on in embroidery stitch sustaining moral mottoes for every-day use. This was not a dash of frivolity on their part, nor a philandering after foolish fashion, but a common custom of that century.

The brilliantly colored neckties, about which so much was written by correspondents early in the season, are apparently doomed to the dusty obscurity of the upper shelves of the shops. The

ties were of great variety and of extraordinarily vivid and striking colors, ranging all the way from bright scarlet to the sharpest possible shades of blue. They were sent over here from London, and the fact has been developed that they were the invention of the Haberdashers' Association in Great Britain, which started out in an effort to make the fashions. Nobody has ever been able to tell who does make or unmake the fashions either for men or women; but it is pretty certain now that the haberdashers can not make the fashions for either London or America. The market was flooded with gorgeous specimens of neck-wear, the shop-windows made gay with them, and the newspapers teemed with the news of fashion's latest fad in neckties. This was in London, and, in a short time, the same scheme was tried in New York. But the taste of the men who buy ties was evidently antagonistic to the taste of the haberdashers, for the public absolutely refused to buy, and a brilliant commercial scheme has gone to the wall.

Club life among women holds a much more important place in London than in New York. One of the most typical, the Pioneer Club, has luxurious quarters, including a comfortable smoking-room, to which only women are admitted. Although tobacco is allowed, liquors of all kinds are tabooed. Mrs. Massingberd, of temperance fame, is the president, and there are four hundred and seventy members, who are more or less noted. The Writers' Club has rooms in the same building with the Association of Women Journalists, and both of these and the University Club are chiefly for the use of working-women. They are very different from such society clubs as the Albemarle, the Alexandra, and the Green Park Clubs, the last admitting only such women as would not be excluded from her majesty's Drawing-Room. All these clubs are conducted on substantially the same plan as a man's social club.

Said a returned traveler to a *Sun* reporter: "The Englishman whose taste runs to extravagances in dress, or whose lack of all tastes and ideas generally makes him a counterpart of our dude, runs in that particular direction to outlandish oddities of apparel. His endeavor is not to be extremely in the fashion, but to be extremely out of it. He runs to immense checks and startling colors; to shooting-clothes on Piccadilly and imported tropical effects at the seaside; he walks about the Strand in knee-breeches and a cape overcoat, and wears hunting-boots to an afternoon tea. One such apparition I saw on the Spa in fashionable Scarborough, last June; he wore knee-breeches of a tweed with squares full five inches across, shooting-stockings of red, green, and black wool, worked in diamond patterns, which were rolled below the knee to a thickness of at least an inch and a half; on his feet were what are known in London now as 'brogues'—low-cut shoes, with thick soles, and hobnails, and leather tongues or tabs, six or eight inches long, hanging over the laces in front, slit into dozens of tassels at the ends, and flapping about his feet from side to side as he walked. He also wore a short covert-coat and a little cloth cap. He was the same kind of thing you see in long frock-coats, bell-crowned hats, and chrysanthemums on Fifth Avenue."

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A GRATEFUL ODOR,

Indicative of health and purity, is communicated to the mouth by the aromatic

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The Lyric and Dramatic professions are loud in their praises of

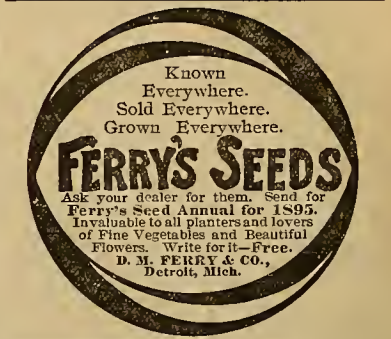
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Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to fit everything!"
Other Listener—"Ya-as. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMEIKE sends 'em to him."

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All lamps smell, if they do not smoke, with wrong chimneys. You want the "Index to Chimneys." Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa. Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.



A WOMAN'S BEAUTY

Is enhanced by using Medicated Cerate. It makes the coarsest skin soft, smooth, and fine-grained, prevents wrinkling and withering, cures tan, sunburn, etc. 50 cents and \$1.00. Hairdressing, manicuring, faces steamed, bleached, and beautified.

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(INCORPORATED.)

Mrs. M. J. BUTLER, 131 Post St., take Elevator

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Assets.....2,632,228
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October 1, 1894.

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PRIVATE WIRE EAST.
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Grain and Provisions.....Stocks and Bonds.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rubinstein once declared to some one that he was descended from one of the Crusaders who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to Palestine. "On the piano, presumably," was the smiling response.

Pius the Ninth was not without a certain sense of humor. One day, while sitting for his portrait to Healy, the painter, speaking of a monk who had left the church and married, he observed, not without malice: "He has taken his punishment into his own hands."

The famous Reform Club chef, Alexis Soyer, was arrested one night in the Crimea as a spy. "Who and what are you?" asked the officer into whose presence he was brought. "I am an officer," was the reply. "What rank?" "I am chief of a batterie." "Of what batterie?" "Of the batterie de cuisine de l'armée Anglaise, monsieur!" was the answer.

The Empress Catherine, noticing that the beautiful Mile. Potocka, who had lately come to court, had no pearls, immediately commanded a fancy-dress ball, to which the girl was bidden to come as a milkmaid. Then, while Mile. Potocka was dancing, the empress slipped a superb necklace of pearls into the pail she carried, and, at her exclamation of wonder, said: "It is only the milk, which has curdled."

The first mot of the new Czar was delivered upon the occasion of M. de Giers's official visit to the emperor, who received him with the greatest demonstration of friendship, at the same time expressing the hope that, notwithstanding M. de Giers's reported wish to retire from office, he would still continue to work with him for many years. "But, your majesty, it is scarcely possible; look at my feet, they will hardly carry me." The Czar replied: "I am very sorry for you; hut, as far as I am concerned, I do not want your feet, I want your head."

A physician of Montpellier was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer, with heat of drum, a reward of twenty-five louis to whomever should bring it to him. The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon became the talk of the town. "Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow? He must be very rich, for he offers twenty-five louis for finding his dog." The dog was not found, but patients were.

While in front of Petersburg, General Butler received information that his favorite horse, Almond Eye, had been accidentally killed by falling into a ravine. Upon the departure of his informant, he ordered an Irish servant to go and skin him. "What! is Almond Eye dead?" asked Pat. "What's that to you? Do as I bid you, and ask no questions." Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned. "Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" sternly demanded the general. "Skinning the horse, yer honor." "Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?" "No, yer honor; but then, you see, it tuck 'bout half an hour to catch him," replied Pat.

One day Dr. McCosh had been discussing before the senior class Leibnitz's theory of evil. One of the young men inquired: "Well, doctor, why was evil introduced into the world anyway?" The doctor had a habit when he was puzzled, of chewing his thumb-knuckle, and as the argument was leading up to this, he had gnawed viciously. When the question came out, however, he threw up both his hands and cried: "Ah, ye have asked the hardest question in all phelosophy! Sukkrates tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it, and he failed, too; Kahnt attempted it and made bod work of it; Leibnitz tried it, and begged the whole question as I have been tellin' ye; and"—here he renewed his chewing—"I confess—I confess, I do-n't know just what to make of it myself!"

When Colonel Patrick F. Shevlin went to the front, he knew very little about war. His first big fight was at Gettysburg. He was a little worried about the tactics, and so, before the engagement began, asked his superior officer whether the fight was going to be helter-skelter or man for man. "Man for man," quickly quoth the officer. Six hours afterward, when the fight was hottest, the officer happened to go to the rear, and was surprised to see Colonel Shevlin seated on the prostrate body of a soldier who wore the gray. The colonel looked happy, smoking a short clay pipe. "You rascal!" the officer shouted; "why don't you go into the engagement and fight? Are you a coward?" "No, sirree," responded the colonel;

"I am obeying orders." "Oheying orders! How?" "Why, you told me man for man," sagely replied the colonel, "and I've got my man here."

Among the floral pieces given to members of the House recently (says the Washington Post) was a mysterious device on Representative Burrows's desk which excited unusual interest. It consisted of four panels, which some thought was intended to represent a senatorial easy chair, in allusion to Mr. Burrows's boom for the Senate; but opinion was divided, and one member sapiently remarked that the four panels represented four aces. "What are four aces good for?" the sapient member asked of Representative Mercer, of Nebraska. "Well," said the Nebraska, thoughtfully, "in some parts of the country they ain't good for a blanked thing unless you have a gun."

When Edison was a humble telegraph-operator in the Western Union office in Boston, he was exceedingly annoyed by the aggressive tactics of a vast army of cockroaches that infested the place. One night, he conceived a plan to annihilate the whole cockroach horde. When he reported for duty the next night, he was supplied with a quantity of tin-foil and four or five yards of fine wire. Unrolling the tin-foil and cutting two narrow ribbons from the long sheet, he stretched them around the table, taking care to keep them as near together as possible without touching, and fastening them into position with some very small tacks. Then he connected the ribbons of the foil with two heavy batteries, and awaited the result. Chief operators and all were interested, and little work was done until the advance guard of the cockroach family put in an appearance. Now to complete the circuit and set this unique engine of death in operation needed but a single cockroach to cross the dead-line. A big fellow came up the post at the south-east corner of the table and stopped for a moment. Then he brushed his nose with his forelegs and started. He reached the first ribbon in safety, but as soon as his forecreepers struck the opposite, or parallel ribbon, over he went as dead as a free message. From that time until after lunch, the check-boys were kept busy brushing the dead insects to the floor.

At a time when the New York Herald was making a great point of its stenographic reports of speeches and sermons (says Kate Field's Washington), the man picked out to write the report of an address which Dr. McCosh was going to deliver was a young Irishman, whose pencil had proved uncommonly quick in taking down fast talk, and whose familiarity with a brogue would, it was believed, help him over the hard parts of the old Scot's rugged utterance. All went well till the doctor used the figure: "If you put a red-hot coal on the back of a terrapin, he is bound to travel." Catching the remark phonetically, and never having heard of a terrapin, the reporter, when he came to write out his notes, found himself unable to make head or tail of this sentence, which read, as he glanced it over: "If you put a red-hot pole on the hack of eternity, he is bound to travel." He made up his mind that he must have left something out, and decided to complete the sentence himself. Rubbing out the period, he added: "whithersoever the tide of revolutionary warfare may lead him." As the hour was late, nobody looked over his copy, and into the paper went the fearfully and wonderfully constructed sentence. On this very day, Mr. Bennett had himself written an editorial reference to Dr. McCosh's address in another column, making it the text for some laudatory remarks on the Herald's invariable perfection in its short-hand reports. It is almost needless to say that when somebody called attention to Dr. McCosh's strangely irrelevant simile, Mr. Bennett was taken ill, and even the discharge of the reporter in disgrace failed to restore his equanimity.

If Santa Clans

Were bilious he wouldn't be the jovial friend of little boys and girls that he is. Bilious people are cross. They ought to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and banish the bile from their blood and their tempers at one and the same time. The Bitters is an infallible preventive of malarial, kidney, and rheumatic ailments, and triumphs over dyspepsia and nervousness. It regulates the digestive organs without griping them.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6.45 A.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and "Santa Rosa".....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited" Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.....	1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Sacramento, Livermore, and Stockton.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	1.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	1.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsends Sta.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	1.35 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip B)—
* 7.00 * 8.00 9.00 * 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., * 12.30, 11.00 * 2.00 3.00 * 4.00 5.00 and * 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—* 6.00 * 7.00 8.00 * 9.00 10.00 and * 11.00 A. M., * 12.00 * 12.30, 2.00 * 3.00 4.00 and * 5.00 P. M.

* For morning. * For afternoon. * Sundays excepted. * Saturdays only. * Thursdays only.

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SS. San José.....	December 28th
SS. City of Sydney.....	December 31st
SS. Acapulco.....	January 8th
SS. Colima.....	January 18th
SS. San Blas.....	January 28th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
City of Peking.....Thursday, January 3, at 3 P. M.
China (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, January 15, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, February 2, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Thursday, February 21, at 3 P. M.
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Belgie.....Thursday, January 24
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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. November 6, 21, December 6, 21.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, October 27, November 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, December 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Willamette Valley, every Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day alternately at 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport every fourth and fifth day alternately at 11 A. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer St. Paul, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

A Reception at the Presidio.

There was a brilliant gathering at the Presidio on Friday night, the occasion being a reception given by the officers and ladies there in honor of Rear-Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., and the captain and officers of the *Philadelphia*. The guests included all of the army and navy officers now stationed around the harbor and many prominent society people of this city. The hop-room was the scene of the reception, and it was gayly decorated with the national and regimental colors, flags of various foreign nations, festoons of evergreens, potted plants, flowers, and various accoutrements of warfare, forming in all a very pretty picture. The officers all appeared in the full-dress uniform of the respective services, and the gowns worn by the ladies were becoming and elegant. After the guests had arrived and introductions had been made, there was dancing to the music of the Presidio Band, and later in the evening refreshments were served. The affair was a very pleasant and successful one in every way.

Maria Kip Orphanage.

Decorators are engaged in festooning the building at 232 Sutter Street, preparatory to the opening of an Art Loan Exhibit on January 1st. About fifty paintings have already been secured. Among masters of art who will be represented in their canvases at the exhibit are: Piloty, Rubens, Corot, Fortuny, Isabeau, Jules Dupré, Copey, Jacques, Roybet, Gérôme, Pico, Zamacois, Van Marke, Sargent, Makart, Guy, Jer Mullin, Knause, Cabanel, and Meissonier. The exhibit is for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage, a deserving charity. The price of admission has been fixed at twenty-five cents, and the entire receipts will be applied to the permanent building fund.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Clarisse Sheldon, niece of Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, and Mr. Cutler Paige, son of Mr. Timothy Paige, will take place some time in February. It will be a church wedding, followed by a reception. Miss Alice Heitschu, of Portland, Or., will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Heitschu, of Portland, Or., Miss Florence Davis, Miss Isabel O'Connor, and Miss Maud Magee. Mr. Frank B. Peterson will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. William R. Sherwood, and Mr. William M. Randol.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caduc have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Cora Caduc, and Dr. Henri B. de Marville, which will take place at St. Luke's Church on Wednesday evening, January 2d. Miss Burke will act as maid of honor, Dr. R. Lorini will be the best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. James C. Pennie, Jr., Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Thomas Swynney, and Mr. Bacquerat. After the wedding there will be an informal reception at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. H. Alston Williams, 2218 Devisadero Street. Only relatives and very intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Severance and Mr. Charles Sawyer will take place at six o'clock on Tuesday evening, January 29th, at the United Presbyterian Church in Honolulu.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Annie de Houle Irwin, daughter of Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., to Mr. Edward Sheelder Adams, of Chicago.

Cards have been received here from Berlin announcing the betrothal of Dr. George Henry Falkner Nuttall, of this city, to Fräulein Paula von Oertzen, daughter of Herr and Frau Hans Friedrich von Oertzen, of Kittendorf, in Mecklenburg, Germany. Dr. Nuttall is a brother of Mr. J. R. K. Nuttall, of this city, and although, comparatively, a young man, he has achieved prominence in Europe through his bacteriological investigations.

He was recently officially appointed assistant professor at the Hygienic Institute of the University of Berlin.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fleeta Cumming, sister of Mrs. William H. Avery, to Mr. William N. Harris.

The wedding of Miss Grace M. Spencer, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Francis E. Spencer, and Dr. J. Underwood Hall, Jr., took place at noon last Thursday at Trinity Church, in San José. It was a very fashionable affair and was largely attended.

Miss Carrie Taylor will give a tea at her home, 2128 California Street, from four until six o'clock, this afternoon. Her guests are invited to meet Miss Pope.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin will give a dinner-party next Monday evening at her residence in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss Beatrice Tobin. After dinner the entire party will attend the meeting of the Monday Evening Dancing Class.

The third meeting of the Friday Night Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall next Friday evening. It will be a cotillion. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will lead with Miss Ella Hobart.

Mrs. John P. Jones will give a ball this evening at her home in Santa Monica in honor of the Misses Alice and Ella Hobart, who are now visiting her. The cotillion will be danced.

The Terpsichoreans will give their annual party next Thursday evening. The cotillion will be danced under the direction of Mr. E. M. Greenway.

The members of the Concordia Club will give their New Year's ball next Monday evening. There will be dancing, a supper at midnight, and then an entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Triest and the Misses Triest will give a blue-and-pink domino-party next Saturday evening at their residence on Sutter Street.

An informal tea will be given this afternoon by Mrs. Paul Jarboe at her residence, 2224 Washington Street, as a compliment to Miss Ida Irwin, of Chicago.

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley will give a Christmas-tree festival to-day, from five until nine o'clock, for the children of the Pixley Kindergarten. Next Tuesday evening the congregation of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin will hold its Christmas-tree entertainment in Mrs. Pixley's ball-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Ida Irwin, of Chicago. A supper was enjoyed after the performance. The others in the party were Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Bates, Miss Alice Ames, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr.

Mr. George Almer Newhall gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Saturday evening, followed by a supper at his home on Van Ness Avenue. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bates, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. William R. Heath.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan entertained Mr. E. M. Greenway and Mr. A. H. Small at dinner last Sunday evening at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. L. Michels has been giving a series of "at homes" at the Hotel Richelieu, ending with supper in the private dining-room.

Mr. A. Bissinger gave a dinner-party at the Hotel Richelieu last Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Swift, of Chicago.

The following two quatrains from "Trilby" have attracted much attention:

"La vie est brève,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonjour!"

"La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine
Et puis—bonsoir!"

They have been translated by Louise Chandler Moulton in the *Independent* as follows:

"Ah, brief is Life,
Love's short, sweet way,
With dreamings rife,
And then—Good-day."

"And Life is vain—
Hope's vague delight,
Grief's transient pain,
And then—Good-night."

The Grand Duke of Baden, who has shown his anger at the dismissal of Count Caprivi by Emperor William, is, with the possible exception of the King of Saxony, the most popular and influential ruler in Germany. He married the only daughter of the old Emperor William, and has always been an outspoken admirer of Prince Bismarck. It will be a sorry thing for the Kaiser if he fails to appease him. He is considered one of the handsomest princes in Europe.

Baring Brothers & Co. will soon be ready for business again. The great liquidation is ended, a syndicate having taken the last block of securities, amounting to seven million five hundred thousand dollars, held by the Bank of England. It is thought that about three millions of dollars will be left over from the settlement for the Baring family to divide.

She Got It.

WITHERBY [who has brought Gilpin home with him on a little matter of business]—By the way, I forgot to mention it, but of course you'll stay to dinner.

GILPIN—Thanks, but I guess I'd better be getting along home.

WITHERBY—No, sir! Such as we have, I shall insist upon your sharing it with us. We are plain people, and coming so suddenly as we did, you may not get much of a meal, but I know you'll take things as you find them.

GILPIN—Oh, certainly. Don't put yourself out for me. But, really, I—

WITHERBY [briskly]—Won't hear of it. You've got to stay. Excuse me a moment, and I'll let my wife know. [Returning with Mrs. WITHERBY.] My dear, this is Mr. Gilpin, and I've asked him to dine with us. I told him he would have to take us just as we are.

Mrs. WITHERBY—I am wholly unprepared, Mr. Gilpin, but [smiling] I am sure you are welcome to anything we have. Now, if you will excuse me, I'll have another plate set for you.

GILPIN—Certainly. I am afraid, my dear fellow, you are putting yourself to some inconvenience on my account.

WITHERBY—Not a bit, not a bit, if you will be lenient with what is set before you.

Mrs. WITHERBY [returning]—Dinner is ready, gentlemen. [They adjourn to the dining-room. The table glitters with cut-glass and silver.]

WITHERBY [raising his oyster-fork]—Dear me, how tired one gets of Blue Points; but, really, they are the only thing to begin any kind of a meal with. Have a taste of this sauterne?

GILPIN—Thanks. [Feels stunned as he looks around at the table, and this feeling grows on him as course after course is revealed, from the consommé down through the fish, entrée, meats, salads, game, ices, pastry, etc.]

WITHERBY [at Gilpin's departure]—I hope you made out enough, old man?

GILPIN—Oh, yes. I never ate so much in my life.

Mrs. WITHERBY—If we had only known, I might have had something more to your taste.

GILPIN—I assure you, I—

WITHERBY—Well, never mind. No excuses, my dear. I'll bring Gilpin out some other time.

Good-night. [As the door closes, turning to his wife:] Well, I see you got my telegram.—*Bazar*.

The design for the new British dollar, to be issued for circulation in the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong, has been approved by the home authorities, and the dies will be sent abroad as soon as her majesty has seen them and expressed satisfaction. The new dollar is of like size, weight, and quality with the Japanese yen—a coin which, with the Mexican dollar, already circulates largely in the Straits Settlements. The Bombay mint will be open to the free coinage of these British dollars, but whether the money is to be coined in hand on the duty at present payable upon imports of silver into India, to be levied and refunded on the export of the coin, has not yet been determined. This question will be decided between the two principal Eastern banks having branches in Bombay. It is to be noted, also, that these two institutions have undertaken to use their best efforts in introducing the new coin both at Hong Kong and through the markets of the Straits Settlements.

CCCXXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 30, 1894.

Cream of Artichoke Soup.
Smelts à l'Espagnole. Parisienne Potatoes.
Broiled Venison, Currant Jelly.
Spinach. Stewed Tomatoes.
Canvasback Ducks.
Cress Salad.
Eve's Pudding.
Oranges. Apples. Japanese Persimmons.
Coffee.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Six eggs, six apples, six ounces of bread, six ounces of currants, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little nutmeg. Boil three hours or steam four. Serve with wine sauce.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

Countess Giannotti, who is mentioned as one of the favorites among the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy, is an American, daughter of a cigarette-maker of Newark, N. J.

Celebrated Vintages.

According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne are:

Pommery, 83 to 88 shillings.
Moët, 75 shillings.
Perrier, 72 shillings.
Mumm, 70 to 75½ shillings.

In America the retail price of the different wines is generally the same for all brands. The shipments now made by the great champagne house, Veuve Pommery Fils & Co., and one or two others, and now sold in the markets of Great Britain and America, are of the renowned 1889 vintage, which is one of the best of the century. Other excellent wine years in the champagne district were 1865, 1874, and 1884. Though 1874 produced wine of splendid quality, the output of 1889 has never been excelled as to abundance of vinosity, as well as delicacy of flavor.

IVORY



FOR CLOTHES.

THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO., CH'L

From All Over
The World

Come people to BYRON.
And why not?
No other health resort
possesses such a variety
of mineral springs; none
other such an equable
climate the year round.
Summer, Winter, Au-
tumn, Spring—these are
Byron's seasons. Come
any time. Full details
in a little booklet—FREE
Address

TO
BYRON
HOT SPRINGS
Contra Costa Co., Cal.

C. R. MASON, - - - MANAGER

THE STEARNS BICYCLES

May now be seen at the Branch House,
304 and 306 Post Street, cor. Stockton.

Riders of the Stearns know what they are,
but to those who are yet investigating we
invite an inspection of the '95 Model, which
is conceded by critics to be the embodiment
of perfection in art of cycle construction.
Samples may also be seen at

DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO.,
THE CYCLERY, - 505-511 STANYAN ST.
Who take care of the city trade.

Correspondence invited from unrep-
resented territory.

E. C. STEARNS & CO.,
304-306 POST STREET.

The Sixty-Third Semi-Annual Term of the
URBAN SCHOOL
At 2124 California Street,
Will begin on Wednesday, January 2d, 1895.
NATHAN W. MOORE, Principal.

THE HYPNOSCOPE. For physicians, dentists, and
investigators. Proves hypno-
tization possible in every one. Circulars free.
Prof. M. O. TODD, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, No. 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and four-fifths (4 4-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895. CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co.,
106 Wall St., N. Y.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians :

Mrs. S. W. Sanderson and her two daughters, Misses Sibyl and Jennie Sanderson, left Paris last Friday for New York city, where Miss Sanderson will appear in opera. Mrs. John D. Yost and her daughter, Miss Mahel Yost, will leave here next Saturday to meet them in New York.

Miss Laura McKinstry will leave in about two weeks to visit friends in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tuhhs are residing at the corner of Buchanan and Sacramento Streets, where they will remain until next March.

Miss Marian Haff will return to New York late in January. She will be accompanied by Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, who will remain East several months.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., and Mr. George North expect to leave for Japan about the middle of January.

Miss Alice Owen will leave to-day for Los Angeles to visit her cousin, Miss Herrold.

Mr. W. F. Goad has returned from New York city.

Miss Jennie Dunphy and Miss Viola Piercy are in Paris.

Mrs. E. B. Perrin passed the Christmas holidays in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins are at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mr. A. H. Small has returned from a month's visit at Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland Wallace are occupying their new residence on Clay Street near Laguna.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry L. Wagner are residing on the south-east corner of Buchanan and Washington Streets.

Mrs. Philip Caduc has returned to the city after an absence of two years in Europe. She is residing at 1009 Pine Street, and will receive on Thursdays.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs are passing the holidays in Colusa. They will return to the Hotel Richelieu next week.

Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Wright, *né* Clark, returned to Sacramento last Sunday, after visiting the Eastern States on their wedding trip.

Mrs. Henry Martin has taken apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand C. Tibbitts, *né* Folger, and Mr. E. R. Folger have returned to Oakland after an eight months' tour of Europe. Mr. J. A. Folger was with them four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mrs. A. J. Pope returned from the East last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague are expected to return from the East in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes are at the Hotel Richelieu for the season.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will soon leave to visit several resorts in Southern California.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe will return from New York in about two weeks.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels returned from Honolulu last Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Simpkins and Miss Alice Simpkins are at the Hotel del Monte for a week.

Mrs. W. B. Bourn has been at her country place near St. Helena during the past month.

Mr. James Brett Stokes will leave to-day to visit Paso Robles.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will receive on Mondays in January at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale and family, of British Columbia, are at the Hotel Richelieu for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon left Paris for Marseilles late in November, and arrived in Cairo, Egypt, early in December. They are now journeying on the Nile.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard left last Thursday to visit Southern California for a few weeks.

Mrs. William H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are passing the holidays in San José. Mrs. Keith is rapidly recovering from her recent severe illness.

The officers of the Department of California tendered a reception to Brigadier-General Forsyth, U. S. A., last Wednesday afternoon at the Presidio. The hop-room was attractively decorated, and the regimental band played for a couple of hours and later on for dancing. A large number of officers and ladies called to meet the new department commander.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will give a concert at the Auditorium next Friday evening for the benefit of the Incurable Ward of the Children's Hospital. Mr. Fritz Scheel will direct the orchestra and an excellent programme will be rendered.

Mr. Shehadi A. Shehadi will give a lecture at the Mercantile Library this evening for the benefit of the library. The subject will be "Syria, Its People and Government."

THE PATRIARCHS' BALL.

Delmonico's Thronged With Wealth and Fashion.

The annual Patriarchs' Ball was held last night at Delmonico's, and, as usual, the scene was gorgeous in the extreme.

The decorations were most elaborate, consisting of orchids, American Beauty roses, asparagus grass, and maiden-hair ferns.

As usual, the most select and wealthy of the city were present, among whom were noted: Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Ward McAllister, Baron Fava, the Livingstons, the Tiffanys, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Fair, and a host of others.

Supper was served about midnight, being, as usual, the acme of Delmonico's art. The only wine served was the Special Cuvée of Moët & Chandon, 1839 (the Imperial Brut for the gentlemen and White Seal for the ladies).

The cotillion proper began after supper, about two o'clock.—*New York Herald*, December 11, 1894.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 681.

GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

According to rumor, Mrs. Edmund Yates carries about with her the ashes of her husband in a casket fitted into a little traveling-bag of special design.

The great American tax-dodger is Mrs. Hetty Green, who, though possessed of many millions, escapes with an assessment upon ten thousand dollars.

One of the earliest and gayest balls of the Paris season was given by the matriarch of the American colony, Mrs. Walden Pell, in celebration of her eighty-fourth birthday.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is now old enough to wear her hair turned up, and there will shortly be an issue of coins and stamps bearing her portrait with the new coiffure.

Sarah Bernhardt's bed is nearly fifteen feet broad, and when the fascinating Sarah is indisposed and receives her intimate friends reposing on a couch, she looks like a red-plumaged bird floating on a great sea of white satin.

Beatrice Harraden thinks the women of the United States have few things to complain of, and she admires their frankness, honesty, cleverness, and lack of affectation. She particularly "likes the way American girls behave about men."

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant fairly overflows with anecdotes and interesting stories of which her famous husband forms the turning point. But it gives one's reverence for the great man a distinct shock to hear her refer to him casually as "Ulyss."

The doctor who pulled the old Amerer of Afghanistan through his late illness is a young lady of Ayrshire, Scotland, Miss L. Hamilton, M. D., who took her medical degree three years ago in Brussels and practiced in Calcutta before she went to Afghanistan.

Mrs. Evans, wife of ex-Lord Mayor of London Sir David Evans, whose daughter has just married Harry North, son of Colonel North, the nitrate king, was maid of all work in a country inn when Mr. Evans, the wealthy London merchant, fell in love with her while on a hunting visit.

A difficulty in walking is the only infirmity from which Queen Victoria suffers; but her health has not been impaired by this. The queen can not now either ascend or descend steps, so there are elevators at all the palaces, and her majesty is wheeled in a chair from room to room and to her carriage.

Among the members of the fifth class to enter the Woman's Law Course, in connection with the University of the City of New York, are two daughters of Jay Gould, Miss Helen M. and Miss Anna Gould. The latter is said to have already turned down three princes, one count, one judge, and an actor.

It is said that "Ouida" never shakes hands. She declares it to be the most vulgar form of salutation. As soon as she enters a room, she makes for a seat. Once seated, she will not budge until she takes her leave. Any one who wishes to meet her must play Mohammed to her mountain. No matter who he be, she never rises or changes her position.

Mary M. Seeley and Jason Hodges, of Provincetown, Cape Cod, were engaged to be married for forty-three years. The engagement was broken recently because Jason pulled a corkscrew out of his pocket along with his handkerchief. Miss Seeley says she is glad the discovery was made, because she has had her suspicions for thirty-five years.

Hélène Vacaresco, the young maid of honor who was the heroine in the sensation at the Roumanian court several years ago, when the queen, Carmen Sylva, tried to make her the bride of the crown prince, was recently married to a Roumanian gentleman of wealth and good family, while Bucharest was celebrating the birth of the crown prince's first baby.

The Duchess of Leinster, one of the greatest beauties of the day, is dying of consumption, the seeds of which were planted at the funeral of the duke a year ago, when she took a severe cold. No collection of photographs of the leading London beauties has been considered complete without the picture of this high-bred creature, who represented the best type of the English aristocracy.

There is a curiosity in St. Petersburg to know what has become of Mile. Kischeneffski, the beautiful Jewess, whose powers of fascination over the Czar Nicholas have been a public topic for the past three years. This lady has two Romanoff children and also enjoys a certain irregular status, since the dead Czar knew of and even connived at the relation, which seemed calculated to keep the youngster from worse things.

The Grand Duchess of Baden has the reputation of knowing enough about cookery to keep her three chefs up to the mark, and as a consequence the best of all the royal tables of Europe is said to be found at the court of Baden. The grand duchess makes the coffee herself in a Russian coffee-pot, and the guests are always expected to praise it. The grand

duke boasts that he grows his own wine and is his own cellar-master, and invariably asks his guests how they like the products of his vineyards.

The death, somewhat suddenly, in Paris, of the Princess Engalitscheff has been the cause of considerable embarrassment to an American, Mme. Delma, at whose house the princess died. Mme. Delma was at the time traveling in Germany. The servants telegraphed the sad news to her, but Mme. Delma, upon her arrival at her Paris residence, found all her rooms sealed up with the official seal, and can not enter into possession until Prince Engalitscheff, the princess's son, returns. He is in this country and can not get home for several weeks.

A good deal has been written lately concerning the exact position occupied by "La Présidente," the wife of the chief of the state in France. An exchange says:

"The fact seems to be that she has no recognized official situation whatever, and is merely the hostess of the Elysée; but, of course, she takes precedence of all other ladies as the wife of the president, although she has really no right to the title of *présidente*, which is given her *ex-officio*. It was remarked by all those who were present at the service held at the Greek Church, on the day of the Czar's funeral, that Princesse Mathilde made way for her at the door, and also that Mme. Casimir-Périer hesitated and looked somewhat confused, and would have fallen back and given the princess the *pas*, only the latter insisted—an incident which had a sequel, for on the following day Mme. Casimir-Périer went to call on Princesse Mathilde. It is the first time that there has been any interchange of civilities between the Elysée and this member of the Bonaparte family."

The Hon. Mrs. Spencer Cowper, who has been figuring in the London bankruptcy court with liabilities of about four hundred thousand dollars and assets of less than eight thousand dollars, is the once popular American actress, Jessie McLean, hailing from Newburg-on-the-Hudson, and who achieved a good deal of celebrity in the United States and the West Indies in "Colleen Bawn" and other similar plays. It was at Nice that she met and married the late son of the late Earl Cowper. It was he who sold Sandringham to the Prince of Wales.

The following account of the present Czarina is given by her former teacher:

She was brought up almost entirely as an English girl, despite her German birth. The family spoke English exclusively, their plays were English, and the governess of the princess was English. Her German is consequently spoken with a foreign accent. The teacher thinks the princess will make an excellent wife for the Czar, and one who will never bother herself about politics. She has no interest, he says, in politics, and was not educated to have any interest in it. She was brought up, in fact, as the daughter of a family of the middle classes. Until she was sixteen years old she devoted much time to playing tennis and croquet, and to riding, rowing, and skating. All her clothes were purchased in Darmstadt until after her confirmation. Not until then was she allowed to go to the theatre or to halls, make formal visits, or sit at the table when Queen Victoria visited Darmstadt. Before her confirmation she only received from twelve to twenty-five cents a week spending-money, and for some time after it not more than fifty cents. She speaks English and French perfectly, is a good musician, and can paint, cook, and sew. She is said to be an extraordinarily good cake-baker. Her teacher declares that she is almost too modest, and will do anything rather than hurt the feelings of a fellow-mortals.

Mrs. Richard King, of Corpus Christi, Tex., owns a ranch of a million and a quarter acres, all in one body and under fence. Reaching into three counties in Southern Texas, and affording pasturage to one hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, horses, and sheep, it covers eighteen hundred and seventy-five square miles of absolute domain. It could contain the State of Rhode Island and there would still be half a million acres to spare. Mrs. King, who inherited the property from her husband, is sixty years of age and does not spend a tithe of her income.

For making
fine cake

Cleveland's
Baking Powder

has no equal.

Cleveland's Baking Powder

The best that money can buy.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
81 Fulton St., New York.

EVERYTHING IN STATIONERY.
DODGE BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.
SUCCESSORS TO C. BEACH,
107 MONTGOMERY ST., Opp. Occidental Hotel.

Distressing
Irritations
of the
SKIN
Instantly
Relieved by
CUTICURA



A single application is often sufficient to afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure of the most distressing of itching humors. They are beyond all doubt the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

"How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest
Family Hotel of San Francisco.
Special Pride Taken in the
Excellence of the Cuisine.
Elegantly Furnished Rooms
Single and En Suite.
Permanent Guests Will be
Given Special Rates.
Elevator Runs Day and Night.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL PLEASANTON

N. W. corner Sutter and Jones Streets.



Centrally located and adjacent to all of the principal cable-car lines. A fashionable family hotel, having all of the latest modern improvements. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, en suite, with baths, or single. Cuisine unsurpassed. Sanitary plumbing. Passenger elevator. Billiard Parlor. Barber shop.

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

-:- THE COLONIAL -:-

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, Elegantly furnished Family Hotel.
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

Unexcelled in Appointments.
Unsurpassed in Cuisine.

THE PALACE HOTEL

GUESTS ENTERTAINED ON EITHER
THE AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN
PLAN.

THE GRILL ROOM

A UNIQUE INNOVATION.

Is the Most Elegant Dining Apartment for
Men in San Francisco.

RATES MODERATE.

BALLENBERG'S ORCHESTRA

Furnishes the Latest European and Eastern Dance Music for all kinds of Social Gatherings.

THE PIONEER ORCHESTRA
Established here for a quarter of a Century
ADDRESS N. BALLENBERG,
In Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE
is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11.30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000.00, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.

By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company. A. ANDREW, Secretary.

TAKE THE

"SUNSET LIMITED"

THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL FLYER

- OF THE -

Southern Pacific Company

- COMMENCING -

Thursday, Nov. 1, 1894

- AND -

Running every Thursday until further notice,

- BETWEEN -

San Francisco AND New Orleans

79 HOURS

OVER THE POPULAR

Sunset Route

The favorite Route of America for Winter Travel.

A SUPERBLY EQUIPPED

Solid Vestibuled Train

- CONSISTING OF -

Pullman Palace Double Drawing-Room Sleeping-Cars, Dining-Cars, and Composite-Cars, with Buffet, Smoking-Room, Bath-Room, and Barber Shop, BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED BY PINTSCH GAS.

NO EXTRA CHARGE,

All first-class tickets, local and through, honored for passage. Sleeping-Car Berths at Regular Rates.

Dining-Car Service Best Obtainable.

Meals à la Carte.

Immediate connections at New Orleans with trains for Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Memphis;

also, with LIMITED TRAINS of the

PIEDMONT AIR LINE

- FOR -

Atlanta, Charlotte, Danville, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other Eastern points.

THROUGH SCHEDULE:

Leave San Francisco, 10.30 A. M., Thursday

" Los Angeles, 4.00 " Friday

Arrive El Paso, 5.30 " Saturday

" New Orleans, 7.40 P. M., Sunday

" New York, 1.25 " Tuesday

Through Time to New York City 119 Hours

Passengers from Los Angeles will take berths in Special Sleeping-Car Thursday Evening.

For further information, inquire of any agent of

The Southern Pacific Company

RICH'D GRAY, T. H. GOODMAN,

Gen. Traffic Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Clara—"Don't you like a drooping mustache?"

Mabel—"Yes; if it droops my way."—Puck.

Teacher—"Johnny Green, point out Africa on the map." John—"Please, ma'am, it ain't polite to point."—Truth.

Teacher—"Now, Charlie, tell us what you know about Croesus?" Charlie—"Dudes wear 'em in their pants."—Harlem Life.

"I would die for you!" insisted the rich old suitor. "Oh, it's very easy to promise," rejoined the maiden, skeptically.—Puck.

Dolly Swift—"The price-mark on Jack's gift is quite plain—\$17.50." Sally Gay—"H'm! I wonder what it really cost?"—Puck.

"I can't decide on a Christmas gift for Arthur." "Give him yourself." "He made me promise not to give him an expensive present."—Life.

Miss Sears—"Do you think George would marry me for my money?" Ethel Knox—"It might be worth trying; how much have you got?"—Puck.

South Streeter—"Jakey, how you spells life?" Jakey—"Vot you dinkin' of, dot leedle flute or de mark on dem tree-tollar pants?"—Philadelphia Record.

A—"How do you know that Maler has come in for a fortune?" B—"Why, formerly, people always said he was crazy; now they say he is original."—Lustige Blätter.

Penam—"Colonel Bloodyman's old war traits still cling to him." Nicks—"How so?" Penam—"I dined with him last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter."—Harlem Life.

Unshackled—"I deduct from the census report that two can live as cheaply as one." Shackled—"When you add to the census report, you will see the difference."—Philadelphia Record.

"I suppose," observed the tramp, bitterly, "you would like to have me get off the earth. But I can not." "Have you tried soft soap?" asked the woman in the blue gingham dress, dispassionately.—Puck.

Miss Scribble—"The heroine of my next story is to be one of those modern advanced girls who have ideas of their own and don't want to get married." The colonel (politely)—"Ah, indeed, I don't think I ever met that type."—Life.

Englishman (patronizingly)—"Your school faculties are excellent, I am told." American (suavely)—"Well, I should say. See the Smithsonian Institute over there? Think of a building like that, just to educate the Smiths."—Vogue.

Dealer—"Here, niadam, is a banquet-lamp which will delight you if properly attended. We call it the 'After-Dinner-Speaker Lamp.'" Lady—"Why do you give it that queer name?" Dealer—"It's so brilliant when it's full."—New York Weekly.

"That is an enormous pyramid you are building," observed a royal visitor at Egypt's court, "but it seems a purposeless kind of structure. What is it for?" "When the top-stone is laid," replied King Cheops, guardedly, "you will see the point."—Chicago Tribune.

Old beau—"How you have grown since I saw you a year ago, Miss Winifred!" Bright-eyed damsel—"I'm not the smallest fraction of an inch taller, Mr. Gayman. I got my growth three years ago." Old beau—"Oh, but you've grown ever so much in my estimation!"—Chicago Tribune.

Woman-suffrage lecturer—"They say that women if allowed the ballot would still take no interest in elections; but I defy anybody to tell me why." A masculine voice—"I'll bet you ten dollars I can tell you why!" Woman-suffrage lecturer (indignantly)—"Sir, I never bet." The masculine voice—"Well, that's why."—Bazar.

Mrs. Penfield—"My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work." Mrs. Hillaire—"How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it?" Mrs. Penfield—"As soon as I see him at his desk, I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished."—Puck.

The minister's wife—"A man called here for assistance to-day. He told me a very sad story—bad to give up his employment on account of conscientious scruples." The minister—"What was his employment?" The minister's wife—"He was a street-car conductor, and he could not continue to tell people that there was plenty of room in front."—Puck.

Physicians recommend Ayer's Pills for dyspepsia and liver complaint, and for general family use. See Ayer's Almanac.

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By the death of James G. Fair another great Pacific Coast fortune is tied up in a testamentary trust.

Senator Fair is the third to go of the famous quartet of mining millionaires—Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair. The sole survivor of the "Bonanza Men" is John W. Mackay. It is significant that three of these men have died of one of the many forms of kidney disease. In all three of the cases it was probably due to mental wear and tear. O'Brien, it is true, died years ago, when the Bonanza men had but entered on the possession of their vast fortunes. But even at that time all of them had gone through a terrible strain, for the ups and downs of the stock market during the bonanza excitement were enough to give young men gray hairs. Senator Fair did not look like a man in bad health. But his physicians report that the autopsy shows his malady to have been an advanced case of Bright's disease of the

kidneys. Senator Fair was an abstemious man and lived a very quiet life. It is therefore probable that the nerve and brain wear involved in the management of his immense fortune shortened his days, for he was only sixty-three when he died.

The daily press have given his fortune as approximating forty millions of dollars. A statistician in a Western college recently published his discovery that forty per cent. of what is printed in the daily papers is true. He added, however, that this calculation is not of any great practical value; as it is impossible to tell which forty per cent. is true. But when it comes to a set sum, we may possibly apply this rule. Forty per cent. of forty millions of dollars is sixteen millions of dollars. This is nearer to the figures of conservative financial men in San Francisco, who estimate the Fair estate at from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars.

A curious fact is that practically all of this large fortune was accumulated after Senator Fair had passed his fortieth year. In the early seventies he was a man of moderate means. The same age-limit may be applied to most, if not all, of our Pacific Coast millionaires—that is, those who have made their money instead of inheriting it. The four Bonanza millionaires, Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair, were all men of limited means until they had reached forty. The four railroad millionaires, Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins, were also in moderate circumstances until they had seen four decades. But when they had reached the million mark, their fortunes increased as only money can.

Senator Fair parted company with his partners not long after the founding of the Nevada Bank. O'Brien's death had been the first break in the ranks. When Fair withdrew from the Bonanza firm, he withdrew also from mining-stock jockeying. He still had mining interests, but they were for the purpose of developing and not exploiting mines. He seemed to go from one extreme to the other—having made his fortune in the wild fluctuations of the stock market, he sought for investments of the most solid character. City real estate seemed to be his preference, although he owned also a number of large ranches in the State. But incidentally he became the owner of a railway system, which cost him six million dollars, and which he sold for seven millions. He sold to the only corporation which could have injured his property—the Southern Pacific—and he made a very good sale. He improved much of the property that he bought in San Francisco, and there are numbers of fine buildings erected by him in a quarter otherwise filled with old and shabby structures. The quarter selected by him was generally looked upon as a declining one—it had been abandoned by the wholesale merchants, who had gone further south. But it is near the water-front, and in most of the large cities of the world similar property is very valuable. It will be interesting to see whether Senator Fair's judgment in this regard was sound. Although the ground is not worth as much now as when he bought it, he was a remarkably shrewd business man, and it may eventually justify his choice. Senator Fair not only erected buildings on some of his real estate, but he made other large improvements as well. He was engaged at the time of his death in reclaiming some fifty blocks of land at North Beach. This is a work which not only gives employment to hundreds of men, but adds to the taxable and material wealth of the city.

Altogether, Senator Fair has used his money for the improvement of the city. It was not with any spirit of altruism that he acted, but with a desire to handle his large fortune to the best advantage. Further than that, he has resided here and has invested his money on the Pacific Coast where he made it. Absenteeism is becoming the curse of this coast. California in this respect is getting to be much like Ireland: the families of our millionaires have been abandoning this coast for New York, London, and Paris. The money which is made here is spent abroad. This is a free country, and a man may do what he likes with his own, within the law; but if California continues to be drained of gold by absentees, we may yet have to pass a law on the same lines as that of the famed Dutch village of Broek, which provided that no

man should enter the town with less than ten guilders in his pocket or go out with more than five.

As we have said, Senator Fair was not an absentee millionaire, and he invested his money where he made it. He was one of the few men to go into the railroad business in opposition to the Southern Pacific, although even he, with all his wealth, considered it expedient to sell out to that company. He did much to build up the city and the State. When it is considered how many of our millionaires refrain from any such work in similar directions, it is odd that the community should accord such scant praise to the dead man. But that was due to the fact that he was not personally liked. Senator Fair was a cold and reserved man. He died leaving but few friends.

But if Senator Fair wrought good for the city while living, he has wrought evil to the State now that he is dead. He has added another to the list of large estates tied up in a trust. This form of testamentary provision is becoming too frequent for the good of the commonwealth. One of the things most strenuously insisted upon by the founders of this government was that there should be no law of entail. The spirit of this law is now being evaded by the modern disposition to tie up estates in trusts. Until recent years, the accumulation of a large fortune by an individual wrought no particular harm to the State, for when the rich man died his estate was divided. A great fortune would be broken up into two, three, or half a dozen parts. In the course of years it would again be divided and subdivided. Now all this is changed. We see millionaires passing into the other world, but their fortunes remain undivided and intact. These fortunes are made into "trusts," controlled by trustees with the power of nominating their successors, or controlled by chartered corporations which practically have no death. Thus these trusts become perpetuating and perpetual.

In this and in other States the number of testamentary trusts is large, and is increasing. When Jay Gould died, he tied up his estate in a trust extending over two generations, and placed his eldest son, George Gould, at the head of it. When William Astor died, he left the bulk of his enormous fortune to the oldest heir male, John Jacob Astor, as William Astor's father had done before him; the rest of the family were left moderate fortunes, from the millionaire standpoint, and his wife was left only an income and a life interest in their New York house. The Vanderbilt family are following the same plan, and keeping the bulk of the family fortune intact. The estate of the late Senator Stanford is also a trust; as it is an educational trust, however, it is not a menace, but redounds to the benefit of the people rather than to their injury. The estate of the late Charles Crocker and of his wife is also a trust. The estate of the late Nicholas Luning is also a trust. The estate of the late Dr. Samuel Merritt is being shaped into a trust. And now the estate of the late James G. Fair is to be made into a trust—if his will holds.

When the New York *Tribune* made its celebrated census of millionaires, some three years ago, it found 4,047 in the United States and 192 in California. Without trying to forecast the results of 4,000 testamentary trusts in the United States, what would be the effect of nearly 200 such trusts in a State like California? This State is already sufficiently handicapped with the drawbacks incident to monopoly in land and railroad holdings; if, in addition to that, all the millionaires who die should tie up their property in corporate form, California would be a good State to emigrate from.

As to the question of the respective rights of a testator to tie up his estate in a trust, and of a State to deny him that right, we may remark that a dead man expresses his wishes through his will, and that the State allows him to do so as a privilege, but that is all. A dead man does not own anything. When a man dies, his property reverts to the commonwealth. In the course of centuries, a custom has arisen of the State permitting a man to indicate how his property shall be disposed of after his death—*certain limitations*. Until it is disposed of, the State

it in the custody of its courts. This custom has crystallized into statute. But the mere fact that the State imposes limitations, shows that it controls the estates of the dead. It practically owns them. If it can say, as in this State, that not more than one-third of an estate shall be left to charitable institutions, it could say two-thirds; or it could say none at all; or it could say that the entire estate should be left absolutely to charity. It has that power. It does not exercise it. But the fact remains that the estates of the dead are the property of the commonwealth, and that disposing of property by will is a purely artificial right, the creature of statute, and a right which can be taken away, as it has been given.

Nearly one hundred years ago—in 1798, to be precise—there died in London a Swiss merchant, named Peter Isaac Thelussou. This thrifty trader had accumulated a fortune of half a million pounds sterling. He desired to found a millionaire family and become the ancestor of possible peers. He therefore tied up his estate for three generations, leaving it at the expiration of that period to his oldest lineal male descendant. The danger of this procedure struck home even to the British mind, habituated as it is to primogeniture and entail. Parliament made haste to pass a law by which such tying up of estates for a series of lives should be forbidden. That law has been copied, in various forms, on the statute-books of nearly all the States of the American Union.

Under the law of California, a testator may direct the disposition of his estate for a longer period than during the continuance of the lives of the persons in being at the time of the making of the will, in certain contingencies carefully specified in the code. But this law is too liberal. There is no valid reason, affecting the public weal, why estates should be tied up even for the term of one life. These trusts are for the benefit of individuals. A testator may have a son or daughter incapable of managing a large estate, and may desire to tie it up for that reason. But that affects only the individuals concerned. It does not affect the State. From the standpoint of the public weal, it is better that the heir to a large estate should scatter it as rapidly as possible.

We hope some clever attorney in the new legislature will look into the chapters on "Estates" in our Civil Code, and see if it is not possible to amend the law so as to require the distribution of property by will within the life of one generation. Also to prevent the formation of testamentary trusts or corporations. There is no argument in their favor, except from the individual standpoint. There is every argument against them from the standpoint of the public good.

Two years ago, in these columns, we recommended in a series of articles the passage of a collateral inheritance tax. A member of the legislature, which was then in session, took up the matter, submitted a bill, it was passed, and is now the law of the land. It has already brought in considerable revenue to the State of California, and will bring in much more. The legislature is again in session. We commend to some public-spirited legislator the consideration of this matter and the passage of such a law. He will have opposed to him only those millionaires who think they are going to die, and none of them think they are going to die. He will have behind him the people.

We hope the heirs-at-law of Senator Fair will contest the will. We hope they will break it. We think, if they contest it, that they will succeed in breaking it. The sentiment in the human mind is strongly in favor of the commonwealth awarding an estate to the natural heirs of a man's body. It is as strong in California to-day as it was in the Roman Empire in the days of Justinian, when, if a man disinherited his child, the state stepped in and set his will aside. Nearly every contested will in California has been broken. Horace Hawes, the author of the Consolidation Act, was a profound lawyer and skillful conveyancer. Yet his trust deed founding a "Chamber of Industry," and practically disinheriting his family, was set aside by a jury as so much waste paper. James Lick's trust would have been set aside also, had any one contested it. But John H. Lick accepted a handsome sum from the trustees, and compromised. If James G. Fair's will is contested, we think it will be broken. It ought to be broken. We have enough estates already controlled by dead hands. As for the possible loss to charity, it will not be great. The State can, if it chooses, set aside a fixed per centum of all the estates beyond the million limit passing through its hands, this per centum to be devoted to charitable or educational purposes. It would receive much more that way than by leaving the matter to "individual generosity." The average millionaire does not want to give anything away until he is dead, and generally not then.

We hope that the legislature in this State will put an end to testamentary trusts contrived for the protection of individuals, and to all testamentary trusts, other than those for educational or charitable ends. A testator who goes beyond one generation abuses the testamentary privilege accorded him by the State. When a man is born, he brings nothing

into the world; when he dies, let him leave his ground and gear to his kith and kin.

The feminine psychologists who were lately concerned to discover what quality in a woman is most attractive to men, are now engaged in an Eastern periodical in taking a vote among women to find out what trait in a man is most or least fascinating to the other sex. As might be supposed, opinions differ. One young lady declares that the one unpardonable sin in a man is "insensibility to feminine charm," which wounds women's self-love. Another, who is married, says that the greatest of all faults in a man is "selfishness." A third considers "insincerity" the most distasteful feature in a man's character. A fourth assigns to "conceit" the first place among objectionable traits of character, because it implies want of tenderness, deference, and devotion. Several ladies hold that the most attractive feature in a man is courage, and while some would be satisfied with ordinary manliness, others would have it carried to dare-deviltry, which makes "women's pulses throb, their eyes smart, their cheeks burn."

Upon this quality in a man, ladies discourse from different standpoints. One says that the lack of manliness is the greatest possible fault in a man, because that is the quality which distinguishes him from women. A believer in the adage that "none but the brave deserve the fair," declares that a woman will forgive intemperance, personal cruelty, and even crime in a man who is possessed of physical courage, and she illustrates her doctrine by stating that girls will always prefer the hero of the foot-ball field to the man who stands highest in his class. She is satisfied that the women of to-day do not differ from the ladies who, in times gone by, worshiped the Knights of the Round Table because they did doughty deeds, though they were roysterers, robbers, and habitual violators of the decalogue.

Of all this it may be said that at the present day men enjoy few opportunities of demonstrating the possession of physical courage, unless they are soldiers in the service of a nation which is at war. Nor is it the verdict of experience that the bravest soldiers in battle are also conquerors in ladies' boudoirs, if they are lacking in the seductive graces of polished men of the world. See how hard it was to find a wife for the Duke of Malakoff! If by physical courage mere manliness is meant, it is, of course, a male requisite to be prized. But its charm is less conspicuous than the want of it is fatal. It takes a world of virtues to reconcile a girl to an unmanly or an effeminate man. And yet such men love and marry and beget children, although when burglars enter the house, they remain between the sheets.

One of the most triumphant lady-killers of his day—the Duke de Morny—was asked the secret of his success. He said it could be expressed in a single word—deference. He listened attentively, and paid ladies the delicate compliment of respecting their opinions and appearing impressed with their views, which, in his experience, was a short and easy road to their hearts. But he set a careful limit to his deference. He always reserved his own opinion, so that the woman with whom he conversed was left with the impression that he had been treating her indulgently, and that he might have put her to confusion if he had brought his superior intellect into play. It is an axiom of Gallic connoisseurs in the modern art of love that a man must never let a woman know that she has captured him. This is finely illustrated in Arsene Houssaye's sketch of the famous slayer of hearts under the Second Empire, M. de Parisis. Parisis never told a woman that he loved her. He made himself irresistibly attractive by his good looks, his style, his wit, his seemingly boundless reserve of tenderness, and then he let himself be adored.

Philosophers who have traveled in the "Pays du Tendre," say that a man may be handsome, and witty, and affectionate; but if he lacks the occult key to the female heart, he may sit on a pedestal till the crack of doom without ever a worshiper kneeling at his shrine. Parisis, who was a past-master of the art, knew that there were some women whom he could not win. These he passed by. In others, again, he detected by a flash of the eye, a flush on the cheek, a quiver of the hand, the sympathy he sought, and at once laid siege to them by a dexterous alternation of demonstrative ardor and affected indifference.

Despite the careful studies of men as indicated by the analysis of the "vote" mentioned in this article, the inconsistencies of the sex are curious. Given one young man of unblemished character and unimpeachable habits on one side, and, on the other, a young man about whom scandals are afloat and whose habits are open to reproach, it is odds that the girl of the period will choose the latter in preference to the former. Why? Who can tell? Pope's adage about every woman being at heart a rake is the nonsensical sneer of a crusty curmudgeon who knew nothing of women. Still it can not be denied that young women are attracted to a man who is said to be "awfully wicked," simply through the

instinct which prompts them to do the forbidden and the dangerous thing, just as boys go out of bounds for the mere pleasure of breaking the rules of the college.

One of the ladies in the Eastern symposium, who undertook to define the supreme defect in a man, said that it was "selfishness." Where does she expect to find an unselfish man, or an unselfish woman, either, for that matter? There are such creatures, as there are four-leafed clovers; but people sometimes go through life without meeting them. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to observe that ladies are devoting their time to psychological studies of their own as of the other sex. They will thus enlarge their knowledge of human nature, and may rise superior to men, who, so far as has been observed, do not fill the papers with essays on the questions "How to win a wife," or "How to manage a wife," although the women's journals teem with articles on "How to manage a husband."

In its latest issue, *Harper's Weekly* comments on a report from Australia by United States Consul-General Maratta, recently published by the State Department. The report is in reply to numerous letters received at the consulate from residents of various States in the Union, inquiring about the new finds of gold in Western Australia, and asking if it is deemed advisable for the writers to go there. The gold-mining industry in Australia is interestingly reviewed by the consul-general, and the excellent advice given not to come unless the immigrant is "well provided with both funds and experience; with sufficient of the former to last them at least six months irrespective of what gold they may obtain." Our contemporary seems to fear that these inquiries are but a forerunner of an exodus of miners from this country to Australia.

There is really very little danger of such an exodus, for the simple reason that the miner who is "well provided with funds and experience" can do better here. The report says that in the Victoria fields the value of gold per working miner varies from a maximum of \$529.79, in 1885, to a minimum of \$330.40, in 1876. It is not apparent whether this is the average amount produced by the miner in working for himself or in producing for others, he being paid a less amount in wages. In either case, the showing is far inferior to that of the mines in this State. According to the census of 1880, the value of the product per miner averaged \$1,577; in 1889, the amount was \$2,900; and in 1893, according to the figures of the State mineralogist, \$1,363. In any case, this is three times as much as the average for Australia. On the other hand, if this is the amount that the miner in Australia makes while working for himself, he can do better in this State working for others, without taking the risk of failure that the independent miner incurs. The census of 1890 gives the average annual wages of miners in this State as \$620. This is considerably better than the best annual average for Australia, and is obtained with less actual labor.

Despite the interest in the new finds of Western Australia evidenced by the inquiries received by Consul-General Maratta, there has really been no exodus of miners from this State. There have, indeed, been a number of mining engineers and experienced superintendents who have gone to the gold fields in South Africa, but those who did not go there under contract with the owners and developers of the properties have found the openings there no better than those offered in this State, and many of them are returning. Furthermore, these do not belong to the class referred to in the consul-general's report, and, as compared with them, they are not very numerous. Instead of an exodus there has been an influx of miners to this State, owing to the fact that many silver mines in neighboring States have been shut down, and the miners thus thrown out of employment have come here seeking employment in the gold mines. This access of population would be embarrassing to handle were it not for the fact that there has been at the same time increased activity in the development of mining properties. A report from one district in the neighborhood of Placerville and El Dorado announces the following new plans: The Starlight Mine, famous for its richness for a quarter of a century, but which has been idle for some years, has recently been purchased by an experienced mining man, and is to be extensively operated in the spring; the Oro Fino is to have a new one hundred-stamp mill, and the Shaw a fifty-stamp mill, which has become necessary to handle the output; the Pocahontas, Gopher, and Grand Victory Mines have been purchased by Eastern capitalists, who will work them to their full capacity; and the Tullis, Gentle Annie, and Taylor Mines are to increase their operations. These reports of enlarged plans from one district limited in area are taken from a single issue of a San Francisco daily paper, and are but typical of what is being done throughout the mining districts of the State.

There is, indeed, every reason why there should be in-

creased activity in the development of mining properties. Many valuable mines have been allowed to lie idle for too many years. Gold is a commodity for which there is always a demand, and, in addition to the certainty of the market for the product, there is also a certainty that, if the investment is as successful as the average, there is a better return from mining than from most other branches of legitimate business. The eleventh census places the capital invested in mines in this State at \$71,934,968, while the output for the year was \$13,960,529, or very nearly one-fifth of the invested capital. An enterprise that will pay for itself, on the average, in five years will naturally attract capital.

M. Zola's novel, "Lourdes," has been followed by a more pretentious work, "Bernadette de Lourdes," *mystère*, by M. Pouvillon, which is a supplement to M. Henri Lasserre's "Notre Dame de Lourdes," a history. These, with the topical works of M. Guy de Pierrefond, Mgr. Ricard, and Docteur Boissarie, constitute a hodge of literature which should enable the philosophic student to arrive at exact conclusions. It is to be regretted that the evidence has not been sifted by a lawyer. Both the believers and the disbelievers in miracles jump at conclusions. The visitor to Lourdes is pointed out a pilgrim who was sick and is well, and he is required to believe that the transition from sickness to health was the work of the miraculous spring. On the other hand, the skeptic does not take the pains to demonstrate, by evidence which would command conviction in a court, that either the sickness or the cure was imaginary.

M. Pouvillon escapes criticism by avowing, at the outset, that the miraculous cures of Lourdes can not be justified to human reason with the same evidence as a mathematical demonstration. They are matters of faith. In considering such matters, reason is nothing: faith, religion, grace abounding, the salvation of souls, the glory of God, are everything. Little Bernadette, the asthmatic child, whose approaching death is prefigured by intense nervous excitement, is not a victim of hallucinations, but really visits heaven in a dream—a heaven in which the grass is greener, the water more transparent, the light more delicate than on earth; she revisits the earth with angels and saints, who, in the shape of doves, fly with her to terrestrial valleys, and hold with her incessant, mysterious, and inaudible communication. The happy damsel prays, in spite of the persistent efforts of the devil to divert her attention. And, in order that she shall pray more at her ease, she is transported to a convent, where she continues to see visions and to feast her eyes on the eternal glories of heaven. Again the devil molests her; but she sets him at defiance, even when he takes the shape of a bishop to lead her astray. And so, in the language of the chronicler, she has seen, she has worked, she has suffered and prayed and wept, she has acquired the right of dying, and she dies accordingly of asthma. But she leaves behind her the miraculous grotto.

Lest the *Argonaut* should be accused of doing M. Pouvillon injustice, we append a literal translation from a review of his book by his eulogist, M. G. Fonsegrive:

"This fine book is really a dream of Paradise. Where M. Zola found only the sadness and ingratitude of men, M. Pouvillon discovered the pure greatness of Bernadette. He has put in words the exquisite poetry which emanates from this humble figure, round which such glorious feats have been accomplished. He realized that such poetry could be appreciated only by the soul of a child; he saw the inner beauty, the hidden secret of spectacles in which M. Zola could only discern an exterior, sometimes picturesque and magnificent, and sometimes shocking, mean, and coarse. M. Zola passed by without understanding. M. Pouvillon understood because he contemplated the scene in a spirit of Christian harmony."

When M. Pouvillon and his commentator descend from the nebulous heights of heaven to earth, they plead in extenuation of their miracles that science is everywhere shrouded in mystery, and that there are more things we do not understand than those which we do. Hence the occult sciences known as mesmerism, spiritualism, magic, theosophy, and the like, which M. Pouvillon denounces as superstitions, reserving for his own superstition the name of true faith. Mr. Hume and other necromancers could perform tricks quite as remarkable and as difficult to explain as the miracles of Lourdes; they, according to M. Pouvillon, are to be regarded as impostors, while the Curé of Lourdes and his indorser, the Pope, take seats among the saints. How cruel, says M. Fonsegrive, to deprive believers of a faith which consoled them in their sufferings!

It will be observed that this line of defense concedes the charges which have been brought against Lourdes. If the church will frankly confess that the miraculous grotto is a marvelous piece of prestidigitation or white magic, and that the only defense for the alleged miraculous cures is that they keep up the spirits of deluded patients, critics will perhaps desist from cavil. We all know the power of the imagination in certain diseases, and that persons have been known to be cured by a firm resolution to get well. But Lourdes denies that it operates through the human

imagination. It claims that organic maladies are cured and diseased tissues instantaneously restored through the intervention of saints, who can only be got to do work when they are appealed to at this one place in all the world. When to this claim it superadds an appeal for money, and it uses its alleged cures as an argument in favor of the maintenance of the most backward and most illiberal of all the churches, it is impossible for an intelligent and unbiased spectator to help coming to the conclusion that the whole business is charlatany and imposture.

If the so-called miracles of Lourdes are ever subjected to a scientific test, it will be found that there is not a single case in which an organic malady was ever cured by divine interposition at that shrine. The whole edifice of miraculous cures is a mere repetition of the miracles which were said to be performed by relics in the Middle Ages. History is full of accounts of appeals by rheumatic counts, or broken-legged barons, or blind hurgers to cathedrals where the tooth of an early saint, or the finger-bone of a Father of the Church was kept for the purpose of curing disease for an adequate *honorarium*. It did sometimes happen that exercise, change of air and diet, and a hearty faith in the patient led to a cure where the disease was not organic, was only functional, and had not gone too far. These cures were blazoned far and wide by priests and monks, and the consequence was a migration of the sick and the lame and the halt and the blind to the miraculous church, to its great aggrandizement. The money which was used in building the walls of the Cathedral of Cologne was derived from this source, and so were the funds which were spent on many of the fine old Gothic cathedrals in England. Visitors smile at the depth of ancient superstition.

But they might spare their ancestors the reproach. Here, at the end of the nineteenth century, the same farce is being played in one of the most prosperous departments in France, and newspapers all over the world, even in the hard-headed American Union, are not unwilling to devote a portion of their space to the advertisement of a miraculous cure which will bring pennies to the priests and credit and glory to the Roman Catholic Church.

In the city of Sacramento, the capital of the State of California, a reign of terror has for some time prevailed. The city is surrounded with tramp camps. Its streets at night are infested with lurking thugs and thieves. Numerous hurglaries, at times accompanied by murder, have been committed there. During the last few months, there have been four murders. The last outrage to shock the citizens of Sacramento was a double murder—an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Webber, were found foully murdered in their beds. They lived over their shop, which had been robbed. Some blood-stained clothing left by the murderers was found concealed in the yard. From its ragged and filthy character, it had, according to the police, been worn by tramps. This last horrible double murder has so stirred up the citizens of Sacramento that they are organizing a Vigilance Committee, patrolling their streets as special officers, breaking up the tramp camps, and threatening to lynch the tramps themselves.

All of this lawlessness is the natural outgrowth of the attitude assumed toward the "industrial armies" last winter by the daily press of this State. This journal was one of the few that warned the people against temporizing with these tramps. We said then that organized bodies of men who "demanded" food and alms and "seized" and "captured" trains were criminals, and belonged behind the bars. But the people permitted them to assemble, to encamp, and to travel through the country, while the daily papers, for what reason Divine Providence and their editors only know, actually encouraged them. The amount of mawkish flabdoodle that was printed in the dailies last winter about these gangs of vicious tramps was enough to sicken an anaconda.

The result has been as we predicted. At Oakland, Sacramento, and other points, these tramp armies have ceased to be sporadic, and have become endemic. Instead of being a transitory nettle-rash, they threaten to become a gangrenous ulcer upon the body politic. In the cities named they have had permanent camps, and as a result there has been a series of crimes against the person. Readers of the newspapers remember the Alameda burglary some time ago, and the murderous midnight assault upon an aged clergyman and his wife. In Oakland, Alameda, and Sacramento, the "industrial armies" have been more numerous than elsewhere. In those cities also, the appalling crimes of which we speak have been more frequent. It is this which has driven the citizens of Sacramento to take the law into their own hands.

The *Argonaut* does not believe in lynch law. It does not believe in vigilance committees. But neither does it believe in "industrial armies," or in tolerating crimes committed by

gangs of vicious tramps. If there must be murder, we would infinitely prefer to have tramps murdered by Judge Lynch rather than to have honest people murdered by tramps. We have more than our share of these low-browed scoundrels in California. Its many attractions, climatic and otherwise, draw not only worthy people within its borders, but rogues as well. If there should be a thinning out among them through terror engendered by Judge Lynch, it would weaken our citizens' respect for the law. But it would very much strengthen the tramps' respect for California. We are perfectly in earnest when we say that, from the standpoint of posterity, it would be a misfortune for California if some of the leaders of these gangs of tramps should be lynched. But looked at from the standpoint of to-day, the case assumes another aspect. If Sacramento should take to lynching tramps for burglaries, garrotings, and murderous assaults, the *Argonaut* would be sincerely and earnestly sorry that human lives had been taken in this State without warrant of the law. But we would be as sincerely and earnestly glad that they were the lives of tramps rather than the lives of decent men.

There has just been completed in San Francisco a "hospital annex" to the Cooper Medical College. The building is a fine one of pressed brick and California granite. It covers a quadrangle with frontages on three streets. The hospital is fitted up with every requisite known to modern medicine and surgery. The utmost care has been paid to details: the angle at which the sun falls throughout the year has been borne in mind in providing for the position of the patients' rooms; the pictures in the children's ward have been hung at a height where they will not be "skied" for childish eyes. As to ventilation, temperature, and "antisepsis," all have been carefully studied. In connection with the hospital is an amphitheatre accommodating two hundred and fifty physicians and students, where clinics will be held. The first operation was performed there on January 3d by Dr. Lane. Of him a tablet on the wall says:

THIS HOSPITAL,
Erected in the year 1893
BY
LEVI COOPER LANE,
Physician and Surgeon,
With money earned by him in his profession,
is given by him to suffering humanity and
to the healing art in hope that the former may here find refuge and relief; the latter, exercise of its humane skill and intelligent sympathy.

The Cooper Medical College is also due to Dr. Lane's generosity. The fact that the tablet specifies that the buildings were erected "with money earned by him in his profession" is probably due to the persistence of all sorts of rumors as to the source of Dr. Lane's munificence. These rumors ranged from mining-stock winnings to an unknown benefactor. To the average mind it seemed extraordinary that a surgeon should have accumulated money enough to erect these massive buildings; but that, having accumulated it, he should use it for such an unselfish purpose, passed the bounds of popular belief. Hence the fantastic rumors.

But they are groundless. These fine buildings, devoted "to suffering humanity and to the healing art," are the fruits of the generosity of a practitioner of that art. It is a noble act, and this is a noble act. There are few physicians who grow wealthy. There are few who live long. Their profession is a trying one for nerve, and muscle, and brain. Few leave behind them even a modest competency for their families. And fewer still can leave such an enduring monument—compact of brick and stone but cemented with love for human kind—as the noble buildings erected by Dr. Levi Cooper Lane.

Some weeks ago, in speaking of the petition of the leading bankers and merchants of Denver to re-open the gambling-hells there, the *Argonaut* asked: "Why do not the signers of this petition go into the gambling business themselves if they approve of it?" This simple question has roused much wrath in Denver. One Colorado contemporary says of us: "The *Argonaut's* strictures lose velocity coming from a city so notoriously and disgustingly low in the scale of decency and morality." These are hard words. San Francisco does not boast of being Arcadian in its morals. But it is scarcely possible for a San Franciscan to think of William Alvord of the Bank of California, John J. Valentine of Wells, Fargo & Co., and Adam Grant of Murphy, Grant & Co. petitioning the chief of police to allow gambling-hells in San Francisco to remain "wide open," on the ground that it would "improve business" and "put more money into circulation." Yet that is exactly what was done in Denver by banks and mercantile houses of similar standing to those we have mentioned in San Francisco.

JOSEFA'S LUCKY COIN.

How the Gift of a Dishonored Woman Saved the Honor of a Man.

The players had gathered around the gambling-tables of Correo's Gardens, for this was the "Diez y Seis," and Tucson held autumn carnival. At the roulette-table, Perez Bicente, collector for the Guaymas firm of Ortez & Ochoa, held attention by his heavy hetting and the big piles of gold spread before him on the table. The other patrons of the game had dropped out to follow the fortunes of the Sonora player.

He was losing rapidly, but took little notice of his losses, until a young girl, who had been intently watching his play from the outskirts, crept through the crowd and laid her light, trembling hand on his arm.

"Come, Perez," she said, "quit the play and take me to the *baile*. It is twelve o'clock, and you have not yet danced with me once."

"Get away, Josefa, your witch's eyes curse my luck. I'll find you quickly enough when I want you, damn you!" The demon of play was in his blood, and he would have struck her, but the crowd pressed closely and he could not raise his arm.

Josefa cowered back into the shadow of the grove, where she climbed into the low branches of a tree, and there sat waiting, watching the face of her lover at his play.

From his expression, she could read his changing fortune; her seat was too low for her to view the piles of coin. Already his losses meant ruin, for he was playing money not his own; but that did not matter, for when all was gone she knew that she could lead him, and welcomed the chance it would give her, so fierce was her jealous hatred of his mad passion for play—her only rival in Bicente's love. She had risked his blows to prevent his losses; now she would risk life and assist him in flight to save him.

To Josefa the moral of acts which would help Bicente counted nothing, for she was reared in the desert and she loved him. Stealing two ponies tethered in the grove, she led them to the Santa Cruz and tied them in the shade of the cottonwoods. Then she walked back toward the gardens to resume her vigil, and thrilled at the thought of the night ride they must take across the desert. How like it would be to that perilous pilgrimage which was their bridal journey, the night Bicente had stolen her from the tall barley that bordered the *acequia*, where she had hidden from her father. Together they would retrace the old trail and share its dangers.

If she could only wean Bicente from this hated thirst for chance, he would again become her old tender lover. Once away from the glare of torches and the sight of gold, in the solitude, under the desert starlight, he would be utterly her own. There she would win him back to her heart and take him to her home in Sonora, where her father would forgive them. Two years ago she left that home under sunny skies, where was born her sudden love, and she had since revisited it only in thoughts and in her dreams. Now again she longed to wander down the water-worn stairway of the old cañon where at evening Bicente had helped her gather the goats from the gamma-grass and drive them into the fold.

When she reached the garden, he was still playing, but his luck was inexorable. Bet after bet had been placed and as quickly lost. The sinister smile on his calm, dark face caused Josefa to tremble and clutch the branches above her for support.

When his last bet had been made and lost, she felt a sharp pang which gave relief to nerves overstrung with long, cruel watching. Springing from her seat, she started for the table; but before she could reach it, Bicente, with an oath, had risen, placed a pistol to his breast, and fired. One bullet pierced two hearts.

With a cry like that of a wounded animal, Josefa was at his side and caught the falling man as he sank to the ground. Then, seated on the grass, she tore the lace from her throat and nestled his black head against her bare, brown bosom; with arms about him, slowly she rocked to and fro, laughing, crooning, sobbing, and covered the dark, cold face of her dead with the moist, warm kisses of a loving woman.

The drive was almost ended. The last relay was growing jaded as the stage-wheels lurched into the sand-swales which line the lower Santa Cruz. At the next turn, Tucson would be in sight.

It had been a tedious journey, and Merton was alone in the coach which he had taken at Yuma. All night he had listened to the insistent straining of *látigo* and fifth chain; all day he had watched the stage-wheels whirl the arid *mesa* dust over the unending plain of sage; for hours the red disk of the desert sun had been sinking rayless into the dust haze of the horizon, and now the shadows of the "Seven Devils" could be no longer traced. For miles he had viewed these obelisks, so tall and near that in low sun their shadows lie near the road-side and follow the traveler bound eastward over this thirsty trail.

The sight of green cottonwoods was refreshing, and as the stage rounded the turn, Merton stretched himself for a view of the adobe town that in its emerald setting now lay extended like a great brown lizard that had crept from off the parching desert to bask near the cooling foliage of the trees upon the grass.

As he alighted at the "Montezuma," he felt almost physical gratitude for the luxury of the scene about him; the fresh plants and the water near this old Spanish hostelry sunk deep in the shade of the Santa Cruz. Merton had come with money to pay for beef-cattle at Fort Grant, and to-morrow must ride across the mountains and make payment. He stood and viewed the route he must traverse. The fiery afterglow had faded, and now the rugged Catalinas were opalescent in the softened, purple light. On the long, brown approaches leading to the summit he could see the bare, black coils of the tortuous trail where it climbed the far divide. Below the forest line the cañons crept among

the receding foot-hills, where the eye lost their windings before they entered the broken cactus *mesa* that trends onward into the level adobe plain.

After dinner he was too fatigued to sleep, and craved excitement as relief from the mental monotony of his trip across the desert. This was the "Cinco de Mayo." He would visit the *fiesta* to watch the dancers and listen to the music. Merton did not wish it known that he carried money, for he was traveling without escort, so he put the package of government gold in one pocket and his private money—loose gold coin—in another, and sauntered up the Santa Cruz to the gardens. On the way, the heavy package of gold—some twelve hundred dollars—chafed him, so he tore open the paper and divided the coin among other pockets and mixed government gold with his own.

When he reached the gardens, the *baile* was in progress. For a while he watched the wild contrasts and the costumes, harbaric, picturesque as feasts of Barca from the pages of "Salammbô"—the red serape and the sombre mantilla; light laughter from bright eyes and red lips set in the oval of dusky, olive faces, and the furtive glances of the dark duenna; *cascarones* filled with sparkling tinsel-spangle that glistened in silver and golden showers when crushed over dark hair, and lithe dancers in slow movement to the soft waltz or solemn *danza*—all under the canopy which sheds the desert starlight and framed by flickering lamps set on brackets held from trees. Around the *tiendas* and gambling lay-outs the gardens were aflame with the unshaded flare of oil-torches, picketed about in the grove. Merton seated himself on a bench that faced a roulette-table to enjoy the fresh air of night. From the *baile* floated the melody of a Mexican waltz, and, in accompaniment, one heard the sound of slowly moving feet; in view was the whirling wheel, and louder rose the recurrent cries of the hanker and the sharp clink of the changing coin.

Merton had never gambled, but soon curiosity led him to observe the play about which spectators had gathered, drawn by the glint of gold. A miner from Sonora was playing a heavy game, and, as if guided by some hidden chart of chance, won bet after bet placed on single numbers. Merton watched his enormous winnings, and was quickly fascinated by this easy road to fortune. He could observe no longer. He must share the play.

At first he followed cautiously the play of the heavy winner, but no sooner had he done so than the latter began to lose. Four bets lost in quick succession caused the miner to look about, and, on seeing that his play was followed, with a gambler's superstition he quit the game. In this Merton did not imitate him, but played eagerly. For some natures, the strong stimulant of chance is an instant intoxicant, and Merton was quickly drunk with his newly found sensation.

From the first, luck set steadily against him, but the fierce fire of play was soon fast in his blood, and through doubling while losing he rapidly increased his losses. But he took no notice of them. Again and again he had taken handfuls of coin and scattered it recklessly over the lay-out, until at last he was surprised to find his pocket empty.

The shock of this revelation caused reason to assert itself. His money was gone! He would use the other—no, no; that was impossible! He had never stolen. His whole being revolted in sharp physical shudder at this thirst for play which held as a lure the suggestion of theft. But was he sure that all his money was gone? He had come with four hundred dollars; certainly he had not lost that much. Then he thrust his hands into his other pockets and slowly counted the twenties they contained.

Good God! there were but forty left! Already he had lost four hundred dollars not his own. God knows he never meant to. He was ashamed of having ever been tempted to play with money which did not belong to him. Again he counted the coin. Had he missed a pocket? No, it was all clear now; he recalled putting the government gold in the pocket with his own.

A chill seized him. How could he replace the money? In the race with material disgrace, morals have hopeless handicap. The fire of play that had been quickly quenched at the thought of dishonor when he touched that empty pocket, now flamed again at the hope that honor might yet be redeemed. He would use the other money and win back the lost.

Steadily or rapidly, according to his play, Merton lost. His nerves were no longer feverish and overstrung. As his losses grew greater, his calm face held the determined paleness of a despair which has accepted defeat. Almost carelessly he cast his bets now, and without a tremor lost them. In the sarcasm of his face only was expressed that he had lately learned how cruel could be the jests of chance.

No matter, he would end it! Almost wearily, he placed the last coin on a single number, and smiled as he saw it swept away. The terrors of chance were no torture now, for he was facing disgrace, certain and unavoidable. He remained seated, with elbows still resting on the roulette-table, watching the soft motion of the moving wheel and listened to the sharp clink of the changing coin as it rose above the vagrant notes of a distant waltz. Such hypnotics bled oblivion for the physical weariness of nerves fretted by the feverish heat of play, but with Merton the moral struggle was too keen for soothing material influences.

Sounds for him had ceased, and vision had turned inward in analysis. He was now a thief. Even social and official punishment for his act could not be escaped. Exposure would be immediate; full restitution inevitably tardy. Once, in a remote part of Siberian Russia, he had obtained money from home in a few hours; here a remittance was a six weeks' process, coming overland by stage or else around the Horn. By a mere telegram he could have replaced twenty times his losses—but this was Arizona. At the impotence of the situation a sinister smile settled on his face.

The moral part of his act cut keen; but the thought of social disgrace cut keener. The struggle was short, calm, decisive. Again the bitter smile lingered on his lips. He

arose and walked toward the river, and passed the dancers and orchestra without hearing the music or the sound of feet, for he saw nothing.

When strong moral process makes self-annihilation possible, men move as in dreams, and the material world present escapes them. Merton did not know that footsteps followed him; he started as one from sleep when a slender hand was laid softly on his shoulder, and he heard vaguely, as waking men hear: "Señor, your money has been badly earned—it was borrowed from the devil, and the devil takes care of his own. Use this, the last money which I ever came by honestly; it will bring you luck." As she spoke she threw back the lace from her throat and removed from the chain of her locket an old Spanish coin.

For a moment Merton stood groping, like one to whom the realities of life are not yet real. Then, as sinking men seize straws or plants dying of darkness reach for sunshine, he grasped the coin, and in the moonlight its pale gold shone to him as a ray of hope.

The touch of gold brought the material world back into being, and he was conscious of the woman's presence; but her dark eyes and the soft curves of the bosom whose warmth the coin in his hand yet retained, escaped him. In his moral shipwreck he saw only the golden straw. All else was submerged and vague, like objects half sunken in waters which are not wholly clear. For the impressions of vision came faint and blurred, to fade and he forgotten, so dominant now was the hope for life.

With the greedy haste of men gone long without food, he rushed back to the roulette-table to stake the coin, but paused between the black and red as men pause when drawing lots for life. He placed it on the red. It was for life.

It won. Again he places his bet on the red, and once more his fate is wholly in the hands of chance. He is thinking of the strangeness of the unequal wager. He is not staking gold against gold now; he is staking life against gold. He wins. Again the same bet, but with stakes doubled, yet for him it is still life against gold. Nerves that were calm when they faced despair are now expectant, and tremble with the vibrations of hope.

His third bet wins. He feels that he will live, but can not wait for life; he must know. He places his entire winnings on a single number in the red. Now it is life or death, and he has given death odds thirty-five to one in this duel with chance. The sight of his reckless wager sobered him, and steadily, as men tried for murder sometimes nerve themselves to question the faces of their jury, he waited for the verdict of the wheel, while the marble bounded from black to red among the stalls and settled into its final compartment. Through the fading haze of motion that enveloped the moving wheel, he could see the marble lying in the red, and as his heart took hope to read, he found that it was *life*!

"Come, señor, quit the play."

Like a tired child he let her lead him to a seat in the grove. It was then he comprehended her presence. He extended his winnings.

"Take what you will of it," he said.

But she shrank from the offered gold.

"No, señor; in money from that table I see only the stain of blood."

"Blood!" he echoed; "blood!"

"Yes, señor."

"No, it is not stained with blood; it has saved blood—my blood—my life—and what to me is more—before the world it will save my honor."

"Yes, señor."

"And you refuse to take anything? Then let me give you back your one pure coin which for me has done so much?"

"No, señor; it has been on the table—it is now like the rest."

"In one night am I become both thief and heggar?"

She did not answer, and her beauty, until now unnoticed, held him. He gazed into her eyes, dark and soft as the rain-cloud of Sonora, and their tenderness compelling, an infinite gratitude made it easy to speak of love.

Seizing her hands, he spoke very quickly: "You are an angel—you saved my life. Was it for love?"

"No, señor, I have already loved—I am only a fallen woman." CLOUGH OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1895.

Melton Prior, who has just returned to London from representing the *Illustrated London News* in Russia, recently said to a *Sketch* interviewer: "I got a telegram at three o'clock one afternoon commissioning me to go to Livadia, where the Czar was dying. The same evening I was on my way, via Berlin. You know about my luggage being ready packed for hot or cold climates; well, I took both lots, and it was wise, for the changes in temperature made it very necessary to have thick and thin clothes. On the way, I heard of the Czar's death, and decided it would be best to change my route and go to St. Petersburg. When I reached St. Petersburg, I tried sketching in the streets, but that was instantly stopped till I gained my 'permit.' In Moscow, where I attended the Czar's funeral, the crowds in the streets were comparatively small, for the police had ordered that citizens must keep indoors and not show themselves at the windows. All that was altered on the occasion of the wedding. The Czar, who had inquired why so few folks were in the streets, gave special orders that police restrictions were to be removed, and, consequently, the streets of St. Petersburg were like London streets on Lord-Mayor's Day. I had special facilities for sketching the wedding ceremony, thanks to a letter I wrote to Major-General Ellis, asking if the Prince of Wales could influence the authorities to let me be present. The prince, with just his usual kindness of heart, handed my letter to the Czar, with the result that I was given a splendid position. I did five page-sketches on my way home in the railway carriage. I carried a board about with me, with the paper fastened page over page, and as soon as one was finished, it was put aside, complete as far as sketches go."

BLIND POOLS.

A Wall Street Scheme to Fleece Country People—How the Blind Pool is Worked—Cupidity of Countrymen—"A Sucker is Born Every Minute."

The talk of the week in Wall Street has been the attempt to break up the "blind-pool" business. Blind pools were the legitimate successors of bucket-shops; both traded on public credulity and on the appetite of mankind for gambling gains. One concern, the Fisher Company, put forth millions of copies of the following statement:

The Mecca of the modern financial pilgrim is Wall Street. There millions are made and millions are lost, and, contrary to the general idea, more millions are made than are lost; for, as Commodore Vanderbilt once said, "This is a hull country," and the constant increase in the value of securities is constantly adding to the value of the holdings of investors and speculators alike. The foundations of the immense growth of modern American fortunes have been made at this source. We claim that no other investment can pay as well, and judging from the past we have no hesitancy in predicting that not less than 15 to 20 per cent. per month can be realized from an investment in our combinations. Remember that whenever a dollar is lost on Wall Street that some one has made a profit of that dollar.

Gudgeons hastened to forward to Fisher & Co. sums of money proportioned to their means; some sending as much as several hundred dollars, while a contribution of five dollars was not disdained. One blind-pool firm received as much as seven thousand one hundred and eighty dollars from one small town in a single week. Women were oftener caught than men—widows with families, teachers, maiden ladies with small incomes, milliners anxious to dress better, shop-girls, and even servant-girls. All contributors got receipts for the money they sent, but, when they asked for their profits, they got an account which showed that the particular pool in which, with the best intentions, their money had been invested, had met with losses which had swallowed up their margins. Three or four of these blind-pool houses have flourished in or about Wall Street, and some of them occupied grand offices, furnished in princely style; they must have made a great deal of money. They had no city customers. The New Yorker knows too much to be caught at so transparent a game. But in the small towns of the interior, cupidity is still allied to ignorance, and the blind-pool men secured a *clientèle* which was numbered by thousands. Some of the victims protested at last, and put their complaints into the hands of the police.

Blind pools originated in the times of wild speculation which followed the war, and sprang from the inability of Wall Street men to trust each other. Many of the first pools in which leading speculators took part failed through the treachery of members who sold secretly when their associates were buying. To defeat this, blind pools were invented; the management of the pool was intrusted to one man, and his operations were kept a secret from the partners whose money he was gambling with. The idea was a success. It not infrequently happened that the manager of a pool "dropped on to" outside operations by members of the pool, which were calculated to defeat its objects; he was free to "copper" their money, and to try to break them with the help of their own money. No one ever knew whether he was long or short of the stock in which the pool had been organized, nor had any one warning of the day when the pool was wound up. The pool was like the campaign of a general who keeps his designs a secret from his officers and his staff. And such campaigns, as every one knows, are more apt to be successful than those in which the corps and division commanders are in the secrets of the general commanding.

These were very different affairs from the blind pools of to-day. These last are mere contrivances for wheedling ignorant and greedy simpletons out of their money. They are offshoots from the old-time tricks, of which the pocket-book game was a type. A country bumpkin, wanting to buy a coat, was shown a second-hand coat in the pocket of which he felt a wallet; he bought the coat at a price in excess of its worth, because he fancied the forgotten wallet contained money. He was the victim of his knavish greed. So today rustics of interior towns in Pennsylvania and Ohio remit money to blind-pool firms in New York, because they fancy they are going to make money by gambling. They belong to the class which is so easily victimized by thimble-riggers. They are possessed with a wild delusion that they can play games with wily and experienced New Yorkers and take their money. Their fate is a forced conclusion, and, really, they deserve little commiseration.

No one falls a victim to the birds of prey which infest large cities except those who want to overreach some one else. It is in trying to despoil the New Yorker that the cunning rustic is taken in by the bunco-steerer.

The revelations of the green-goods business before the Lexow Committee were full of instruction, pointing in the same direction. By paying a round monthly sum to the police, the makers of counterfeit money were allowed to carry on their trade. They did not appear to have a single city customer. Their correspondents were small store-keepers in country towns, largely Jews, and foreigners who kept corner-groceries. These people professed a willingness to buy counterfeit greenbacks at ten cents on the dollar, and to set them in circulation in sections of the country where experts were rare. But the bulk of the profits of the green-goods men were derived, not from the sale of counterfeit money, but from the sale of packages purporting to contain counterfeit money, but which contained no money at all, but merely brown paper. The rustic was caught in his own trap—in trying to swindle his customers, he was swindled himself, and he was without remedy.

It is possible that a case of swindling may be made out against the blind-pool men; but when the case gets into court and Howe & Hummel proceed to deal with the prosecuting witness on cross-examination, he may wish that he had charged off his experience to profit and loss and said no more about it. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 29, 1894.

OLD FAVORITES.

Three Poems by the Late Christina Georgina Rossetti.

[The death of Christina Georgina Rossetti, the poetess, took place last Sunday, December 30th, in London, where she had been ill for some weeks. She was in her fifty-fifth year, having been born in London, December 5, 1830. She was the daughter of Gabriel Rossetti, the famous Dante commentator, who was an Italian refugee. Her brothers, Dante Gabriel and W. M. Rossetti, are well known in art and letters. We give below three of Miss Rossetti's characteristic poems.]

Song.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Maude Clare.

Out of the church she follow'd them
With a lofty step and mien:
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears:
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
Had just your tale to tell;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
Have brought my gift," she said:
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We pluck'd from budding bough,
With feet amongst the lily-leaves—
The lilies are huddling now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He falter'd in his place:
"Lady," he said—"Maude Clare," he said—
"Maud Clare"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you;
Though were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it or leave it as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn, I'll wear;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maud Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair;
I'll love him till he loves me best,
Me best of all, Maude Clare."

Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde.
(1674.)

I have desired, and I have been desired;
But now the days are over of desire,
Now dust and dying embers mock my fire;
Where is the hire for which my life was hired?
O vanity of vanities, desire!

Longing and love, pangs of a perished pleasure,
Longing and love, a disenkindled fire,
And memory a bottomless gulf of mire,
And love a fount of tears outrunning measure;
O vanity of vanities, desire!

Now from my heart, love's death-bed, trickles, trickles,
Drop by drop slowly, drop by drop of fire,
The dress of life, of love, of spent desire;
Alas, my rose of life gone all to prickles—
O vanity of vanities, desire!

O vanity of vanities, desire!
Stunting my hope which might have strained up higher,
Turning my garden plot to barren mire;
O death-struck love, O disenkindled fire,
O vanity of vanities, desire!

The Cleveland, O., *News-Herald* says: "The *Argonaut*, that picturesque San Francisco weekly which has done so much to advance the reputation of its State and city for literary ability, asserts that a single gold-mine in Calaveras County is producing the precious metal at the rate of seven thousand dollars a day. The same authority declares that the miners believe there is more gold in Calaveras County alone than in all South Africa. If these opinions are to be depended upon, it may be many years before the Transvaal Republic will pass the United States in gold production."

The slate has gone forever from the public schools of Boston. Paper and lead-pencil have taken its place. The *Transcript* thinks that this action settles the slate's destiny, and that the creak of its pencil can not long survive in the more enlightened districts of the United States. Boston's notions of education, it says, are promptly copied, and wherever the patent desk and normal teacher go, the paper pad will follow and drive the slate before it.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of York will visit Canada next spring and spend the summer in Australia.

President Cleveland, according to hotel gossip in Washington, is yearning to make a trip across the country to the Pacific.

Recorder Smyth, of New York, probably sentenced more men to death than any other judge in the world, and he was never reversed by the court of appeals in a capital case.

Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, who is now visiting England, prefers the company of his friends to being lionized, but he recently accepted an invitation to dine with Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie.

William Waldorf Astor rarely visits the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which he is owner, but has hours at his home in London when its editors and special writers are expected to present themselves with reports and receive instructions.

The heaviest winner among English owners of race-horses for the past year is Harry McCalmont, nephew of the late lord high chancellor, Earl Cairns, his horses having won two hundred thousand dollars. He had an income of fifty thousand dollars a year, and this was recently increased by inheriting twenty-five millions of dollars from an uncle who had made that huge fortune in Erie stock speculations.

"Prince Kung," says a Japanese resident of New York, "is indeed a forlorn hope for China. He has been for years almost a wreck from over-indulgence in opium-smoking. When the efforts of his enemies resulted in his overthrow some years ago, he took to hitting the pipe for comfort and forgetfulness, and I doubt if he retains sufficient will power to handle the great crisis placed in his care."

When introducing General Butterworth, of Ohio, at a Delaware political rally during the recent campaign, the chairman capped a long string of compliments by saying: "The gentleman commends himself to your attention because he is the father of Frank Butterworth, the great American full-back." The applause at once became deafening, and the general discovered that his son was even more famous than himself.

Verdi has devoted the last few weeks to composing his will. His fortune amounts to about two millions of dollars. As he has no children and no desire to enrich distant relatives, he proposes to have a splendid palace constructed on his estate in the form of a Latin cross, able to shelter two hundred persons of both sexes, chosen among Italian artists who are poor at the end of their career. Everything about the place will be most luxurious. The plans are all ready, and Verdi bopes to be present at the opening.

The honorary title "Father of the House" was, it is said, first bestowed upon Lewis Williams, of North Carolina, who served in fourteen consecutive Congresses, from December 4, 1815, to February 23, 1842. His successors were Dixon H. Lewis, of Maryland; John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts; Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio; John S. Phelps, of Missouri; Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois; Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts; William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; and W. S. Holman, of Indiana, the present bearer of the title. David B. Culberson, of Texas, will be the Father of the next House.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Gladstone wrote for a now defunct magazine an article entitled "The Evangelical Movement: its Parentage, Progress, and Issue." This was recently unearthed by the editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*, who, with the author's permission, republished it in last month's number. The Liberals found in the article proof that Mr. Gladstone's intellect had improved with age, and the Tories, with equal certainty, detected signs of mental decay. The Radicals, too, drew comfort from it as showing that the "Grand Old Man" was eager to sever church and state; while the Whig churchmen discovered arguments in favor of the maintenance of the union between the state and church. As a matter of fact, the "Grand Old Man" now writes little, although bombarded with applications from editors in all parts of the world. He is likely to write still less for the outside world, if it be true, as rumored, that he has commenced dictating his memoirs to his wife. The greater part of every day is still devoted to reading theological works; he makes copious marginal notes upon every book which passes through his hands. The arrangements for Gladstone's wintering in the south of France are completed, and his departure for Cannes is fixed for January 7th.

Following close upon the violent death of his heir, Viscount Drumlanrig, comes a decree of divorce against the Marquis of Queensberry in favor of his second wife, whom he married only a year ago. The evidence had to be heard in camera, and the marriage was declared null and void *ab initio*. Seven years ago, the first wife of the marquis, who had borne him five children, obtained a divorce from him. The marquis is only fifty; he has made himself notorious for his free-thinking views, which made the Scottish peers refuse to reflect him as their representative in the House of Lords, and led him to create a disturbance at the first performance of Tennyson's "Becket," a few years ago. The marquis's father, the seventh marquis, the author of the famous "Queensberry Rules," was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun, after meeting with heavy losses on the turf. Viscount Drumlanrig, who has just met with a similar "accident," it is hinted had been persecuted, since the recent announcement of his engagement, by women whom he had previously known. The marquis's brother, Lord Francis Douglas, was killed in trying to climb the Matterhorn in 1865. A sister, Lady Gertrude Douglas, became so interested in philanthropic work that she married a working baker, while another sister, Lady Florence Dixie, was the victim of an attempted assassination conspiracy in 1883, which turned out to be the product of her own imagination.

"FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMEN."

Life in County Galway in "The Good Old Times"—Irish Fire-Eaters—Continual Duels—Anecdotes of Disraeli—A Lively Country-House Party in Ireland.

In the recently published "Autobiography of Sir William Gregory," edited by Lady Gregory, there are a number of interesting particulars concerning social and political life in Ireland at the close of the last century and the beginning of this. The narrator begins with some details about his great-grandfather, Robert Gregory, an excellent type of the nabob, who amassed a huge fortune in India and then returned to England. Sir William says:

My great-grandfather, on his return from India, had purchased an estate in Essex, another in Cheshire, a house in Berners Street, London, then a fashionable quarter, and a property in Ireland of over seven thousand pounds a year. Before his death, he had sold the Essex and Cheshire estates, but he reserved that of Galway. From the accounts I have heard of him, he was a most kind and polished old gentleman, living in very great state, and considering, as old Indians used to do, that a huge retinue of servants was necessary for existence. I have heard my grandmother speak of the procession of carriages in which he and his suite traveled from London to Coole; but what particularly struck her were the number of servants who came to the door, and waited at dinner in black silk stockings, black breeches, and gold garters. He was particularly courteous to young ladies, who had good reason to remember their visits to Coole with pleasure, as it was his habit to take them at their departure to a drawer, in which were precious stones, and let them fish out one of them without looking, taking the chance of what it might turn out to be. One fortunate maiden was mentioned to me—though I have forgotten the name—who had the luck to pick up a very valuable ruby. He died at the age of eighty-three, September 1, 1810, with all his faculties unimpaired, and his hair scarcely tinged with gray.

The grandfather of Sir William Gregory was Under-Secretary for Ireland—a position he held for eighteen years. It is characteristic of all governments in Ireland that officials are not only paid, but housed after a splendid fashion. Some of the great officials have two official residences—one in Dublin Castle and the other in Phoenix Park, the beautiful stretch of grounds just outside Dublin. It was in the Under-Secretary's Lodge in Phoenix Park that Sir William was born, in 1817. Much of the interest of this volume is due to the glimpses it gives of Irish life as it used to be among the Irish nobility and the Irish gentry. It is not an agreeable picture. The hiccough sounds through it all. For it is impossible otherwise to account for the recklessness and the ferocity which characterized some of their doings, especially in the matter of dueling. Though the bravery may be admired, there is something extremely odious in the swagger with which these gentlemen got up from their cups to destroy each other's lives.

The duel was dying out in its pristine ferocity in the days of Sir William Gregory's youth—though it had not altogether disappeared from the land. There are plenty of illustrations of this in some of the excellent stories which Sir William Gregory tells. Thus his grandfather, one day, while dressing, had suddenly to take a prominent part in a duel:

A duel had been arranged between Sir Valentine Blake and Robert Burke, of St. Clrens, two Galway men, and the spot selected was close to my grandfather's gate. He was engaged at his important shaving operation, when he heard first one, and then, after an interval, a second double shot, which he knew to be from pistols. He did not hesitate a moment, but ran down stairs, bare-legged as he was. An orderly's horse was at the door; he sprang on it and galloped to his gate-house. As he neared the gate, he heard, close at hand, a third double shot, and just outside he saw a gathering of spectators round the seconds, who were discussing the subject of making a fourth shot effective. Just as he got to the ring, a huge fellow rode in and shouted out:

"Gentlemen, this is all child's play. Let's finish the business properly. Let each second advance his man two paces, and I'll engage they don't miss."

"Who are you, sir?" cried my grandfather, dashing his horse forward. "Who are you, sir, to give such bloody counsel?" "Who am I, indeed!" said the other man, looking at the strange figure in a gray dressing-gown and bare legs. "I'll have you to know, sir, I'm Mr. Hickman, the clerk of the peace for the County of Clare!"

"Then, Mr. Hickman," said my grandfather, very quietly, "I arrest you and the principals and seconds of this duel, in the king's name, and I'll have you all taken up before twelve o'clock." After which he rode home in his bare legs, chatting very pleasantly to Sir Philip, who had been on the ground acting professionally as surgeon for the belligerents.

An even more remarkable duel was described to Sir William Gregory by the late Marquis of Clanricarde—in his way a type of the old Irish gentleman:

One day, at Portumna, he pointed out to me a field on the other side of the Shannon, about half a mile from the bridge which connects Galway with Tipperary. We had been talking of William Macdonagh, the well-known stepple-chase rider, who was a kind of squire and lived in the neighborhood. He had recently shot himself through the head in a pistol-gallery in Leicester Square, where Dunkellin and I went an hour afterward to practice, and there he was, lying stark and stiff behind a screen. "I remember," said Lord Clanricarde, "seeing the poor fellow fight his well-known duel in that field. He had a difference with some Tipperary gentleman, and it was decided that the duel should take place with pistols on the Tipperary side of the river. The decision as to the side of the river where the affair should come off was a matter of life and death, for the Tipperary man well knew that if he was victorious on the Galway side, he would be torn to pieces by the Galway mob, while the Galway man knew that if he killed his antagonist on the Tipperary side, his chance of escape from the men of Tipperary would be small indeed. On the morning of the duel there were at least two thousand persons present, all Tipperary men, as the Galway peasants did not dare to cross the bridge." Lord Clanricarde went over from Portumna, and Macdonagh rode his horse to the scene of action, and gave it to a man to hold close at hand. A regular lane was made, lined by spectators on each side. When the signal was given, both fired, and Macdonagh not only shot his antagonist dead, but also one of the peasantry who, in his eagerness to see the sport, had pushed forward and received the ball in his head. Macdonagh got to his horse and made for the bridge of Portumna. After taking one or two fences gallantly on the way, he found his retreat cut off, and the Tipperary men in occupation of the bridge. Without a moment's hesitation, he puts his horse at the Shannon, amid the execrations of his baffled pursuers, and he reached the other bank in safety.

Sir William Gregory was the hero of one of the most historic contests in Irish history—the fight for the Dublin seat at a bye-election in 1842. He says:

The Dublin people welcomed me very heartily, and an agreement was come to that I was to pay four thousand pounds down, that the balance was to be made up somehow, and that I was to have nothing to do with bribery. The election ultimately cost about nine thou-

sand pounds; where the balance came from I know not, but among the vouchers in possession of my committee was one which was afterwards placed in my hands: "For 1,500 freemen, gratification, at £3 per head, £4,500."

O'Connell took part in the election, and was especially vehement against Gregory for having listened in silence at one of his meetings to the cry "To hell with the Pope." Gregory indignantly denied the charge—so indignantly as to vex the souls of the "fifteen hundred freemen voting solid at three pounds per head":

I am afraid there were some good grounds for O'Connell's statement that the offensive words were shuted, though my conscience was clear enough. I was much rebuked for the violence of my disclaimer, and the Rev. Tresham Gregg, in a speech next day to the Protestant freemen, when alluding to these allegations, said: "No, my friends, we must not cry 'To hell with the Pope'; we must cry 'To heaven with the Pope.'" It will give some idea of the religious rancor which prevailed in those days among the lower classes of Protestants, that one of the first petitions I was requested to present was a supplication to the House of Commons to pass a measure to prevent the Roman Catholics from using bells at their chapels, which, as being summonses to idol worship, greatly distressed the ears of the petitioners.

Of Edmund O'Flaherty, an Irish politician, a very characteristic story is told:

He paid a visit to Dublin, and was invited to dinner at the Mansion House by the lord mayor. The poor dignitary was, of course, on his knees before the great London financier and politician—as Edward O'Flaherty was then supposed to be—and spread before him one of those gorgeous and appalling feasts, for which civic entertainments are noted. There were four soups, and half a dozen kinds of fish, and *entrees* by the score. O'Flaherty passed dish after dish, until the hapless lord mayor at last asked the great man what would tempt an appetite at once so lordly and so fastidious. "I would like a mutton chop," quoth O'Flaherty. It was—as Talleyrand said of Lord Castlereagh, when he appeared without any decoration in the midst of the dazzling splendors of the Congress of Vienna—*bien distingué*.

Poor O'Flaherty paid the penalty of his sios. He went to America. He began by writing for one of the papers, made some money, and then took a theatre, the Winter Garden, if I recollect aright. He was at first very successful, and he rapidly rose to be one of the most popular men in New York, famous for his hospitality and little pleasant supper-parties. It was well known there was something against him, but it was supposed that he had left England, being unable to pay his debts; moreover, at New York, a high standard of morality is not a requisite. He died, in 1887, in great poverty.

Gregory knew Disraeli very well; and there are a great many interesting stories about that extraordinary character. The two lived close to each other in the Park Lane district, and used constantly to walk home together from the House of Commons:

Hardly a week passed in which I did not dine with him and Mrs. Disraeli. His dinners were small, not over good, but always gay and amusing; not that he himself was at all brilliant in conversation; on the contrary, he was generally silent, unless there was an opening for some epigrammatic, or paradoxical, or startling observation. Though bitterly sarcastic if it suited his purpose, he was very far from being cynical by nature. On the contrary, he was remarkably placable, and, though he had few strong dislikes, he had many strong friendships.

Gregory, too, confirms the general impression that Disraeli's behavior to his wife was a model for all husbands—though he has also to confess that the marriage was dictated by the most mercenary motives:

She was the widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, his former colleague for Shrewsbury. When he died, Mr. Disraeli was in a most embarrassed state, on the very brink of ruin. He was very intimate with Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay, and he consulted the latter as to the complete breakdown of all his ambitious hopes, owing to his financial difficulties. "Why don't you marry your colleague's widow? She is very rich," said Count d'Orsay. It was a happy thought, and accepted with alacrity. He proposed at once, was accepted, and did marry the widow. She relieved him from his distress, set him on his legs, and verily she met with her reward. From the day of his marriage to the day of her death he treated her with the deepest, most trusting affection; indeed, with a chivalrous devotion. And yet she was a most repulsive woman—flat, angular, under-bred, with a harsh, grating voice; though by no means a fool, yet constantly saying stupid things, most frequently about him, which tended to make him ridiculous; as, for instance, when the conversation turned on some man's fine complexion; "Ah," said she, "I wish you could only see Dizzy in his bath, then you would know what a white skin is." There was hardly any circumstance in their domestic life which she did not take a pleasure in narrating in public, and marvelous were the stories daily afloat of her escapades, especially after her husband's great position had considerably turned her head. One night, after dinner, she said to her guests, three or four young men, myself among them: "Would you like to go and see the room where Dizzy was brought to bed of Coningsby?" We all expressed much interest in the revered spot, and were invited by her to go upstairs to the bedroom floor and to enter a certain door. George Smythe took the lead in a regular scamper, amid roars of laughter, upstairs; he burst into the wrong room, which was quite dark. We heard a splash and a cry, and down came our leader wet through and dripping. He had fallen into Dizzy's bath. He presented himself in a drenched condition to Mrs. Disraeli, who asked him placidly if he had seen the room where Coningsby was born. "I know nothing of his place of birth," said Smythe; "but I know I have been in the room where he was recently baptized."

But then there was the other side in this strange marriage:

It was ludicrous the tokens of affection and apparently of admiration which Disraeli lavished on "Marianne," as we irreverently called her. One evening, on coming up from dinner, he knelt before her, and, as they say in novels, devoured both her hands with kisses, saying at the same time in the most lachrymose manner, "Is there anything I can do for my dear little wife?" And yet this ungainly, repulsive-looking woman was deserving of his affection. She had saved him from perdition and set him on high among the people. All her wealth was valued by her only so far as it could assist his objects. She watched him like a faithful dog, understood his every fancy, babble, thought; in fact, lived in him and for him. I know few anecdotes of devotion finer than her conduct when, one afternoon, she had driven him to the House of Commons. He was speaking to her at parting, and somehow she got her finger inside the carriage-door, which he shut forcibly. Though dreadfully crushed and in agony, she never even exclaimed or mentioned the matter till he returned home. He was going to make a great speech, and she thought if she uttered the least cry, or had even given him to know he had hurt her, his thoughts might be distracted.

George Smythe allowed himself now and then, on the strength of their great intimacy, to make observations of wonder at the warmth of Dizzy's attention to "Marianne," more particularly on one occasion after she had told him, with a grim grin intended for a simper, that he always treated her more like a mistress than a wife. But he never again ventured on the liberty. Disraeli looked at him straight between the two eyes and said: "George, there is one word in the English language of which you are ignorant." "What is that?" asked Smythe, somewhat taken aback by his manner. "Gratitude," George," said Dizzy, in his deep, solemn voice. George Smythe felt the rebuke deeply, and accepted the lesson, but not the slightest coldness ensued in consequence.

Disraeli was never prone to take offense, and was entirely devoid of touchiness. At the end of 1856 or the beginning of 1857, when the question of the Lorch "Arrow" and the impending war with China were the topics of the day, he was leading the Opposition, and

sent for a captain of the royal navy just arrived from Hong Kong to give him information. He received him in the dining-room, and the officer, when going away, took a look round the room. "Ah!" said he, "I remember this room very well, and those curtains. I dined here several times, many years ago, with a rum old girl, a Mrs. Wyndham Lewis." "Yes," said Dizzy, "the curtains certainly are old and rather rusty; in fact, we must do up the whole room when our ship comes in."

One of the most curious episodes in this book is an adventure which young Gregory had in 1836. It is an interesting picture of Galway County. Here is the portrait of the lady who figures in the adventure:

In the winter of the year 1836, I passed some time at Garbally. At that time it was owned by Lord Clanricarde, the grandfather of the present lord, who had been our representative at The Hague and Brussels for many years, and at the Congress of Vienna. He was a charming old gentleman, extremely plain, most hospitable and genial; and Lady Clanricarde was one of the most high-bred women I ever met.

Garbally was at that time stiff, and the general atmosphere was of the greatest propriety, from which one person alone seemed anxious to break loose—Lady Emily Trench, afterward Cozzeres. She was a peculiarly ill-favored maiden, with the sweetest voice, the kindest manner, and a very apparent desire for a little dissipation. (When at Brussels, she and some foreign *inamorato* meditated flight; but her parents got an inkling of what was going to take place, and she was stopped. Her disposition was very docile, and she turned back readily enough with her traveling-kit, which consisted of a pair of cuffs and a tooth-brush.)

One day she informed me that an invitation had come from a certain Mrs. Handcock, of Carantrilla, to her, requesting her to make one of a party; and I also, as being a possible future Galway squire, was asked to accompany her. How we obtained permission is still a mystery. I believe it was understood that we were to dine at Carantrilla, and after the ball that followed were to go on to the Palace of Tuam, a dwelling of the very odor of sanctity and of frizzled eggs. We made our journey in one of the state yellow Garbally carriages, and on arriving at Carantrilla (which is about six or seven miles from Tuam) late in the evening, we found that not a soul of the large party had been out that day, or, indeed, for several days. The ladies were mostly dancing in a large, new ball-room erected for the occasion, and the gentlemen were, many of them, more drunk than sober.

The party consisted of Lord Clanricarde and a favorite satellite of his, Tom Nolan, better known as "Tom the Devil"; Sir John and Lady Burke, then very handsome, and their son Thomas, a young soldier in the Royals, looking like a youthful Apollo with his beautiful complexion and wavy, golden hair; Mr. and Mrs. Persse, she my future mother-in-law, a very pretty woman, not long married, dressed in white of an evening, with pearl decorations; Mr. and Mrs. L—, of County Clare, she clever and piquante; a Miss R—, now Mrs. C—, in Galway, who was then lovely, with dark hair and eyes and a rich complexion, like a plum. It was only the other day that I destroyed, among other love-tokens, a mitten she gave me, and which at the time I greatly prized. There was Granby Calcraft, the brother of Lady Burke, a London dandy and swell out at elbows; and one or two more of no great note. But I must not forget the daughters of our host and hostess. The girls were just rising into womanhood, and nothing could have been more captivating—such charming manners, sweet, pretty, innocent ways, and a determination to make the house pleasant.

On our arrival we proceeded to dance, and kept up our afternoon ball with great spirit till nine o'clock, when dinner was served, to which we sat down, about twenty-eight to thirty in number. Lord Clanricarde took the head of the table and did the honors. At about eleven we adjourned to the drawing-room and danced and flirted till one o'clock, when supper was announced. After a decent interval, the ladies retired to bed, and the fun became fast and furious, and the drinking steady. Lord Clanricarde, Sir John Burke, Tom Burke, Mr. Persse, and myself being the only smokers. It was my first acquaintance with Lord Clanricarde, and he left an impression on me, which I never forgot, by the manner in which he preserved his self-respect even in the midst of this riotous license. Although full of the wildest fun, he never allowed the slightest liberty to be taken with him, or rather, never put himself in the position of having familiarities reciprocated.

It was about three o'clock in the morning; A. Z—, of C—, had just drank off a tumbler of almost raw whisky which I had given him, I believe iotectionally, and had dropped from his chair like a felled ox; Tom Nolan had placed his chair on the table, and was singing some rollicking song, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Mrs. Z—, in her night-dress, with her hair down her shoulders, and in naked feet, stood in the doorway and surveyed the scene. A deep silence ensued. Suddenly she perceived her prostrate husband, and rushed to his assistance as he lay upon the floor.

"Get away!" was all he could mutter. "You wretches, you are murdering him!" shrieked Mrs. Z—. "I arraign you as murderers. I arraign you, Lord Clanricarde, as chief murderer."

"Easy, easy, ma'am," said his lordship; "we will soon bring A— up to his bed all right enough. A drop of whisky don't kill a man in this country."

So he took him by the head, and I took him by the heels, and some other sober guest lent a hand, and, preceded by Mrs. Z—, we slowly and solemnly bore him upstairs, and laid him on the matrimonial bed.

The next day when I awoke and looked at my watch, I found it was half-past twelve, so I dressed in all haste and came down stairs rather ashamed of myself. On reaching the drawing-room, all was dark. I made my way then to the dining-room; all was dark there also. At last I heard a sound from the kitchen regions, and saw a glimmering light, which proceeded from a candle carried by a very feeble old woman, apparently for no purpose. I asked for news about breakfast, and she said:

"The devil a mouthful you'll get before three o'clock, so you had much better go to bed again."

I took her advice; and, as she escorted me through the dining-room, I gazed with admiration at the long files of claret bottles, the contents of which had been consumed at dinner and at supper. At three o'clock I came down, and by degrees the parties dropped in to breakfast. Such was the mode of proceeding during the next two days. The only person who went out of doors during that time was young Tom Burke, the most abstemious man of the whole party, who started forth with unshaken nerves, and supplied the table with snipe. Such was our life during those three glorious days, and as we drove to the respectable Palace of Tuam, Emily Trench and I bound ourselves by dreadful oaths to profound silence, and the arch-bishop and my great-uncle Treach to the end of their lives believed that the party at Carantrilla was not only merry but wise. I have gone at some length into this visit, a hardly any scene narrated by Sir Joseph Barrington could be more amusing. It was the dying-out flicker of old Irish revelry, as told by him.

What comment is one to make on a scene like this? It was possible, of course, only in Ireland; and in Ireland that has long since ceased to exist. It is a brutal and disgusting scene, yet is there not something curious, wonderful, even admirable, and, above all things, Irish, in the perfect feminine purity which was able to grow up and maintain itself at the side of this reeking pandemonium of drink and degradation!

In a murder trial at Düsseldorf lately, the jury, after being locked up, made its way out through a window and went to a beer-saloon, where it agreed on a verdict. The result is an appeal for a new trial.

"Le hockey," which is explained to be polo on ice, has been introduced in Paris by a hockey club whose president is the Prince of Sagan.

NEWSPAPER BLACK-MAILING.

Parisian Journalistic Methods—The Flight of an Editor—How the Papers Work their Schemes—The Black-Mailing of Clubs, Banks, and Individuals.

There has doubtless been some talk in the Paris cable-grams to the American journals about the "newspaper black-mailing scandal." This has suddenly been brought to a head by the flight of M. Edouard Portalis, editor, or *rédauteur en chef*, of the *XIXme Siècle*.

M. Portalis has had a checkered career. Twenty-five years ago he started a paper called *La Vérité*. He made a hit with that by denouncing Bazaine as a traitor before the public had begun to suspect the marshal of dealing with the German staff. After the second siege of Paris, and the peace, Portalis got into trouble for writing about the cruelty shown by the government troops toward the communist prisoners. *La Vérité* was suppressed by Thiers. Portalis then started a paper called *La Constitution*. He had by this time been for some years keeping a "record of public men." He found it extremely useful, and for a time his paper thrived. But he got into hot water again, and this journal was squelched by MacMahon. Portalis then floated from pillar to post, being connected with several newspapers, and finally succeeded in purchasing the *XIXme Siècle*. This journal, which was founded by Edmond About, had been a famous one. Portalis speedily made it an infamous one.

He again began to dip into his "record of public men." But his office was broken into nocturnally several times, and he himself was so frequently assaulted—once nearly losing his life—that he gave up this branch of his business, and devoted himself to black-mailing queer corporations, large financial schemes, and the gambling clubs of Paris. He was doing a large, infamous, and prosperous business, when some of his victims turned upon him, exposure came, and he fled.

It is said that Portalis had established a regular black-mailing syndicate of Paris newspapers, and that his operations were conducted on a very large scale. He was the head of the syndicate. It is related that not long ago he demanded an interview with a banker, concerning whose business he had printed certain articles. The banker invited him to luncheon. Over the cigars the man of money handed Portalis twenty thousand francs. The "journalist" pocketed the bills, and said: "This is to pay me for printing some articles. What are you going to pay me for not printing some articles?"

The banker handed him twenty thousand francs more.

The journals in this black-mailing syndicate did not confine themselves to banks and corporations. They also preyed upon private persons. The ruin and flight of M. Buloz, the proprietor and editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was due to them. They had secured information concerning some scandal in his private life, and the unfortunate man submitted to their black-mailing for years, paying them, it is said, several hundred thousand francs. Finally, at the end of his tether, with no more money, he gave up in despair and fled. Now his chief persecutor has also been forced to flee. A recent suicide is ascribed to the despair of the victim at being unable to raise more money to meet the demands of the black-mailers.

The exposure of Portalis was due to M. Bertrand, manager of the Franco-American Club. His club was being black-mailed. He succeeded in getting a written acknowledgment from Portalis that the attacks would cease on payment of seventy thousand francs. M. Isidore Block, manager of another club, the Cercle Taitbout, also succeeded in obtaining written evidence against the black-mailers. This seems incredible folly on their part, but that folly they were guilty of.

The various Paris papers are all talking now in a lofty strain about their own purity, and insinuating that the goats are now separated from the sheep. But it is very much to be doubted. The remaining papers have probably not been found out yet—that is all. The venality of the Paris press is almost incredible. Those of them who are not concerned in black-mailing turn a dishonest penny in other crooked ways. The "financial article" in nearly all of them is for sale. In most cases it is sold by the year to the highest bidder. The Rothschilds control one, the Panama syndicate controlled another, and so on. The administration at Monte Carlo pays out a very large sum yearly for subsidizing the journals of Paris, as well as of other cities. All accounts of suicides and other disagreeable morsels of news from Monte Carlo are carefully suppressed, while the attractions of the Casino, the orchestra, the concerts, and the theatre there, are continually mentioned and always extolled.

Francis Magnard, the editor of the *Figaro*, who died a few weeks ago, was at the head of what is admittedly the leading journal of Paris. The *Figaro* has never been accused of black-mailing, and if venality can be laid at its door, the fact has never been made public. Yet even the *Figaro* was not an honest journal. It has in the course of years gone through various shades of political belief, and all under the direction of Magnard. It has been by turns Imperialist, Orleanist, Legitimist, and Moderate Republican. It changed its views because it was expedient to do so. Yet during all these years it is notorious that Magnard has not changed his political belief. An enthusiastic colleague of his is Edouard Drumont, editor of the *Libre Parole*. This gentleman is a ferocious anti-Semite, and has had numerous duels with Jews over articles in his paper. He had this to say in the *Libre Parole* the day after Magnard's death:

"The hazards of life had forced him to be constantly in contradiction with himself. He was obliged to maintain for his readers, who were easily terrified by ideas, a language which was not always the exact expression of his thought. This man, editor of a most conservative organ, was secretly one of the most radical of men. He had the purse of a capitalist, the reasoning of a *bourgeois*, and the brain of an intellectual anarchist. No man, as a journalist, has more

strongly opposed anti-Semitism; yet no man has more warmly approved it in private."

There are few countries in the world where such things would be said of a dead journalist, under the impression that it was praise.

Magnard, by the way, died at a comparatively early age—fifty-seven. He was the successor of Villemessant, the founder of the *Figaro*. For many years Magnard has had every day a brief editorial on the first page of the *Figaro*—an article never more than half a column long, rarely more than a third of a column. These articles were marvels of conciseness. It is difficult, as most writers know, to handle large topics in so small a space, yet Magnard succeeded in doing so. He succeeded also in carrying conviction with him, and what was more difficult, he succeeded in carrying his readers with him through all the changes of which I have spoken. For the *Figaro* to-day is the most prosperous of the Paris papers, and has the largest circulation of any of them, with the exception of the *Petit Journal*. Yet the two can scarcely be compared, for the *Figaro* is a high-priced journal, while the *Petit Journal* is one of the cheapest. Magnard succeeded in making his paper pay a profit of about three hundred thousand dollars a year—not bad for a journal with a circulation which would make the proprietor of a "great American daily" smile. The profits of the *Petit Journal* nobody knows. It is the property of H. Marinoni, a Belgian printing-press builder, who keeps his business to himself. The *Petit Journal* does not black-mail, but it indulges in fulsome and inordinate puffing—for a consideration.

As I have said, the venality of the Paris press is almost beyond belief. Americans who do business over here have occasion to know it. Not many months ago, an article of American manufacture was placed on the Paris market. The agent had scarcely got settled in his new offices when he was approached by a director of a newspaper syndicate. Three propositions were laid before him: One hundred thousand francs to boom his article; twenty-five thousand francs to be silent. In case he refused both offers, he would be attacked, and then the price of silence would be fifty thousand francs.

The agent paid twenty-five thousand francs to be simply let alone.

ST. MARTIN.

PARIS, December 12, 1894.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

Some Account of the Wife of the Mikado—Her Influence for Progress in Japan—Personal Characteristics and Traits.

The Empress of Japan is now forty-four years of age (says a correspondent in *Demorest's Family Magazine*); she is the daughter of one of the five noblest families of the empire. She has no imperial blood in her veins, for the laws of Japan provide that the empress shall not come of the royal family, and the daughters of the Mikados of the past have usually gone into the Buddhist nunneries or have become priestesses of the Shinto faith. Her majesty was just eighteen years old at the time of her marriage. The Mikado had passed through the first part of the great revolution by which the *shogun*, or commander-in-chief of the army, was overthrown, and he was again placed at their head as the chief ruler of his people. He had moved from his capital in Western Japan to the city of Yeddo, which was hereafter to be called Tokio, or the new capital, and he went back to Kioto to celebrate his wedding. The marriage took place in a temple inside of the gorgeous old palace of this holy city, and the divinity hedging the imperial family was still so great that the world got no account of the ceremony.

The Empress Haru Ko had been brought up in the strictest seclusion. She had been taught something of the Chinese classics, and was versed in all matters of ceremonial etiquette. But she knew absolutely nothing of the great world of modern civilization.

She soon grasped, however, the wonderful change which was taking place in the Japanese Empire, and she joined with the Mikado in pushing all kinds of modern reform. Three years after her marriage, she gave an audience to five young girls who were starting out to America to study Western civilization from the standpoint of women; and she has since organized charities and schools, and inaugurated all sorts of benevolent institutions. She has a large private income; but she spends so much upon charity that she keeps herself poor, and she actually goes without things that she needs in order to give more to her people.

In all things the empress sets the example for her people, and, not many years ago, she decided to adopt our style of dress. She stopped blacking her teeth soon after her marriage, and her eyebrows are now allowed to grow out as freely as those of an American woman. The selection of foreign clothes instead of the old Japanese costume was much deprecated by foreigners, and a number of American ladies filed some sort of a protest against it. The question of getting the measure of the empress was a matter of considerable moment. Her majesty's form was too holy to be handled by a common dressmaker, so a compromise was made by taking the measure of the Countess Ito, the wife of the premier, who is of just about the same height and shape as the empress. The costume was not adopted until after long discussion, and it was not until nearly twenty years after her marriage that she appeared in state in foreign clothes. In 1885, she still wore the old Japanese costume at one of her garden-parties; and this, as described by a lady who saw her upon that occasion, consisted of a divided skirt of the heaviest scarlet silk under a long, loose *kimono* of dull heliotrope, brocaded with conventional wisteria and the imperial crests in white. She wore no outer *obi*, or sash, about the waist, with the big bow at the back, as is common to most Japanese dresses, and her neck was wrapped high with surplice folds of rainbow-tinted silks. She had long, square sleeves of this heavy brocade, and you could see many

under-dresses of fine white and scarlet silk showing beneath these. She was attended by many princesses and peeresses who wore similar costumes, and she carried herself with great dignity.

Her majesty is every inch an empress. She is small and slender, and is what the Japanese consider beautiful. She has a long, thin face, and her eyebrows have the pronounced arch of the willow-leaf. Her face is sad and rather pathetic, and it is more often sober than laughing. At a recent visit to the peeresses' school she wore a dove-colored silk dress and a dove-colored Paris bonnet with a white plume, and her tastes are, as a rule, modest and quiet. She does not like pomp; but the customs of the country require that when she moves through the city, it must be in a gorgeous turnout and with a large retinue.

There are a number of ladies connected with the court who act as maids-in-waiting, and who are selected from the daughters of the old nobles. These women must be beautiful, graceful, and intellectual, and they are, as a rule, highly educated and accomplished talkers. Many of them write Japanese poetry, and not a few Chinese. Her majesty is said to be a very fine poet, and many of her poems are published in the newspapers. The court ladies receive regular salaries. They have houses of their own inside the walls of the palace, and they live luxurious lives. They are surrounded by an atmosphere of culture; and you will find as bright women in the salons of Tokio as in those of Paris. Two of the leading ladies of the Japanese court are graduates of Vassar. The grand master of ceremonies has a German wife, and a number of American and English women are happily united to noble Japanese husbands. Many of the Japanese ladies have spent years in foreign countries, either in acquiring their education or as the wives of diplomats to the courts of the United States and Europe. The Japanese woman is naturally refined, and in many respects she is far superior to her sex in other parts of the world. She learns quickly. When dancing was first introduced in the court circles of Japan, the attempts of the Japanese ladies to acquire it are said to have been ludicrous. The fashionable Japanese walk, which is necessary in the wearing of the old costume to keep the clothes together in front, did not fit in well with the steps of the dance, and it was some time before the ladies were able to learn the new steps. They now go through the figures with as much grace as the maidens of Paris, and every palace in Tokio has its ball-room. The life at Tokio during the season is as gay as that of any capital in Europe.

The emperor has three daughters, two of whom are still babies; but you hear little said concerning these princesses of the imperial household, and the interest all centres about the crown prince, who is named Yoshihito, and who is better known by the people as little Prince Haru. He is not the son of the empress, for her majesty is childless. His mother is one of the twelve secondary wives of the Mikado, whom he has by the Japanese laws. These ladies have quarters of their own in the palace grounds, and their own special servants. They are never referred to by the officials, and the outside world is not supposed to know or to recognize their existence. Her majesty has, it is said, the supreme place in the emperor's affections, and Prince Haru regards her as lovingly as though she were his real mother.

The new palaces of the Mikado, completed only a short time ago, cover, all told, eight or nine acres, and are a labyrinth of courts, passages, and spacious apartments, the most of which are made up of buildings of one story covered with heavy, tiled roofs. The buildings are half Japanese, half foreign in style. Some of the rooms are furnished in foreign style; but many of them are fitted out after the strict Japanese fashion, with matting on the floors, and with neither tables nor chairs. The private apartments of the emperor and empress are of this character, and the empress prefers the floor to a bed for sleeping, and is fond of getting away from the cumbersome clothes and customs of our civilization. Her special apartments consist of three rooms opening out of each other, and are of the same character as the private apartments of the emperor, near by. The wood-work of these rooms is unpainted, and the artistic effect of the ragged logs and beams is striking. The empress has a separate suite of rooms for her toilet and wardrobe; and when she takes her hot bath, as is the custom with every Japanese lady one or more times a day, she does it in the oval wooden Japanese tub which has been in use in the country for many generations.

It is in the throne-room that the most of the court functions are held. During them the emperor sits in a gilded arm-chair, under a canopy of red plush, on a dais covered with red velvet carpet; and the empress stands on a platform below and to the right of the throne, with the imperial princes and princesses about her. This bringing of the empress to the front is one of the striking features of the revolution in Japan in regard to Japanese women. In former times, the empress was kept in the background; but on the inauguration of the new constitution, on February 11, 1889, the Mikado placed his wife on a level with the other royal consorts of the world. Still she is a thorough Japanese wife. She is the female head of the palace household, and she probably helps the Mikado in many of his domestic duties; and, according to Japanese etiquette, she is proud of doing things for him which are ordinarily left to the servants.

A new Manhattan Athletic Club has been started again in New York on a new basis, and the building is once more serving the purposes for which it was built. The new plan makes it a proprietary club, such as London abounds in, but a very large one. It has been organized with some four thousand members—enough, it would seem, to pay the rent and running expenses of even the huge and costly house that shelters it. An advantage a proprietary club has is that it can do some things that an ordinary club would hardly care to undertake. The disadvantage of it is that it is liable to the temptation to do things which ought not to be done.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Stevenson died too soon to learn of the great success of the Edinburgh Edition of his works, published in this country by the Scribners. This edition contains all his writings, including "The Philosophy of an Umbrella," his "Portfolio" papers, and other early attempts. Through the misfortune that has befallen English letters, it becomes the definitive edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Chicago firm will publish early this year a novel by Hobart Chatfield Taylor, to be entitled "Two Women and a Fool"; also a novel, the title of which is not yet fixed, by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, wife of the composer and sister-in-law of Mr. Chatfield Taylor.

Moncure D. Conway, who was an intimate friend of Froude, thinks that if it had not been for Carlyle's influence, Froude would have cultivated the field of romance instead of that of history.

Harold Frederic intimated in a recent letter from London to the *New York Times* that international copyright had not resulted in any great benefit to the American author, while it had been the greatest sort of boon to his British brother. Mr. Frederic hinted that the American publisher preferred English to American wares. This has had the effect of bringing up the subject for discussion. Says the *Critic's* "Lounge":

"I wonder why people, when they discuss the relations of authors and publishers, so seldom give the publisher credit for common business sense. They do not seem to understand that publishers, like most men, are doing business on business principles. As a matter of fact, the successful publisher publishes to sell. He doesn't issue an author's books because he is an American or an Englishman, but because there is a demand for them in the market. If any American author has a 'Trilby' among his manuscripts, let him produce it and see how quickly it will be snapped up. His nationality would not stand against him. Or, if there are any 'Marcellas,' 'Windows in Thrums,' 'Stickit Ministers,' 'Prisoners of Zenda,' or 'Manxmen' stowed away in the pigeon-holes of our authors, let them send them to a publisher by the fleetest messenger they can find, and see if they are not received with open arms. The trouble is that we are producing very few books of any importance. When an American author takes a good story to an American publisher, he finds him only too glad to publish it. Mrs. Deland had no difficulty in finding a publisher, nor had Miss Wilkins, nor Mr. Crawford. It seems to me, from what I hear, that there is a demand for General Lew Wallace's books; and Mrs. Burnett is not without her audience. And as for Mrs. Burton Harrison, she is the best-paid story-writer in the English language. Mr. Kipling is supposed to be the best paid, as he is said to get thirteen cents a word; but Mrs. Harrison has beaten this record with 'A Bachelor Maid' (thirteen and one-third cents a word). If you should ask the American writers here mentioned what they thought of the International Copyright Law, they would say they thought very well of it, as it had put a good many thousand dollars in their pockets. The trouble—if trouble there be—is not with the law: it is with the author. America is producing very few popular authors as compared with those of England; and those few can thank their stars that they have to compete with English books sold at the same price that their own are sold at—not books that can be had for a quarter. Miss Wilkins's book at one dollar and fifty cents competes with one of J. M. Barrie's sold at the same price, instead of at fifteen or twenty-five cents, as it would have to do but for the International Copyright Law."

It is believed that of the two novels upon which Mr. Stevenson was engaged at the time of his death, one ("St. Ives") was practically finished. This story is to run serially in the *Pall Mall Magazine* this year. It is not known how far advanced he was with the other tale, "The Lord Chief Justice-Clerk," when death overtook him.

Stanley Weyman is said to have made thirty thousand dollars last year, which he could hardly have done unless he had a first-class agent and several serials running. Ten thousand dollars of this is said to have come from America.

Long as the list is of the books Stevenson published since "Edinburgh" appeared in 1878, he leaves much of his writing scattered here and there. Says *Harper's Weekly*:

"To say nothing of chance articles in the *Academy* and elsewhere, and of more important papers in the British monthly reviews, including a most interesting essay on 'Style,' and a most suggestive inquiry as to the future of mankind, there is another play, 'Robert Macaire,' written for Mr. Henry Irving, but never produced. There is another boy story, never reprinted from the pages of the juvenile weekly in which 'Treasure Island' and the 'Black Arrow' appeared. There is the book on 'The South Seas: A Record of Three Cruises,' published in newspapers both in Great Britain and the United States, but not yet sent forth by itself. There are two of his strongest short stories, 'Marheim' and the 'Body-Snatcher,' waiting to be included in some volume of brief tales. And there are certain firstlings of his art, the pamphlet on the 'Pentland Rising, a Page of History, 1666,' and the 'Charity Bazar, an Allegorical Dialogue,' both of which are said to be included in the new and uniform edition of all his works, the first of the twelve volumes of which has just appeared."

Another "Red" book by Mr. Stanley J. Weyman—"The Red Cockade"—is nearly finished. It is said that Mr. Weyman's thoughts were turned in the direction of the historical novel by Baird's "History of the Huguenots," a copy of which he happened to see at his club one day. His first successful novel, "The House of the Wolf," dawned in his mind while dressing one evening. He writes about a thousand words a day.

"A Torum of Punch, with those who Brewed It" is the title selected by Athol Mayhew for his forthcoming origin and early history of "The

London Charivari." The volume is to be illustrated, and will contain anecdotes of Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Henry and Horace Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Albert Smith, and the original *Punch* staff.

A new novel by Professor Georg Ebers has just appeared in Germany. The scene is laid in Nuremberg.

Ex-Postmaster-General Horatio King has written a book, which will be issued shortly, entitled "Turning on the Light." An exchange says of it: "It is a dispassionate survey of President Buchanan's administration from 1860 to its close, and, besides several letters from Mr. Buchanan never yet published, it contains a mass of reminiscences and facts touching the genesis of the Civil War and the assassination of President Lincoln, the Trent affair, the 'stolen arms,' the visit of President Buchanan to Colonel Thomas H. Egan on his death-bed, narratives of the battle of Bladensburg, the Graves and Cilley duel, the hursting of the 'Peacemaker,' and many other matters."

A personal memoir of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic voyager, is in course of preparation by Mr. H. D. Traill. It is based on the letters and family records collected during many years by his widow, and since her death by his niece, Miss Cracroft.

The most interesting bits of literary news from London this week are that Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie is thinking of bringing out an edition of her father's works with notes of a biographical character, and that the series of letters (about one hundred) from Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble will be commenced in the January number of *Temple Bar*. Hardly less interesting, if true, is the rumor that Mr. W. E. Henley undertakes the editorship of the *New Review* from the beginning of the year.

Julian Ralph says that in Yokohama he found the steps of his hotel littered with "Trilby" circulars, and the reading public in that city not less in love with the book than are its readers in all parts of America and England. In Shanghai it was the same story: applications for the next available copy of "Trilby" at the libraries resembling petitions in the number of signatures attached.

Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon" is one of the most successful of modern French books. In book-form, one hundred and forty thousand copies have been sold already, and it goes on selling at the rate of two to five thousand copies a year. As a serial, it was so unpopular that the journal in which it first appeared was almost ruined by the publication of the first ten numbers. Then the story was transferred to *Le Figaro*, where, we are told, the sub-editor did his best to kill it. Daudet, his friend Sherrard says, is an indefatigable notetaker. For years he has carried about little note-books, in which he sets down and treasures up all the results of his constant observation—"the bricks and mortar of literary construction." It is a very mania with him. Mr. Sherrard adds:

"In his library may be found books, the margins of which are covered with fine and delicate writing. These margins were the only paper at hand when such or such a note was to be made, and were used accordingly. . . . He depends on a remarkable memory to guide him to the booklet in which a particular note of which he may stand in need is to be found. When he has decided on a book, and mapped out the plot, he goes to his store-house for materials."

Robert Buchanan, who failed for seventy-five thousand dollars not long ago, has just been discharged by the bankruptcy court on condition that he pay half of all he earns above four thousand five hundred dollars a year toward satisfying his creditors, till they shall have recovered thirty-seven cents on the dollar. The judge held that an author who had earned seven thousand five hundred dollars a year by his writings might be expected to continue to do so, and should do something for his creditors.

William Morris is about to publish a new prose romance of his own, called "Child Christopher." He has also on his Kelmescott Press an edition of "Syr Perceval," an ancient metrical romance, reprinted from a manuscript in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, and the second and third volumes of his edition of Shelley's poems. The Kelmescott Chancer is now out of print, the whole edition of four hundred and twenty-five copies having been subscribed for.

David Christie Murray prides himself upon being able to write a three-volume novel in five weeks.

Not the least fascinating figure in Norwegian literature is Jonas Lie, who was born sixty-one years ago. Ibsen and Bjornson are more generally known outside of Norway, perhaps, but it is Jonas Lie who is affectionately called "the Poet of Family Life." When he celebrated his sixtieth birthday last year, the streets of Christiansand, where the novelist lives, were decked with flags and bunting, and the musical societies combined and sang odes composed in his honor. In the capital itself, a great banquet was held.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The late proprietor of the London *Saturday Review*, who had it for about three weeks, made fifteen thousand dollars' profit by its resale—rather a remarkable transaction in London newspaper finance.

Chicago is promised a new society weekly with the title *Vanity Fair*, the aim being to make it somewhat similar to London *Truth* or the London

World. The first number will appear during the present month.

W. E. Henley's accession to the editorship of the *New Review* ought to give a fillip to that periodical. For some time past, the *New Review* has languished. Mr. Henley is the man to give it special literary character.

M. de Rodays, who, with the late Francis Mag-nard and M. Périer, formed the triumvirate which took charge of the *Figaro* after Villemessant's death, has been chosen editor-in-chief in Magnard's place, and Gaston Calmette is now managing editor.

Frederick Beer is the proprietor of the London *Sunday Observer*, and his wife is not only proprietress, but editress of the *Sunday Times*. Mrs. Beer has taken up the business as a kind of recreation. As one of the Sassoon family, she can afford to pay for the luxury of running a newspaper.

The latest gossip about London papers is as follows:

The *Daily Graphic* has become a splendid paying property. For a while the paper was run at a loss, which was at the rate of forty thousand pounds a year; but now its prosperity is increasing by leaps and bounds. A further enlargement is contemplated. Meanwhile the parent paper—the *Graphic*—is flourishing as much as ever, its circulation being apparently unaffected by the advent of numerous competitors in the field of illustrated journalism. With the new year, at least three new ventures are to be added to the list of sixpenny weeklies. First we have the *Hour*, which is to be conducted by Mr. Williamson, formerly editor of *Black and White*; then there is *Turf and Stage*, which Sir William Ingram intends to add to the publications sent out from the *Illustrated London News* office; and, finally, the proprietors of *St. Paul's* intend to launch a sixpenny weekly for ladies, the name of which is to be settled by competition.

Everywhere, "conducted by Will Carleton," is a monthly paper published in Brooklyn. In the number for December (Vol. I, No. 4), it reports that subscriptions are pouring in, and that "the first edition of the December issue is ten thousand." Everywhere has pictures, stories, paragraphs, poems, departments, editorials, book notices, sermons, obituaries, advertisements—everything pretty much that a paper can have.

Of Henry Loomis Nelson, who assumed the editorship of *Harper's Weekly* last week, an exchange says:

"Mr. Nelson is a New Yorker by birth, and is now in his forty-ninth year. A graduate of Williams and Columbia Colleges, he studied law, taking his degree as a lawyer in 1869. Remaining in the legal profession for some six years, in 1878 he went to Washington and was the correspondent of the *Boston Post*, remaining in Washington up to the fall of 1888. When Mr. Carlisle was Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Nelson was his private secretary. Later, he was for some time the principal editorial writer of the *Boston Post*. Going to New York, he took charge of the *Star*. On leaving the *Star*, Mr. Nelson went for *Harper's Magazine* and for *Harper's Weekly*, and at the same time for the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1889, he accepted the post of editorial writer on the *New York World*. This position he has held up to his acceptance of the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Nelson's latest contribution to *Harper's Magazine* was an article entitled 'The Capital of the Young Republic.' About the same time appeared a paper in the *Forum* from Mr. Nelson's pen, the theme of which was Mr. Wilson. The new editor of *Harper's Weekly* has written a clever novel, 'John Rantool,' published by Osgood & Co., and a book on the tariff. Mr. Nelson's political opinions have been already presented in *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Nelson's advent will not change the present personnel of the *Harper's Weekly* office. The managing editor will be, as heretofore, Henry Gallop Paine. Mr. Paine, who is a trained newspaper man, is well known as having been editorial assistant of *St. Nicholas*, and later associate editor of *Puck* up to 1893, when he entered into managerial relationship with *Harper's Weekly*."

The *Chameleon* is to be issued three times a year, at an annual subscription of fifteen shillings, the edition being limited to one hundred numbered copies. The periodical, which originates at Oxford, bears by way of motto this line from Mr. R. L. Stevenson: "A Bazaar of Dangerous and Smiling Chances." Signing contributors to the first number include Oscar Wilde, Max Beerbohm, Lionel Johnson, Lord Alfred Douglas, J. G. Nicholson, and Bertram Lawrence, while the anonymous articles include such topical matters as "On the Morality of Comic Opera" and "Les Décadents."

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Begin the New Year by Subscribing to
THE CENTURY.

The volume began with November, and in that issue were first chapters of the Napoleon history and Marion Crawford's novel. Mrs. Harrison's story opened in December. To enable new readers to get all the serials, we make this

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On and after the issue of the January CENTURY, the November and December numbers will be given to all new yearly subscribers who commence with January, 1895. The offer must be mentioned at the time of subscribing. Price \$4.00 a year. Single numbers 35 cents. All dealers take subscriptions under this offer, or remittance may be made directly to the publishers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Practical Penmanship and Typewriting," by F. M. Payne, giving valuable instruction in the use of the pen and the type-writer and containing a spelling list of twenty thousand words, has been published by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York.

"The Spell of Ursula," by Effie Adelaide Rowlands, a story of a willful, passionate woman of great beauty; and "Mr. Jervis," by B. M. Croker, have been issued in the Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00 each.

An exercise manual of "Business Forms, Customs, and Accounts," supplemented by a book of blank forms, has been prepared by Seymour Eaton, of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and is published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Hero-Tales of Ireland," by Jeremiah Curtin, is the work of an enthusiast in folk-lore who has made in it a valuable contribution to the library of his pet science, and it is an entertaining book for those who enjoy the wonder-stories of a primitive people. In an introduction of nearly fifty pages, Mr. Curtin gives a brief glimpse of the fascinating study of which this book is a product, and then he proceeds to narrate twenty-four tales of Elin Gow, the Swordsman from Erin; the fabulous cow, Glas Gainach; Mor, Shawn MacBreogan, the noted Fin MacCool, and many other heroes of the Gaelic mythology. The notes give the names of the persons from whom Mr. Curtin heard the tales and also some interesting information in comparative folk-lore. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Six Thousand Tons of Gold" is the sufficiently striking title of a novel by H. R. Chamberlain, the London correspondent of the New York Sun. As the scene of the opening chapters is laid in Patagonia, one expects to find the story telling of wild adventures among savages resulting in the discovery of some enormous ancient treasure or some fabulously rich mine; but the obtaining of the great fortune occupies the hero, a young American, but a short time, and he soon has it safely and secretly deposited in New York. Then he launches out in a series of philanthropic measures and soon, through the power of his thirty-five hundred millions of dollars, creates a tremendous panic in the financial world. The author has hit upon a novel theme, and has made good use of it. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; price, \$1.25.

"The Double Emperor," by W. L. Clowes, is an imaginative story which resembles Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" in the main and yet is not an imitation of that striking tale or entirely forestalled by it. The great event of "The Double Emperor" is the kidnapping of the Lucitanian Emperor—the German Emperor, thinly disguised—by a band of American capitalists, who put him on board a swift ocean greyhound and steam away for the South Seas to await a ransom of twenty-five millions of dollars. Their plan, however, is frustrated by the fact that the emperor's secretary is physically his counterpart, and so is enabled to impersonate his imperial master and conduct the government until the dénouement. "The Double Emperor" is a bit of wild imagining, but its author has made it seem very probable. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"General Hancock," by General Francis A. Walker, is the latest volume in the Great Commanders Series. "Hancock stands the most conspicuous figure of all the general officers who did not exercise a separate command," wrote General Grant in his "Memoirs," and it is owing to the romantic and heroic qualities that made him thus conspicuous that he has been given place among the "great commanders." This distinction, General Walker's biography shows, General Hancock richly deserved. It devotes two introductory chapters to his birth and education and his career before the outbreak of the Civil War, and concludes with another chapter on the events of his life after the great struggle; all of the other twenty chapters are devoted to his conduct in the war. A portrait of General Hancock serves as a frontispiece, and there are half a dozen pictures in the book illustrative of various important actions in the war. An index brings the volume to a close. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Putnam's Stories of the Nations Series is assuming greater importance as the work progresses, and there are a great many volumes which are becoming the standard authorities on their respective topics. "Venice," by Mme. Alethea Weil, for example, is the most, if not the only, complete history of the "bride of the Adriatic" in our language. It is derived from original sources in great part, and at the same time takes cognizance of the latest views. It is a history of the republic, from the days of Attila, who drove the inhabitants of the rich Province of Venetia to build a permanent refuge—from which the great

city of Venice grew—among the isles and estuaries of the sea, down to the fall of the republic in 1798, with a supplementary chapter carrying forward the narrative to the inclusion of Venice in United Italy in 1866. It is a brilliant and picturesque episode in history, and Mme. Weil has made a very interesting book of it. The illustrations are many, and include a generous proportion of photo-gravures of modern scenes. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Magazine Notes.

Mr. Skelton's reminiscences of Froude, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, have led to the printing of a second edition.

Marion Crawford thinks that "Casa Braccio," his new *Century* story, is the strongest he has yet written. Those who are following the course of the tale into the Italian convent will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that Mr. Crawford is a Roman Catholic.

The table of contents of the January *St. Nicholas* is as follows:

"A Boy of the First Empire"—V., VI., by Elbridge S. Brooks; "Three Freshmen"—I., II., III., by Jessie M. Anderson; "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Brander Matthews; "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp"—III., IV., by Albert Stearns; "Beelzebub," by Albert Carlton Pearson; "Little Paul's Picture-Book," by Frederick Oppen; "Who Seeks Finds," by Judith Ray; "Jack Ballister's Fortunes"—XXIX., XXX., XXXI., by Howard Pyle; "Tim Sheridan and his Christmas Goose," by Leonard M. Prince, U. S. A.; "Rogue Elephants," by C. F. Holder; "The Cherry-Colored Purse," by Susan Fenimore Cooper; and verses and jingles by various hands.

The Westminster Review has for leading articles, "Financial Difficulties," "The Art of Governing," "The London School Board," "The Eirekonto Socialists and Individuals," "The Truth about Female Suffrage in New Zealand," and "Cultured Colonization."

The table of contents of the January *Harper's* is as follows:

Frontispiece: "The Late Count of Paris," by F. Florian; "The Fortunes of the Bourbons," by Kate Mason Rowland; "Hearts Insurgent"—II., by Thomas Hardy; "Charlotte and the Carolinas," by Julian Ralph; "A War Debt," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "An Adventure of a Lady of Quality," by Mary Jameson Judah; "The Princess Aline"—I., by Richard Harding Davis; "With the Hounds in France," by Hambleton Sear; "Fusian," by Alfred Parsons; "Lin McLean's Honey-Moon," by Owen Wister; "New York Slave Traders," by Thomas A. Janvier; "The Middle Hall," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "Beyond," by Katrina Trask; the usual departments; and verses by Zoe Dana Underhill and others.

In the *Fortnightly*, Lord Rosebery's Continental views are discussed from a French and a German standpoint, and to the satisfaction of neither nationality. An opportune topic is Mr. Gwynn's study of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. M. Rees Davis describes in detail Peking and the Chinese.

The table of contents of the January *Century* is as follows:

Frontispiece: "Elise, Sister of Napoleon"; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte"—III., by William M. Sloane; "Wanted—A Situation," by Harriet Allen; "Scenes in Canton," by Florence O'Driscoll, M. P.; "An Errant Wooing"—II., by Mrs. Barton Harrison; "The Armor of Old Japan," by M. S. Hanter; "A Lady of New York," by Robert Stewart; "Mother and Sleeping Child" (American Artists Series), by F. H. Tompkins; "Old Dutch Masters: Govaert Flinck," by Timothy Cole; "Casa Braccio"—III., by F. Marian Crawford; "Festivals in American Colleges for Women"; "A New Flying-Machine," by Hiram S. Maxim; "Glimpses of Lincoln in War-Time," by Noah Brooks; "Their Cousin Lethy"; verses by various hands; and the usual departments.

It is said that every number of *Harper's* or the *Century* that is published has between its covers six thousand to ten thousand dollars' worth of illustrations alone. The letter-press has probably cost two thousand five hundred dollars more, to all of which must be added the cost of manufacture and editorial and office salaries.

The table of contents of the January *Scribner's* is as follows:

"Portrait of Mrs. C.," engraved by Henry Wolf, from the painting by William H. Chase; "Income," by Robert Grant; "A Forgotten Tale," by A. Conan Doyle; "American Wood-Engravers—Henry Wolf"; "A Tuscan Shrine," by Edith Wharton; "The Amazing Marriage"—Chapters I.-IV., by George Meredith; "The Beginnings of American Parties," by Noah Brooks; "The Going of the White Swan—A Story Out of Lahador," by Gilbert Parker; "Mental Characteristics of the Japanese," by George Trumbull Ladd; "Sawney's Deer-Lick," by Charles D. Lanier; "Salvation Army Work in the Slums," by Maud Ballington Booth; "Good Taste—An Address Delivered at a Place of Secondary Education in England," by Augustine Birrell; "Reminiscences of Dr. Holmes as Professor of Anatomy," by Thomas Dwight, M. D.; "The Point of View—Egocentricity—The Family Party—The English Talker—A Bit of Contrast"; and verses by Harriet Prescott Spofford and Josephine P. Peahody.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, the question of doing away with the House of Lords having been much written about, Mr. Sidney Low asks, "What if the House of Commons were abolished?" Miss L. A. Smith discusses Japanese music. One important article is on taking "electrical energy directly from the coal fields," by the well-known authority, B. H. Thwaite. His Grace the Duke of Argyll again pits himself against Professor Huxley. In recent science, Prince Krapotkin discusses diphtheria, earthquakes, and flying machines.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

A Forgotten Tale.

Say, what saw you on the hill,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"I saw my brindled heifer there,
A trail of howmen spent and bare,
A little man on a roan mare,
And a tattered flag before them."

Say, what saw you in the vale,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"There I saw my lambing ewe,
And an army riding through,
Thick and brave the pennons flew
From the lance-beads o'er them."

Say, what saw you on the hill,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"I saw beside the milking byre,
White with want and black with mire,
A little man with face afire
Marshaling his howmen."

Say, what saw you in the vale,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"There I saw my bullocks twain
And the hardy men of Spain
With bloody heel and slackened rein,
Closing on their foemen."

Nay, but there is more to tell,
Garcia, the herdsman.
"More I might not bide to view,
I had other things to do,
Tending on the lambing ewe,
Down among the clover."

Prithee tell me what you heard,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Shouting from the mountain side,
Shouting until eventide,
But it dwindled and it died
Ere milking time was over."

Ah, but saw you nothing more,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Yes, I saw them lying there,
The little man and roan mare,
And in their ranks the bowmen bare,
With their staves before them."

And the hardy men of Spain,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Hush, but we are Spanish too,
More I may not say to you,
May God's henison, like dew,
Gently settle o'er them."

—A. Conan Doyle in *January Scribner's*.

The Moth.

In the midst of his countless cares, a man
Paused for one restless moment's span,
To watch a moth its wings unfold—
Velvet and gold—
Where it perched on his hand,
"Now what is the use of living," he said,
"For a creature that must so soon be dead,
I can not understand."
Across the roofs of the hazy town
The mountains, bathed in the sun, looked down
On the shining sea,
While between the hills and the sea the men
Came and went and returned again,
And laughed and sorrowed, and toiled through all,
Because, whatever fate shall befall,
To the labor of men no end may be.

Then from sea and hills rose a mighty voice:
"Why should they toil, or grieve, or rejoice?
We who have watched the spreading plain,
Where it lies and smiles betwixt us twain,
Have seen it fill for a little space
With these children of a fleeting race,
And in ages to come shall see it again,
A smiling, sunlit, empty plain.
Ah, why should they care to live, alas!
If the joy of living so soon must pass?"

The hot sun shone on the misty earth.
"I have seen it," he said, "in the hour of its birth—
A chaos of fire;
And yet again I shall watch it expire,
Till, lifeless and gray,
Its mountains of rock have crumbled away,
And its glittering seas with their tossing spray
Are empty and dry, and the earth is dead.
And the end of the whole is this," he said:
"It is all as one with the fire-fly's spark,
That shines and is quenched in the silent dark."
Z. D. Underhill in *January Harper's*.

The Wanderers.

All in the middle night, across the crystal hollow of the dark,
Before the black pines' tempest-torn gigantic glooms remembered morn,
Heard I, indeed, strange music toss and heat about the winds? And, hark,
Were there no sweet and piercing cries, was there no echo of a horn?

For what a glorious company hung out of heaven before me there,
As, leaning forth, along the height I caught the glitter of their flight!
From depths of shoreless mystery what shapes were these trooped down the air
Shooting white fire abroad, and clear their splendor streaming on the night?

His casque whose ruby led the field was it then Mars that swept and gazed?
In gleaming gauzes veiled about were these the Pleiades looked out?
On corselet, belt, and sword, and shield, Orion's breathing diamonds blazed?
White and majestic, Sirins followed upon the mighty roat?

And slowly out of dusky space, one, stately, coming from afar,
The fullness of some golden chord marking the measure of his ward,
The whole of heaven upon his face, was it the bright and morning star,
Was it but Lucifer that wore the lustre of the living Lord?

Or were they, bound in vaster flight, Magnificent Existences,
For firmaments of unknown sky, that paused a moment fleeting by
The dark and dreaming earth that night? I only know, beholding these,
Held not my hand a Mightier Hand, an atom of the dust were I!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in *January Scribner's*.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The most successful number of a magazine is the issue which will be read from beginning to end. The publishers mean that all numbers of SCRIBNER'S shall be of this kind. The January issue is representative of those to come.

THE AUTHORS.

GEORGE MEREDITH begins the serial of the year, "The Amazing Marriage."

ROBERT GRANT contributes the first of The Art of Living series and deals with "The Income."

MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH writes an account of the Salvation Army work in the slums.

A. CONAN DOYLE contributes a strong poem entitled "A Forgotten Tale."

NOAH BROOKS writes of the men who were concerned in forming American parties.

GILBERT PARKER tells a dramatic story of a Labrador woodsman and his wife.

EDITH WHARTON writes of an artistic discovery she made in an almost unknown Italian village.

GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD gives a timely article on the mental characteristics of the Japanese.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL publishes one of his short essays on "Good Taste."

THOMAS DWIGHT, M. D., gives many anecdotes of Dr. O. W. Holmes when a physician and professor.

CHARLES D. LANIER contributes a striking story, Sawney's Deer-Lick.

"AMERICAN WOOD ENGRAVERS," a series of frontispieces with personal sketches of their engravers, is begun with Henry Wolf.

THE ILLUSTRATORS are: Albert Lynch, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, C. D. Gibson, Henry Wolf, Harry Fenn, Otto Bacher.

In the March issue will begin "The History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States," an undertaking of the greatest importance.

Subscriptions for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for 1895 should be sent now. Price \$3.00 a year. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Ready December 26th.

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

St. Nicholas FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

"Its supremacy remains undisputed.—THE DAILY CHRONICLE, London, November 1, 1894.

Containing first chapters of a college serial for girls; "Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Brander Matthews; "Rogue Elephants," by C. F. Holder; contributions from Helen Gray Cone, Howard Pyle, Mary Mapes Dodge, Elbridge S. Brooks, Tudor Jenks, Susan Fenimore Cooper, Malcolm Douglas, and others. Pictures by Birch, Bellsell, Hill, Ogden, Taber, Drake, Francis, Malcolm Fraser, Fenn, and others.

Are your young folks to have ST. NICHOLAS in 1895?

If not, consider this special offer: The new volume began with November, and some of the most important serials commenced in that issue and in December. New subscribers who send in a year's subscription beginning with January, 1895, may receive November and December numbers free, if they ask for them at the time of subscribing. Price \$3.00 a year. Published by

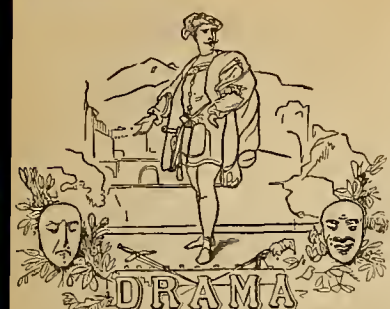
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STAGE GOSSIP.

The local theatres have been enjoying a week of unusual prosperity, partly due to the holiday feeling that has seemed to permeate even the atmosphere, and partly, too, because they were, to use the vernacular, giving good shows. "The Passport" is a very amusing comedy, and it is presented at the California by a thoroughly capable company. "Aladdin, Jr.," at the Baldwin is—well, it is a Henderson extravaganza: though one looks in vain for pretty faces on the stage, the color combinations are a delight to the eye, and the fun has occasionally been really funny. The Tivoli has had a tremendous success with "Lalla Rookh." The leading rôles are well sung, Ferris Hartman is, as always, extremely amusing, and the ballets, costumes, and scenery are elaborate and gorgeous enough to suit the most exacting holiday theatre-goer.

The repertoire for the first week of the Marie Tavy Grand English Opera Company at the Baldwin Theatre, commencing Monday January 7th, is as follows:

Monday, "Rigoletto"; Tuesday, "Il Trovatore"; Wednesday afternoon, "The Bohemian Girl"; Wednesday evening, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Thursday, "Carmen"; Friday, "Faust"; Saturday afternoon, "Martha"; Saturday evening, "Tanhauser."

"Lalla Rookh" will be continued next week at the Tivoli.

Lottie Collins will be at the California Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, January 7th. She no longer confines herself to such variety work as made her and her song, "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," almost world-famous, for her present entertainment consists of an operetta, "The Devil Bird," and a lively little English comedy, entitled "The Fair Equestrienne." In presenting these two little plays, Miss Collins has the assistance of a vaudeville company, some of whom are decidedly clever.

Eddie Foy recently celebrated his one thousandth appearance on the Chicago stage, and marked the occasion with souvenirs showing him in the various characters he has assumed in that time. They are Yosemite, Cassim, O'Mahdi Ben-zini, Fresco, and Cluster, the latter being his part in "Off the Earth."

"The Chieftain," the new Savoy opera by F. C. Burnand and Sir Arthur Sullivan, has been well received in London and will doubtless run for a long time there; but there is not much probability that it will cross the water. In the first place, it is an old piece revamped; in the second, the music of the first act is not considered particularly good, though the second is better; and in the third, Mr. Burnand's conception of humor, as exemplified in the burlesques and similar productions he has written, is not of the kind that commends itself to American play-goers.

There has been so much speculation as to the identity and previous achievements of Marie Tavy, who heads the opera company that comes to the Baldwin Theatre next Monday, that we reproduce almost in its entirety her "record," as furnished by her advance agent:

Mme. Marie Tavy has achieved great success both in Europe and this country. She was born in Cologne and reared in Russia. Her father was a Russian of noble family, and her mother a singer at court. She has been thoroughly trained in opera by great masters, and she has a voice of brilliant quality and great range. Her early life was passed altogether on her father's estate. Early it was discovered that she possessed a voice of rarest quality and range. Its cultivation was begun, ending in time with pupillage under Mme. Marchesi in Paris and Lamperli, and finally under Abbé Liszt. Dramatic action was obtained through long study with Roger, the famous French tenor. Her operatic career began. She made her debut at La Scala, Milan, as Leda, where she was equally successful in winning public favor. Her repertoire grew rapidly. She took up Wagnerian operas, in which her successes were even more brilliant. It was at Munich that the most interesting period of the young artist's life occurred. King Ludwig of Bavaria heard her sing, and was enamored of her voice. He appointed her a permanent prima donna of the Royal Opera, and she remained thus attached until King Ludwig's death, after which she became free again to sing in the theatres of all Europe. She wears a magnificent diamond, studded by other rare stones, in a thumb-ring that was given her by this unfortunate monarch as a mark of his esteem, and in commemoration of her brilliant performances in the Niebelung.

Mme. M. Yale, who acknowledges to forty-two years and is said to look not over eighteen, is to deliver a lecture on "Beauty and Physical Culture" at the Baldwin Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, January 14th, at half-past two o'clock. The

lecture will consist of two parts: in the first, Mme. Yale will wear a ball-gown from Worth, and will treat of the care of the complexion, hair, eyes, and so on; and in the second part she will appear in tights and an athletic costume which will enable her to show clearly the various movements she has devised for the proper development of the various parts of the human body.

May Irwin has been sending her friends Christmas cards in the form of photographs of her buxom self, bearing the inscription: "From your tall friend (sideways)."

Eleanor Calhoun has gone back to England and is presently to appear at the Garrick in a new play by Sydney Grundy. She has made a heroic and persistent assault on the citadels of the French drama, and the French critics will have none of her. They hold, and with some reason, that it is for Paris to produce artists and to send them as missionaries to the outer barbarians, and when a foreigner, and one from America at that, attempts to win a place among French artists on the Paris stage, their astonished indignation exceeds all bounds. Though Miss Calhoun has shown remarkable powers, they dwindled and paled when compared with the horrors of her accent. "En-leavez-moi cette affreuse Américaine!" cried Francisque Sarcey, and the others chorused the same plaint. So Miss Calhoun has taken herself away to London, where, despite the fact that a few eavilers can detect traces of an American accent in her speech, she was a great favorite. She will doubtless soon win again her abandoned laurels.

Little Guille, he who eked out his few inches with the most preposterous of high-heeled shoes and seemed to take as much delight as did any of his auditors in the ease with which he would bring out his famous *ut de poitrine*, is probably the member of the Marie Tavy company best known to San Franciscans. Another tenor is Payson Clarke. W. H. Hamilton, the basso, and William Mertens, the baritone, are also well known to us. William Shuster is a *basso cantanto*. Among the sopranos are Marie Bertini and Sophie Romant. Helen von Doenhoff is the leading contralto.

Charles Hoyt is writing a new farce-comedy. It will be called "A Summer Girl," and Caroline Miskel, who is Mrs. Hoyt in private life, is to be the central figure.

Mascagni has an original opening for "Ratcliff," which is to have its first performance on any stage at Berlin soon. Two taps are heard behind the scene, the curtain goes up and shows the crazy nurse of the heroine gazing into space throughout the whole overture. This glides without a break into her song, as in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

Mildred Howells, the daughter of William D. Howells, is an illustrator of merit. She is a tall, fair girl and her father's constant companion. She lives with her parents in a beautiful apartment near Central Park, and in the park much of the material for her sketches is obtained. When Miss Mildred was quite a child, she wrote and illustrated a little book, "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters." Mr. Howells wrote a preface for the book, and an elder daughter; a beautiful girl who died four years ago, assisted in the work. Now Miss Howells assists her father with his correspondence, and is practically the home-maker and the housekeeper, as her mother is a great invalid.

Notice of Removal.

The Union Trust Company of San Francisco has removed to its new building, corner of Market, Montgomery, and Post Streets.

This company transacts a savings, trust, banking, and safe-deposit business. Its fire and burglar-proof vaults are of the most modern and best approved construction.

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The management of Heald's Business College takes a just and proper pride in submitting the following brilliant list of its graduates for the term ending December 31, 1894. So fully qualified are these students for all the departments of commercial employment that, notwithstanding the prevailing depression, the majority of them have already found positions. Those whose names are marked thus * are already employed, as are very many not yet reported. This list does not include the many pupils who from various causes have not taken the final examinations necessary for graduation:

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*Students marked with a star are in positions.

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of WASHINGTON M. RYER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly made and entered on the second (2d) day of October, 1894, in the matter of the estate of Washington M. Ryer, deceased, the undersigned executors of the last will of said Washington M. Ryer, deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate of said Washington M. Ryer, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate that the estate of said deceased has acquired since his death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to all those certain lots or parcels of land particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the south-easterly line of Market Street with the south-westerly line of Third Street, running thence south-westerly along said line of Market Street 75 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly with said line of Market Street north-easterly 75 feet to the said line of Third Street; thence at right angles north-westerly along said line of Third Street 70 feet, to the point of beginning, being a portion of the lot of land known and designated on the official map of said city and county as no-va-va lot No. 25.

Second—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point where the easterly line of Stockton Street is intersected by the northerly line of Ellis Street and running thence northerly along the easterly line of Stockton Street 133 feet; thence easterly at right angles and parallel with said line of Stockton Street 75 feet, more or less, to the northerly line of Market Street; thence south-westerly along the line of Market Street 70 feet, more or less, to the intersection with the northerly line of Ellis Street; thence westerly along the northerly line of Ellis Street 10 feet, more or less, to the corner where it intersects the easterly line of Stockton Street at the point of beginning; the same being portion of the 50-va lot No. 914 on the official map of the city of San Francisco.

Third—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Stockton Street distant 133 feet from the north-easterly corner formed by the intersection of Ellis Street and Stockton Street; thence northerly on the line of Stockton Street 6 inches; thence easterly at right angles with Stockton Street 75 feet; thence southerly 6 inches; thence westerly on the line which separates said lot from the easterly line of Washington M. Ryer from the property belonging to Joseph Figel to the place of commencement; the said land being covered by a brick wall built by Joseph Figel. Also one-half of the brick wall built by said Figel on the southern boundary of his land in pursuance of an agreement dated August 5, 1875, and recorded in Liber 13 of Covenants, page 350, to which reference is made.

Said sale will be made on Wednesday, January 23, 1895, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction sales-rooms of G. H. Umbson & Co., No. 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Cash gold coin of the United States of America; ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale and balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Said property will be sold as follows: The lot of land hereinabove marked and numbered First will be sold as one parcel, and the lots of land hereinabove marked and numbered Second and Third will be sold in one parcel.

Dated December 28, 1894.
FREDERICK RYER,
CHARLES A. FISHER,
MARSHALL B. RYER,
CLARK H. SAMPSON,
ELIZABETH INA RYER,
Executors of the last will of Washington M. Ryer, deceased.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

It is curious how many women named "Emma" have become famous in the musical world. There are Emma Eames, Emma Calvé, Emma Nevada, and Emma Abbott, all of whom were or are queens of song.

At a recent civil service competition for the position of sorter in the English Post-Office, with a maximum pay of nine dollars a week, there were six hundred and eight female candidates to fill ten vacancies.

Ristori's son, Marchese Giorgio Capranica del Grillo, was recently married at Rome. It is twenty years now since the actress, who is seventy-four years old, withdrew from the stage, though she has occasionally reappeared to perform Lady Macbeth.

Apologies of the imperial wedding in Russia, *Vogue's* correspondent writes from London:

"The queen is delighted at her favorite grandchild's title of 'Empress,' and in spite of her many employments writes 'dearest Alix' daily. A box was dispatched for the wedding from Osborne containing sprigs of myrtle from the historical tree which grows there, struck from a slip sent for the Empress Frederick's marriage bouquet, itself cut from a tree which tradition said was brought to Germany by a Crusader from the Holy Land. The new emperor particularly desired one of her aunt Princess Beatrice's ladies (Miss Minnie Cochrane) to be one of her maids of honor, and offered one thousand pounds per annum for three months' duty, and free journey to and from Russia; but Miss Cochrane has an aged mother and home ties, so declined even this generous proposal. The Czar has left the Princess of Wales ten thousand pounds as a mark of affection."

A movement to make the government give the cross of the Legion of Honor to Sarah Bernhardt has been started by the *Paris Soir*, and has been joined by Armand Silvestre, Paul Meurice, Parodi, Vacquerie, and other writers. Prejudice against conferring the order on actors no longer exists, for it has been granted to Coquelin, Got, Mounet Sully, and others, but Mme. Bernhardt's past life may stand in her way. By the way, she has just made a public declaration of her religious faith:

She volunteered her assistance for a performance given by a Catholic students' club to obtain money for the public soup-kitchens, whereupon *La Libre Parole* attacked the club for allowing a Jewess to aid a Christian charity. The president declared that, while the club was ready to receive aid for the poor from Jew and beathen, it happened that Mme. Bernhardt was a Catholic. She then stated that she was brought up in a convent at Grandchamp, that she was baptized there, and took the first communion when she was seventeen.

"An American Without Money" is the headline of a column-long article in the *Paris Figaro*. It would seem that an American without money is a *rara avis* in France. This especial instance is that of a young woman, Miss Londonderry by name, who set out from Boston to make a tour of the world under conditions upon which depends a bet of twenty thousand dollars. She is now in Paris, and is creating a sensation.

There have been sharp criticisms of Mme. Casimir-Perier in the *Paris press*, which may be summarized thus:

This excellent person in a moment of sympathy telegraphed a message of condolence to the widow of Alexander the Third. The *Paris public* is shocked thereby. The act is construed into an effort to play the part of a sovereign. The Socialist and Royalist parties have set themselves about distinctly defining the position of the wife of a president of the republic. It seems the constitution is silent in respect to the question. But it is set forth in the newspapers that the position of the wife of the president elected is only one of courtesy. It is said that in the United States the wife of the President is ignored and unknown outside her personal friends, and that it is the same in all republics. Therefore it is concluded that Mme. Casimir-Perier aspires to the position of sovereign, and maids of honor are suggested as likely to follow the incident of the condoling telegram. It is added that the rôle of the president's wife should be the mission of charity.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant's action in regard to the Empire "promenade" has given a great impetus to her popularity, and she is reaping a grand harvest of fees for lecturing and preaching. She cleared fifteen hundred dollars in a three months' tour in the United States; but she is doing so well at home just now that there is no need for her to cross the Atlantic simply to gather in dollars. Mr. Chant has now a very good practice as a physician in the north of London, and is very proud of his wife's oratorical efforts.

There is a bona-fide peeress of the realm in England who attributes her countess's coronet to the fact that, on a memorable occasion, she spat in her shoe. The story is told by the Marquise de Fontenay:

"This peeress is Lady Orkney, who first achieved notoriety, if not fame, as Connie Gilchrist, of Gaiety Theatre and skirt-dancing fame. Like most women of her birth and class she is superstitious, and, accordingly, readily accepted the advice to spit in her shoe for luck whenever there was a momentous crisis in her life. By her own account she spat in her shoe three times, on each occasion just as she was stepping on the stage at the Gaiety for her *pas seul*. The first time, she attracted the admiration of the late Earl of Lonsdale, who bequeathed her a legacy of some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides the house which she now occupies in London. The second time, she angled for and caught the old Duke of Beaufort, who became deeply infatuated with her, and not only lavished a great deal of money upon her, but actually played the part of the beavy father at her marriage, giving her away; while on the third occasion that she spat in her shoe before appearing on the boards, she caught her present husband, the Earl of Orkney, with whom she seems to be getting along very well."

A HUMAN AEROLITE.

A brakeman of the Consolidated Railroad was idling about the pretty village station of the road at Niantic, a day or two ago, waiting for his own train to come and take him aboard. While he was there a passenger-express came flying past with a rush and roar. It came and was gone in an instant in a whirlwind of dust and cinders. But even as it was crashing past the little building, out of the confused, comet-like tail of steam and smoke and dust, the brakeman beheld a big, round, white ball suddenly quit one of the vestibuled platforms of the flying cars and betake itself into the air, like a splinter of a shattered meteorite.

It was a singular-looking projectile, revolving like a turbine water-wheel, all a-flutter with light drapery, and seemingly stuck full of clawing legs or feelers, like a hitherto unheard of and unclassified terrestrial devil-fish. It described a parabola, and the astonished railroad man had just time to dodge, when it flew past him and went upon the ground. In an instant it was up again, went bounding along the earth a rod or more, struck again, tied itself in a knot, uncoiled, straightened itself on its back, and then was still a moment. Presently it sat up and gazed mistily at the brakeman. It was a man, a commercial traveler.

It had the remains of a grip-sack in one hand, the ripped-up wreck of a huge paper bundle in the other, and was weirdly draped with the tattered ribbons and strings of what was once, evidently, a very long and handsome white duster. The rimless crown of a black derby hat was jammed down over its ears. Sitting there on the hard turf, it gazed at the brakeman solemnly for a whole half minute; and the brakeman gazed, too, at the dazed phenomenon, and neither spoke. Finally the phenomenon lazily rolled on its right side, studied the ground dreamily, and inquired, in an indifferent tone:

"Wh—wh—whar's—th—(hic)—that—train—goin', m' fr'en?"

"Goin'?" echoed the puzzled brakeman; "why, its goin' to New York."

Thereupon the stranger studied the ground again, evidently absorbed in some mental computation; but presently he sat up, smiled hazily, and added, in a tone of conviction:

"Well—m' fr'en—let her—go—then! Letter-go! I've—g-gone (hic) f-fer 'nuff!"

The Consolidated brakeman kindly helped the wrecked aerolite to get on its feet; then he brushed and patched it up, and two hours later put it aboard a west-bound accommodation train that does not travel so fast.—*New York Sun*.

The "Booklet" Boomlet.

"Yes," said the publisher, settling his waistcoat down over his fair round belly and toying idly with his magnificent watch-chain; "this booklet craze has done wonders for the publishin' business, but it's knocked the stuffin' out of the literary trade. We keep a literary man here like we always done, but we've cut down his salary. He ain't got enough to do to keep him busy. Why, you see, nowadays, as long as we've got the pictures and the ribbon, and gold cord, and that sort of stuff, all we want from our literary man is just the titles. He comes in once a week with a string of good-sellin' names, like 'Muffey's Mission,' 'Little Jimmy's Christmas-Tree,' 'Safe in the Harbor,' 'Grandma's Rocking-Chair,' 'Sweetie-Sweetie's Own,' 'Tiny Tottie Tentoes,' and that sort of thing, and that's all we want of him."

"But," gasped the astonished visitor, "how about the stories—the text—the writing?"

"Oh!" said the publisher, carelessly; "the writin'? Say, jim!" he called to his head book-keeper, "who done our writin' for this season's booklet?"

The bookkeeper scratched his head as he tried to remember. "The porter done some," he said, "and the widow lady who washes for me done the rest; but I thought it made her wash bad, so I laid her off."—*Puck*.

Why he was Reckless.

A little man with a bald head and an inoffensive blue eye drifted into a Main Street saloon and threw a half-dollar on the bar.

"Gimme a schooner of beer," he said. The schooner was given him. Just as he was about to drink it a big man came in and said: "Hello, Shorty, who's buying?"

"I am," replied Shorty, with dignity.

"You," scoffed the big man, "why, you never had a cent in your life. Your wife gets your wages."

"That's all right," said Shorty, "mebbe she does, but I've got money to-day."

"How'd you get it?"

"Well," replied Shorty, "I don't know as I mind tellin'. I had a couple of bad teeth an' she gimme enough to get 'em pulled."

"Didn't you get 'em pulled?"

"Sure; but I worked her for fifty cents for gas, an' this is the fifty. See?"—*Buffalo Express*.

With a Difference.

Two men were standing on a street-corner recently, talking of the responsibility of contractors for damages to life and limb by reason of building

material and excavations. A policeman came along and listened while one of the party appealed to him for corroboration.

"I was saying," said the excited debater, "that if a man should come along and fall down a coal-hole and break his leg, or be otherwise injured, he has a good case of damages against the property-owner or the city."

"Sometimes," put in the policeman, mildly.

"I know of a case of that kind where a man has got ten thousand dollars damages," said the citizen.

"He was pulled out of a coal-hole."

"And I know of a case where a man was pulled out of a coal-hole," retorted the policeman, "and he got six months."—*New York Herald*.

Captain Hinkley Defended.

SEATTLE, WASH., December 29, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In one of your late issues, I noted a column or more of clippings from Eastern publications commenting on the roughness of foot-ball, which newspapers grossly defame the character of Mr. Hinkley, captain of the Yale team. This I take exception to, and am surprised that you should (I hope unknowingly) take up the outrageous attack upon Mr. Hinkley, inaugurated by the reporters of the New York papers, because Mr. Hinkley properly refused to give them information which he was not at liberty to make public.

The inclosed clipping shows the worst charges made are entirely false, and I appeal to your much-vaunted desire for fair play on all subjects, trusting you will see fit to publish it (*Yale News* of December 18, 1894). I read the *Argonaut* regularly and usually enjoy it exceedingly; in fact, I have given two subscriptions for 1895 to friends as Christmas gifts. However, I can not but regret the injustice you have done Mr. Hinkley, for those who know him best like him most and praise him in every way. Mr. Beard, who so readily takes up and refutes the attack, is the member of the Yale team whom the papers sensationally claim was kicked by Mr. Hinkley in the Williams game.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE R. CARTER, Yale, 88 S.

[The clippings inclosed by Mr. Carter were telegraphed out here, and published by all the San Francisco dailies. It is therefore unnecessary for us to republish them here in full. They include a statement by the referee, David Bovard, who says that "Wrightington was thrown perfectly fairly"; a statement by the umpire, Alexander Moffat, who says that "the injury to Wrightington was a pure accident"; a statement of the linesman, G. D. Pratt, who says that he "did not see Hinkley jump on the Harvard player, Wrightington, and doesn't believe he did"; a statement of Anson M. Beard, left-tackle of the Yale eleven, saying that "Hinkley was ten yards away when Wrightington fell," and that he, Beard, tackled Wrightington: A committee of the Yale Foot-ball Association declares that the charges against Hinkley are "unfounded." It would be interesting to learn what Wrightington thinks of Hinkley.—Eds.]

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani is said to be especially interested in the newspapers say about her, and there is a press-clippings bureau in this country that sends to her address in Honolulu everything that is printed in the press of the United States concerning herself and her lost cause.

The most skillful combination of alternatives known to pharmacy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold." Bob—"Stout girl, I hope?"—*Puck*.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief. 25c. a box.

Sunday-school teacher—"Now, children, what happened on Christmas; can't you remember?" Little Fannie—"It snowed."—*Texas Siftings*.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

"Did you give your daughter away when she was married?" "Threw her away, sir. Literally threw her away."—*Detroit Tribune*.

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•DR•

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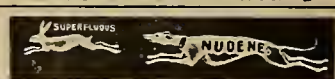
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—*Civil Service Gazette*.

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Dividend Notice.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN
Society, 535 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895.
GEO. TOWNSEND, Secretary.

VANITY FAIR.

Another woman writer has taken up the cudgels against Mrs. Gertrude Atherton in defense of her fellow-townswomen by reporting these comments on the letter, purporting to have been uttered by a Miss Manhattan: "What makes Mrs. Atherton so very cross is that she is woman enough to know that the gowns and the grooming and the 'air' are what count. It is like charity—covers a multitude of sins; without it your high-bred Southerner, your cosmopolitan Californian, with all the beauty of Venus on cheek and lip, are as the lowly milk-maids in the presence of empresses. The whole aim, the dearest object of their hope, is to acquire the New York air; nothing flatters them more keenly than to be mistaken for a Knickerbocker daughter. As nearly as they know how, they imitate us, and it is that very air that marks the New York woman in a crowd of her provincial sisters. Now, I wonder, too, when this caustic lady made her round of the boxes, if she knew that a good half of those she criticised so severely as New York women were not New Yorkers at all, but numbers of them from South and West, long residents in our town and highly valuing that very air they have assumed and that seems so objectionable. As to the matter of actual beauty, I think if there was such a measure known as an impartial beauty census, our town would be found to contain the cream of America's feminine loveliness. It's natural enough for every woman who has beauty, and wishes to make the best of it, to come to New York. We get the pick of the other big cities, and if they don't come to us as girls, the patriotic New York man goes to Chicago, Boston, New Orleans, or Philadelphia, marries the belle of the town, and brings her here to become a New Yorker, heart and soul. Lastly, New York teaches women how to make the best of their good looks to offset and enhance beauty within the bounds of grace and naturalism. Of course, you know that the New England beauty is inclined to be pale, narrow, hard, and unyielding. The Western woman is overdressed, a trifle flamboyant—crude, in short. The Southern is provincial, addicted to cosmetics a little, and lazy. New York is their finishing school, gives them poise, tone, and distinction, and that delightful quality known as 'air,' without which features count as little."

The manager of the Bon Marché says that the Czar's death has been a cause of severe losses to providers of materials for ladies' dresses. They had made all their winter arrangements when that event took place. It is quite on the cards that American ladies will follow the French in going into mourning for the Czar. They will, besides, have the example of Marlborough House, to which they are by no means indifferent. The very rich customers of these providers will "mourn" for three weeks or a month, and then come out in those hues and shades which were to have come in with the St. Martin's summer. But the moderately rich, tens or hundreds of thousands, will remain in black until the Easter fashions come in.

The bicycling Parisienne still clings to high-heeled shoes. Even the most strong-minded of us have our weaknesses, and this is the Parisienne's. She insists upon looking *chic*, even when astride a bicycle. And her waist! Nothing strikes the American eye as more painfully ridiculous than a trousered female cyclist with a wasp waist. No costume could be more graceful or more beautiful, in a utilitarian sense, than the Zouave suit when combined with a loose blouse waist and a Tani o' Shanter. But the Parisienne, even with the exaggerated Zouave hip, prefers the tight-belted waist and a flimsy *modiste's* creation for a hat. Much of this is due, no doubt, to the French weakness for creating a sensation, and it is hard to be dramatic in common-sense shoes. But this love of display at the same time makes the Frenchwoman a good rider, as to everything she does she is pre-eminently daring, and often gets into trouble by spurring at dangerous speed on a crowded street, delighting in nothing so much as dashing under horses' heads. Every facility is offered in Paris to women riders. Ladies' clubs are frequent, and in these, except on certain days, riding is supervised by competent masters. The men are strictly locked out of the galleries, and feminine ingenuity exhausts itself in inventing costumes which are much more striking than the discreet ones of the street, when even the Zouaves are discarded for sailor tights and jockey costumes, and when long black silk hose take the place of leather leggings. The Parisienne has lived in her hot-house existence fully long enough. The bicycle has given her an opportunity of stepping out into a healthier atmosphere than the enervating one of feminine intrigue. Her opera-box is oftener empty, and her poodle's popularity is waning. Who knows but the bicycle may add to the most *chic* and most vivacious women of the world the irresistible attractions of outdoor health and color innocent of the toilet-table.

Notwithstanding the fact that the officers of the American army are the very pink of courtesy, they sometimes, in post and garrison life, have very unpleasant social experiences. An officer in a garrison

is assigned quarters, not according to the necessities of his family, but in accordance with his rank. It therefore comes out quite frequently, when a new officer is sent to a post, that there are many changes of quarters, so as to make room for him. When a new major arrives, for instance, he selects the quarters that suit him best, it matters not who occupies them, provided the occupant is below him in rank. He can turn out a major lower on the list, or any captain or lieutenant, and each of these when dispossessed can choose for himself what quarters suit him best, if occupied by an inferior in rank. One move, therefore, may make a dozen others. The women of the army, it is said, are greater sticklers for their rights than the men. But the men themselves, while preserving all the forms of highest courtesy, sometimes push their authority to the fullest limit. For instance, the Chicago *Times* relates that at a two-company post in the West, some years ago, a captain of infantry was in command, as his commission was of older date than that of the captain of cavalry also there. The two captains were mutually antipathetic. In their official intercourse all the forms were observed, but still it was plain to all that they cordially disliked each other. One day, the senior captain ordered the junior to take a file of men to the forest and cut the firewood needed for the winter. This duty ordinarily would have been given to a sergeant or corporal. The cavalry captain had no recourse, and was obliged to obey. Just as he got outside the post, the mail, which came only now and then, at intervals of a week or so, arrived, and the cavalryman stopped for letters. One of these brought him his commission as major. He at once issued an order taking command of the post, and then another order assigning the wood-chopping duty to the late commandant.

In New York city recently, Sarah B. Halsted applied for an award of \$313 from the income of her daughter, Catharine Crane Halsted, eighteen years old, and for \$299 from the income of her son, James Mayer Halsted, sixteen years old. The income of each child is \$450 a year. The mother says she expended the amounts asked for during the period from September 10th to December 10th last. Mrs. Halsted separated from her husband, Charles Stockton Halsted, in May, 1892, and thereafter they brought cross actions for divorce. Referee Louis C. Tallafiero found against Mrs. Halsted. Alimony of \$4,800 was granted pending the suit, which is hanging fire on appeal. Among the items which the mother declared she spent for her daughter were: Walking-bat, \$12; theatre-bonnet, \$10; shoes, \$7; slippers, \$4; black leather boa, \$8; corsets, \$3; silk for under-skirt, \$8; evening-gloves, \$1.50; and a trip to Hartford and pin-money, \$30. The son was also credited with \$30 as pin-money; dress-trousers, \$8.50; silk handkerchiefs, \$3; and dress-shirts at \$1.25 each. The trustees of the fund objected to paying the mother for the pin-money for each child, the theatre-bonnet and the trip to Hartford of the girl, and the dress-trousers of the boy. Justice Truax has cut the bills down so that but \$532 for both bills is allowed instead of the \$612 asked. The judge says that \$220 was too much to spend for the clothing of a girl of eighteen years in three months, whose income was only \$450 a year, and that \$200 was too much to expend for the clothing of a boy, in the same period, whose income was the same.

There is a sketch in the last number of *Life* which most readers no doubt have smiled over as representing something grotesquely impossible. Yet this sketch—one of a girl in bridal costume, made bicycle fashion—is absolutely true to life. It was only a few weeks ago that loiterers along the Bois in Paris saw a wedding-party on bicycles, the bride being attired in full trousers and trim bodice of white cloth, with short tulle veil depending from her crown of orange-blossoms. "Tell it not in Gath"—but mildy is now wearing under her tailor-made skirt black satin knickerbockers, lined with pink or blue flannel, which reach to the well-fitting gaiters of black water-proof cloth for town, or russet-leather pigskin for the country. Over this new departure she puts on a flaring cloth skirt, stiffened with hair-cloth, this skirt being made short enough to completely clear the ground. Her dainty petticoats of silk and cambric, with their billowy lace flounces so dear to her feminine heart, she reserves for her elaborate *toilettes de visite* and evening-dresses, thus proving that she is beginning to recognize the eternal fitness of things after all. But what would our grandmothers say if they could see these strange and uncanon-looking garments added to a young bride's trousseau!

The fees entailed upon a new Knight of the Garter, amounting to nearly five thousand dollars, are payable to the Board of Green Cloth. One costly item in the outfit of a new Blue Ribbon is the charge for the state robes, which are never worn except at a Chapter, and there has not been such a function for years, and certainly will not be another during the present reign. When a knight dies, these robes are forwarded to the Dean of Windsor, who claims them as a perquisite, in right of his office as Registrar of the Order. Lord Palmerston refused to pay the fees, and the offi-

cial found there was no way of enforcing payment. All the Garter King at Arms and the Dean of Windsor could do was to inform Lord Palmerston that his banner would not be hung in St. George's Chapel nor his stall allotted until the requisite payment had been made. Lord Palmerston replied that nobody could prevent his wearing his blue ribbon and star, and that he cared not one jot whether his banner was hung up or not; and, as to his stall, he had no intention of attending service at St. George's Chapel, and the dean was at perfect liberty to do what he pleased with it.

That womeo are inexact is a very general criticism, which is based largely on fact, according to a writer in the *Bazar*, who continues: "All New York houses are more or less alike, and the correct number is most important. To give a little incident of bow-disastrous are the cosequences if one is careless, I will relate an experience of my own. As I hastily jumped into the cab, which had been a trifle late in arriving, I told the coachman No. 27 West Two Hundredth Street. Arriving in due season, with a consciousness that we were late, we stepped out of the cab and mounted the usual flight of stone steps; the house looked very dark, but that is not unusual, for when shades and curtains are drawn, the lights are shut in completely. The bell was answered tardily, and on mentioning the name of the lady with whom we were to dine, we were told, to our astonishment, that no such person lived there. 'Do you know what the number of her house is?' we asked. 'No,' was the positive reply. Then we tried number twenty-three, number twenty-five, number nineteen, all this time being painfully conscious that the seconds were rolling into minutes, and I, being in evening-dress, was thoroughly aware that it was terribly cold. At last my husband, whose state of mind can be more easily imagined than described, had the brilliant idea of going to the drug-store on the corner of the street, and in answer to his inquiries he was promptly told number eleven. I had only made the mistake of one figure. So we arrived finally half an hour late—he virtuously indignant, I chilled to the bone and with a splitting headache, both suffering because I had had this common fault of women—inexactness. A similar thing happened to us in Paris, where many persons live in apartments, and this time the man was inaccurate, much to my secret delight. We rang the *conciergerie's* bell, and as the rooms were on the first floor, as I supposed, we walked up and walked in, were assisted with the removal of our wraps by two well-trained servants, to one of whom I gave our names. When we were announced, on entering the drawing-room, we saw not a familiar face. A most delightfully polite Frenchman stepped forward, and we explained to him our mistake. There was very little sense of embarrassment, owing to his good manners, but the moment was an awkward one nevertheless. Keep your address-book on your desk, and refer to it before going out to dine."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"John Phoenix" (Lieutenant Darby) was standing on Montgomery Street one day, a way back in the '50's (writes a Los Angeles reader of the *Argonaut*), when a delivery-wagon, labeled "Eagle Bakery," came along. Phoenix hailed the driver, and, going up to the wagon, said: "Give me one." "One of what?" said the driver. "One of those," replied Phoenix. "Those what?" said the driver. "Why, one of your baked eagles." It is old, but good.

An American, traveling in England, on one occasion happened to be in the neighborhood of Millbank Prison, and fancied that he would like a glimpse at that famous place of detention. "Can you tell me the way to Millbank?" he asked of a stout tradesman whom he met. "Aye," answered John Bull; "knock me down and rob me pockets, and you'll soon enough be on the straight road there!" Theo, without vouchsafing any further information, he passed on with a chuckle.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marseillais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duelist had ever met. "How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing-master. 'One or the other of us,' he declared, in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!' 'So let it be!' I shouted in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"

A San Antonio, Tex., lawyer was appealing most eloquently to the jury on behalf of his client, who was being tried for larceny. Even the prisoner himself was moved to tears, and was wiping his eyes with a handkerchief, when his attorney turned and asked the jury to gaze on the honest features of his client, and say if they could believe that it was possible for a man with such an honest face to be guilty of theft. Suddenly the lawyer paused, gasped for breath, and ejaculated: "Well, I'll be blowed if the blankety blank scoundrel hasn't swiped my pocket-handkerchief."

A member of the Chamber of Deputies, much given to long speeches, one day found another deputy conversing in the lobby with a man whose face seemed familiar to him, but whom he could not remember. He fancied the man must be an intruding journalist. "Pardon me," he said to the other man, "but whom have we here?" "Allow me to introduce to you," answered the deputy, "the man who has written more falsehoods and stupidities than any other man living." "Indeed!" said the great man; "then my supposition was correct that he is a journalist?" "Not at all; he is the official stenographer of the Chamber."

A pretty story about a confiding child is told in *Harper's* this month, of the four-year-old son of a member of the Georgia legislature. Having left the boy in a room of one of the big hotels of the metropolis, with the command to go to bed immediately, he went down to seek his friends in the office. The bell-boys were soon thrown into consternation by the many and various calls from the room in which the little fellow had been left, and quite a number of them were soon collected there. But it was not ice-water, or fire, or a "B. and S." that the child wanted. He astonished the boys with this unusual request: "Please, sir, send some one to me to hear me say my prayers."

A very ignorant and wealthy woman, who was fond of talking about her "art-gallery," one day met at the house of an acquaintance a lady who had not called on her, although they lived in the same town. "Come and see me, do!" said Mrs. B., the patron of art, as the other lady was taking her leave. "Thank you very much," was the non-committal reply. "We've got a new picture, too. That ought to tempt you to come, if I can't." "I should be very glad, indeed, to see it." "Such a lovely picture! Sometimes it seems to me I could look at it all day long." "What is the subject of your picture, Mrs. B.?" inquired the hostess. "Jupiter and ten," was the reply. It was "Jupiter and Io."

Many years ago, the late Sir John Macdonald was present at a public dinner at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the eveing, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech

in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

On one occasion, at a scholarship examination, the late Walter Pater had undertaken to look over the English essays. When the examiners met to compare marks, Pater had none. He expalioed with languor, "They did not much impress me." As something had to be done, he was asked to endeavor to recall such impressions as he had formed, and to stimulate his memory the names were read out in alphabetical order. Pater shook his head mournfully as each was pronounced, murmuring dreamily, "I do not recall him," "He did not strike me," and so on. At last the reader came to the name of Sanctuary, on which Pater's face lit up, and he said: "Yes, I remember; I liked his name." Pater was once calling on a friend who had recently published a book. "Thank you so much," he said, "for giving us that very nice book on ———. I liked it very much. There is such a pretty dash of gold in the paper inside the cover." As a college tutor, Pater grew more and more inclined to take an indulgent view even of Brasenose under-graduates. Somebody asked him a year or two ago whether their horse-play did not disturb him. "Oh, no," he said; "I rather enjoy it. They are like playful young tigers that have been fed." He could tolerate even bonfires in the Quad. "They lighted up the spire of St. Mary's so beautifully!" he exclaimed.

A certain picture, painted during the last years of the second French Empire by the artist Schenck, has lately been bought by an American gentleman for a considerable sum. This picture was shown at the Salon. It represented simply a lot of donkeys deliberating gravely around a table covered with a green cloth. It was a very clever and amusing picture, and took the public fancy. The Princess Mathilde, sister-in-law of the emperor, was pleased with it, and had made arrangements to buy it, when it was noticed about that the painting was intended to satirize the privy council of the emperor. This stopped the sale of it at once, either to the princess or to any other of the rich people of the time who were in sympathy with the court. After this the picture went from pillar to post, and finally brought up at a sale exhibition in Munich. Here it was seen by the Empress of Austria, who was so much pleased with it that she began negotiations for its purchase. At this stage of the proceedings, however, it was whispered to the empress that the canvas represented the royal council of Bavaria. "In that case," said the empress, "I shall not buy it; I do not want any political pictures." It is not known how many more royal councils the painting of the donkeys was taken to represent; but after more than twenty-five years of vicissitudes it has come to America under the name of "Napoleon III.'s Privy Council."

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LEAVE.	From	December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.		6.45 A.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Ramsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis		7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.		6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.		4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.		* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.		1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express. "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East."		5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.		8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.		12.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.		9.00 P.
* 1.30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.		* 7.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.		9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.		10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, and Stockton.		7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.		10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.		10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.		7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.		7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.		7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.		10.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.	9.50 A.
12.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.	1.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Cruz Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5.06 P.
12.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	* 9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6.35 A.
12.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	7.38 P.

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From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—* 6.00 * 7.00 8.00 * 9.00 10.00 and * 11.00 A. M., 12.00 * 12.30, 2.00 * 3.00 4.00 and * 5.00 P. M.

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SOCIETY.

The De Marville-Caduc Wedding.

There was a pretty wedding in St. Luke's Church last Wednesday, when Miss Cora Caduc, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caduc, became the wife of Dr. Henri Bourgougnon de Marville. The chancel was handsomely decorated with potted tropical plants, roses, and chrysanthemums, and appeared very attractive when the bridal party was assembled there.

Miss Burke was the maid of honor, Dr. R. Lorini was best man, and the ushers were Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. James C. Pennie, Jr., Mr. Thomas Swyncey, and Mr. Leon Bocqueraz. The church was filled with guests when the bridal party appeared, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. H. D. Lathrop, of Oakland, assisted by Rev. W. H. Moreland. The dresses worn by the bride and her maid are described as follows:

The bride's robe was of white moiré antique, with a long court train. The corsage was décolleté, with trimmings of Duchesse lace and orange-blossoms. The elbow-sleeves were quite bouffant, and the gloves of white kid were long. In her coiffure was a spray of orange-blossoms and a pearl pin which held in place the flowing veil of white silk molaire. She carried a cluster of Catherine Mermet roses.

Miss Burke wore a becoming gown of pale-pink silk trimmed with pink lace and brown fur, and cut décolleté. She carried Perle du Jardin roses.

After the wedding there was a reception at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. H. Alston Williams, 2218 Devisadero Street. The invitations were limited to relatives and very intimate friends. Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra played throughout the evening, and an elaborate supper was enjoyed. Dr. and Mrs. de Marville left on Thursday to make a southern trip, and will be away a couple of weeks. The wedding presents were numerous and costly.

The Baxter-Macdonald Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Hilda Wandesforde Macdonald, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William Macdonald, and Mr. Duke Farnsworth Baxter, manager of the Crocker ranch at Santa Barbara, took place last Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 2219 Scott Street. Only a few relatives and very intimate friends were present.

The rooms were handsomely decorated with palms and ferns and a profusion of pink roses. The marriage ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. George E. Walk, rector of Trinity Church. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, and wore an elegant robe of white moiré antique trimmed with rare old lace. She carried a cluster of Bride roses, Miss Grant, the maid of honor, wore a pretty gown of pink satin and white organdie trimmed with pink ribbons.

After the ceremony there were congratulations and a supper. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played during the evening. The wedding presents were costly and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter will pass their honeymoon at Los Angeles and Del Coronado, and will reside at the Crocker ranch.

The Tobin Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Monday evening at their new home, 1803 Broadway, in honor of Miss Beatrice Tobin. The decorations of cornel berries and evergreens were quite effective, and the menu was elaborate. After dinner the entire party attended the dance of the Monday Evening Dancing Class. Those at the dinner were:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Miss Ida Irwin, of Chicago, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Florence Mills, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Lieutenant McKenna, U. S. A., Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. R. M. Dupere, and Mr. Addison Mizner.

The Friday Night Club.

The third meeting of the Friday Night Club was held in Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening and was a very successful affair. The decorations of the hall were reminiscent of those of the Christmas cotillion, and, though not quite so elaborate, they made the scene an attractive one. The cotillion was danced, and there were five figures which were

directed by Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who was ably assisted by his partner, Miss Ella Hobart, and by Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Miss May Hoffman, Mr. W. R. Heath, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Miss McNutt, and Lieutenant Thomas F. Kuhm, U. S. N. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played for the dancing until midnight, when an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. Afterward there was regular dancing until two o'clock. The affair was very well managed, and was productive of much pleasure to the many who attended.

The Jewett Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett entertained several of their friends in a very pleasant manner on New-Year's Night at their residence, 931 Bush Street. It was an informal gathering in the prettily decorated parlors, where the evening was passed with conversation and music, including some songs by Miss Della Mills. About eleven o'clock supper was served at tête-à-tête tables and congratulatory speeches were made by Mr. W. H. Mills, Mr. William Greer Harrison, General Hammond, and Dr. Chismore. It was early morning when departures were made. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jewett were:

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Chevalier and Mme. de Kotski, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. Rouseville Wildman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Mrs. Thornburgh, Mrs. Dawes, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Corning, Mrs. Aldrich, Miss Della Mills, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Harrison, Miss Chismore, Misses Withrow, Misses Hughes, Dr. H. W. Howe, Mr. Goodwin Wilson, General R. P. Hammond, Dr. George Chismore, Mr. Irving Mills, Mr. Greer, Mr. William Aldrich, Mr. E. Leonard Woods, Mr. Harry Gray, Dr. McConnell, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, Mr. Harris, and Mr. E. T. Messersmith.

Monday Evening Dancing Class.

The members of the Monday Evening Dancing Class held their third meeting last Monday night at Lunt's Hall. It was well attended and fully as enjoyable as the two former parties. The arrivals were somewhat later than usual, but in honor of the New Year dancing was prolonged until one o'clock. Light refreshments were served throughout the evening.

The Terpsichoreans.

The Terpsichoreans, a club composed of pupils of Miss West's School, gave their annual party last Thursday evening at Lunt's Hall. It was a very pleasant and successful affair. There were about one hundred and fifty young ladies and gentlemen present. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played the music for the cotillion, and four pretty figures were danced. Mr. E. M. Greenway acted as leader, having Miss Ethel Keeney as his partner. The others in the first set were Miss Gertrude Forman, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Miss Flora Dean, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Miss Leontine Blakeman, and Mr. Robert M. Eyre. At half-past eleven o'clock supper was served, and then there was more dancing until one o'clock in the morning.

Friday Night Dancing Club.

A new social organization known as the Second and Fourth Friday Night Dancing Club gave a cotillion at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening, December 28th. There were about forty-five couples present. The german was led by Mr. Leonard Everett, and there were several favor figures. Those in the first set were Mr. William Durbrow, Miss Donaldson, Mr. Emery T. Smith, Miss Marie Messer, Mr. Walter Gibbons, Miss Marie Wilson, Mr. Earnest McCormick, Miss Genevieve King, Mr. Harrison M. Parker, Miss Margery Gibbons, Mr. Charles de Young, Miss Charlotte Field, Mr. Douglas McBride, Miss Anna Lawlor, Mr. William H. Smith, Jr., and Miss Carrie S. Ayers. The party came to an end about half-past twelve o'clock.

Art Loan Exhibition.

The art loan exhibition now being held at 232 Sutter Street for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage is being well patronized. It is open daily from ten o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night and on Saturday evening, when an orchestra will be in attendance. It will close on February 2d. The price of admission is only twenty-five cents. Tea is served in one of the rooms.

The paintings are excellently arranged under good light, and an inspection of them should be made by all who are interested in art, and wish to benefit the worthy charity that seeks aid. There are fifty-one paintings displayed, all by celebrated artists.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Frances B. Wardwell, niece of Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, to Mr. Frederic Lemon, of Boston. The wedding will take place some time in April.

Mrs. William Thomas will give a dancing-party next Friday evening at her residence, 2614 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. J. S. Wall and the Misses Wall will give a dancing-party next Saturday evening at their residence, 829 Clark Street, in Oakland. The affair will be complimentary to Miss Glascock.

Mrs. Paul Jarboe gave an enjoyable matinée tea

last Saturday at her home, 2224 Washington Street, complimentary to Miss Ida Irwin, of Chicago. There were about a hundred callers, and they were very pleasantly entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Triest and the Misses Triest will give a pink and blue domino-party this evening at their residence on Sutter Street.

Miss Carrie Taylor gave a matinée tea last Saturday at her residence, 2128 California Street, as a compliment to Miss Pope, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht gave an enjoyable dinner-party on New-Year's Day at their residence. Among those present were Rev. H. R. Haweis, rector of St. James's Church in London, Rev. W. B. Wakefield and Miss Wakefield, of San José, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham, of Buckingham Park, Lake County.

The guests at the Hotel Richelieu enjoyed a dance last Tuesday evening.

Chevalier and Mme. de Kotski gave an enjoyable lunch-party at their home last Tuesday as a compliment to Rev. H. R. Haweis, rector of St. James's Church, in London, and author of "Music and Morals." A reception followed the luncheon.

The members of the Concordia Club gave their New-Year's ball last Monday evening, and it was the most successful affair the club has ever given. The rooms were all attractively decorated, and the attendance was unusually large. Ballenberg's orchestra played for the dancing, which was enjoyed until three o'clock in the morning. An elaborate supper was served at midnight, after which there was an exhibition, on the stage in the ball-room, of classical posing by a couple of professional models. This was a very interesting feature.

The San Francisco Verein gave its Sylvester ball last Monday evening, and its members and the invited guests enjoyed the affair greatly. There was dancing until a late hour and a snapper at midnight, when the new year was happily ushered in.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Scheel Symphony Concert.

Mr. Fritz Scheel gave his final symphony concert of this season last Wednesday evening at the Auditorium. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the following programme:

Forest Symphony, Raff; suite of all nations, Moszkowski; theme and variations, John Parrott; overture, "In the Highlands," Gade.

The Auditorium will remain closed during the next three weeks, when Mr. Scheel will open it with a new attraction in the form of a ballet in addition to his orchestra.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra.

The date of the concert to be given in aid of the Incurable Ward fund by the Saturday Morning Orchestra has been changed from the fourth instant, as at first announced, to Tuesday evening, the fifteenth instant. The price of the tickets will be one dollar, which includes a reserved seat. The tickets can be bought at Sherman & Clay's, or from a number of ladies who are interested in the charity, and reserved seats can be procured at Sherman & Clay's on the fourteenth and fifteenth instants. The ushers will be led by Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., and Mr. William Heath.

A concert will be given in Shattuck Hall, Berkeley, on Wednesday evening, January 23d, for the benefit of the surgical ward fund of the Children's Hospital in this city. An excellent programme will be rendered by Herr Moester and twelve zither players, Baroness von Meyerinck, Miss Bessie Wall, a violin soloist, and the University of California Glee Club.

The manager of the Friday Night Club has received from Mrs. Lily H. Coit, who was in Paris recently, the two latest popular airs there, and they will be produced at the next meeting of the club. One is the "Marche du Roi Marie," by Philippe Fahrbaach, and the other is the "Tingaling Polka," by Eugene Dede fils.

In the advertising world, the most important of recent events is the succession of Lyman D. Morse to the advertising agency established forty years ago by Mr. J. H. Bates. Mr. Morse has been connected with the agency for a long time, and for several years has actively managed the business. Among the clients of this agency are some of the largest advertisers in the world, and under Mr. Morse's popular management the business will continue to be as prosperous as his many friends could wish it to be.

Mr. Shehadi A. Shehadi will give a lecture on "Mohammed and Al Islam" next Saturday evening at the Mercantile Library for the benefit of the library.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 681.

KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ PURE

Why not wash with pure white Ivory Soap and have pure white linen? "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., OINTL.

A WINTER OUTING

May be enjoyed at

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

walking and driving, hunting and fishing—among the wooded dales and verdure-covered hills, under balmy blue skies, where the air is crystal-clear and pure.

Regarding the curative powers of the famous springs write to

C. R. MASON, M'n'g'r. - Contra Costa Co., Cal.

THE STEARNS BICYCLES

May now be seen at the Branch House,

304 and 306 Post Street, cor. Stockton.

Riders of the Stearns know what they are, but to those who are yet investigating we invite an inspection of the '95 Model, which is conceded by critics to be the embodiment of perfection in art of cycle construction. Samples may also be seen at

DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO., THE CYCLERY, - 505-511 STANYAN ST.

Who take care of the city trade.

Correspondence invited from unrepresented territory.

E. C. STEARNS & CO., 304-306 POST STREET.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

Select School for Young Ladies and Children,

1036 Valencia Street, cor. Hill.

The next session will begin on Monday, January 7, 1895.

ROSE TERRACE SCHOOL AND KINDERGARTEN is united with the Institute, and become its preparatory department.

A Carriage will Call for Pupils. For special information address the Principal.

Rev. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

The Sixty-Third Semi-Annual Term of the URBAN SCHOOL

At 2124 California Street, Will begin on Wednesday, January 2d, 1895. NATHAN W. MOORE, Principal.

Bound volumes of the Argonaut from 1877 to 1894—Volumes I. to XXXIV.—can be obtained at this office.

Twice The Price

Would not buy a better revolver than the Smith & Wesson. A smaller price makes like perfection impossible.

There are different models, different actions, different length barrels, but only one quality of material and workmanship—the best.

Send stamp for illustrated catalog.

SMITH & WESSON, 12 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

The Wearing

quality of spoons and forks is the test of their real value. **STERLING SILVER INLAID** spoons and forks have the wearing qualities of solid silver. Why? Because silver is inlaid in back of bowl and handle before plating. Not to be confounded with sectional plate, "xiv" or "xv". These are not inlaid. Guaranteed 25 years. Patented.

Each article stamped on the back: **E. STERLING INLAID E.** For sale by all dealers. Made only by **The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., Bridgeport, Ct.** New York salesroom 2 Maiden Lane, (second door from Broadway). A complete line of Solid Silver, Plated Ware and Novelties.

This trade-mark is to be found



on the finest cut glass in the world.

C. Dorflinger & Sons, New York.

AN EPOCH IN SOCIETY!

MME. M. YALE

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,
To Lecture to the Ladies of
San Francisco.

BALDWIN THEATRE, January 14th.

Crowned heads, warriors, statesmen, princes of finance, and the notables of the world have bowed down to her glorious beauty.



MME. M. YALE,

Celebrated as the Most Beautiful Woman on Earth, will appear at the Baldwin Theatre, Monday, January 14th, at 2:30 P. M., in a lecture entitled

"BEAUTY AND PHYSICAL CULTURE"

Reserved Seats, 30 cents, on sale at box-office of the theatre on and after January 8th.

Aside from MME. YALE'S Remarkable Beauty, she is the most noted authority living on the Ways and Means of Cultivating Beauty, Preserving It, and Restoring Youth. She has succeeded in discovering the Fountain of Youth, for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. Although forty-two years old, MME. YALE does not look over eighteen.

MME. YALE'S LECTURE will consist of two parts:

THE FIRST ACT

Will be devoted to the Cultivation of Beauty in general, treating of the Complexion, the Hair, Eyes, Expression, the removal of wrinkles and all trace of age. Mme. Yale will be seen in this part in an ELABORATE BALL GOWN designed for her by Worth.

IN THE SECOND ACT

MME. YALE WILL WEAR TIGHTS and an ELEGANT ATHLETIC COSTUME, which will enable her to go through the movements recommended by her for making the figure perfect. The development of the Bust, the Limbs, the Chest, Neck, and the Perfection of all parts of the Body will be thoroughly treated and instruction given.

Ladies, bring your note-books and pencils. Mme. Yale will give Beautifying Recipes of great value.

MME. YALE has lectured in all the principal cities of the world, always before vast audiences of the most cultured people. She is a college graduate and an accomplished lady of the highest qualities. As an educator of her sex she has never been equaled. Her lectures are strictly scientific and hygienic in character, embracing every detail of the most advanced order.

MME. YALE is the creator of beauty culture and the originator of the latest physical culture calisthenic exercises. Mothers, attend and bring your daughters.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

There is to be quite a contingent of Californians in Egypt this winter. At last accounts, Mr. D. O. Mills and Colonel C. Fred Crocker were due to arrive there about the first of January. Mrs. Easton was just leaving Paris for Cairo three weeks ago, to meet them. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid were just sailing from Algiers for Cairo, also to meet them. Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon had already sailed from Marseilles for Cairo. The Mills party were to ascend the Nile on the fifteenth of January. It is possible that they may be joined by the other Californians, including Messrs. William and Harry Babcock, who have just arrived in Cairo. It would make a large and pleasant party for the Nile trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger were in Calcutta on December 30th, according to cable advices to their friends. They were to leave there on New-Year's Day, and were due at Rangoon on January 18, 1895.

Messrs. William and Harry Babcock arrived at Cairo on December 31st, and on the next day called New-Year's greetings to friends in the Pacific-Union Club.

Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs. Norris will receive on Thursdays in January at 82, Valencia Street.

Miss Ella Hohart returned last Monday from a visit to Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Judge Ward McAllister, Jr., is expected to return from New York in a few days.

Mrs. W. D. O'Kane and her little son are passing a month in San José.

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin will leave soon to make another visit to Europe.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs have returned from Colusa, and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Frank X. Cicott arrived in Paris recently. Mr. H. Morgan Hill was in New York city last week.

Miss Alice Owen is visiting her cousin, Miss Herrold, in Los Angeles.

Mr. A. W. Scott has returned to the city after making a tour of Southern California and passing the holidays with friends there. Mrs. Scott will remain at the Hotel Westminster in Los Angeles during the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. W. V. Huntington has returned to the Hotel Richelieu after a six weeks' visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. Jesse Triest has returned from a prolonged Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Queen have returned to their residence, 1302 Van Ness Avenue, after a four months' trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair arrived from New York last Thursday to attend the funeral of the late James G. Fair.

Miss Pope, of Boston, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. J. Pope, at her home on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. S. M. Jackson is here from Tacoma on a visit to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander J. J. Brice, U. S. N., appeared before a retiring board last Wednesday at Mare Island.

Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Cowles, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty as naval attaché at the United States Embassy at London, and has been ordered home to be in readiness to take command of the cruiser *Olympia*.

Major Clarence Ewen, Medical Department, U. S. A., of Fort Walla Walla, is at Santa Barbara with Mrs. Ewen. He has six months' leave of absence owing to illness.

Passed Assistant Surgeon F. J. B. Cordeiro, U. S. N., is in Berlin, Germany, on a leave of absence.

Paymaster C. W. Littlefield, U. S. N., will leave on January 15th for Chemulpo to relieve Paymaster C. W. Slamm, U. S. N., on the *Charleston*.

Lieutenant Graham D. Fitch, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in this city and ordered to Memphis, Tenn.

Lieutenant U. R. Harris, U. S. N., will assume command of the *Ranger* on January 8th.

Lieutenant W. C. Strong, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the *Ranger* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant A. T. Dean, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., was in Washington, D. C., recently.

Assistant Constructor George W. Street, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at the Union Iron Works.

The detail for the general court martial at the Presidio consists of Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., Captain Frank Thorp, U. S. A., Captain G. H. Gale, U. S. A., Captain H. J. Reilly, U. S. A., Lieutenant John M. Neall, U. S. A., Lieutenant N. F. McClure, U. S. A., Lieutenant Wilmot E. Ellis, U. S. A., Lieutenant M. F. Davis, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. G. Gabley, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, U. S. A., Judge Advocate.

A notable recent event in local educational circles has been the incorporation of Rose Terrace School and Kindergarten with Irving Institute, on Valencia and Hill Streets, where they will constitute its primary and kindergarten departments, the Misses Featherstone continuing to have charge of the little ones. A carriage will call for pupils at residences and family hotels when requested.

The Earl of Stamford, whose engagement has just been announced, two years ago succeeded his cousin, who was a missionary in Africa, and married a black native woman. The marriage was declared illegal on some ground by the English courts, and that alone prevented a mulatto earl from sitting in the House of Lords.

It is proposed in Paris to establish a Grand Prix of six thousand dollars for bicyclists of all nations, the first race to come off next summer at Vincennes. A committee of the municipal council is considering how the money can be raised.

"Mrs. Fewyears tells me she wasn't sixteen when she was married." "Well, I should say she wasn't. She was twenty-nine."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

—THE CHANNING CALENDAR, "DUTCH TILES," has been reduced in price to 50 cents.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The will of the late James G. Fair, whose estate is estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions, was filed for probate early in the week. The instrument, which bears date of September 21, 1894, makes the following disposition of the estate:

At the onset of the will the following bequests are made to relatives and employees of the deceased: To Mrs. Mary Anderson, of Ida Grove, Ida County, Iowa, sister of the testator, and to her husband and children, \$250,000. To another sister, Mrs. Margaret J. Crothers, of San José, Cal., and to her husband and children, the sum of \$250,000. To William Fair, brother of the testator, of Ida Grove, Iowa, and to his wife and children, \$50,000. To another brother, Edward Fair, also of Ida Grove, and to his wife and children, \$20,000. To another brother, Andrew Fair, of San José, and to his wife and children, \$50,000. To Mrs. Mary Jane Lundy, daughter of the testator's deceased brother, Thomas, of Correctionville, Iowa, and to her children, \$10,000. To James H. Fair, son of the said Thomas Fair, residing in Ida County, Iowa, and to his wife and children, \$10,000. To James S. Angus and Louis C. Bresse the sum of \$10,000 each; to Charles E. Stewart, \$3,000; and to Herbert Clarke, \$2,000. Each of these legacies, however, is conditional on the legatee being in the ex-senator's employ at the time of his death.

Then follow some bequests to charities. The Catholic Orphan Asylum and the Protestant Orphan Asylum each come in for \$50,000, while \$25,000 is bequeathed to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

To his son-in-law, Hermann Oelrichs, the testator bequeaths \$50,000. Then he leaves the rest of his estate to W. S. Goodfellow, attorney, James S. Angus and Louis C. Bresse, employees of the testator, and Thomas G. Crothers, his nephew, as executors in trust for the benefit of his children, Theresa A. Oelrichs, Virginia Fair, and Charles L. Fair, to enjoy the income thereof each for life. At the death of either of the daughters, her one-third is to go to her children, or failing children on the part of one, her share to go to the children of the other. Failing children on the part of either, the whole two-thirds of the estate is to go to the testator's brothers and sisters, or, in case of their death, to their children. The son's interest is only a life interest, and upon his death the property shall pass from him to the testator's brothers and sisters or their children. No provision is made for the widow or children of Charles L. Fair.

The executors are not required to give bonds, but have full charge of the whole estate.

A novel clause, inserted with a view to quashing a possible contest, is that in which the testator bequeaths fifty dollars to any person who shall establish a claim to rank as widow or child of the deceased, by contract, adoption, acknowledgment, or otherwise. The testator solemnly declares that he is not married and that he has no children other than those; but he provides for contingencies in the way of claimants. The same bequest is made regarding any widow or child of the testator's deceased son, James G. Fair, Jr., who may turn up and establish a claim.

In conclusion, the testator decrees that in the event of any legatee commencing proceedings to contest the will, the contestant's legacy shall thereby become null and void.

DCCXXXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 6, 1895.

Mullagatawny Soup.
Baked Shad. Mashed Potatoes.
English Suipe.
Oyster Plant. Boiled Onions.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Lettuce.
Pineapple Bavarian Cream.
Fruits.
Coffee.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM.—One pint of canned pineapple, one small teaspoonful of sugar, one pint of cream, half a package of sparkling gelatine, half a cupful of cold water. Soak the gelatine two hours in the water. Put the grated pineapple on with the sugar. Simmer twenty minutes. Add the gelatine, and strain immediately into a tin basin. Rub as much of the pineapple as possible through the sieve. Beat until it begins to thicken, and add the cream, which has been whipped to a froth. When well mixed, pour into the mold, and place on ice or in a cool place to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

King Humbert said recently to a company of editors: "Gentlemen, I have often said that I should wish to be a journalist were I not a king."

Good Corn Bread

made with

Cleveland's
Baking Powder

is appetizing
and wholesome.

Cleveland's, the best that money can buy.

Our cook book, page 49, tells you how to make it. A copy mailed free on receipt of stamp and address.
Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
81 Fulton St., New York.

"Disfigured For Life"



Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases. Do you wonder what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls? It means isolation, seclusion. It is a bar to social and business success. Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when Doctors fail, standard remedies fail, and nostrums prove worse than useless? Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure.

Have earned the title Skin Specifics. Because for years they have met with most remarkable success.

There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed.

It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment. 25 cents invested in CUTICURA SOAP

Will prove more than we dare claim. In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS, And its cures are simply marvelous.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Importers, Boston.

Get "How to Cure Every Skin Disease," free.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest
Family Hotel of San Francisco.
Special Pride Taken in the
Excellence of the Cuisine.
Elegantly Furnished Rooms
Single and En Suite.
Permanent Guests Will be
Given Special Rates.
Elevators Run Day and Night.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL PLEASANTON

N. W. corner Sutter and Jones Streets.



O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

Centrally located and adjacent to all of the principal cable-car lines. A fashionable family hotel, having all of the latest modern improvements. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, en suite, with baths, or single. Cuisine unsurpassed. Sanitary plumbing. Passenger elevator. Billiard Parlor. Barber shop.

THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, Elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

Unexcelled in Appointments.
Unsurpassed in Cuisine.

THE PALACE HOTEL

GUESTS ENTERTAINED ON EITHER
THE AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN
PLAN.

THE GRILL ROOM

A UNIQUE INNOVATION.

Is the Most Elegant Dining Apartment for
Men in San Francisco.

RATES MODERATE.

BALLENBERG'S ORCHESTRA

Furnishes the Latest European and Eastern Dance Music for all kinds of Social Gatherings.

THE PIONEER ORCHESTRA

Established here for a Quarter of a Century

ADDRESS

N. BALLENBERG,

In Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE

is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 12:30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.

By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company.

A. ANDREW, Secretary.

CREPE TISSUE—ALL SHADES.
DODGE BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.

SUCCESSORS TO C. BEACH,

107 MONTGOMERY ST., Opp. Occident Hotel.

TAKE THE

"SUNSET LIMITED"

THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL FLYER

- OF THE -

Southern Pacific Company

- COMMENCING -

Thursday, Nov. 1, 1894

- AND -

Running every Thursday until further notice,

- BETWEEN -

San Francisco AND New Orleans

OVER THE POPULAR

Sunset Route

The favorite Route of America for Winter Travel.

A SUPERBLY EQUIPPED

Solid Vestibuled Train

- CONSISTING OF -

Pullman Palace Double Drawing-Room Sleeping-Cars, Dining - Cars, and Composite - Cars, with Buffet, Smoking-Room, Bath-Room, and Barber Shop, BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED BY PINTSCH GAS.

NO EXTRA CHARGE,

All first-class tickets, local and through, honored for passage. Sleeping-Car Berths at Regular Rates.

Dining-Car Service Best Obtainable. Meals à la Carte.

Immediate connections at New Orleans with trains for Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Memphis;

also, with LIMITED TRAINS of the

PIEDMONT AIR LINE

- FOR -

Atlanta, Charlotte, Danville, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other Eastern points.

THROUGH SCHEDULE:

Leave San Francisco, 10.30 A. M., Thursday

" Los Angeles, 4.00 " Friday

Arrive El Paso, - 5.30 " Saturday

" New Orleans, 7.40 P. M., Sunday

" New York, - 1.25 " Tuesday

Through Time to New York City 119 Hours

Passengers from Los Angeles will take berths in Special Sleeping-Car Thursday Evening.

For further information, inquire of any agent of

The Southern Pacific Company

RICH'D GRAY, T. H. GOODMAN,

Gen. Traffic Manager. Gen. Passenger Agent.

"QUITE THE THING" IT IS GOOD FORM TO RIDE A Rambler BICYCLE.

"STYLISH," "EASY RUNNING," "HIGHEST GRADE MADE."

CATALOGUE FOR TWO CENTS STAMPS, OR FREE AT RAMBLER AGENCIES

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

General Agent, T. H. B. VARNEY, 1325 Market St., San Francisco.

DEAFNESS GREATLY RELIEVED AND HEAD NOISES by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. Write for Pamphlet. Address I. R. COCKROFT, General Agent, 326 Orange Street, - - - Oakland, Cal.

BANK FITTINGS Office and School FURNITURE. Church and Opera Chairs. C. F. WEBER & CO. Post and Stockton Street San Francisco.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Gamble—"Would you like to take a chance in a lottery, Miss Overage?" Miss Overage (blushing)—"This is so sudden, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Clara—"He has proposed three or four times, and I don't know whether to accept him or not." Maude—"I would. Suppose he should stop?"—Judge.

"How did Scrawlings get his reputation for originality?" "Very simply. He makes it a rule to know nothing whatever about the topic on which he writes."—Washington Star.

"What has become of Fourlough, who used to coach for your nine?" "Him?" said the baseball magnate; "he's got a job with the Chinese army roaring at the enemy."—Indianapolis Journal.

Bagley—"That pawnbroker bowed to your wife; does he know her?" Bracc—"I presume he feels that he does; he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch."—New York Herald.

Trivet—"Miss Flop claims to have made a thousand refusals of offers of marriage." Dicer—"That's easily explained. When young Callow asked her to marry him, she replied: 'No, a thousand times no.'"—Truth.

"Do you expect to get anything in your stocking this Christmas?" asked a facetious Congressman of a colleague. "No," was the reply; "not in my stocking. I get everything in the neck nowadays."—Washington Star.

First bootblack (Christmas-Eve)—"Say, Jimmv, does yer believe in Santa Claus?" Second bootblack—"Naw." First bootblack—"Den lend me dat stocking yer got on yer lef leg, and I'll hand it back in de morning."—Bazar.

She (at the dinner)—"I think our hostess is the most perfect lady I ever saw." He—"Yes; but I notice that she made one break early in the evening." She—"She always does that. It puts her guests more at their ease."—New York Herald.

Giles—"What did Cora give you for Christmas?" Merritt—"That's a mystery I've tried in vain to solve. As she made it herself, I don't know whether it's a pin-cushion or a tobacco-pouch, but at present I'm using it for a pen-wiper."—Judge.

"You get off here," said Charon, as he warped his boat into the slip at the bottomless pit. "Dear me!" exclaimed the cyclist; "I am disappointed. I did so want to try those gold pavements; but I suppose there are worse things than cinders, after all."—Puck.

Actress (angrily)—"Did you write that criticism which said my impersonation of 'The Abandoned Wife' was a miserable failure?" Critic—"Ye-e-s; you see, you looked so irresistibly beautiful that it was impossible to fancy that any man could abandon you."—New York Weekly.

"I sell all my periodicals with or without," said the train-boy to the traveler; "regular price, with; double price, without." "With or without what?" asked the puzzled traveler. "Those 'without' have all references to Trilby eliminated." The grateful customer took his "without."—Detroit Free Press.

"Are you fond of music, Tim?" queried Ike Hill, the other day, of the gallant representative of "d'ate." "Music, is it?" quoth Tim; "faith, an' I am that. I am that fond I could listen to a barrel-organ all day. And, say, 'tis music, so 'tis, that makes a man satisfied wid th' ups an' downs of life." "Then," said the unfeeling Ike, "listen to the band on your hat."—Washington Post.

Theatre manager—"You say you object to having real food on the table in the banquet scene, Mr. Greese-paynt. Why, the rest of the company are delighted at it!" Mr. Greese-paynt—"Yes; but my part requires me to go from the table after a couple of mouthfuls, and say: 'I can not eat tonight—a strange dread comes over me; I will seek the quiet of yonder apartment for a time!'"—Puck.

With a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral (the unrivaled cough cure) and Ayer's Almanac (the best calendar), we wish you a Happy New Year.

By removing causes of irritation, and by preserving a healthy state of the system during infancy, Steedman's Soothing Powders made their reputation.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

She—"And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?" He—"A bachelor."—Pall Mall Budget.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THIS LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Stewart Hartshorn

SPERRY'S NEW PROCESS PATENT ROLLER FLOUR

BEST FAMILY SPERRY & CO. STOCKTON, CAL. SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE 134 CALIFORNIA ST.

A LEADING AMERICAN COMPANY.

NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS

ASSETS, - - - \$3,244,455.98

Pacific Department, 409 CALIFORNIA ST., S. F.

GEO. D. DORNIN, Manager. GEO. W. DORNIN, Ass't-Manager.

WE WANT YOU TO TRY GOLDEN SCEPTRE SMOKING TOBACCO.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We will send on receipt of 10c, a sample to any address. Prices of Golden Sceptre, 1 lb., \$1.30; ¼ lb., 40 cents, postage paid. Catalogue free.

SUNBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

M. BLASKOWER & CO., Pacific Coast Agents, 225 Montgomery St., S. F., Cal.

KNABE PIANOS

It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments. A. L. Baucroft & Co., 324 Post Street, San Francisco.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1895

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....\$7.00

The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....6.00

The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....6.00

The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....6.00

The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....6.30

The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....6.50

The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....6.70

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Even a Democratic Congress apparently can not stomach the Cleveland-Carlisle currency bill. As we write, the indications are that it will not pass, and that another failure will be charged up on the long list of this administration of failures. The cuckoo congressmen are busily engaged in trying to bolster up this administration scheme, but they are having very poor success. Already a motion to set an early day for the bill has been defeated in the House, and leading Democratic senators say that the Senate will not come to the relief of the administration.

If the bill is defeated, the country is to be congratulated. The Democracy have already prostrated the business of the country since their accession to power; if after having ruined the country's business they should bedevil and debase its currency, our cup of bitterness would indeed be full. But let us hope that the country has suffered enough, and that the Democracy, if they have left the people with but little money, will at least leave that little money sound.

We have already, in these columns, discussed the details

of the Cleveland-Carlisle currency bill. There is scarcely a redeeming point in that bill in our opinion, in the opinion of all Republicans, and in the opinion of all Democrats who believe in a sound and non-fluctuating currency system. That even those Democrats who support the bill are but half-hearted in their support is shown by the number of amendments with which they are eager to plaster the bill. One Democratic organ suggests eight amendments; after reading them over carefully, one is forced to the conclusion that if they are adopted, there would be almost nothing of the original bill left. But the temporizing Democrats who wish to "amend" will doubtless be downed by the bolder men in their own party who frankly announce themselves as in opposition to the bill. Among these is Johnson, Democratic Congressman from Ohio. He touched upon one of the weakest points in the Cleveland-Carlisle bill—the issuance of bank-notes on a "thirty per cent. guarantee fund" up to the full amount of a bank's capital stock; under this, said Congressman Johnson, in the House, a dishonest man, entirely within the terms of the bill, could clean up \$52,500 in two weeks by simply starting a bank.

This country is scarcely prepared to go into the business of guaranteeing the notes of wild-cat banks to the tune of \$52,500 per thief per fortnight. There are too many thieves in the country, and there are too many fortnights in the year.

This is the dominant note of the popular dissatisfaction with the bill. The people of this country do not want banks, States, or State banks to issue the money of this country; they want the Federal Government to issue it. Hitherto the national bank-notes have been practically money issued by the government, for they bore the Federal Government's guarantee for their face value. It is not so many years since the failure of a national bank in San Francisco—the people can remember it. When the First National Gold Bank and Trust Company of this city closed its doors, its notes were out on every hand. Yet the fact that they were secured by United States bonds, deposited with the Treasurer at Washington, made them pass freely. But had they been secured only by Secretary Carlisle's "percentage guarantee fund," they would not have passed so freely. The unfortunates who took them unthinkingly would have been "stuck"—for a greater or less period of time.

It is this fear which makes even dyed-in-the-wool Bourbon Democrats hesitate before voting for the Cleveland-Carlisle currency plan. For many years this country has had a sound and stable currency, if a complicated one. It is the Federal Government which has issued and controlled the currency. It is right that it should do so. The constitution declares that it is the duty of the Federal Government to issue money and to regulate its value. The constitution expressly deprives the States of this power. How absurd, then, for the States to empower banks within their borders to do that which they can not do themselves—to issue money, one of the most important functions of government. The people of this country would look with much distrust upon money issued by State banks. They have reason to do so, by sad experience. How much the more suspicious, then, would they be of money issued by individuals and corporations within the various States—money unsupported by the guarantee of the Federal Government.

In short, to sum up, the Cleveland-Carlisle bill proposes to do these things: 1, to withdraw the legal-tender notes, an admirable kind of currency, which we have had for over thirty years, and by which the government makes practically a great popular loan without interest; 2, greatly to enlarge the volume of the paper currency; 3, to turn over to private banks and bankers the control of the currency of the United States.

If Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle think the American people are ready for any such step as this, they are very greatly mistaken. It smacks too strongly of State banks, State rights, and other heresies exploded by the Civil War. It looks like a conspiracy to break down the Republican system of finance, coming as it does on the heels of the Democratic attempt to break down the Republican system of

protection to American industries. The people are not ready to turn over the issuance and control of the national currency to a few thousand bankers—even if bankers were always honest, which not all bankers always are.

We are glad that there are even Democrats protesting against this monstrous, this dishonest, this unconstitutional scheme. The people of this country do not want Missouri money or old Virginny bills—Kaintucky currency or No'th Ca'liny shin-plasters. They do not want the fluctuating notes of semi-bankrupt State banks. They want government money—Federal Government money—Federal United States Government money—and that is what they are going to have, despite the green-goods currency scheme of Mr. President Cleveland and Mr. Secretary Carlisle.

The revolt in Sacramento against the reign of lawlessness inaugurated by the tramps encamped in that city has been followed by a general uprising throughout the State. San José has determined strictly to enforce the law against vagrancy. Los Angeles is discussing ways and means for handling the hordes of tramps; Santa Ana is making active preparations to expel the pests; and other communities are alive to the danger. San Francisco and Oakland alone are inert. In this city the numerous nocturnal assaults of last winter have not been repeated, because the courts then showed an appreciation of the situation and invariably sentenced footpads and garroters to twenty years in the State penitentiary. In Oakland, on the other hand, the tenderness toward the tramp continues; King Kelley still issues his edicts to the people of Sacramento from its sacred precincts, and it forms to-day the most probable rallying point for the vagabonds fleeing from Sacramento.

However much we may sympathize with the people of Sacramento, we can not but rejoice that the legislature has so expressive an object-lesson as to the inadequacy of the present vagrancy law to cope with existing conditions, and it will certainly be moved to take early action for its improvement. Tramps have heretofore been treated with an easy tolerance because they did not invade the State in sufficient numbers to offer a serious menace. But during the last two years this condition has been changed, and radical measures are absolutely demanded.

In amending and improving the vagrancy law, two chief defects must be considered by the legislature. As has already been pointed out in these columns, the definition of the vagrant is radically defective, in that it places upon the community, acting through the arresting officer, the onus of the affirmative proof; in the second place, the punishment prescribed is wholly inadequate in kind and in degree. In order to convict a vagrant under the present law, it is necessary for the arresting officer to prove that the accused is without visible means of support, that he has not sought work for ten days, and that if employment has been offered him he has refused it. This renders the law inoperative in the majority of cases in large cities. The burden of proof should be on the other side. A person who is clearly without the means to support himself and who is idle should be liable to immediate arrest, and it should then be within the discretion of the judge before whom he is brought to decide, upon the evidence produced by the accused, whether he is an unfortunate out of employment and honestly seeking work, or one of the willfully idle. Upon his failure to produce satisfactory proof of industrious disposition, he should be adjudged guilty of vagrancy and punished accordingly. This is no hardship to the accused, for he is not likely to be arrested unless there is an actual, if not a legal, presumption of his guilt.

The definition of the vagrant being adjusted to the actual conditions, there still remains the more difficult question of the penalty to be imposed. Vagrancy is not, of course, to be considered a crime, though it usually leads to criminal actions and is the mode of life embraced by the criminally inclined. But, apart from its tendency, it is a wrong to society, and deserves punishment because it imposes upon the community the burden of supporting a class who will not work to support themselves. Herein is the key

scientific punishment that can be imposed. The man who will not work voluntarily should be made to work. Imprisonment in idleness is the reverse of punishment for the tramp who desires to live in idleness. There is no more absurd or inadequate penalty inscribed upon the statute-books.

It is impracticable for this country to adopt at the present time the labor farms of Europe, where the willfully unemployed are collected and compelled to labor for a term of years. The prisoner is thus self-supporting during the period of his incarceration, and, at its end, he is paid a "leaving fund" in clothing, tools, and cash, that he may not again become a burden upon the community.

While such labor farms are out of the question in this country, there are other forms of labor that the tramp can perform, and should be compelled to. It must always be remembered that the community is compelled to furnish his support whether it wishes to do so or not, and whether he furnishes an equivalent in labor or not. The work prescribed should be such as to interfere as little as possible with legitimate labor, and by general consent road-building and road-work have been selected as the most appropriate for his enforced activity. The roads of this State are generally of poor quality. In the interior counties the need of good roads is felt, and the tramp, if employed to put them in good condition, would prove a blessing rather than a curse. The chief defect of the roads here has been the lack of sufficient foundation. In France, the country roads are built with a foundation of broken stone seven inches thick, and this is covered with a coating of clay or earth, which is made smooth and solid by being rolled by heavy compressors. The road-bed is curved, sloping from the middle to the sides, and at each side are gutters to supply sufficient drainage. This solid foundation gives a durable road that requires, even in the mountainous districts, with their heavy snows and rains, comparatively little expense for repairs.

In the cities, the difficulty of supervision will probably prevent any extensive employment of tramps upon the streets. In Fresno, it is true that they are worked in chain-gangs upon the grounds around the court-house and upon the streets, but this method is not feasible in many places. A far better employment would be to set them to breaking rock in a city stone-yard. Granite, broken into small pieces, forms the best foundation for city pavements or country roads; and, when ground finer, makes a firm and permanent road-metal for surfaces. It is far superior to the soft red rock used upon the park roadways and outside streets of this city. This broken rock can be used by the city directly and sold to contractors who are laying new pavements. By this means more perfect foundations for the city pavements may be obtained without any increase of cost, for the cost of maintaining the tramps is already a public expense, and better foundations mean more permanent and smoother pavements. Thus the tramp would become useful and self-supporting, and ultimately there would be the superior virtue of persuading him that working for himself is more profitable and far more pleasant than working for the city.

The decree of the Papal Church denouncing the Odd Fellows, the Sons of Temperance, and the Knights of Pythias is calculated to impress observers with a notion that the church has fallen into the hands of cunning knaves who want to bring Roman Catholicism into disrepute. There was no call for any such measure of ostracism. The "secret societies" had declared no war on Rome. They were pursuing the even tenor of their charitable way, showing fraternal kindness to their members, and bestowing charity on all. Never at any time in their history have they been charged with reprehensible or mischievous practices. Those who do not belong to them admit that they have often been agencies for good and never agencies for evil. Their object is to promote sociability and to provide for each other in case of sickness or death, to help each other in trouble, to assist the unemployed to get work, to aid their poor, to care for their widows or orphans. To place a ban upon such organizations is not merely imbecile, it is barbarous.

Ignorant Romanist newspapers have brought against the Masons charges which refute themselves, such as the accusation that they worship Satan, and that they practice anti-Christian and obscene rites in their lodges. Similar charges against the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows have probably been prepared at the Vatican. But it was easy for the Propaganda to ascertain the falsity of these accusations. There is an American Embassy at Rome, where men of honor could give the Pope accurate information respecting the secret societies in this country, and every year Rome is visited by hundreds of Americans of all faiths who are aware of the facts, and would take pleasure in making them known to the Propaganda if they were asked to do so. It seems that no effort was made to ascertain the truth, but

that the Pope allowed himself to be guided by bigoted and ignorant priests who know no more of Freemasonry or Odd Fellowship than a wild ass.

What will the consequence be? Thousands of Roman Catholics belong to the proscribed societies. They know that Odd Fellowship and temperance are not antagonistic to religion, and that it is a slander to say that they are. They can not but feel that the attempt of their church to interfere with their liberty of association is a piece of meddlesome tyranny, which as Americans they feel bound to resent. The Freemasons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Sons of Temperance, are organized bodies, with the power which organization gives. When their church forces them to elect between their natural freedom and submission to the hierarchy in matters not pertaining to religion, they will be apt to accept the challenge and to fight the battle that is forced upon them with a strength begotten of cohesion and a common interest. The latest decree from Rome hodes no good to the Papal Church in the United States.

It is curious to observe how the present reactionary tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church are resisted by the more intelligent members of the priesthood. Ablegate Satolli began his career by taking the American view of the school question. He pointed out that the State has the right to educate, just the same as the church, or the parent, or the individual. He forbade the ostracizing by priests of Roman Catholic children who attended the public schools. He evidently aimed at lifting from his church the stigma of bigotry which had been brought upon it by narrow-minded clericals. But the Irish bishops and priests appealed to Rome, and there they met sympathy in the reactionary council which surrounds the Pope. The ablegate was compelled to recant, in his speech at Baltimore, the liberal doctrines he had professed on his arrival in this country, and he had the humiliation of witnessing his decision in regard to Father Corrigan's parochial schools at Hoboken reversed by the Propaganda. The Vatican was bent on reviving the superstitions and the stupid old heresies of the Middle Ages, and Satolli had no choice but to submit. What it was in its darkest days, the church is now.

It is quite remarkable that, while religious liberty is making such progress in Italy that a Roman may send his children to be educated at schools which are untainted by ecclesiastic effluvia, the policy of the church in this country goes steadily backward. Priests have succeeded in stamping out liberty of the press in this country among Roman Catholic journals, just as in France they have crushed free inquiry among the professors at clerical colleges. The Roman Catholic papers in England—the *London Tablet* and the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool—enjoy perfect freedom of speech, and criticize the acts and speeches of the heads of their church in a candid spirit. Here, a Roman Catholic newspaper which ventures to differ with the bishop of the diocese in which it is published on even the most trifling non-essential is denounced from all the pulpits in the diocese, and believers are notified to stop their subscriptions under penalty of excommunication. Three or four such papers have been crushed in this way within the past few years. A Roman Catholic journal exists by the gracious favor of the bishop; if the episcopal finger be raised, its breath of life is taken away.

There must surely, somewhere in the Papal hierarchy, be men in touch with the times who realize that the age is not propitious for the resurrection of Pope Hildebrand. That sort of person was possible in an age when men believed in a personal devil who visited the earth and was sometimes taken by the nose with a pair of red-hot pinchers in the grasp of a resolute monk; but he is just a trifle out of place to-day. If the Holy Father, who now occupies the Vatican in opposition to the wishes of the Roman people, should summon President Cleveland to his presence, and keep him waiting for three days and nights in winter weather in his night-shirt in a court-yard, it would be a case of *de lunatico inquirendo*; and yet the ruining of Roman Catholic editors, and the excommunication of Roman Catholics who happen to be Odd Fellows or Knights of Pythias, is quite worthy of the imperious Gregory who subjected a German ruler to similar indignities at Canossa. Surely all Roman Catholics can not be hereof of their senses or ignorant of the almanac. Their patience has been sorely tried by the cock-and-bull stories of miraculous cures at Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Those among them who inhabit this side of the continent have had difficulty in restraining their merriment over the clerical accounts of the cures performed by St. Blaise, whose speciality is healing diseases of the respiratory system. But when it comes to saying that a Roman Catholic may not join a fraternal or temperance society, whose object is to further loyal friendship and mutual help among its members, the ecclesiastical cord seems to be just a little too tight. Men will yield much for their church;

but they draw the line somewhere. And when they are driven to choose between being a Roman Catholic in good standing in the church or an American freeman, those of them who have any manhood will not hesitate over their choice.

The operations of the marriage-license bureau in San Francisco show that though the population is increasing, the number of marriages is decreasing. In 1893, the number of marriage licenses issued was 3,295; in 1894, it was only 3,112, the decrease being about six per cent. It has been a steady decline from month to month, with no change in the past two years. No other cause being apparent, the falling off in the matrimonial business is ascribed to the hard times, and is regarded as a confirmation of Buckle's theory that the marriage rate fluctuates with the price of wheat. A similar decline in matrimony has been observed at the East.

Long before the present stagnation in business was observed, statistics showed that the marriage rate was declining in civilized countries, and philosophers were puzzled to account for the fact. By some it was argued that the hyper-refinement of the period was making many men and women too critical in their tastes for the experiment of matrimony. It was shown that modern improvements, especially in the direction of club life, were enabling bachelors to enjoy the comforts and luxuries of existence without the burden and responsibility of a wife, while the throwing open of avenues of employment for women was developing their independence and creating in them a repugnance to a marriage which did not realize their ideal. It was observed that men who once adopted a club life became wedded to it and rarely exchanged it for a dual existence. Whether these influences were as potent as social philosophers have imagined, or not, it seems to be certain that the cold wave of hard times struck possible candidates for matrimony just as they were questioning its merits on general principles. Young men who were doubtful about marriage when the financial question did not enter into their thoughts, were swayed to the negative side when it loomed up as a factor in the case. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the development of culture is rendering women more attractive than they ever were, and men more capable of appreciating them. Similarly, the young men of the day are better fitted to command the love of good women than the young men of a generation ago, and are less prone to gross and coarse forms of vice.

The reasons why the sexes should marry being thus more potent than they used to be, why is the marriage rate declining? That is a question to which the *Argonaut* would be pleased to receive answers from its readers. For ourselves, we confess that the problem seems insoluble. It is beyond a doubt that neither sex attains, in celibacy, a full and healthy development of character. Old bachelors are proverbially narrow, crusty, and limited in scope. They generally grow selfish. From the want of a steady course of contradiction by wife and children, they acquire a rooted faith in their own opinions, which is apt to ripen into pig-headed obstinacy. The circle of their interests is all the time narrowing, and presently they care for nothing except that which touches their own individual concerns, their pains and aches, and their comforts and pleasures. It is very difficult for a confirmed old bachelor to be a good citizen.

As to old maids, satirists have exhausted their wit in trying to make them ridiculous. The very name conjures to the eye the figure of a lean, wizened old thing, who is always complaining about the draughts or the clatter of the children, who teems with ill-natured scandal about her neighbors, and whose favorite topic of conversation is her own rheumatism or the obvious damnation in another world of the woman who lives next door. There are legions of unmarried women, even of middle age, who are not of this type—kindly, gentle, thoughtful, unselfish ladies who go about doing good; but the world regards these as exceptions, and it will always couple old maidism with ill temper, a shrill voice, and a hither disposition.

There is one difference between the sexes which the most advanced apostle of sexual equality has never seen a way to efface. It is for the man to choose, for the woman to be chosen. A girl may see her ideal in a place where men and women congregate; she can not go up to him and ask him to be hers. Per contra, the man is free whenever he sees the idol of his dreams to invite her to accept his heart and share his home. Thus it would seem to follow, when matrimony falls off, that the fault is with the men, not with the women. So far as the public knows, the women may be as willing to accept the connubial yoke as ever. They do not marry because they have not been asked. It is the mean, stiff-necked, selfish bachelor who keeps the marriage rate down by refusing to take the path which leads to the matrimonial altar. This, however, will not be admitted by the highest authorities on the philosophy of the sexes. One of the wisest writers on the subject says that any woman can

marry any man she chooses, if she can get at him. He means, of course, any woman who is not handicapped by an insuperable deformity, such as the want of a leg or an eye.

His argument, which is specious if not absolutely sound, is that men are plastic creatures who can be molded and driven by the subtle intellect of women, and made to do, unconsciously, a thing which they had no purpose or intention of doing. They have not only the intellect, but the mysterious charm of sex. Read Thackeray's account of the instructions which the Greek matron gave to her daughter, Bathkolpos. Such tactics, executed by a blushing damsel with the least pretension to good looks, may, indeed, be invincible; if they are not successful, the girls must bear their share of responsibility for the decline in the marriage rate. In this city, as we said, it declined from 3,295 in 1893 to 3,112 in 1894. Here is a distinct loss of 173 marriages. Must this decline be laid at the door of the San Francisco girls?

H. H. Markham, a governor of California, has made Moses A. Gunst a police commissioner of San Francisco.

Mr. Gunst is the proprietor of a retail cigar-store on Kearny Street in San Francisco; he is part proprietor of the Yosemite Saloon on Market Street, San Francisco; he is part proprietor of the Reception Saloon on Sutter Street, San Francisco, an establishment which has a "side-entrance" and hack-rooms frequented by women—the sort of establishment the police commissioners have been trying to close; he has been part proprietor of certain "pool-rooms" in San Francisco—institutions which the police commissioners look upon with a watchful eye; he has been interested in the running of racing-hoops at the Bay District Race-Track; he sub-lets a part of his business premises for the use and occupancy of a gambling club.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the appointment of Mr. Gunst to the position of police commissioner has raised such a whirlwind of public disapproval as San Francisco has not witnessed for many a day.

We may as well dismiss Mr. Gunst from consideration. He is no worse than his class, and in fact is much better than most of them. His business reputation is good, and he is universally known as a "square sport." He probably is much surprised at the excitement that his appointment has caused. It is probable that he sees no reason why he should not be police commissioner. His surprise is not unwarrantable, when he reflects on the character of the man who appointed him. If the State can stand Markhams for governors, he thinks the city can certainly stand Gunsts for police commissioners.

But passing over Mr. Gunst, let us look at the man behind. Mr. Gunst is, by reason of his training and surroundings, congenitally incapable of understanding why he ought not to be police commissioner. Governor Markham is not. He knows as well as any one can that this appointment is an odious one. He knows that his appointee is flagrantly unfit for the office. In our opinion, he designed it as a slap in the face for San Francisco.

Governor Markham has never been enamored of San Francisco or of Central California. His home is in the sunny south. He comes from the land of the orange, the cactus, and the horned toad. He is the favorite son of Southern California. Four years ago, when the Republican convention was about to nominate, Southern California set up its usual whine. "Lack of recognition" was the burden of its moan. Those people down there may be short on lung tissue, but they are long on lung power. The persistent way in which they say they want the earth is irritating, but it is effective. They made so much noise about their "lack of recognition" that the rest of the State yielded. Southern California got the governor. But unfortunately the rest of the State got him, too, and his name was Markham.

If there is anything that this man has done, or failed to do, that has not brought contempt either upon him or upon the State, it is difficult to remember what it is. From the time he began his campaign by denying that he had written a certain letter, which the courts subsequently decided that he did write, down to the end of his term, when he tried to make his unfortunate staff pay for the costs of the court which decided that letter to be his, Markham has been consistently contemptible. California soon saw what manner of man she had for a governor, and kept her shame to herself, and washed her foul linen at home. But mountains were not high enough to shut off Markham—he yearned for broader fields of contempt—and when the railroad riots of July, 1894, came, he made our disgrace national instead of local. When the governor of California stayed away from his post at the State capitol, and hid himself in Pasadena during the railroad riots, the whole country jeered at us. Markham, in the public prints and cartoons of the East, was lumped with the anarchist Altgeld.

But his term is over. He is going to leave us. He is go-

ing back to Southern California. There we hope he will stay. The mere fact that Markham has ceased to be governor makes everybody welcome Governor Budd. The new incumbent—lucky as always—follows the most unpopular man in the State of California. When Budd is inaugurated, the whole State, Republicans as well as Democrats, will breathe a sigh of relief. In fact, if Governor Budd were to proclaim a day of thanksgiving over Markham's stepping out, we believe it would be generally observed.

So Governor Markham retires—retires into private life—retires into Southern California, the land of the orange, the cactus, and the horned toad. We hope that Southern California has no more like him. If she has, and if she wants to make any more governors who are equal combinations of Pecksniff and Uriah Heep, we sincerely hope that the State division movement will succeed, that Southern California will become an independent State, and that she be sentenced to have Markham for governor for the term of his natural life.

In Pittsburg, last winter, a curious phase of the labor problem presented itself. The city authorities discriminated against unmarried men in giving employment on public works. As a result, the Hungarians, Italians, and other foreign laborers, with whom Pittsburg is crowded, at once rushed off and got married, and with beaming faces again presented themselves asking for work. The Irish laborers, it is needless to say, were all married already and had large families. The same problem has presented itself in New Jersey. There is a large hat factory in Watessing in that State. Recently the proprietors were obliged to lay off some hands, so they selected for idleness nine bachelors. These nine young men paraded the streets of Watessing with banners, setting forth their double misfortune, in being out of work and wifeless. The papers gave considerable space to the matter, and the result is curious. The nine bachelors have been inundated with letters from women all over the United States. Matrimonial bureaus from Maine to Texas have sent them circulars and blanks to fill out, giving particulars as to what sort of wives they want. The letters from the women in search of husbands are most minute. They generally give color of eyes and hair, complexion, sometimes weight, and frequently inclose photographs. One young woman who writes from Omaha says that she is a blonde, nineteen years old, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and wants photographs of all of the nine bachelors, in order that she may choose. She is exacting—most young women, in selecting husbands, have a large and extensive assortment of one to choose from, and sometimes not that. On the whole, the incident is curious. There is a general impression that most young women want to get married. But from this incident, which has its pathetic side, it is evident how strong that desire is. Here are a lot of women who want husbands so badly that they are not only willing to marry hatters, but hatters out of work. There is an old saying, "as mad as a hatter." In the case of these young women, who would rush thus recklessly into pauper matrimony, it would have to be changed to "as mad as a hatter's bride."

Among the various interesting items found in the biennial report of the State Board of Examiners to the legislature, not the least interesting is that of the bills for advertising the governor's proclamation for the last election, with the constitutional amendments. The bills for this purpose amount to the enormous sum of \$109,753.20.

These figures are calculated to stagger the State. How can it be possible for the governor to have expended so much money is the first query that rises to the lips of every citizen. The law which authorized Governor Markham—according to his representations—to incur this vast expenditure is found in the statutes of 1883. It says: "Whenever the legislature shall propose any amendment or amendments to the constitution, . . . it shall be the duty of the governor to advertise such proposed amendment or amendments in at least four newspapers of general circulation," etc. How did Governor Markham carry out this law? He inserted this long advertisement, measuring about eighty squares, in sixty-six newspapers. There was no apparent limit imposed as to the space to be filled or the rates to be charged. Had the governor placed it in the hands of a respectable advertising agency it could have been placed for less than one-tenth of the sum charged.

The items of this enormous bill are interesting. Of the San Francisco papers, the bills ran: *Chronicle*, \$4,487.40; *Examiner*, \$4,825.15; *Call*, \$5,380.56; *Bulletin*, \$3,984.75; *Report*, \$5,785.25; *Post*, \$5,293.75; *Voce del Popolo*, \$5,628.75; *Abend-Post*, \$4,750; *Demokrat*, \$4,750; *Franco-Californien*, \$4,488.42; *L'Italia*, \$4,075.50. Some of these items are startling; waiving the exorbitant charges of the papers printed in English, the bills of the foreign

dailies are ludicrous; it is our belief that any one offering \$5,628.75 to the proprietor of *La Voce del Popolo* could purchase the whole outfit, lock, stock, and barrel. The *Franco-Californien* is another feeble sheet, whose "regular" advertising rates must have been raised to the 27th power to reach such a sum as \$4,488.42. It is not to be wondered at, however, that the foreign dailies rushed in so greedily where their American colleagues did not fear to tread. There is not a single one of the bills of the San Francisco dailies which is a fair charge for the service rendered.

Outside of San Francisco, the country papers contented themselves with a few hundred dollars, with the exception of some ambitious journals, like the *Oakland Times*, which wants \$6,440; the *San José Mercury*, which asks for \$4,212; the *Oakland Tribune*, which prefers a demand for \$5,313.60; the *Los Angeles Herald*, which would like \$3,402; and the *Alameda Argus*, which modestly asks for \$2,420.

The vouchers accompanying these bills show that all the advertisements were ordered by Governor Markham. The board of examiners makes no recommendation touching these claims, and there is no appropriation for their payment. If they are to be paid, we advise the board of examiners to turn them all over to a committee of practical advertising agents, who will scale them down; after they have scaled them down, let the board of examiners cut them in two in the middle, and throw one end away. But a better plan would be for the legislature to make no appropriation for them at all—they are not honest bills. If the legislature does make an appropriation for the exorbitant face of these bills, we advise Governor Budd to veto it, if the matter comes to him in such shape that he can do so.

It is our belief that Governor Markham made this extraordinary, unlimited, and wholesale advertising order to placate the press, to insure their silence on his retirement concerning his bad record, and, in short, as a sop to the newspaper Cerberus. But there is no reason why the taxpayers of this State should remunerate the newspapers for salving over Governor Markham's sins.

During the last fortnight, New York city has had much trouble in removing the snow from her streets. At the last session of the legislature, a law was passed making it obligatory that public work should be given to "American citizens only." Previous to the passage of the law, it was easy, in a few hours, to obtain three or four thousand men to clear away the snow. Now it seems to be impossible. The great city is almost blockaded with snow. Of the scores of thousands of men in New York city who claim to be out of work, there are few who seem to be willing to work at snow-shoveling for one dollar and a half a day. Those "American citizens" who were first secured made a bee-line for the pawn-shops, and pawned their shovels to buy liquor. It is evident that the thousands of tramps in New York do not want work. San Francisco had a similar experience a year ago. When the "Industrial Army" was encamped on Mission Street, clamoring for work, the Salvation Army made an arrangement with the street-cleaning contractors by which work could be given them, and called for one hundred men. The first day only twelve responded, and half of these quit work before noon. It is evident that the genus tramp is about the same on the Atlantic Coast as on the Pacific.

After a "heated contest," according to the newspapers, Dr. H. W. Harkness has been reelected President of the Academy of Sciences by two-thirds majority, as against his opponent, Adolph Sutro. The "heated contest" has apparently existed only in the daily newspapers. Those valuable molders of public opinion have been steadily abusing Dr. Harkness for a fortnight, with the usual result—he has been elected by a large majority.

Any disinterested person reading the various "charges" made by various persons against Dr. Harkness in these various veracious sheets, can not fail to be struck by their ludicrously ingenuous nature. The friends of the famous coleopterist Jones are indignant against Dr. Harkness because he gave a vacant post to the famous coleopterist Smith. The admirers of Brown, the celebrated taxidermist, speak spitefully of Dr. Harkness because he gave the position of Head Stuffer to the celebrated taxidermist Robinson. And the friends of a famous naturalist, who had given his collection to the Academy of Sciences on condition that he be allowed to remain for an indefinite period—on salary—to "arrange and classify it," are moved to tears when they narrate that "Dr. Harkness stood over him all the time, and work which might have lasted for three months had to be done in one."

As to the charge that "no popular scientific lectures are delivered at the Academy," that is probably true. If the lectures delivered there are popular, they can not be scientific; if they are scientific, they can not be popular.

GENERAL GRANT'S WAY.

A Companion in Arms Narrates his Reminiscences of the Famous Soldier—His Characteristics as a Commander—With the Illinois Recruits.

[The following interesting anecdotes of General Ulysses S. Grant have been selected for the *Argonaut* from the manuscript reminiscences of Colonel Thomas P. Robb, United States Volunteers, of the staff of Governor Richard Yates, of Illinois.]

After peace had been restored, and the grave of President Lincoln had been hatched by the tears of a sorrowful nation; when Andrew Johnson, as Vice-President, had assumed the reins of government, there still remained much undone work vitally necessary to smooth the rugged pathway of war into the quieter walks of the blessed new era of peace. There was a had and distressful state of affairs in the misguided Southern States.

General Grant, Senator Yates, and others of my public friends recommended that I be appointed to go South, with headquarters at Savannah, Ga., to look after the varied interests of the government: such as the business of "direct tax," "supervision of the cotton trade," "the proper conduct of the post-offices," "the care of customs and harbors," and the improvement of the interrupted navigation upon the rivers in view of the policy which had been adopted for the ultimate reconstruction of the Southern States. President Johnson promptly made out my commission and I prepared to leave Washington; but before my departure I met General Grant by appointment in the President's room at the White House, whence he accompanied me to Secretary McCulloch's room in the Treasury Department, and I was given further instructions.

At length, bidding the Secretary good-bye, General Grant offered me a cigar and invited me for a walk. We had walked as far as the great entrance of the Treasury Department and stepped out upon the portico. The general there resumed the conversation, in which there had been a momentary pause, as several persons passed by, and turning to me said: "My friend, you have been selected to perform serious duties, important to the North and vitally so to the South. You are the first Federal officer appointed to go South since the surrender. You have been advised by thoughtless friends to put pistols in your belt; I know you too well to think you will do anything of the kind. I have watched your career and studied your character when you little dreamed what I was doing. You will find the Southern people very destitute, and many temptations will be thrown in your way. But," he added, extending his hand, "last but not least, I trust that while studying the interest of your government, which is your first duty, you will study the interest of the people. Good-bye, sir."

Of such material was the great heart of one of the world's greatest chieftains.

General Grant was a self-confident man; he had confidence in Grant, and justly so. Unlike Napoleon, however, he did not depend at all upon his "star of destiny," but upon his thorough study and knowledge of the situation to be dealt with. In preparing for an attack, or in anticipating one, Grant never underestimated the strength of the enemy or of a fortified position, but always added something to his careful computations, to be on the sure side. As a general he never sought advice, and rarely held councils of war. He placed implicit confidence in his officers and soldiers, and they in him, and both knew it full well. Upon some particular emergency he would, for the sake of usage, send a polite note to each of the generals of his army nearest him, to meet him at a certain hour at his headquarters. They would find him in his tent, seated at the head of a long, rough board table, and as the orderly announced the general by name, the lieutenant-general would arise from his seat, salute the officer, and designate his seat at the table, the senior officer taking the place on his right, and so on according to rank, until all were seated. Then, in a few terse, brief words, he would forecast the impending battle, and ask for an expression of views from the veterans before him. Bowing to the senior officer on his right, the latter would, in response, state the position of his troops and present his views in general terms regarding the coming conflict. After this fashion each officer in turn would unburden his mind fully upon the important subject which was uppermost in his thoughts. When the last one had concluded, the general would arise from his chair at the head of the table and, without a word of comment, say: "Gentlemen, I thank you. You will find your written orders upon your tables."

In this way General Grant gave his officers to understand that he was the commanding officer, and that he was personally responsible for the final results. At first, some leading officers took umbrage, and spoke bitterly to correspondents about Grant's "one-man power"; but they soon discovered that dissatisfaction was of no avail. The "one-man power" continued to be exercised with the same quiet, immutable force, and they discovered that if they intended to protect their own interests, it was better to comply than to complain. These officers (there were not many of them) soon found that if they were to maintain discipline in their own commands, they must adopt General Grant's tactics.

While they did not lack courage, for no braver soldiers ever confronted an enemy, our volunteer officers were taught many necessary lessons by grim experience after they had reached the theatre of actual war. Taken from the counter, the work-shop, the plow, the law-office, and the pulpit, they needed an effective discipline, which, early in the progress of the rebellion, they found to be one of the chief requisites for success in battle.

I shall never forget Grant's first meeting with the officers of one of the pioneer volunteer regiments at the barracks in Springfield, Ill.

It was early in the year 1861. I had been appointed on Governor Yates's staff, with the rank of major. Springfield was full of enthusiastic volunteers, waiting to be organized

into regiments. All was hustle and confusion. The executive office was crowded with would-be officers and soldiers. Among them I had noticed a small man, attired in well-worn clothes and a slouch hat, sitting in a corner of the reception-room, sometimes reading a newspaper, but usually watching the crowd and listening to the conversation going on around him. In the latter he never took any part, and the only thing that attracted my attention to him particularly, was his bright, speaking eye. He came early and stayed late, saying no word to any one. Whenever a spirited exchange of ideas or an argument upon military affairs in the room amused him, his eyes would twinkle; otherwise his face wore an expression of calmness, unruffled by any emotion.

No one knew who he was, and after several days had passed without any more definite demonstration from him as to his purpose, his presence began to be a source of worry to me, and, like Banquo's ghost, to haunt me. Yet somehow I could not bring myself to take the liberty with him that I was daily obliged to exercise with many others, and ask him to withdraw; so one morning I decided to address him. Approaching his corner, I said:

"Sir, I have noticed that you have occupied a chair here for several days; is there anything I can do for you?"

He at once arose from his chair and saluted. I thought this strange, for he saluted me as no mere volunteer could have done. He quietly replied:

"Yes, major, I would like to meet Governor Yates."

I asked him why he had not made his wishes known to me before. He answered:

"Well, you have been very busy, and I did not want to interrupt your duties."

To this very considerate remark I responded:

"That's what I'm here for. Come with me."

I escorted him to the governor's room, and while on the way inquired his name.

"Mr. Grant," was his reply.

We found the chief executive of Illinois writing at his desk, and as I opened the door he looked up, when I introduced Mr. Grant.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Grant?" asked the governor.

"I do not like to trouble you," replied the stranger; "but I would like a position in one of the departments for a short time, to fit myself for active service."

We both readily perceived that his idea of fitting himself referred in one sense to obtaining better clothing, for his appearance was certainly quite shabby. The governor, turning to me, said:

"Our departments are already very crowded, but if you can find a place for Mr. Grant, you will please do so."

In pursuance of the governor's request I took the applicant to the adjutant-general's office; and in brief, after much opposition on the part of that officer—for really there was no vacancy—I set him at work copying about a cord or two of letters and applications of no earthly use. Mr. Grant, as he persisted in calling himself, unquestionably apprehended the friendliness of my object, and for the first time I fancied I saw the semblance of a smile run over his face and then disappear. He thanked me, and I left him in the midst of his wilderness of waste paper.

Several days passed, and with my mind completely occupied by the complexity of affairs, I had quite forgotten the new supernumerary clerk. One morning the governor said to me:

"Major, I see no other way but for you to go to Cincinnati and persuade Captain Pope or Captain McClellan to come here and organize our swarms of volunteers into regiments. They are becoming very troublesome, and the citizens are already complaining."

I asked him when I should start. He replied "At once." Just then some one touched me on the arm. I turned, and there stood Mr. Grant.

"Pardon me, governor," said he, "I could not help overhearing your conversation. Perhaps I can aid you in this emergency."

"You, Mr. Grant!" exclaimed the governor, rising from his chair. "What do you know about the organization of troops?"

"Allow me, then, to re-introduce myself," rejoined the other. "I am Captain Grant, late of the Fourth Infantry, United States Army. I was at West Point in 1843, and knew Pope and McClellan. I reckon I can organize your troops. I served in the Mexican War."

Governor Yates grasped his hand and shook it right heartily, and, addressing me, said: "Major, you need not go to Cincinnati, but instead call an orderly, order horses, and we will go out to the barracks."

We soon arrived at our destination, dismounted, and entered the home of the uncontrolled raw levies. Captain Grant was presented to the officer in command, and the latter was directed to send for his staff. When they were all assembled, the governor introduced Captain Grant to them as their new commanding officer. It was as good as a show to see the amused expression upon their faces, as the little man, still in his old clothes, took his stand in the centre of the line in front, ran his critical eye along the line, saluted, and, in a clear, commanding voice, said:

"Attention, officers, front face; rest."

No sooner were the words uttered than every officer became as rigid as he then knew how to be. They knew they had found a master as well as a commander. One of them said to me that night:

"I never was so surprised in my life. We boys concluded that we couldn't monkey with that little man. Sure as you live, he knows his business."

Those "boys" were taught that morning the first rudiments of discipline, and the huddling colonel in command at the time said to me years afterward, after he had been decorated with three stars, and one more hovering in the distance: "I have not forgotten, and never shall forget, that morning at the Springfield Barracks."

GLENWOOD, CAL., January, 1895.

THOMAS P. ROBB.

OLD NEW YORK HOTELS.

The Metropolitan to be Torn Down—Its Fate Awakens Reminiscences—"Too far up Town" when Built—Nihlo's Garden in the Hotel—Hotel Dances in the Old Days.

It is rumored that the present owners of the Metropolitan Hotel propose to pull it down and erect stores upon its site. If they do, another of the old landmarks will be gone.

It is just sixty years since old John Jacob Astor opened the Astor House, opposite the south end of the City Hall Park, where the post-office now stands. It was a massive, five-story building, capable of accommodating several hundred guests, but shrewd New Yorkers thought it "too far uptown" to command business. In the forties, the most fashionable hotel was the Howard, on the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane. This was run as a first-class house. The waiters were darkeys; they entered the dining-room in single file, to martial music, each carrying implements for dinner use—one a tray of knives, another of forks, another of spoons, others tiers of plates, others cups, saucers, vegetable-dishes, sugar-bowls, or napkins; and each, as he passed behind the guests, deposited a sample of his wares on the table with a rhythm and a clatter which was imposing to the rural mind. To dine at the Howard was an experience for the resident of Schenectady or Poughkeepsie.

Early in the fifties, the last of the patroons, who owned a long stretch of land along upper Broadway, built the Metropolitan on the spot. The Lelands took it, and hired the most expert *chef* in the country. It was soon known that even Delmonico could not surpass the *cuisine* at the Metropolitan, and lovers of good eating took up their abode there. It had two features in which it had no rival. It had a hall-room which was matchless in size and with a floor that was perfect; an excellent orchestra was hired to play dance music once or twice a week. People who were not "in society," and some who were, made a point of attending the Metropolitan hops; the proprietors got their profit out of the suppers which followed the dance. At these hops an old fashion prevailed which has passed into disuse. Every lady had the privilege of bringing an escort. Thus brotherless girls were never compelled to deny themselves the pleasure of a dance for want of some one to take them and bring them home.

The other unique feature of the Metropolitan—it has been often imitated since—was a popular and fashionable theatre within the hotel. The theatre was known as Nihlo's "Garden." Little Billy Nihlo was an Irishman who did not trouble churches much. But he knew that New York contained a large infusion of descendants of the Puritans who were opposed to theatres on principle, and he called his theatre a "garden," and to keep up the delusion he had a flower-bed off the main entrance, with a few starling roses and emaciated pinks set out in rows. It was a small theatre, but here Rachel made her debut in this country, Forrest, Placide, Charlotte Cushman, E. L. Davenport, Fechter played long engagements, and the initial piece of the leg drama—"The Black Crook"—was produced thirty years ago, to the exasperation of the Anthony Comstock of the day, and to the senile delight of the bald heads in the front row. Billy had a *baignoire* of his own, which was hollowed out of the wall of the theatre; when the curtain of the *baignoire* was drawn, his ruddy, grinning face could be seen inside, cheek by jowl with some pretty figurante.

When the Lelands managed the Metropolitan it was a money-making property. Tweed is said to have given a dinner of ten there which cost two thousand dollars, and the city, I suppose, paid for. Warren Leland had an idea that he was a horn aristocrat, and insisted on style. He once issued a decree that no one could dine at his *table d'hôte* except in full dress; for those who took their meals in their business toggery, he provided another dining-room, a sort of second cabin. Great efforts were made to attract notable people and ladies famous for their beauty. The story was current that well-known helles when they married could hire rooms at reduced rates at the Metropolitan, for the sake of the visitors they attracted to the house; there is no doubt that the landlords tried to convert their office into a subordinate stock exchange by opening champagne for notorious plunders.

In the years before the war, the crack hotels of New York were the Metropolitan, the St. Nicholas, which was the chief resort of drummers, the Brevoort, which was patronized by foreigners of title, the New York, where Southern planters stopped, and the Everett and Clarendon, which were occupied by opera-singers and people of fashion. These houses are all in existence to-day, and apparently doing well. But the flower of hotel guests, both permanent and transient, deserted them when the Fifth Avenue was built, and was followed by the Windsor, the Waldorf, the Holland House, the New Netherlands, and a dozen other palatial caravansaries. For a long time, no one who has a visiting acquaintance has cared to confess that he hailed from a hotel below Union Square. To confess to a residence at even the Fifth Avenue now stamps a man as an old-fashioned fellow. In the old days of "stages" and horse-cars and cabs, there was a necessary limit to the space which a man could put between his home and his place of business; but now a mile or two more in the elevated cars does not matter, and the hotels of the future will probably front on the park, like the Plaza Hotel.

A melancholy philosopher observed, the other day, that he remembered the time when the simplest way to find a man you wanted to see was to take a stand against a pillar in the lobby of the Metropolitan; he was sure to come round in the course of the evening. "Now," said he, "I had the curiosity to visit that lobby a few evenings ago. I stayed there an hour or so meditating and watching the curious-looking people who slunk in and out, and I give you my word, sir, though my acquaintance is large in all classes, I did not see one single face which I had ever beheld before."

NEW YORK, January 5, 1895.

FLANEUR.

AUTHORS' FIRST BOOKS.

"My First Book," described by Several Famous Writers—Besant, Payn, and W. Clark Russell—Hall Caine, Kipling, Conan Doyle, Haggard, and Others.

In "My First Book" [Lippincott's] a score of well-known writers relate some of the particulars of their early ventures into the field of literature. Those who believe that the rewards of a popular author come easily, without effort, will find occasion to correct the impression on reading this record of rebuffs and disappointments met by these men, gifted as they were and early successful.

Walter Besant's first novel, he tells us, "after causing its writer labor infinite, hope exaggerated, and disappointment dire, was consigned, while still in manuscript, to the flames."

It was while Mr. Besant was writing contributions for *Once a Week* that he came in contact with James Rice, who had lately bought the journal, and was its editor, as well as proprietor. Rice originated the leading idea of "Ready-Money Mortihoy," and it was he, also, who proposed to Besant that they should write a novel together. The story appeared in serial form in the columns of *Once a Week* and attracted attention from the outset. Its subsequent appearance in book-form came about in this fashion:

We had it printed and bound at our own expense, and we placed the book, ready for publication, in the hands of Mr. William Tinsley. We so arranged the business that the printer's bill was not due till the first returns came from the publisher. By this artful plan we avoided paying anything at all. We had only printed a modest edition of six hundred, and these all went off, leaving, of course, a very encouraging margin. The cheap edition was sold to Henry S. King & Co. for a period of five years. Then the novel was purchased outright by Chatto & Windus, who still continue to publish it—and, I believe, to sell it. As things go, a novelist has reason to be satisfied with an immortality which stretches beyond the twenty-first year.

Beyond giving Rice credit for the origin of the story and the creation of the leading character, Mr. Besant does not gratify our curiosity by telling the *modus operandi* of collaborators; but evidently the two found much enjoyment in working together. Speaking of the book, he says:

The central figure, which, I repeat, is not my own, but my partner's initial conception, has been imitated since—in fiction and on the stage—which shows how strong he is. I do not venture to give an opinion upon the actual presentment or working out of that story. No doubt it might have been better told. But I wish I was five-and-twenty years younger, sitting once more in that dingy little office where we wrangled over this headstrong hero of ours. In the evening we would dine together, or go to a theatre, or sit in my chambers and play cards before resuming the wrangle—we used to take an hour of Ving-un, by way of relaxation. And always during that period, whatever we did, wherever we went, Dick Mortihoy sat between us.

James Payn had for many years been writing short stories and articles of various kinds before he attempted a novel. His first book, "The Family Scapegrace," was suggested by an attractive specimen of a lion-tamer who took his fancy, and the story consists principally of his adventures. When finished, he submitted his work to Mr. Chambers, of *Chambers's Journal*, whose reception of it is thus described:

"I think it will suit nicely for the *Journal*," said my friend, which I think were the pleasantest words I ever heard from the mouth of man. I might have taken them, indeed, as a good omen; for though I have since written more novels than I can count, I have never failed to secure serial publication for every one of them. "This gentleman's novels are suitable enough for serial publication," once wrote a critic of them, intending to be very particularly disagreeable, but it aroused no emotion in my breast warmer than gratitude."

Speaking of his succeeding novels, he says:

For many years afterwards I published my books anonymously (i. e., "by the author" of so and so), and many a humorous interview I had with various denizens of Paternoster Row, to whom I (very strongly) recommended them by proxy. "If I were speaking to the author," they said, "it would be unpleasant to say this (that, and the other of a deprecatory character), but with you we can be quite frank." And they were sometimes very frank.

W. Clark Russell certainly knows his ground when he writes of ocean life, for he went to sea as a lad of thirteen and remained eight years. "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," his first sea-story, is founded on a real incident, and was written in two months and a week. He describes the fortunes of the book in the following paragraphs:

Whilst I was writing it, an eminent publisher, a gentleman whose friendship I had been happy in possessing for many years, asked me to let him have a sea story. I sent him the manuscript of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." One of his readers was a lady, and to this lady my friend the publisher forwarded the manuscript, with a request for a report on its merits. Now to send the manuscript of a sea book to woman! To submit a narrative abounding in marine terms, thunder-charged with the hullly-in-our-alley passions of the forecastle, throbbing with suppressed oaths, clamorous with rolling oceans, the like of which no female would ever dream of leaving her hunk to behold—to submit all this, and how much more, to a lady for an opinion on its merits! Of course the poor woman barely understood a third of what she looked at, and as, obviously, she couldn't quite collect the meaning of the remainder, she pronounced against the whole. She called it a "catalogue of ship's furniture," and the manuscript came back to me.

He tried another publisher, and was more successful this time:

The firm offered me fifty pounds for it; I took the money and signed the agreement, in which I disposed of all rights. Do I murmur over the recollection of this fifty pounds, which, with another ten pounds kindly sent to me by Mr. Marston as the whole of, or a part of, a check received from Messrs. Harper & Brothers, was all I ever got for this sea book? Certainly not. The transaction was absolutely fair, and what leaning there was, was in my favor. The book was an experiment; it was published anonymously; it might have fallen dead. Happily for publisher and author, the book made its way. I believe it was immediately successful in America, and that its reception there somewhat influenced inquiry here. American critics who try to vex me say that my books never would have been read in this country but for what was said of them in the States, and for the publicity provided for them there by the twenty-cent editions. How far this is true I don't know; but certainly the Yankees are handsomer and prompter in their recognition of what pleases them than we are on our side.

Hall Caine has good treatment to tell of at the hands of publishers. He says:

Except the first of the series, my stories have been accepted before they have been read. In two or three instances they have been bought before they have been written. It has occurred to me, as to others, to have two or three publishers offering terms for the same book. I have even been offered half payment in hand on account of

a hook which I could not hope to write for years, and might never write at all.

Though he had already produced and edited much work in the line of criticism, he experienced great difficulty in writing his first novel. After describing his agonies and repeated efforts at getting under way, he goes on:

It took me nearly a fortnight to start that novel, sweating drops as of blood at every fresh attempt. I must have written the first half volume four times at the least. After that I saw the way clearer and got on faster. At the end of three months, I had written nearly two volumes, and then in good spirits I went up to London.

My first visit was to J. S. Cotton, an old friend, and to him I detailed the lines of my story. His rapid mind saw a new opportunity. "You want *peine forte et dure*," he said. "What's that?" I said. "An old punishment—a beautiful thing," he answered; "where's my dear old Blackstone?" and the statute concerning the punishment for standing mute was read to me. It was just the thing I wanted for my hero, and I was in rapture, but I was also in despair. To work this fresh interest into my theme, half of what I had written would need to be destroyed!

It was destroyed, the interesting piece of ancient jurisprudence took a leading place in my scheme, and after two months more I got well into the third volume. Then I took my work down to Liverpool and showed it to my friend, the late John Lovell, a most able man, first manager of the Press Association, but then editing the local *Mercury*. After he had read it, he said: "I suppose you want my candid opinion?" "Well, yes," I said. "It's crude," he said; "but it only wants sub-editing." Sub-editing!

I took it back to London, began again at the first line, and wrote every page over again.

Even this was not the last change. The final catastrophe had to be altered and some of the dialect moderated before the book was concluded. It proved very successful and is now in its fifteenth edition. Speaking of his subsequent novels, he says:

Every book that I have written since has offered yet greater difficulties. Not one of the little series but has at some moment been a despair to me. There has always been a point of the story at which I have felt confident that it must kill me. I have written six novels (that is to say, about sixteen), and sworn as many oaths that I would never begin another. Three times I have thrown up commissions in sheer terror of the work ahead of me. Yet here I am at this moment (like half a dozen of my fellow-craftsmen), with contracts in hand which I can not get through for three years.

Rudyard Kipling slipped into successful authorship with delightful ease and facility. His first book was a collection of rhymes called "Departmental Verses," composed while he was sub-editor on an Indian journal. He tells how and when they were written in the following extract:

All my verses were digressions from office-work. They came without invitation, unannounced, in the nature of things; but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused.

So they arrived merrily, being born out of the life about me, and they were very hard indeed, and the joy of doing them was payment a thousand times their worth. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading-matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: "Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon?" One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page."

The first form they took when gathered together is thus described:

Men in the army, and the civil service, and the railway, wrote to me saying that the rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to the hanjoes round camp-fires, and some had run as far down coast as Rangoon and Moulemein, and up to Mandalay. A real hook was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time. So there was built a sort of a hook, a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. Government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper, and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Of these "hooks" we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply post-cards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order-form on the other, and posted them up and down the empire, from Aden to Singapore, and from Quetta to Colombo.

Every copy sold in a few weeks, and a demand soon arose for a new edition; and the hook traveling in time to London, the obscure Indian poet became a successful and popular author.

A. Conan Doyle declares that his apprenticeship to literature was a long and trying one. He says:

During ten years of hard work, I averaged less than fifty pounds a year from my pen. I won my way into the best journals, *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, and so on; but what is the use of that when the contributions to those journals are anonymous? I saw, with astonishment and pride, that "Hahakuk Jephson's Statement," in the *Cornhill*, was attributed by critic after critic to Stevenson, but, overwhelmed as I was by the compliment, a word of the most lukewarm praise sent straight to my own address would have been of greater use to me. After ten years of such work, I was as unknown as if I had never dipped a pen into an ink-bottle.

So he wrote three novels, one after the other, but the publishers would have none of them until "Micah Clarke" fell into the hands of Andrew Lang. It was published successfully, and since then all has been plain sailing.

That most prolific of writers, M. E. Braddon, confesses to fifty-four novels. She began scribbling at eight, and when not much more than twice that age wrote her first published romance, "The Trail of the Serpent; or, Three Times Dead," under the following circumstances:

A blindingly enterprising printer of Beverly, who had seen my poor little verses in the *Beverly Recorder*, made me the spirited offer of ten pounds for a serial story, to be set up and printed at Beverly and published on commission by a London firm in Warwick Lane; and, to my youthful ambition, the actual commission to write a novel, with an advance payment of fifty shillings to show good faith on the part of my Yorkshire speculator, seemed like the opening of that pen-and-ink paradise which I had sighed for ever since I could hold a pen. In "Three Times Dead," I gave loose to all my leanings to the violent in melodrama. Death stalked in ghastliest form across my pages, and villainy reigned triumphant till the Nemesis of the last chapter.

The enterprise was not a financial success, and, we are told:

The Beverly publisher's payments began and ended with his noble advance of fifty shillings. The balance was never paid; and it was rather hard lines that, on his becoming bankrupt in his poor little way a few years later, a judge in the bankruptcy court remarked that, as Miss Braddon was now making a good deal of money by her pen, she ought to "come to the relief" of her first publisher.

"Dawn," Rider Haggard's first novel, was refused by a number of publishers. He finally set to work to rewrite it, and gives some account of his difficulties:

If I had worked hard at the first draft of the novel, I worked much harder at the second, especially as I could not give all my leisure to it, being engaged at the time in reading for the bar. So hard did I work that at length my eyesight gave out, and I was obliged to complete the last hundred sheets in a darkened room. But let my eyes ache as they might, I would not give up till it was finished, within about three months from the date of its commencement. In its new shape, "Dawn" was submitted to Messrs. Harst & Blackett, and at once accepted by that firm.

Robert Louis Stevenson's words are invested with a deeper interest now that the pen has so recently dropped from his hand. He, like others, has a tale to tell of long unrewarded struggles before pecuniary success came. On this subject he writes:

By that time, I had written little books, and little essays, and short stories; and had got patted on the back and paid for them—though not enough to live upon. I had quite a reputation, I was the successful man; I passed my days in toil, the futility of which would sometimes make my cheek to burn—that I should spend a man's energy upon this business, and yet could not earn a livelihood; and still there shone ahead of me an unattained ideal—although I had attempted the thing with vigor not less than ten or twelve times, I had not yet written a novel.

The beginning of that most fascinating of stories, "Treasure Island," was all in a map that he made to please a school-boy. He relates the incident:

On one of these occasions, I made the map of an island; it was elaborately and (I thought) beautifully colored; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbors that pleased me like sonnets; and, with the unconsciousness of the predestined, I ticketed my performance "Treasure Island." As I paused upon my map, the future characters of the book began to appear there visibly among imaginary woods; and their brown faces and bright weapons peeped out upon me from unexpected quarters, as they passed to and fro, fighting and hunting treasure, on these few square inches of a flat projection. The next thing I knew I had some papers before me and was writing out a list of chapters.

He deals holdly with the charge of plagiarism advanced against him in reference to this work:

I have begun (and finished) a number of other books, but I can not remember to have sat down to one of them with more complacency. It is not to be wondered at, for stolen waters are proverbially sweet. I am now upon a painful chapter. No doubt the parrot once belonged to Robinson Crusoe. No doubt the skeleton is conveyed from Poe. I think little of these, they are trifles and details; and no man can hope to have a monopoly of skeletons or make a corner in talking birds. The stockade, I am told, is from "Masterman Ready." It may be, I care not a jot. These useful writers had fulfilled the poet's saying: departing, they had left behind them footprints on the sands of time, footprints which perhaps another—and I was the other! It is my debt to Washington Irving that exercises my conscience, and justly so, for I believe plagiarism was rarely carried farther. I chanced to pick up the "Tales of a Traveler" some years ago, with a view to an anthology of prose narrative, and the book flew up and struck me: Billy Bones, his chest, the company in the parlor, the whole inner spirit, and a good deal of the material detail of my first chapters—all were there, all were the property of Washington Irving. But I had no guess of it then as I sat writing by the fireside, in what seemed the spring-tides of a somewhat pedestrian inspiration; nor yet, day by day, after lunch, as I read aloud my morning's work to the family. It seemed to me original as sin; it seemed to belong to me like my right eye.

The first book for which Bret Harte became responsible, and which, he says, provoked more criticism than anything he has written since, was a compilation of Californian poems written by others, none of his own verses being included. Though a decidedly commonplace collection, it made a good deal of noise in the world, and sold well on account of the series of attacks made upon it by the California press. "It was," Mr. Harte writes, "a large, contagious joke passed from journal to journal in a peculiar cyclonic, Western fashion." Each emulated the other in the extravagance of its comments. Here is one from the *Red Dog Jay Hawk*:

"The hogwash and 'purr'-stuff ladled out from the slop-bucket of Messrs. ——— & Co., of 'Frisco, by some lop-eared Eastern apprentice, and called 'A Compilation of Californian Verse,' might be passed over, so far as criticism goes. A club in the hands of any able-bodied citizen of Red Dog and a steamboat-ticket to the Bay, cheerfully contributed from this office, would be all-sufficient. But when an imported greenhorn dares to call his flapdoodle mixture 'Californian,' it is an insult to the State that has produced the gifted 'Yellow Hammer,' whose lofty flights have from time to time dazzled our readers in the columns of the *Jay Hawk*. That this complacent editorial jackass, browsing among the dock and thistles which he has served up in this volume, should make no allusion to California's greatest bard, is rather a confession of his idiocy than a slur upon the genius of our esteemed contrihutor."

Here is another in the same vein:

"We doubt if a more feeble collection of drivel could have been made, even if taken exclusively from the editor's own verses, which, we note, he has, by an equal editorial incompetency, left out of the volume. When we add that, by a felicity of idiotic selection, this person has chosen only one, and the least characteristic, of the really clever poems of Adoniram Skaggs, which have so often graced these columns, we have said enough to satisfy our readers."

Oddly enough, the book is not a remarkably interesting one, though the theme seems promising. It is a trifle monotonous, and gives an impression, on the whole, such as an actor sometimes does, who, for the moment, forsakes his part and speaks to his audience in *propria persona*. A certain unaccustomed awkwardness lingers around him, an over self-consciousness, which never troubles him when immersed in his rôle.

We like our authors better when their personalities are swallowed up in the adventures of their own creations, rather than when they are discoursing on themselves. We could give many more extracts, but these will serve to show the general tenor of the narratives.

The hook is compiled by Jerome K. Jerome, and has an introduction by him, in addition to a description of his own early experiences.

Stage-coaches are to be revived in the neighborhood of London by the post-office, on account of the excessive charges for the transportation of parcels of some railroads. A line will be established between London and Guildford, to run only at night, so as to secure free roads and greater speed.

In six months of bull-fights last year in Madrid alone, twelve men were dangerously wounded and two killed, one of them the famous *espada* Espartero. During the same period four other bull-fighters were killed at Seville and other cities.

AN AMERICAN DUCHESS

And a British Burglar—Faithfully Portrayed by a British Scribe.

My friend, the hurglar, when I asked him to drink, called the huxom young lady behind the har Flossie doring, and asked her to give him some gin hot—unsweetened.

"Don't drown it," he said, when she was putting the water in—"don't drown it. Give it a chawnce. It cawn't swim, you know." He leaned across the counter and spoke more lovingly to the magnificent young person. "I sy. I sy. Where're you a-going to next Sunday, Ader? Eh? Give us one of them volets you've got."

The magnificent lady frowned at him with such loftiness that I expected him to die on the spot. But he didn't. He only hummed a song intended, I think, to have a topical reference.

The lady at the har panted and said hreathlessly (and with no stops) what next she wondered horrid fellow little less noise if *you* please you're not in a low music-hall now. He responded to this with some feeling that he wished to 'eaven he was.

He drank to a toast of ten thousand a year for all of us, and sat down near me. Then he took off his soft cap and silently dusted a few crumbs off the marhle tahle and put it on again.

The best-looking business I was ever mixed up in (he said slowly) was down at Heron Court, near Guildford. I may be a bit old-fashioned in my tastes, but I've always been rather partial to duchesses. (He said this with a relish, as though they were something sold in tins.) And when I saw in *Lloyd's* that the young duke had gone and married Miss Dehorah Clancy, daughter of the well-known ruhher merchant of New Haven, Connecticut, and when I saw that the wedding-presents was both numerous and costly, and the happy pair had left town for the duke's house near Guildford amid a shower of rice and old slippers, then I said to myself, I said: "Go in and win, my hoy, and play the game off of your own hat. Don't have no partners," I says to myself; "don't have no confederates, hut jest go in and have a good old try." So I dressed myself up very tastily and I went down to Milford Station.

I had a Gladstone hag with me, and in that hag I had a few necessary articles that no one can do without. I don't care how clever you are, you can't do without their help. And I had a little money with me, too. That's another thing that you want always to have about you. Many's the little husiness I've known spoilt just for the want of a sovereign or two.

I was walking out one afternoon, and I was going down a lane pretty close to the grounds of the mansion. In front of me was a neat girl in blue serge, with a honnet-hox in her hand. She was one of the slim-waisted sort, and she carried herself very upright. As I passed her I caught sight of the address. It was for the duchess. I lifts my hat like this. Look!

"Pardon me, miss," I says, "hut might you be one of the maids at Heron Court?"

"Well," she says, "I might."

"Oh!" I says. "Pleasant weather we're having, aren't we?"

She said yes it was very pleasant weather indeed. She said (this she said in a particularly affable way) she was afraid we should have wet before night.

"Been here long?" I inquires.

No, she hadn't been there long, she said. Only three weeks.

"Come down with the duke's party, I suppose?"

Yes, she said, she came down with the duke's party.

"Like the place?"

She said she didn't mind it. I asked her a few questions about the people. She said she could get on all right with the duke, and she was on awful good terms with the duchess; hut she wouldn't give a dollar a gross for the servants. For one thing, she didn't believe they kept a proper lookout at the place. Whilst they were wasting their time in smoking and drinking and flirting, a hurglar could get in at almost any moment.

"Oh, well, miss, after all," I says, "we're none of us perfect, you know. We all have our little 'ohhies.'"

I put on my best smile and made up my mind to have a dash for it. I asked her whether there was any chance of having a look in and a bit of supper in the evening. She looked at me very straight. Then she said a thing that knocked me silly.

"Say, mister," she says, "where do I come in? How much am I going to make out of this little game?"

I was so astonished that I quite blushed. I did really.

"Well," I says, "if you are going to put it that way, I suppose I'd better speak out straight. I'll give you twenty quid now, and I'll give you another twenty after it's over."

"Make it thirty sovereigns now and thirty after," she said, "and it's done."

I started to argue a bit, and she turned on her heel.

"Here, stiddy on, my dear," I says. "Don't lose your temper. You've got a good-hearted face. You're not going to be hard on a poor chap, are you now? Give me a kiss and I'll give you twenty-five."

She fired up.

"You don't have no kiss, mister," she says, "and if you want me to help you, you must hand over the coin. You kent do better, anyway."

I tell you she fairly surprised me. I assure you, to look at her, you'd think she was as quiet a girl as ever wore shoes. She kept her eyes—hright, black eyes she had—fixed on my face, and seemed almost to enjoy the corner she'd got me in.

I turned the matter quickly over in my mind. After all, I knew I needn't really trouble about the second payment. I should be clear away before she had a chance to see whether I put it hers or not.

"All right, miss," I says, "don't 'aggle; and don't hite a feller's 'ead half orf. Here's the thirty pound. What time shall I come up?"

She told me that at half-past eight the duke would be having dinner, and that she would leave the window of the duchess's dressing-room open. I might find a ladder in such a place, and, when I got in, I should find the jewels in such a place, and some loose notes and gold in such a place, and I was to leave the thirty pound for her on a ledge in the chimney. And if any of the other servants caught me, why, so much the worse for me, and if they did not, so much the worse for them. She shook hands pleasantly and went off towards the court.

I felt inclined to shake hands with myself, too. I knew that there was a good twenty thousand pounds' worth of stuff for me if I could only get a quiet quarter of an hour there.

You may believe me when I say I was there that evening to the minute. Just as I neared the mansion I had a nasty feeling that the maid might have given me away. You can never be sure of women. But when I saw the window open of the duchess's dressing-room, and found the ladder and everything ready, I knew it was all right.

"She's a girl after my own heart," I said to myself when I got in the room. "And I'll be after hers when it's all over."

It's risky work, you know. No matter how easy things are, you always have a queer sort of nervousness unless you're drunk, and then, of course, you're liable to make mistakes. None of the servants was about; they might have been dead for all the trouble they gave me.

I don't think I ever had quite such an easy job in all my life. "This," I said to myself—"this is better than your hard work any day. Honesty may be the best policy, hut what do you make out of it? Eh? Do you make hauls of sackfuls of jewelry and money by honesty? Do you make enough in ten minutes to keep you for years, and drunk every night of your life, hy honesty? No," I said to myself (I had got the sack nearly full), "if you want to get on in life, if you really want to have a nice little income and a life of happiness, have a turn at—"

There was a swish of skirts near the hed. I turned my lantern on the place, my heart in my mouth, my revolver in my hand. I can tell you I was pleased to see that it was only my girl. I dropped my Colt hack into my pocket. She was smartly dressed, and looked quite the lady.

"Got everything, mister?" she inquired. "Got everything?"

"Well, not ahslootly everything," I whispered; "hut as much as I can carry. I'm just off."

"Have you put my thirty sovereigns in the chimney?" she asked. Lord, she had a head for business, that girl.

"Reckon I'll take them now," she said, calmly holding out her hand. "I guessed you'd go and forget."

I counted out the money and handed it over, and shouldered my hag.

"Good-hye, miss," I whispers; "see each other again soon, I hope."

"Awful good of you to say that," she said. "Feel as though I kent let you go now." Her hand went to the side of the wall. "We're getting on so sociahle and pleasant and friendly like."

I can't tell you how it made me feel when I heard her talk like that. I would have proposed to that girl on the spot if I hadn't been so husy. Only there's a time and a place for everything, I always say, and just then wasn't the time to go canoodling about with girls.

Of course this is the worst of them—once they get mashed on you, there's no getting rid of them without a row. I went to her to give her a kiss and a good-hye. She gave a little scream.

"Stop right there!" she cried. "Stop right there, mister, or you're a dead man."

She leveled a shining little pocket-pistol at my head, the other hand still pressing against the wall. There was a sound of hurried footsteps on the landing; the door opened, and a muscular young fellow in evening-dress rushed in. He was followed by several servants.

"My dearest Dehorah," he cried. Then he sprang upon me and nearly choked me.

"Here, let go!" I screamed. "Where's the duchess? Where in —'s the duchess? Lemme go, can't ye. I want to tell her something. I want to tell her all about that heauty of a lady's-maid there. She's got my sixty pounds."

"And she jest about means to keep it," she answered, laughing. "It'll make a good start for my village blanket cluh." She turned to the duke. "Now, you see, Tunbridge, how Heron Court is protected."

"My dearest," said the duke, "you're quite right. You shall make your own arrangements now."

She spoke to one of the footmen.

"Give him a good sousing, Barker, with the garden-hose, and let him slide."

"Certainly, your grace. Now then, me man, this way."

And they took me, and, as I'm a living sinner, they ducked me. Had a narsty cold in me 'ead, I did, for years awfter.

WARWICK SIMPSON.

Twenty-five years ago the value of the hananas exported from Jamaica was practically nothing; last year it was over two millions of dollars, exceeding that of the exports of sugar, rum, coffee, or dye-woods. The cultivation of the hanana-trees has made it possible to grow other plants under their shade and to increase the production of coffee, cocoa, oranges, and spices.

Golf, in the report of the Chinese officials sent to investigate the game as it has been taken up by the English communities in China, is the chase of a little magic bullet with cluhs. The hullet, when the players get power over it, disappears into a small hole.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edison's great-grandfather died at 102, his grandfather at 103, one of his aunts at 108, while his father is alive at 90.

Humphry Ward is on the sea, heading for the United States, with a lecture on art and artists. Mrs. Ward accompanies him.

Congressman Thomas Dunn English, who is popularly known in Washington now, since Du Maurier revived the vogue of his song, as "Ben Bolt," is said to be almost blind.

There is no color-line in foot-hall. Lewis proved this when he showed himself the best centre-rush Harvard had had for years, and now the Nebraska University eleven has elected Flippen, a negro who had distinguished himself as a half-back, to be captain for next year.

An heir to the Khedive of Egypt's throne is expected soon. Ahas Pasha has notified his ministers that a slave in the harem is soon to be a mother, and that the child, if a son, will be his successor. This is according to Mohammedan precedents, the last instance being Tewfik Pasha, the father of the present Khedive.

Alfons Czihulka, whose "Stephanie Gavotte" has been played in almost every country in the world, died of apoplexy last month in Vienna. He was born in Hungary, and began his musical career as an infant phenomenon. He wrote "Amorita" and the waltz "Dream after the Ball," which is still popular. Czihulka was fifty-four years old.

The late Ferdinand de Lesseps stood preëminent as a father. His first wife bore him four children, and his second, whom he married a few days after the opening of the Suez Canal, bore him eleven, the last born when the count was past eighty. Apart from the Château of la Chesnaye and a reasonable sum, his widow and children will depend chiefly upon the handsome annuity of the Suez Company.

Henry Griffin, the favorite jockey of the last racing season, will earn thirty thousand dollars on the turf this year. That is to say, an undersized, slender hoy of seventeen, distinguished merely for the length of his arms and legs and his skill in riding a horse without swerving, will have an income as great as a hank president's salary, and nearly four times as large as that which a Cahinet officer receives. Three years ago young Griffin was a stable-hoy.

C. M. Gill, '89, Yale's oarsman and foot-hall captain, has applied for employment as missionary to China or Africa. Gill was captain of the foot-hall team of Yale for two years and was a member of the winning Yale crew for three years. He is a good example of the athlete who can preach the gospel. In a little town in Maine, where he was staying, there was no church. He started out with an axe on his shoulder and soon had sufficient timber for his church, which he afterward huilt and then preached in.

Prince Hohenlohe, the German chancellor, has great wealth, which consists partly of valuable estates in Franconia, Upper Bavaria, and Austria. He also possesses vast tracts of valuable land in the districts of Kowno and Minsk, in the government of Warsaw, one-third of which was disposed of a few years ago at a sacrifice for ten millions of roubles (about five millions of dollars). Yet his daily life is as simple as that of any modest citizen. He loves a good tahle, however, and is never without his Mocha, which he hrews himself when away from home.

The Duke of Orleans, finding the people who constituted his father's followers strangely reluctant to cross the Channel, determined to take up for a short time his ahode in the Belgian capital. He hired the entire first floor of the big Hotel de Flandres and summoned to his side the Duke Decazes and other young Frenchmen to do duty as chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting. Barely thirty of his adherents responded to his invitation, the only one of any importance being the old Duke of Broglie. The whole reception has fallen flat, and served to impress upon everybody the fact that the monarchical sentiment died out in France with the Count of Paris.

Joseph Bertrand, the well-known French Academician and permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences, has just celebrated his golden wedding. In 1842, soon after the opening of the Versailles Railway, Admiral Dumont d'Urville, a distinguished officer, famous for the discovery of the Venus of Milo, was traveling from Paris with his charming young hride and his private secretary. A heated axle set the carriage on fire, and, according to the then prevailing custom, the doors were locked. The secretary escaped through the window and did his best to rescue the other two. Admiral Dumont d'Urville thrust the fainting lady out of the narrow aperture into young Bertrand's arms, crying: "Save her! Save her! My friend, and marry her." An instant later the blazing woodwork fell in upon the gallant old sailor. The secretary, two years later, led the widow to the altar.

Viscount Hinton, the piano-organette grinder, used to have a placard placed in a prominent position on his organ, stating that he was the eldest son of Earl Poulett, hut had been disinherited. Even if he were not disinherited, it is questionable whether he would come into the family seat, for it is announced that his father, Lord Poulett, has decided to sell his seat of Hinton St. George, Crewkerne, Somerset. Lord Poulett has been married three times. His first wife, daughter of Mr. Newman, a pilot of Landport, was the mother of Lord Hinton, whose career has been a varied one. At one time he was a clown at the Surrey Theatre, and in 1869, at the age of twenty, he married Miss Ann Sheppey, a hallet-dancer, hy whom he has issue. It is a remarkable thing that in the later editions of some peerages the names of none of Lord Poulett's children are given. After the statement of his marriage, his biogrophy curtly ends with the words "and has issue."

SIBYL SANDERSON'S TEACHER.

Mme. Marchesi, the Famous Trainer of Nightingales—Her Advice to Possible Operatic Stars—She Declares the Beautiful Sibyl to be her Favorite Pupil.

America is the land of fine voices—I have Mme. Marchesi's word for it—and many an American girl dreams of becoming a queen of song like her countrywomen—Albani, Nevada, Eames, Sibyl Sanderson, Van Zandt, Nikita, only to mention those of world-wide reputation. Every year brings a fresh influx of budding prima donnas across the Atlantic.

Formerly Italy was the school to which would-be songstresses went to complete their education, but Paris has long since been the student's Eldorado, and is likely to remain so. Mme. Marchesi's fame as a teacher is world-wide, and a large majority of the young American girls who come over here to obtain instruction go straight to her, therefore I am sure you will be interested to learn something more about her than is generally known, and to hear what is her opinion on the subject, particularly as regards your countrywomen.

The Marquise de la Rajala de Castrone—to give Mme. Marchesi her proper title—is a thorough *grande dame*, with strong, decisive features and the manners of a marchioness. She lives in a small mansion not far from the Parc Monceaux. There is an air of refinement about her house and all her surroundings, but nothing showy, and, as often happens, the house resembles its mistress. After ten minutes' conversation with Mme. Marchesi, you find out that her heart is in her work; she has been exercising her profession for nearly a quarter of a century in Paris, and for some years previously in Vienna, and yet she brings to it the same enthusiasm as ever.

Knowing that I was especially interested in the American songstresses whom she had trained for the stage or the concert-room, she spoke to me chiefly of them. Nevada has a very warm corner in her heart; for Eames she cherishes a particular regard; but Sibyl Sanderson is the apple of her eye. The fair Sibyl still comes to practice with her, she told me, whenever she is in Paris. A more accomplished concert-singer than Miss Wyman she has not turned out in the whole of her career, while for sympathetic charm she gives the palm to your San Franciscan nightingale, Miss Auld. But Miss Auld has disappointed her—she is going to be married. Matrimony is Mme. Marchesi's bugbear; she can not understand that a woman should prefer private happiness and content to the glory of being a successful singer, and the marriage of a whilom pupil she is apt to consider in the light of a personal slight. Miss Taylor, an English soprano, is about to "misconduct" herself in the same way. Miss Mendelssohn, the fine contralto who made her debut at the side of Miss Auld at the British Embassy here last year, she also considers is throwing herself away somewhat in taking up the oratorio line of the profession in London. It will be remembered that the Australian prima donna, Mme. Melba, studied with Mme. Marchesi, and she has just finished the professional education of another soprano who first saw the light in that far quarter of the world—Miss Savile, who is to make her debut shortly at the Opéra Comique, probably in "La Perle de Brésil." Among those of her present pupils who promise the most brilliantly is Miss Mary Howe, whom America will gladly claim as its own one day.

When our talk, which had begun in the big salon, took this turn, Mme. Marchesi led me into the music-room, which is all hung round with portraits, and, as she mentioned this one and that, she naturally reverted to the photograph of each in turn, which gave me an excuse for doing likewise, and it amused me to examine the various signatures scrawled across each, and the affectionate little dedications. The wall was lined with female faces, sweet and winsome, hold and handsome, dark and fair. Among them was the portrait of Mme. Marchesi's beautiful daughter—also an artist. Krauss has a place of honor and Gerster, the well-known German prima donna. All this teacher's pupils are not professionals, but I do not think she cares so much for those who never mean to challenge the suffrages of the public.

In reply to a question of mine concerning the time she considered necessary for forming an artist, Mme. Marchesi told me that two years was the minimum, and was, indeed, too little; in point of fact, three was the requisite number—she always liked to think she had three years before her when she undertook to form a singer for the stage or the platform.

"And when you consider what they have to accomplish, it is not a bit too much, for both they and I must have two clear months' holiday every year. When they have mastered the art of using their voices properly, there are the difficulties of pronunciation for the foreigners, and then they must learn several operas, get at least eight or nine characters, before they can hope to obtain an engagement."

Then she went on to say how often pupils came to her from over the seas to get a few months' finishing. "Tell them, *ma chère madame*, that this is labor lost, money thrown away. If they are not prepared to make a couple of years' stay, let them keep at home. Ah, often and often I am thrown into despair. A promising pupil joins my classes, we are going on swimmingly, then one morning she comes to me in tears: no more remittances can she sent from home and she must leave me! Living in Paris is not cheap, and there are many expenses besides the cost of the lessons. Tell them to think of all this before they bazaar their little all in so bold an adventure."

I suggested that perhaps Mme. Marchesi might have some more valuable pieces of advice which it would be my pleasant duty to impart to my friends in America.

"Yes," she answered, "one of my greatest difficulties is to undo what has been ill done. The girls who make the most rapid progress are those who have no preconceived ideas in the matter of singing."

"Do you mean that up to the time you undertake their professional education it is best for them never to have had singing-lessons of any kind?"

"Yes. Nothing is more tiresome than to get out of a bad method. Your American girls are like the nightingales—they sing naturally; but they are not born musicians, like the Germans and Italians. Why, those with the very best voices have not the slightest knowledge of music. They must cultivate their ears and ground themselves thoroughly before they attempt to sing."

This I thought was excellent advice; and was there anything else?

"I was forgetting; yes, a most important point. No girl who desires to become a singer must neglect to learn one other language beside her own. If her ear and tongue have never been accustomed to bear or pronounce anything but her native English, she will have a hard time of it. Oh, no, it does not matter what language it is—French, German, Italian, Spanish, any one will do. It is the *premier pas qui compte*, others will come easily enough afterward."

How often one hears people say of an amateur soprano, who has proved more than usually pleasing: "What a pity, she has not to earn her own living; there is a fortune in that voice!" Should the subject of these remarks be a spoiled society girl, with rich parents and a big dress allowance, she will doubtless be quite *blasé* on the subject of her own talent and conceited enough to believe anything of the kind that is said to her. But it would never occur to her to desire to prove the truth of what is advanced. Should she, on the contrary, be of a different class altogether, dissatisfied with her position in the world, and eager to court fortune for herself, then such utterings may have a very great influence on her future and urge her on to make a bid for the fortune which she is told is within her grasp.

Lay this to heart, dear girls, who dream of becoming queens of song: You have the will, here is the way. Allow your voice to lie fallow, but study music and languages. Come over to Europe as well equipped as possible for the arduous apprenticeship that awaits you. No doubt it will be up-hill work at first, and desperately hard all through. You must live like a recluse, retire early, and rise with the lark, that you may husband your health and strength, and keep your complexion fresh and your eyes bright. You have a fortune *dans le gosier*, well and good; but, like many a treasure, it is hard to get at, and much patience must be exercised in the pursuit of it. Success, however, is sweet, and makes up for much hardship and toil.

PARIS, December 14, 1894.

PARISINA.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Ever since the election, this journal has persistently warned the Republican committee against opposing the inauguration of James H. Budd as governor. We have repeatedly told them that the people were convinced that Budd had been elected, and that a contest would result in nothing but a venomous party wrangle, a disturbance of business, and an enormous cost to the State. Despite all warnings, the committee persisted in its course. It was not even deterred when its case was practically thrown out of the Supreme Court as frivolous. It then attempted to bring the matter before the State legislature. We are glad to see that the good sense of the Republican legislators prevailed, and that the committee found itself absolutely without support. It is a matter for congratulation that the reckless conspiracy of this small gang of small politicians has fallen through. We did not support James H. Budd for governor, but it is our belief, and the belief of the people of this State, that he was elected. To resist the inauguration of a candidate who has been elected is treasonable. Budd was elected, and by the time these lines are printed he will have taken his seat.

During the past week, Mr. M. C. Haley, Non-Partisan candidate for county clerk at the late election, attempted to retain possession of that office by physical force. This is inexcusable. That an important city official, whose office is part of the machinery of all the city courts intrusted with the administration of the law, should himself be a conspicuous offender against that law, is calculated to bring our city government into contempt. Mr. Haley believes that he was elected, and was dishonestly "counted out." So believing, he has brought the matter before the courts, and in one of the departments of the superior court a recount has been in progress. In the interim, Mr. Haley's term of office has expired, and his opponent, Mr. C. F. Curry, armed with a certificate of election signed by the election commissioners, has demanded the office. Mr. Haley has refused to yield it.

Such a position is utterly untenable from any point of view. Mr. Curry is the *de facto* county clerk. He holds the certificate of the election commissioners. He, on the face of the returns, has been elected by the people. If he has not been elected, but has been dishonestly "counted in," the superior court will so determine. It is not for ex-County Clerk Haley to decide. He is not a judge. And even if he were, the only legal document as yet affecting his status is the certificate of the election commissioners, which declares Mr. Curry to be county clerk. Mr. Haley probably objects to this on the ground that he believes it to be based on false premises. But he might object to the decision of Superior Judge Hebbard on similar grounds, when it is rendered, and still retain possession of the office of county clerk. And if the case were appealed to the higher courts, Mr. Haley might still profess dissatisfaction with the result, and still retain possession of his office.

No; any such procedure as that of ex-County Clerk Haley is calculated to bring republican institutions into contempt. It is unpatriotic, it is treasonable, and it is a crime against the State.

Last Monday the outgoing board of education met, and turned over their offices to the new board. The old board

has been a good deal abused, and by the teachers most of all, yet it is only fair to them to say that it is the first board for a number of years which has so conducted affairs that the teachers have been able to get their salaries promptly paid without discounting their warrants through noteshavers. Instead of the usual deficit, which is handed over to the new incumbents, the outgoing board had by careful management accumulated a surplus of sixty-two thousand dollars.

The new board was called to order temporarily by Superintendent Moulder, and organized by electing H. L. Dodge as president. Mr. Dodge's election was unanimous. He is one of our best known merchants, of old New England stock, and is a strong friend of the non-sectarian, American public school. He will make an admirable president. Mr. Dodge made the following appointments as chairmen of committees: Finance, Scott; Classification, Stone; Rules, Murdock; Qualifications, Comte; Building and Grounds, McElroy; Salaries, Clinton; Supplies, Hawley; Judiciary, Comte; Printing, Henderson; Janitors, Barrett; Visiting, Ambrose. Of these gentlemen, Henry T. Scott, Chairman of the Committee on Finance, is one of the managers of the Union Iron Works and well equipped in every way for his duties. Charles B. Stone, Chairman of the Committee on Classification, is a son of the well-known divine, Dr. A. L. Stone, and has been a resident of San Francisco for many years; he is a man of brains and culture, and will bring to his office ability as well as enthusiasm. C. A. Murdock, Chairman of the Committee on Rules, is thoroughly familiar with the workings of the department, having been a member of the old board. C. A. Clinton, Chairman of the Committee on Salaries, is also one of the old board who was reelected, and therefore is familiar with his duties. The other chairmen are newly elected members. As a whole, the board is an excellent one, and we think its administration will be a success.

Elsewhere in this issue there will be found a communication from Judge Belcher, of the superior court, which we commend to the attention of our readers. It makes certain suggestions for the amendment of the California election laws. Those laws certainly need amendment, as is shown by the aftermath of the late election. At present there are two official contests going on over disputed offices in San Francisco, and numbers of dissatisfied candidates are making "snap tallies," at these official contests, of the votes cast for them. Even the office of governor is disputed. Judge Belcher's recommendations would certainly settle the result of every election, and settle it judicially.

Amid the various things that are being arranged with the out-going of the present State administration, there are settlements—settlements of bills and things. Some of them are awkward.

Over four years ago, when Markham was running for governor, somebody dug up a letter signed by him which came to be known as the "Old Pard Letter." It was so addressed, and was from Markham to a friend. It used language concerning the Irish which was calculated, in the opinion of the Republican State Central Committee, to defeat Markham. We wish now that it had. But that foxy candidate at once denied, repeatedly, persistently, and solemnly, that he had written the letter. The Republican committee was so impressed by his repeated and apparently truthful denials, that they offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the letter. It was at once produced by the Democratic committee, and the reward claimed. Its authenticity has never been disproved.

But the Republican committee staved the matter off, on one pretext and another, and finally Russell Wilson, Chairman of the Democratic committee, brought suit against the Republican committee for the reward. The case went against the Republicans in the superior court, and was appealed to the supreme court. That tribunal handed down a decision, a short time ago, affirming the decision of the lower court. This puts in permanent form on the records of the highest court in the State the fact that that tribunal believed that H. H. Markham did not tell the truth when he said he did not write the "Old Pard" letter.

This would seem to be humiliation enough for any man. But not for Markham. The Republican committee has sent him a polite request to pay the amount of the judgment—which is now, with the costs, thirteen hundred dollars—before retiring from office. It is regarded by the committee as an eminently *personal* affair of Mr. Markham's. That gentleman, however, does not so believe. He has requested his staff to pay it, and is now engaged in passing around the hat. The feelings of the tin colonels who compose the gubernatorial staff may readily be imagined. They think Mr. Markham ought to pay it himself. There is only one other kind of a bill that is more personal than this one.

Of the thirty-seven living members of the French Academy thirty-one are professed Catholics, including Meilhac and Halévy, who are of Jewish descent. Léon Say, Cherbuliez, and De Freycinet are Protestants; Alexandre Dumas and Challeml-Lacour, free-thinkers; while Pasteur's creed is not ascertained. The senior member by election is Legouvé, who was chosen in 1855, and is now 87, but the oldest Academician was De Lesseps, who was just 89.

At Delnice, near Fiume, on the Adriatic, twenty-six girls were carried off on, borsehack in one night, recently, by lovers to whom their parents had refused to give them. It is not uncommon for Croatian girls to force consent to their marriage by an elopement, but an organized raid like this is unprecedented, and has made a sensation even in Croatia.

By vote of the Greek Chamber of Deputies, the whole of this year's crop of currants will be detained and destroyed. This is intended as an heroic measure to save the currant trade from the utter ruin threatened by overproduction.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A movement is on foot to erect in this city a memorial fountain to the late Robert Louis Stevenson. The committee in charge, consisting of Mrs. Virgil Williams, Mr. Horace G. Platt, and Mr. Bruce Porter, has issued the following circular:

TO REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Robert Louis Stevenson is dead, and with a sense of our debt to him for all he has given us—the delight of his art, the freshened zest for life—some acknowledgment seems fitting.

He dwelt for a time with us, and added a distinction to our cosmopolitanism, to our picturesqueness, by recognizing both. It was here in San Francisco that he suffered and enjoyed such a varied fortune, and here he played out part of the drama of his life.

With this in mind, it is proposed that a simple drinking fountain be set up as a memorial to him, in the old Plaza (the heart of the life he found so interesting)—a memorial to him, and the chance for the cup of cold water to the stranger and the waif left by the ebb tide.

You are invited to subscribe to this memorial.

Blanks for subscriptions may be obtained of Mr. Bruce Porter, 606 Jackson Street, or of Mr. W. D. Armes, at the University of California, Berkeley, Cal. Contributions may be left at the bookstores or with Mr. W. K. Vickery, 224 Post Street.

Only a year ago, Mr. Hawkins—a young barrister who had fought a first-rate uphill fight as Gladstonian candidate for a Buckinghamshire division—said to some one who was congratulating him on his literary successes, that he wrote as "Anthony Hope," because he was afraid it might damage his prospects at the bar if it got about that he was a scribbler. His prospects of the wool-sack can not trouble him much now; he occupies a much more important position than the new Q. C.'s do, and he has attained it by sheer merit.

In the new edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, we read again that delightful writer's opinion upon various authors concerning whom lesser folk keep silence through fear. Says James Payn:

"A man of his genius does not, of course, fall into the usual error of speaking of Scott's works as though they were all of equal merit. 'At times his characters speak with something far beyond propriety—with a true heroic note; but in the next page they will be wading wearily forward with an undramatic rigmarole of words.' How does it happen, he inquires, that the man 'who had not only splendid romantic but splendid tragic gifts so often bores us with languid twaddle?' This, coming from such a source, to some extent excuses the indifference of the rising generation to the charms of the Wizard of the North, and it is just as well that the explanation should be afforded us. If Mr. Stevenson finds (alas! 'found' we must now say) Scott at times tedious, why should not the ordinary reader? Curiously enough, so great a lover of romance and adventure did not greatly admire 'Monte Cristo'; he thought it, 'after once the treasure has been discovered, one long-drawn error—gloomy, bloody, unnatural, and dull.' One quite agrees with him that the story does fall off at that point, chiefly from the multiplicity of characters represented, and many of them in the second generation; but what can equal the excitement and dramatic interest of the Château d'If, a narrative that nites the simplicity of 'Robinson Crusoe' with the ingenuity of Edgar Allan Poe! Yet both Mr. Stevenson and Thackeray preferred 'The Three Musketeers' to it—the former, indeed, making D'Artagnan his favorite hero in all fiction. Thackeray thought Cooper's 'Leather Stocking' better than the best of Scott's lot, and honestly confessed it. How many a wearied reader of 'Tristram Shandy,' earnestly desiring to admire it, has derived encouragement and solace from Horace Walpole's quiet remark: 'I found it most intolerably tedious!'

Mr. George Saintsbury's volume of critical essays is coming out next month under the title of "Corrected Impressions. He deals therein with the leading writers of the Victorian period.

The author of "Ideala" and "The Heavenly Twins" is seriously ill—so ill that her doctors say that nothing but complete rest and change will do her good.

The publishers of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's well-known "History of the City of New York" are neither for nor against Tammany, so far as may be judged by their recent advertisements of the book; for they quote in its praise the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst and Mayor Gilroy: "There is no work, so far as I know, that rivals it, or even approaches it as a text-book of information touching the history of our city. CHARLES H. PARKHURST." "The work, in my judgment, is all that Dr. Parkhurst claims for it. THOMAS F. GILROY." This (comments the *Critic*) is the lion and the lamb lying down side by side—or rather the lion and the tiger, and a little lamb leading them.

Alphonse Daudet is thinking of visiting England next summer. He has never seen the country,

and fears that the six hours' voyage from Guernsey to Southampton may be a severe trial to him. He does not speak English, but can read and understand it. Since he has been ill he has spent whole afternoons in listening to a friend translating popular English and American authors of the day. Daudet's income from his writings, we are told by his recent biographer, R. H. Sherard, was one thousand dollars in 1872. To-day it is twenty thousand dollars.

Of Zola's fourteenth rejection by the Academy, "G. W. S." writes in the *Tribune*:

"M. Henry Houssaye's election to the French Academy means simply that the Academy prefers decent mediocrity to M. Zola and indecency. M. Houssaye is not a writer of much distinction, though not without pretensions to *dilettante* scholarship. He is called an art critic and a historian. Everybody in France is an art critic, and to be dubbed historian it is sufficient to put together a Bonapartist monograph. When you have done the two, the doors of the Palais Mazarin fly open. M. Zola has now been a candidate fourteen times. He did not on this occasion get a single vote. His reception in Italy may console him. It is true that the Pope refused to see him; but the king received him, and so did Signor Crispi. That was part of the calculation from the beginning. If you are a celebrity, or even a notoriety, you are sure to have an audience of the Pope or the king. If the Pope excludes you, that is reason enough for the king to admit you, and *vice versa*. Such is the secret of M. Zola's interview with King Humbert. It is not very creditable to either."

"Tribly" must be now approaching the two hundred thousand mark in the "States." A mere ten per cent. of the retail price, one dollar and seventy-five cents, would net the author thirty-five thousand dollars for that many copies.

Subscribers to the original "limited" edition of Burton's "Arabian Nights," which was issued in sixteen volumes at eighty dollars, and since has sold as high as one hundred and seventy dollars, are excited over the announcement by H. S. Nichols & Co., London, of a new unlimited edition, compressed into twelve volumes, royal 8vo, and offered to the public at thirty dollars. Burton pledged himself to the original subscribers that, when one thousand copies of the original edition had been printed, the plates would be destroyed and no more would ever be issued. The fact that the new edition professes to be an expurgated one does not mollify the offended parties, as the excisions are said to be merely nominal and amount to less than three hundred lines.

The Westminster *Budget* recently contained some stanzas on "The Yellow Book," the closing one being this:

"Some said 'How clever!' some, 'How vile!'
The man of sense, 'twixt yawn and smile,
Just voted it a bore.
That 'Yellow Book,' of meanings dim,
A yellow nuisance was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has just reached its four hundredth thousand. The sale for the past year or two has been slower but steady.

Walter Pater never read Stevenson or Kipling. He once said:

"I feel, from what I hear about them, that they are strong; they might lead me out of my path. I want to go on writing in my own way; good or bad, I should be afraid to read Kipling, lest he should come between me and my page next time I sat down to write."

Pater's "own way" is difficult enough for some of his readers to grasp. It was much more difficult for him. Says Mr. Gosse in the *Contemporary*:

"I recollect the writing of the opening chapters of 'Marius,' and the stress that attended it—the intolerable languor and fatigue, the fevers and the cold fits, the gray hours of lassitude and insomnia, the toil as at a deep petroleum well when the oil refuses to flow. With practice, this terrific effort grew less. A year ago I was reminding him of those old times of storm and stress, and he replied: 'Ah! it is much easier now. If I live long enough, no doubt I shall learn quite to like writing.'"

Andrew Lang received from R. L. Stevenson, a week before the novelist's death, a letter in which the latter showed for the first time a certain anxiety about himself. He said that he was haunted by a dread of paralysis, of a lingering mental malady, of living on, no longer himself, like Swift. Mr. Lang notes that his friend took a boyish and exuberant delight in the success of the new Edinburgh edition of his works. He was busy with many plans for new books. One of these concerned a romance on the unknown, mysterious years of Prince Charles Edward, for which, only a month ago, manuscript materials were sent out to him.

OLD FAVORITES.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Prophetic Epitaph.

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

A Portrait.

I am a kind of farthing dip,
Unfriendly to the nose and eyes;
A blue-behinded ape, I skip
Upon the trees of Paradise.

At mankind's feast, I take my place
In solemn, sanctimonious state,
And have the air of saying grace
While I defile the dinner-plate.

I am "the smiler with the knife,"
The battener on the garbage, I—
Dear Heaven, with such a rancid life,
Were it not better far to die?

Yet still, about the human pale,
I love to scamper, love to race,
To swing by my irreverent tail
All over the most holy place.

And when at length, some golden day,
The unfailing sportsman, aiming at,
Shall hag me—all the world shall say:
Thank God, and there's an end of that!

A Camp.

(From "Travels with a Donkey.")

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

In the States.

With half a heart I wander here
As from an age gone by,
A brother—yet though young in years,
An elder brother, I.

You speak another tongue than mine,
Though both were English born.
I towards the night of time decline,
You mount into the morn.

Youth shall grow great and strong and free,
But age must still decay:
To-morrow for the States—for me,
England and Yesterday.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Canoe Speaks.

On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro,
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, I sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep:
I, whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mold,
A band may launch, a band withhold:
I, rather with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out;
I, the unnamed, inviolate,
Green, rustic rivers navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble-brakes;
Still forth on my green way I wend
Beside the cottage garden-end;
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.
By willow wood and water-wheel
Speedily fleets my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots;
By meadows where, at afternoon,
The growing maidens troop in June
To loose their girdles on the grass.
Ah! speedier than before the glass
The backward toilet goes; and swift
As swallows quiver, robe and shift
And the rough country stockings lie
Around each young divinity.
When, following the recondite brook,
Sudden upon this scene I look,
And light with unfamiliar face
On chaste Diana's bathing-place,
Loud ring the hills about, and all
The shallows are abandoned. . . .

Apologia.

Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labors of my sires, and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: In the afternoon of time
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite, and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Olivia," the latest and one of the best of Mrs. Molesworth's entertaining stories for girls, has been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Sweetheart Gwen," a Welsh idyl by William Tirebuck, has been republished in Longmans' Paper Library by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"My Generation," by Sarah Anna Emery, a picture of the manners, customs, dress, religion, and politics of a by-gone period, which is half-fiction, half-fact, has been published by Moses H. Sargeot, Newburyport, Mass.

An "Academic French Course," prepared by Antoine Muzzarelli in accordance with the latest grammatical rules adopted by the French Academy, has been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Songs from the Granite Hills of New Hampshire" is the title of a little book of verses by Clark B. Cochrane. They are youthful efforts—some of them written before the war—now retouched during the leisure of later years, and embody the emotions and aspirations of a young man's enthusiasm. Published by Cupples & Patterson, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Justification of Andrew Lebrun" is a story of sustained interest in which science is made to play a leading part. The scene and the personages are weird and uoanny, and the climax, to which suspended animation and resuscitation by chemical stimulation contribute, is a novel and thrilling one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Ballads in Prose" is the title of a book of fresh little allegories by Nora Hopper. They remind one of Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," but they are not so sombre; indeed, they are Irish folk-tales, and have the mysticism and beauty of the Irish peasant oature, where Miss Schreiner's were oppressive with the grandeur of the African desert. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Sweet Clover," by Clara Louise Burnham, is a love-story, the scene of which is laid in Chicago during the Columbiad Exposition. Clover is a very lovable girl on whose slender shoulders falls the responsibility of caring for an invalid mother and a family of small brothers and sisters, and her self-sacrifice would go to the extent of marrying a wealthy man with a son her own age; but this is not demanded of her, and she finally weds a more suitable partner. The action of the story covers five years, and with it the history of the fair is interwoven, from the first steps to the great fire at Jackson Park. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A book that can be read with as much interest by those who disagree with the author's conclusions as by those who agree with them is S. E. Moffett's "Suggestions on Government." The exposition of the abuses that have developed in the political system of this country is one that all may read with profit; the proposed remedies have the virtue of being systematic, but are so radical in some of their features that they will deserve considerable study before they are accepted. Without attempting to go into details, Mr. Moffett's central idea is that the government should be brought more closely to the people, and that the direct popular supervision should not be suspended for two or four years, but should remain potentially effective at all times. The Initiative and Referendum are discussed, and the concentration of power and responsibility is advocated. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price \$1.00.

That a physician's life is full of romantic and dramatic incidents which afford abundant material for stories, has been proved many times from the time Samuel Warren wrote "The Diary of a London Physician" to Dr. Conan Doyle's gruesome tales, "Round the Red Lamp." A new proof of it is the dozen tales entitled "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor," the joint product of L. T. Meade, a well-known writer of fiction, and Clifford Halifax, M. D., who together wrote "The Medicine Lady" some months ago. The first story, "My First Patient," tells of a physician who attempts to poison his wife and himself with some strange Australian drug; the second deals with hypnotism; and the others—their character vaguely foreshadowed by their titles—are "Very Far West," "The Heir of Chartepool," "A Death Certificate," "The Wrong Prescription," "The Horror of Studley Grange," "Ten Years' Oblivion," "An Oak Coffin," "Without Witnesses," "Trapped," and "The Poisoned Diamonds." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Sibylla," by Sir H. S. Cunningham, K. C. I. E., is a story which begins with the paternal benediction on a daughter's engagement and ends with that wedding of souls which is the true marriage. Sibylla is the daughter of a man who, though himself not in public life, is the friend and counselor of England's leading men, and he has trained

her to be his confidant and companion. When she marries, it is to a young man whose prospects are brilliant; but he impresses the father as being, perhaps, uninterestingly perfect, and he has, too, the idea that woman's sphere is the home and that the wife should be spared participation in her husband's cares and troubles. The story follows their married life, from this interesting situation to the time when they have been welded into perfect sympathy by the hard blows of fortune. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The "History of the United States," written by President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University, is a work for the student of history rather than for the general reader. It derives its especial value from its passionless impartiality, which results in a prosaic if accurate narrative, and from the author's admirable judgment in ascribing events to their causes—for it follows the political and social development of the people, rather than the men and events which that development produced. The introductory chapter treats of America before Columbus, and the body of the work he divides into two parts—the "fore-history" and "The United States under the Constitution." The first seven chapters are devoted to the period of discovery and settlement; then there are nine chapters on "English America till the Eod of the French and Indian War," which series of struggles President Andrews regards as of paramount importance in cementing together the scattered colonies; and, finally, ten chapters on "Revolution and the Old Confederation" (1763-1789) conclude this first part. The second part is divided into five periods: "The United States and the French Revolution" (1789-1814); "Whigs and Democrats till the Dominance of the Slavery Controversy" (1814-1840); "The Years of Slavery Controversy" (1840-1860); "Civil War and Reconstruction" (1860-1868); and "The Cemented Union" (1868-1888). Some of the chapter-heads, which give an idea of the character of the work, are: "Governmental Institutions in the Colonies," "Social Culture in Colonial Times," "American Manhood in the Revolution," "Social Culture at the Turn of the Century," "Life and Manners in the Fourth Decade," "Industrial Advance by 1840," "Material Progress" (up to 1860), "The New South," "The New West," "Expositions of 1876 and 1893," "Economic Politics," and "The March of Industry." The work is in two volumes of about four hundred pages each; it comprises several maps, and is carefully indexed. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$4.00 for the two volumes.

The numbers of *Scribner's Magazine* from January to June and from July to December, 1894, constituting the fifteenth and sixteenth volumes of the new series, are to hand, bound in the substantial and tasteful covers adopted by the publishers. Their contents constitute a veritable treasure of instructive and entertaining articles on a wide range of topics, with a fair proportion of choice fiction and poetry and an abundance of admirable illustrations. In the table of contents of the fifteenth volume, we notice Octave Thanet's "Sketches of American Types," H. C. Bunner's "The Bowery and Bohemia," Cosmo Monkhouse on Edward Burne-Jones, P. G. Hubert, Jr., on "The Cable Street-Railway," F. Marion Crawford on "Constancy," N. S. Shaler on "The Dog," Arsène Alexandre on "French Caricature of To-Day," Barr Ferree on "The High Building and its Art," Edwin Lord Weeks on "Some Episodes of Mountaineering," ex-Minister Anderson on "A Winter Journey up the Coast of Norway," John Drew on "The Actor" and James Baldwin on "The School-Master," P. G. Hamerton's "Types of Contemporary Painting," Joel Chandler Harris on "The Sea Island Hurricanes," Hon. Robert C. Winthrop on "Webster's Reply to Hayne and his Methods of Preparation," Archibald Forbes on "The Future of the Wounded in War"; in fiction, George W. Cable's "John March, Southerner," W. H. Bishop's "A Pound of Cure: A Story of Monte Carlo," and tales by Thomas Nelson Page, George I. Putnam, Mary Tappan Wright, George A. Hibbard, and others; and verses by Edith M. Thomas, Arthur S. Hardy, Duncan C. Scott, Solomon Solis-Cohen, and others of note. The sixteenth volume contains a like list of good things, among which may be mentioned the series of papers on "American Summer Resorts," by Robert Grant, W. C. Brownell, Marion Crawford, and George A. Hibbard; more of Octave Thanet's "American Types"; "The American Girls' Art Club in Paris," by Emily Meredith Aylward; two additional articles on "Domesticated Animals," by Professor Shaler; "Election Night in a Newspaper Office," by Julian Ralph; "The End of Books," by Octave Uzanne; "In the Hospital," by J. West Roosevelt, M. D.; "Lowell's Letters to Poe"; "The Matrimonial Tontine Benefit Association," by Robert Grant; more "Types of Contemporary Painting," by P. G. Hamerton; "Railroad Travel in England and America," by H. G. Prout; Carl Lumboltz's articles on "The Tarahumaris"; "True Pictures among the Poor," by various hands; Cosmo Monkhouse on G. F. Watts, R. A.; and Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn" among the poetry. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A DINNER TO DOBSON.

The Johnson Club celebrated its tenth birthday on December 13th by supping in the Old Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, London. The club met in the low-roofed room, with its sanded floor, and the members feasted on the traditional steak-pudding and English beer of the hostel, and smoked the stately churchwarden. The company numbered at least three great exponents of eighteenth-centuryism. First came the Prior for the year, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q. C., M. P., whose "Oibiter Dicta" long since placed him among the great scholars of the age in which Johnson lived. The two guests of the evening were Mr. Austin Dobson, who has voiced that age in verse, and Mr. Herbert Railton, whose pencil, used on the occasion to design the menu, has often pictured the simple charm of eighteenth-century architecture. The most interesting figure of the evening was undoubtedly Mr. Dobson. Mr. George Whale first read a poem from the pen of Mr. J. M. Bulloch, in imitation of Mr. Dobson's style, and entitled "Incognita the Second," and then Mr. L. F. Austin, seconding the toast to a witty speech, read a clever parody of Mr. Dobson's famous poem, "The Ladies of St. James's." We reprinted it in our column of "Old Favorites" a few weeks ago, but we give a single stanza here to show how cleverly Mr. Anstio has followed the original:

"The ladies of St. James's
Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
With a 'Stand by! Clear the way!'
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her huddled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon."

Mr. Austin's poem is as follows:

THE JOURNALISTS OF FLEET STREET.

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
What nightly toil is theirs
To give their daily message
The eloquence of prayers!
But Publishers, my Publishers,
When morn is scarce array'd,
They run to trim their discounts,
And haggle with "the trade."

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
How modestly they strive
To keep the soul of Wisdom
Anonymous and naive!
But Publishers, my Publishers,
With ever-swelling speed,
They blot the line with sky-signs
Of scribes we never read!

The Journalists of Fleet Street
Wear shoddy on their hacks,
They dwell in grewsome garrets
Beyond St. Mary Axe;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
Keep dunkeys on their stairs,
In ostentatious mansions
In distant Western squares.

The Journalists of Fleet Street
Have precious little cash,
They put their all in papers
Which swiftly go to smash;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
Sit twirling of their thumbs,
While sweated clerks with ledgers
Trot up colossal sums!

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
When taking of their ease,
Invoke the frequent tankard
That haunts the Cheshire Cheese;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
As epicures enjoy
The wines of Mr. Nicols,
The sons of the Savoy.

The Journalists of Fleet Street,
Whose years are passing ripe,
Expect their latent virtues
To grace a heavenly type;
But Publishers, my Publishers,
On that celestial scene,
Will sell them to the Seraphs,
A dozen as thirteen!

The Journalists of Fleet Street
Will earn by right divine
For hymning Austin Dobson
A golden crown a line,
While Publishers, my Publishers,
With balos rather dim,
Are heard entreating vainly
Half profits on that hymn!

Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book" has achieved the distinction of being chosen as one of the comparatively few books published for the blind. An edition in raised letters will soon be issued by the "American Printing House for the Blind," with the cordial permission of the author and his publishers.

American wood engraving has been famous the world over for its beauty, delicacy, and faithfulness, but of late "process" illustration has largely taken its place.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE during the coming year will print a series of frontispieces by the masters of the art, each engraver reproducing a subject especially suited to his skill.

Henry Wolf will contribute the first block of the set to the January number—a truly superb piece of work, perhaps the finest bit of wood-engraving ever published.

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Mme. Tavary and her satellites should have felt flattered at the house waiting to greet them on Monday evening. The Baldwin wore a festal air. The world and his wife were gathered in holiday garb to hear how this mysterious singer, of whom one knew nothing and had never heard, was going to develop. There was an agreeable uncertainty in most people's minds as to the sort of entertainment that was to be offered for their delectation. By the time the second act of "Rigoletto" was over, all uncertainty had passed, but into just what state of certainty the audience had settled, it was difficult to determine. While some sat silent and morose, others vociferously applauded. It was a case of many men of many minds—some had minds which took them out of the theatre altogether; others had minds which caused them to stamp with their feet, and thump with their canes, and clap with their hands whenever Gilda and Rigoletto ascended to the high C's.

"Rigoletto" is an ambitious opera for the Tavary company to have opened in. While it has all the spasmodic, disconnected harmoniousness of the Verdi operas which belong to the period of "Traviata," "Trovatore," and "Ernani," it is yet a work which taxes the vocal powers of singers who are no longer in the first flush of their early prime. To the tenor, Verdi was very considerate, giving him not only the most tuneful numbers in the whole melodious score, but those that, in their unattached isolation, resembled concert arias. There are few tenors who can not give an acceptable rendering of "La donna e mobile," and win a rousing encore for that *insouciant* and debonair hallad, as did Signor Guille.

It is upon the baritone that the heavy work of the opera falls. The long duos with Gilda, in which Rigoletto has not only to use his voice continuously, but to portray consistently the emotions of the desperate father, are a tax upon the vocal and histrionic abilities of the artist. They were too heavy for William Mertens, whose fatigue toward the close of the long scene of agony, in the third act, showed itself in a disposition to flat and a boariness of tone that may have been consistent with the outraged feelings of the unhappy buffoon, but were not conducive to sensations of pleasure in those who had come to enjoy the music. Happy, indeed, is that thrice-blessed individual who has "no ear." Its possession, like that of the artistic temperament, may be something to be proud of in a remote, esoteric sort of way, but it entirely unfits one for enjoying many and varied musical performances that otherwise one might sit and placidly delight in. In this particular case, ignorance is more blissful than it is in any other.

In "Rigoletto," Verdi chose one of the great dramas of the day to drape his music upon. Already in advance of the composers of the century's first half, he recognized the necessity of a story which had some remote interest, some vague connection with the overlying color of the music. He had seized upon Dumas's popular novel and Hugo's popular play. The tale of "Trovatore" is certainly somewhat of a vague mixture of many weird elements; but a connecting thread of story, romantic and picturesque, holds these together and works out, through dark and devious evolutions, into an intelligible climax.

The lurid, high-strung drama of "Le Roi s'Amuse" suggested itself to him for musical treatment, as "Hernani" and "La Dame aux Camélias" had done. But in Hugo's fierce and bloody masterpiece, the superb portrayal of character, the almost terrifyingly intense excitement of the story, moving forward with the gloomy irrevocableness of a grim destiny, unfit it for operatic treatment. "Rigoletto," with all its caressing melodiousness, its joyous sweetnesses, its infinitely tender grievings, its notes of dole as liquidly smooth as boney dropping from the comb, strikes one as old-fashioned in its disagreement of score and story. We who have heard the subdued musical accentuation of theme of "I Pagliacci" and the enormous harmonic revelation that Wagner wedded to the Niebelungen legend, find no closer connection between the score and the libretto of "Rigoletto" than there is between the words and the accompaniment of any lovely hallad that has delighted generations.

Yet the unaffected, unpretentious melodiousness of this old school is an enchantment and a joy. It does not uplift, or exalt, or thrill, or bold the auditor coldly spell-bound, as does the first act of the "Valkyrie," with its accompaniment of tempestuous portents—a sort of translator's notes, necessary in the study of a half-known language. But it

charms, it soothes, it beguiles away ugly things and boring things, and lulls the spectator into a dream of soft content. It has an opiate effect as it glides on in smooth waves of rising and falling sweetness, without effort, without strain or struggle, almost without consciousness. Pain and anguish lift up their notes of woe with as rich a harmoniousness as love or gayety. No turbulent orchestral agonies disturb the even exquisiteness of it. Gilda mourns her wrecked illusions with as tender and thrilling a sweetness as that with which she broods over the "Dear Name" of that perfidious lover who so frankly agreed with the poet that:

"The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet over a month is gone."

But in this indifference to the claims of the story and the subduing of the orchestral accompaniment, the vocal side of the opera is lifted into a prominence which is overshadowing and undue. The Italian grand opera must be performed by good singers. The prima donna is an Italian invention. The great singer, who is a ruler and a sovereign, who stands alone upon his pinnacle and from its eminence dictates his terms and states his wishes, grew out of Italian opera. When the opera of divas and incomparable tenors has run its course, and the opera of a complete dramatic and musical ensemble supplants it, these rare birds of the operatic heaven will take their proper places with the rest of the gifted elect. Then the enormous prices paid to great singers will drop to the level where they ought to be. It is only the old Italian opera of the star-kind which keeps them at the point where they now stand. The successful divas of the day had better make haste and gather the rosebuds while they may. The works of Wagner, of Leoncavallo, of Mascagni and Massenet, are going to put out the great lone stars and establish the vogue for a firmament of little, modest twinklers.

The vocal inadequacies of Mme. Tavary and her support are more obvious in such an opera as "Rigoletto" than they are in "Trovatore," where the chorus is more in evidence, where the orchestra has such a lively accompaniment of inspiring melodies and marches, and where the extreme familiarity of every number renders the performance more like a continuous concert of popular melodies than a grand opera. On hearing "Trovatore" one is reminded of the story of the man who, the first time he heard "Hamlet," said it was nothing but a series of old quotations. At the same time, singers who are no longer sure of their voices had better stick to these old familiar favorites, than wander off to worship at the shrines of strange, new gods.

Mme. Tavary has been a singer. Time, however, has not been so kind to her voice as it has been to the voices of some of the great prima donnas who have gone on singing into a green, melodious middle age. It may be, too, that this lady, who was for many years one of the court-singers at the Bavarian capital, has overworked her voice in rendering those portentous Wagnerian masterpieces toward which the late King Louis did seriously incline. Wagner had to wait until the demand for singers made by his operas created such iron-throated divas as Materna and Lilli Lehmann. The rash and inexperienced novices who blindly essayed to portray his goddess-like heroines soon found that Elizabeth, and Sieglinde, and Brunhilda, and Isolde were creatures of a Titan breed, with lungs of leather and throats of bronze. Many ruined voices paid their tribute to the muse of the Bayreuth wizard before those mighty songstresses, with their ponderous forms and calm-fronting, Olympian brows, rose to shake the soul and stir the blood with the master's tremendous harmonies.

Of such voice as she has, Mme. Tavary makes the most. She is a somewhat decorative singer, fluent and fond of ornate effects. She produces startlingly varied tones and scatters over her songs notes of divers sorts with a surprising, pyrotechnic ease and brilliancy. Her rendering of "Caro Nome" was elaborated to the last extent. In the simpler passages she is heard to better advantage. The days of vocal gymnastics passed with Patti. The only singers who should now attempt this flowery style are those who sing with the flute-like spontaneity of birds at sunrise, and who never appear to suffer from the necessity to take breath. The average prima donna, like the rest of us, has got to breathe. She is only human, and we can not expect her to suffocate for an artistic effect. She ought, therefore, to leave to the Patti of the future those ornately ornamented arias which should be produced with the even, unburied perfection of successful mechanism.

Mr. Shehadi A. Shehadi will deliver a lecture on "Mohammed and Al Islam" this evening at the Mercantile Library for the benefit of the library. The Athan and prayer will be given by a Mohammedan Syrian.

The Parisians, to whom nothing is sacred, have dubbed the fourth act of Verdi's "Otello," "Le Coucher d'une Vénitienne."

Marie Burroughs is now a star, and will be seen at the Baldwin in a few weeks in "Judah" and "The Profligate."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Frederick Warde and Louis James will follow the Tavary company at the Baldwin Theatre.

The holiday spectacle at the Tivoli still draws crowds every night. The fourth week commences on Monday night, January 14th.

Lottie Collins and her Troubadours will continue to present "The Devil Bird" and their vaudeville performance during the coming week.

Frederick Villiers, the famous war artist, is expected to arrive here from Japan on the twentieth. He will deliver two lectures, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, during his stay in town, illustrating them with views taken in the present war between China and Japan.

The repertoire for the second week of the Tavary Company at the Baldwin, commencing Monday, January 14th, is: Monday, "William Tell"; Tuesday, "La Traviata"; Wednesday afternoon, "Carmen"; Wednesday evening, "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Thursday, "Faust"; Friday, "Martha"; Saturday afternoon, "Trovatore"; and Saturday night, "Lohengrin."

Sadie Martinot will not join the ranks of those who call San Francisco a "jay town." She had large audiences throughout her two weeks' engagement at the California, and at the close of the last performance, last Sunday night, the audience stayed and applauded until the curtain was raised and she had made a pretty little speech of thanks and farewell. Max Figman, too, was called for, and said a few words.

Mme. M. Yale will deliver her lecture on "Beauty and Physical Culture" at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday afternoon, January 14th, at half-past two o'clock. The lecture will be for ladies only, and the fair lecturer—who is her own best advertisement, for she owns to forty-two years and does not look half that age—will not only describe various methods of improving the figure, but will reveal many secrets of the toilet and give the ingredients of many beautifying washes and lotions.

Herrmann and Mme. Herrmann will follow Lottie Collins at the California Theatre on Monday evening, January 21st. The famous prestidigitator has a lot of new tricks in his bag, among them being "The Greek Slave's Dream," "The Caliph of Bagdad," "Chinese Immigration Made Easy," "Stroheika, the Russian Mystery," "The Escape from Sing Sing," "The Asiatic Trunk Mystery," "The Artist's Dream," "The Mysterious Swing," "Faust à la Herrmann," and "Noah's Ark."

The event of the week at the theatres was the double bill at the Baldwin on Wednesday evening. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" make an interesting combination, and the performance of both in the same evening gives an unusual opportunity to compare the two. A new singer, too, made her appearance in the person of Miss Dore, who showed unusual dramatic fire in the rôle of Santuzza. Many will be glad to hear that the same two operas will be given again on Wednesday evening, January 16th.

When the "Aladdin" company struck town, San Francisco was plunged into a dazed condition. The ladies of the ballet—primas, secundas, coryphées, and figurantes—were, without exception, chromos. This is rather unusual in the Henderson companies, for there are a great many pretty girls in the United States, and Henderson has generally succeeded in rounding up a few of them. But this year, not! The "Aladdin" outfit was interesting only as a collection of feminine freaks. The reason for this has just leaked out—Henderson has married Miss Frankie Raymond, one of the "Aladdin" stars. Ever since the ceremony, Miss Raymond has been weeding out the ladies having any faint, fleeting pretensions to beauty. She has succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Miss Raymond is not a Venus herself, but with the freak circle behind her, "her beauty shines upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Etbiop's ear."

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OTHERS,
WILL
Cure You.

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Sarsaparilla
MAKES
THE
WEAK
STRONG.

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Oscar L. Fest's Wondrous Transformation, "Aloeves of the Peri's Garden."

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

BALDWIN THEATRE.
AL. HAYMAN & CO., (INCORPORATED), PROPRIETORS
Monday Next, January 14th. Second and Last Week.
The Famous **MARIE**
--TAVARY--
Grand English Opera Company.
Monday, January 21st.....Theatre closed for two weeks
Monday, February 17th, **FREDERICK WARDE** and **LOUIS JAMES**, in **Henry IV.** and Other Productions.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
AL. HAYMAN & CO., (INCORPORATED), PROPRIETORS
S. H. FRIEDLANDER, MANAGER
Last Week of
--LOTTIE--COLLINS--TROUBADOURS--
In the London Comic Opera Success, "The Devil-bird," and the Roaring English Comedy, entitled "The Fair Equestrienne."
January 21st.....**PROF. HERRMANN**

MECHANICS' PAVILION.
January 28th to February 16th.

CALIFORNIA PURE FOOD EXPOSITION
Extensive Display of Food Products.

MRS. MARY J. LINCOLN, author of the
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Mrs. Lincoln's course of lectures will be given under the patronage of a committee of ladies prominent in San Francisco society.

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Admission, Twenty-five cents.
For Parties, Receptions, Etc.

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HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA
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Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

NOTICE OF EXECUTORS'
SALE OF REAL ESTATE
AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND
County of San Francisco, State of California:
In the matter of the estate of **WASHINGTON M. RYER**, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly made and entered on the second (2d) day of October, 1894, in the matter of the estate of Washington M. Ryer, deceased, the undersigned executors of the last will of said Washington M. Ryer, deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate of said Washington M. Ryer, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate that the estate of said deceased has acquired since his death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to all those certain lots or parcels of land particularly described as follows, to wit:

First—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the south-easterly line of Market Street with the south-westerly line of Third Street; running along said south-westerly along said line of Market Street 75 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 70 feet; thence at right angles north-easterly 75 feet to the said line of Third Street; thence at right angles north-westerly along said line of Third Street 70 feet, to the point of beginning, being a portion of the lot of land known and designated on the official map of said city and county as 700-vara lot No. 25.

Second—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the point where the easterly line of Stockton Street is intersected by the northerly line of Ellis Street and running north along said line of Stockton Street 123 feet; thence easterly at right angles and parallel with Ellis Street 75 feet; thence southerly at right angles and parallel with Stockton Street 75 feet, more or less, to the northerly line of Market Street; thence south-westerly along the line of Market Street 70 feet, more or less, to the intersection with the northerly line of Ellis Street; thence along said northerly line of Ellis Street 10 1/2 feet, more or less, to the corner where it intersects the easterly line of Stockton Street at the point of beginning; the same being portion of the 50-vara lot No. 914 on the official map of the city of San Francisco.

Third—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Stockton Street distant 123 feet from the north-easterly corner formed by the intersection of Ellis Street and Stockton Street; thence northerly on the line of Stockton Street 6 inches; thence easterly at right angles with Stockton Street 75 feet; thence southerly 6 inches; thence westerly on the line which separates the property belonging to Washington M. Ryer from the property belonging to Joseph Figel to the place of commencement; the said land being covered by a brick wall built by Joseph Figel. Also one-half of the brick wall built by said Figel on the southern boundary of his land in pursuance of an agreement dated August 5, 1875, and recorded in Liber 13 of Covenants, page 380, to which reference is made.

Said sale will be made on Wednesday, January 23, 1895, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction sales-rooms of G. H. Umhoefer & Co., No. 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Cash gold coin of the United States of America; ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale and balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Said property will be sold as follows: The lot of land hereinabove marked and numbered First will be sold as one parcel, and the lots of land hereinabove marked and numbered Second and Third will be sold in one parcel.

Dated December 28, 1894.

FREDERICK RYER,
CHARLES A. FISHER,
MARSHALL B. RYER,
CLARK H. SAMSON,
ELIZABETH INA RYER.

Executors of the last will of Washington M. Ryer, deceased.

COMMUNICATIONS.

An Improved Election Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 9, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recent election has very satisfactorily demonstrated the inefficiency of the election law. Two hundred and ninety-four precincts received votes, and in each precinct were twelve men, at a cost of four dollars per man per diem. It took a week for the precincts to count and return the vote. Afterward it took the election commission more than a month to count the official returns (not the ballots). A recount has been demanded, and is under way. The same condition of things obtained at and following the election of 1892, save only that then there was no Purity of Elections Law. The cost has been tremendous. Verify: Multiply 294 by 12, and then multiply that product by 6, and the result thus obtained by \$4.00. Add to that sum the accruing cost of the count before the election commission, including the accruing expenses of the registrar's office. Add to this amount the probable cost of the contests now going on in two departments of the superior court of this city.

Is the outcome contentful? No election system will be satisfactory that does not bring content.

I suggest that the election law be amended as follows:

1. Let the judges of the superior court, in convention, select all of the polling-booth officers as they do grand jurors, and at the same time, viz.: in the month of January of the election year.
2. At the close of the election, let the officers of each polling-booth certify the number of votes cast and the number of votes in the ballot-box, and seal up all of the ballots with that return—noting the semi-official return on the envelope—and at once return the same to the proper officer.
3. At once, upon the receipt of the return from the polling-booths, let them be produced, unopened, in the superior court and an official count of the vote immediately ordered and had. Let all of the departments of the superior court give attention to the business, and—as being public business—let it occupy the exclusive attention of the courts till it shall be finished, orders in chambers during recess excepted.

Say that it were in San Francisco, and the twelve departments of the superior court gave the counting of the votes exclusive attention, it might take two weeks. I do not believe it would take longer. When the count was finished, there would be a judicial determination as to who had been elected to office. That would be the end of it.

The judges are paid anyway. What a saving and what a moral gain besides. Generally men are content with the judgments of courts; and here would be, at once, a judicial counting of the ballots under the forms of law, and a judicial determination as to who had been elected to office.

Sincerely yours, EDWARD A. BELCHER.

Praise for our Press.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The appended extract from the London *Times* of December 27, 1894, may interest your readers and serve for a text for your next editorial on the San Francisco press.

Very truly yours, SAMUEL O. L. POTTER.

"TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I want to repeat a word of Robert Louis Stevenson's. 'Seven years ago I lay ill in San Francisco, an obscure journalist, quite friendless. Stevenson, who knew me slightly, came to my bedside and said: 'I suppose you are like all of us; you don't keep your money. Now, if a little loan, as between one man of letters and another—eh?'"

"This, to a lad writing rubbish for a vulgar sheet in California!"

"I am, sir, your obedient servant, H."

Some Appreciative Readers.

GALVESTON, TEX., January 2, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: For the inclosed four dollars please renew my subscription to your journal, every line of which, from start to finish, contains something of value and interest to its readers.

For five years I have been a subscriber, and wish to preserve the paper in book-form. But in my wanderings, copies here and there have been lost, leaving my file incomplete. Can the missing numbers be supplied at your office? Yours, very truly,

SILAS ORRIN HOWES.

[Back numbers can be supplied.—EDS.]

DOVER, ME., December 26, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed find money order for four dollars for renewal of *Argonaut*. When I fail to renew, you may know that I have no further use for good reading or can not borrow four dollars. Yours truly,

L. P. EVANS.

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN., January 5, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The inclosed draft for four dollars calls for one year's subscription for the *Argonaut*. I consider the *Argonaut* the brightest of weekly journals. Respectfully,

HELEN P. CLARKE.

CAMBRIDGE, MD., January 4, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Send me your paper for one year, and inclosed find check (four dollars) for same. I always admired the pungent writings and pronounced Republicanism of your paper, and only wish we could have such a force at work in

our State of Maryland during our next campaign, when we are in the strongest hopes and expectations of redeeming our State from Bourbonism. We carried the State last fall, and as a United States Senator is to be elected by our next legislature, we want Maryland to have a Republican senator. Wishing you a prosperous new year,

I am, yours truly, P. L. GOLDBOROUGH.

PITTSBURG, PA., December 31, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It has been my custom for several years to give a yearly subscription to the *Argonaut* to a number of my friends as a Christmas offering, and a day or two ago I received a reply from one of them, a prominent official of the United States Rubber Company, from which I quote:

"Yours of the twenty-fourth is at hand. It is very considerate of you not to deprive me of the *Argonaut* after having habituated my intellectual system to it. A toper without his dram, a lover without his maid, a rubber man without his open winter, would be at less of a loss than 'yours truly' without his fifty-two doses per annum of the best Addisonian English, backed by the unspicific vigor of the Golden Gate way of looking at things."

I have been a subscriber to your paper for over ten years, and heartily indorse my friend's very complimentary opinion of the *Argonaut*.

Yours cordially, HARVEY CHILDS, JR.

LYMAN D. MORSE ADVERTISING AGENCY,

SUCCESSOR TO

BATES & MORSE ADVERTISING AGENCY,

NEW YORK, December 27, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your favor of the fifteenth received. . . .

I wish to take this occasion to specially compliment you on your paper. There is no publication that I receive regularly that I enjoy reading more than yours. Your editorials are specially forcible, and the most sensible on topics of general interest that I have ever seen. It gives me pleasure to note that your subscription list and advertising patronage have both increased during the past year, and I trust this will continue, that the good influence of the *Argonaut* may be more wide-spread than ever.

Yours, very truly,

LYMAN D. MORSE ADVERTISING AGENCY,

Per B. Y.

[There are two places to which vast numbers of newspapers go—editorial rooms and advertising agencies. Editors generally read exchanges with a comparatively faded interest, and we have been under the impression that advertising agents do not read them at all. That is to say, we believed that if they read them at all, they read nothing but the "ads." But it is evident from the foregoing note that we are mistaken. The agency from which this comes is one of the oldest and largest in the United States. To it there come thousands of newspapers. That out of this mass the *Argonaut* should be selected for perusal is a sign that it is at least distinctive.—EDS.]

Another Béranger Translation.

JANUARY 5, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of December 31, 1894, I notice two translations of Béranger's "Le Grenier." Will you permit me to call your attention to a translation of the same song which seems to me to contain more of the spirit of the original? It was made, I believe, by Mr. William Toynbee, and is included in "The Humor of France" as selected by Elizabeth Lee. I take the liberty of sending you a copy.

Yours truly, J. H. M.

THE GARRET.

"Yes, here's the old room where I roughed it so long In the penniless days I ne'er cease to regret, When a scapegrace of twenty I lived but for song, A few cheery friends, and the charms of Lisette! In the pride of Life's springtide, ne'er taking account Of the world and its ways, or what Fate had in store, How gayly up six flights of stairs would I mount! Ah! give me my youth and a garret once more!"

"A garret! the fact I am proud to confess! Over there stood the pallet which served as a bed, Here tottered my table—and can it be? Yes, On the wall a rude stanza is still to be read! Dear simple delights of Life's rose-tinted dawn, Too soon by Time's tyranny doomed to be o'er, How often my watch for your sake would I pawn!—Ah! give me my youth and a garret once more!"

"See, here comes Lisette tripping airily in, A flower in her bonnet, coquettishly twined, How pretty she looks standing tiptoe to pin Her shawl o'er the window in place of a blind! Thanks, too, to the skirt she slips laughingly down, The lack of a quilt we've no need to deplore, (I didn't know then who had paid for the gown!) Ah! give me my youth and a garret once more!"

"Then that carnival night, when beginning to troll Some boisterous carol of folly and fun, We heard the far boom of artillery roll— Napoleon had vanquished! Marengo was won! How it broke into triumph our Bacchanal song, Mighty France our one theme, and the laurels she wore!"

Where were now all the kings who had braved her so long?

Ah! give me my youth and a garret once more!"

"Farewell, beloved scenes of a long-vanished past, Whose every bright moment 'tis bliss to recall! Were my years ev'n a century longer to last, For one hour of those days I would barter them all! Magic era of Glory, and Love, and Delight, When the whole of life's wine at one banquet we pour, And the Iris of hope seems forever in sight!—Ah! give me my youth and a garret once more!"

THE NEW HEROINE.

A Scene from the Drama of To-Morrow.

EDWIN—And do you really love me?

ANGELINA—With all my heart and soul; and yet—

EDWIN—Yet what? Angelina, why do you look so strangely at me? There is something on your mind, something you have not the courage to tell me.

ANGELINA—Edwin, I can hide nothing from you. Even though it should wreck both our lives, you have the right to know the truth.

EDWIN—My own darling, what is in your heart?

ANGELINA—Can you bear to bear it? Don't look at me, or I shall not have the courage to say what must be said. Edwin, I have never lived a disreputable life.

EDWIN [burying his face in his hands]—Great heavens! and I believed in you so utterly. [Then rising, with a desperate effort to control his emotion.] Good-bye.

ANGELINA [falling on her knees, and clinging to him]—Ah, no, you shall not go. Think of it, Edwin—of the temptations to virtue that surrounded me, of the examples of simple girlhood that poisoned my youth. If I have lived a life of spotless innocence, remember, at least, that I knew no better. What else could I do, brought up from earliest infancy by a mother of unblemished reputation?

EDWIN [with a gesture of horror]—Your mother, too? Angelina, our marriage is impossible.

ANGELINA—How hard you men are! Is your sex alone to have the monopoly of innocence? Must there always be one law for women and another for dramatic authors? Oh, it is cruel! cruel! But you will not leave me. Remember, I am still young; it is never too late to err. And is it because I am a woman that I am to be denied the chance of retrieving the innocence of a mispent youth by the indiscretions of a riper womanhood? Besides, are there not cases—cases known to us both—where a wife has lived down the terrible reproach of a blameless girlhood? Why, even Mr. Jones's latest heroine—and there is nothing later than that—could not absolutely prove she had gone wrong, and yet her husband took her back! But you are so proud, so relentless. You have no pity in your heart.

EDWIN—Believe me, it is not pride. For myself, I would gladly brave the censure of the world, and if in after years men should say in scorn "he married her though there was nothing against her," I should still be happy, knowing I had your love. But my father—that dear old man in his quiet country vicarage. Think of it. It is too horrible!

ANGELINA [with bowed head]—You are right; I had forgotten your father.

EDWIN—How could I ever look into that dear, wrinkled face, and meet those reverend eyes, knowing that I was asking him to receive as a daughter one who had never even once strayed from the paths of virtue?

ANGELINA—I see it all now. Good-bye.

EDWIN—Good-bye.

ANGELINA [as he is going]—Edwin, come back.

EDWIN—Ah, don't torture me, I can bear no more!

ANGELINA—But what if I were to tell you that this confession, so humiliating to us both, was but a ruse to test the strength of your devotion?

EDWIN—Ah, don't raise a false hope within me, only to plunge me again in the abyss of despair!

ANGELINA—But this is no false hope.

EDWIN [eagerly]—What do you mean?

ANGELINA [burying her head on his shoulder]—I mean that I have been no better than I should be.

EDWIN [embracing her]—My own true love, nothing can part us now. [Curtain.]—Punch.

William Greer Harrison's play, "Runnymede," will be produced by Warde and James during their forthcoming engagement at the Baldwin Theatre.

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DR.

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JUST PUBLISHED

—BY—

W. K. VICKERY,

224 Post St., San Francisco.

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Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN
Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895. GEO. TOURNV. Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT-
gomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends on term deposits at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum for the six months ending December 31, 1894. Will be payable, free of taxes, on and after January 2, 1895.

S. L. ABBOT, JR. Secretary.

VANITY FAIR.

But for the advent of the bloomer bicycle costume, the fact might never have been known that the modern woman is knock-kneed. Attired in voluminous draperies, no one could dream that her legs were other than the straightest, shapeliest possible. But she donned knickerbockers. She took to divided skirts and clothed herself in Turkish trousers. She mounted a bicycle and the truth was known. The average woman's legs show a tendency to converge to a point at the knees, and her bicycle suit has shown it. The reason for this sad affliction is not plain (says the New York World). Perhaps it arises from the fact that the average woman has been until recently more occupied in anointing her face with complexion lotions than in developing her body. She has preferred riding to walking, and has chosen staying in the house rather than tramping. Her knees have meantime been preparing a quiet little revenge for their enforced inactivity. The most probable reason, however, is the fact that for years women have been holding their knees together as they sat, to avoid the sprawling, wide-lapped posture that has always been considered unlady-like. Men who are careful do not cross their legs or sit with knees far apart when they are in the presence of ladies, but they take sufficient exercise to counteract the tendency to become knock-kneed. The cure for women also, of course, lies in exercising the knee until it assumes its proper proportions and its proper relation to the leg. Walking, bicycle-riding, swimming, or any other exercise which develops the legs will help to correct the defect.

Boston is occupied in the determination of the propriety or impropriety of leaving one's hat and cane on the hall-rack instead of taking them into the drawing-room. There seems to be a doubt as to whether the existing mode is the result of uneasiness lest those who leave early will select the best hats, or of a notion that holding a hat gives dignity to one's presence. In England there is a growing tendency to leave it in the hall. The advice of so experienced a rounder as Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry is to not let it leave your hands if you do bring your hat into the drawing-room. "I have done so," he says, "on two occasions. In the first, I left it on a sofa, and it was flattened by a stout, jovial lady who sat upon it. In the second, I left it on the floor, and the footman literally put his foot in it and nearly came to grief with some choice china."

Tailors have learned properly to distribute as many as seven capable, necessary, and wholly unobtrusive pockets at convenient points in the perfect tailor-made suit—two for a skirt, four for a top-coat, and one for the body of the suit. Though the gown may be built upon the richest silk or satin foundations, no tailor who consults the safety of his patronesses' belongings makes her pockets of the same material, save one. That is a V-shaped affair, and let into the right-hand back seam of her skirt, just within convenient reach of her right hand. This is meant to hold a handkerchief only, since nowhere else can the square of linen be deposited that it will not throw out of shape the perfect lines of a well-made gown. The second pocket of importance is located in the skirt's front and placed at the angle and depth of the right-hand pocket in a man's trousers. The top of this buttons over or not, as the customer prefers, and it is made throughout of stout twilled silesia with double seams. Its special mission is to hold a wallet, or a little purse, bunches of keys, or one of the new pocket-rings women use nowadays, on which a knife, glove-hook, pencil, bachelor pin-cushion, and memorandum-book are strung. Through the best of silk pockets the sharp points and weight of these little necessities would quickly bore a disastrous hole, whereas the cotton goods can easily stand the year's hard wear in all safety. Pockets number three, four, five, and six are located in the top-coat. Two, with or without flaps in the outside fronts of the coat's skirts, are lined with gray velveteen. Women who are careful to keep their coats in good shape rarely use these at all, except for letters, or occasionally to shelter cold fingertips. The gray velveteen will not rub off on the most delicate gloves, and it holds the paper safe, as satin or silk would not. Just inside the lining of the coat's skirt, on the left side, is inserted a narrow, shallow, velveteen-lined change pocket, with an elastic flap. Below the bust, and also on the left hand, is a long, invisible slit in the coat's front, lined with suede and meant to hold lorgnons. Then at the waist line, on the right side of the gown's tailor basque, is set a crescent-shaped nook, lined with fine chamois skin and offered as a receptacle for a tiny watch.

In Japan, women labor under untold difficulties in the matter of dress. Foreign materials are about a season behind the times, are only imported in limited quantities, and are expensive. Styles are equally helated. Each woman must cut to suit herself, imitating as best she can the modes of the outside world, either by copying fashion-plates or by inspirations derived from observing the gowns of women just returned from home. Really handsome dresses come from Paris or the United States,

and are fitted on being received in Japan. The dressmakers are mainly Chinese, and all men. They have only one real merit—they work cheaply. On arriving in Yokohama, the writer had the following card sent up to his room at his hotel: "AH NIE, Chinese Dressmaker. Modishly stylish shape always in possession." The despair which must now have seized the foreign settlements can be imagined, as all these Chinese dressmakers, save one, have returned to their native land in consequence of the war, and that one has remained by becoming a Japanese subject. Some years since, an occasional catalogue of one of the great New York houses would wander out to Japan. The illustrations of the various dresses were carefully studied, and the owner of the catalogue would mark with her initials such plates as she desired to copy, and then pass it on to her dearest friend for a similar purpose. This unregistered copyright was always respected, and that duplication of gowns so distressful to the feminine soul was thus avoided. The winter of 1886 saw hard times in Yokohama. The craze for foreign dress, led by the empress, swept over Japan and seized the Japanese ladies, who up to that time had resisted the mania. Native dealers came from Tokio and bought up at retail prices the entire winter stock of dress-goods. The dressmakers—Chinese and Japanese—emigrated to the capital, and there earned wages far in excess of those formerly received from their foreign patrons. These Yokohama stitchers, freed from the supervision of the foreigner, cut and backed as they willed, and the Japanese dames, having no means of comparison, were compelled to accept whatever was produced, and the dresses that appeared at the Tokio entertainments during that winter were "wonderfully and fearfully made."

Here is an interesting bit from a girl's letter printed in an English weekly: "Some one asked mother at a dinner-party if I had been taught skirt-dancing. I could not help laughing at the momentary look of scorn and indignation she shot at the querist. However, it was gone in a moment, and she replied, in the quietest of voices: 'No, my daughter has never studied skirt-dancing. I am behind in the times in many respects, and that is an instance. She will have no need to earn her living, and if she had, would choose something more congenial to the taste of a well-brought-up young woman. As for amusing her friends, she will probably be as pleasant a companion without skirt-dancing for them as she could possibly be were she the most accomplished rival of professional ladies.' She then turned to Colonel Arthur and said: 'Arthur, would you have your girls taught skirt-dancing?' 'God bless me, no, my dear creature,' was the answer, rapped out with a suddenness that was convincing enough. Then Lady Surface joined in: 'Quite right, colonel. I have observed that the girls who skirt-dance don't marry, as a rule'—a reason that was far from dear old Colonel Arthur's thoughts; but, like most men, he did not take the trouble to say so. We know dozens of girls who are learning skirt-dancing, and who display the accomplishment and much of their hosiery at their friends' at homes.' But, as one of the crowd of spectators, I may say that, notwithstanding the applause that invariably follows, the remarks that are made are not of the sort to encourage those who hear them to learn the art of 'high-kicking.'"

"A novelty in this age of progress and enlightenment," writes one of *Vogue's* correspondents, "are the pajamas, lately adopted by a great number of European fashion leaders, who have discarded the antiquated *robe de nuit* as being too dowdy. The new pajamas for feminine wear are beautiful contrivances consisting of loose trousers and a jacket of surah silk for the summer, and of silk flannel for the winter. Far from diminishing the attractiveness of a pretty woman, they vastly increase it by endowing her with an air of *gaminerie* which is remarkably fetching. But I must warn any woman endowed with a superabundance of adipose tissue from investing in such garments, which would cause her to resemble a meal-hag tied in the middle with a string. Without a doubt, pajamas are far more healthy and commodious than the long, cumbersome night-ropes to which we are accustomed from childhood, and I can recommend them to children and to women who have not yet crossed the dread boundary of the fiftieth year."

Orders were recently issued by the owners of the great Elbing dairies in West Prussia that all the three hundred milkmaids should adopt some costume which should be warm, useful, and becoming at the same time. In a short time a costume was devised and adopted, with the result that universal satisfaction has ensued. The milkmaids could not now be induced to return to long skirts and discomfort as of yore. The costume adopted looks somewhat similar to the "advanced" bicycling and fencing-dress worn by women. It is of blue and white striped linen for summer wear and of flannel in similar colors for winter. The girls wear no corsets, and the modern hygienic principle of combining warmth with the smallest possible weight in woman's dress is well exemplified. Nothing hinders the free use of their arms and legs. They may sit down, rise, or bend over their work without

adjusting their clothes and also without experiencing any discomfort. The loose-fitting waist-band serves to hold up the stockings by suspenders. To distinguish between the different grades of employees, the milkmaids wear white caps, the pupils white caps with black velvet bands, and the dairy teachers caps with silver lace, for not only the employees, but also the apprentices, among whom are daughters of well-to-do farmers and ladies of the landed nobility, must don the new costume.

An inquiring bicyclist has received this advice from *Vogue*: "There is yet a wide divergency of opinion as to the proper costume for bicycling. In New York, men wear knickers and golf-stockings, Norfolk jackets and cloth caps to match the dittoes. In riding in the park, horsehack, many men also adopt a costume, with riding-breeches, etc. The correct thing for riding horseback is to wear one's ordinary trousers, with straps. In the morning, one's lounge suit, and, in the afternoon, cutaway coat and top-hat, chevrot trousers, with straps. This is much smarter than the regulation costume. A recent photograph of six princes on bicycles appeared in the London *Graphic*. The present Czar of Russia was the central figure, and the group consisted of his Greek cousin and his other relatives of small principalities. There was not a man who wore a bicycling costume. Each of them had a lounge suit and derby hat, and they wore straps around their shoes to keep their trousers snug. This is royal example. Do not sit around the club in a regular bicycle rig. That is, a club which is not devoted to this sport. It is not good form."

"By her mouth you may know a woman," a philosopher declares. Not always by the words that issue therefrom, but by the shape and color of the lips and by the delicate lines and dimples that gather about this feature. He is seconded by physiognomists since Lavater's time in the theory that no woman with a small and very red-lipped mouth was even intellectual or generous of heart. "Give me the woman that is not fashion's slave and I will show you a wide mouth, with rather full and pink lips covering square, strong teeth," and if she is hospitably inclined there will be little, semi-circular lines about the corners of the lips that curl up when their owner laughs. It is the fashion just at present for young women to hold their lips ever so slightly apart. This is supposed to give a wondering, wistful expression, youthful as well; but your thin-lipped woman, who is always a self-centered creature, can never teach her lips this trick. Women who are much given to fads and sudden friendships always show the middle of the upper lip lengthened to a little point. Beautiful mouths, this pessimistic man believes, are rarer than formerly; while among women the intellectual mouth is frequently noted, and touching the question of the kissable mouth, he asserts it is a temptation seldom brought in one's way. It is moisture and softness of the air that gives Englishwomen the rose-lip tenderness and color to their lips that are usually warmly pink and smooth as satin. For beauty of lip and fair shape of mouth, however, this masculine observer awards the palm to Irishwomen, whose lips, he holds, are modeled on classic pattern, and are a tint Venus might envy.

Scrofula's most potent enemy is undoubtedly Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Merit is Essential.

Consumers have a habit of determining by experiment whether an article of food is pure, wholesome, convenient, and economical. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream possesses intrinsic merit. Will stand every test.

By removing causes of irritation, and by preserving a healthy state of the system during infancy, Steedman's Soothing Powders made their reputation.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

After reading: "I only got five dollars for that poem." "If that was my poem, Mr. Penscratch, I wouldn't have let 'em print it for five hundred dollars."—*Life*.

SOZODONT
A GRATEFUL ODOR,

Indicative of health and purity, is communicated to the mouth by the aromatic

SOZODONT
which makes the teeth as white and as radiant as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth. The *Lyric* and *Dramatic* professions are loud in their praises of

SOZODONT

Not even "pearl glass" or "pearl top" lamp-chimneys are right, unless of right shape and size for your lamp. See "Index to Chimneys."

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of tough glass.

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY

Is enhanced by using Medicated Cerate. It makes the coarsest skin soft, smooth, and fine-grained, prevents wrinkling and withering, cures tan, sunburn, etc. 50 cents and \$1.00. Hairdressing, manicuring, faces steamed, bleached, and beautified.

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Ferry's Seeds at your dealers as fresh and fertile as though you got them direct from Ferry's Seed Farms.

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SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

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(Incorporated April 25, 1892.)

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BANKERS AND BROKERS.
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Grain and Provisions.
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Stocks and Bonds.
401-05 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An American gentleman recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide, who boasted that he had escorted General Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat. "What did General Sheridan say?" asked my friend. "Oh, nothing." "He must have said something." "Well, he only said, 'It was a ——— good place for a fight.'"

It was customary, when Queen Anne was dressing, for prayers to be read in the ante-room, and once her majesty gave orders for the door to be shut while she changed her things, whereupon the chaplain stopped. The queen immediately sent to ask why he did not proceed, to which he replied that he "would not whistle the Word of God through the keyhole."

At the session of the school for non-commissioned officers of one of the companies stationed at Fort Wayne, the following question was asked of Sergeant —: "What is strategy? Give me an instance of it." After studying for a moment or two, the sergeant gave the reply: "When in battle, and you are out of ammunition and don't want the enemy to know it, it is good strategy to keep right on firing."

Maurice Thomson tells of a certain buyer of sheep who went into the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, where the following dramatic incident took place between him and a grim mountaineer who had one ewe for sale: Buyer—"That ewe is worth about seventy-five cents." Mountaineer—"Hit air wo'th jest a dollar'n' er half." Buyer—"You are joking; the old thing is lean and—" Mountaineer (drawing a huge pistol and cocking it)—"Strenger, w'at did ye say 'at that air ewe was wo'th?" Buyer (briskly)—"Nigh on to seven dollars is what I said."

It is related of Mendelssohn at a public dinner, at which ladies were present, and where he was surrounded by a chorus of aggressive women clamoring for his autograph, that he allowed himself to be victimized with good-nature until finally a fleshy matron of mature years handed him her card. Whether with malice prepense or not, it is not stated, but the composer wrote upon the card the music and words from Haydn's "Creation": "And God created great whales." This brought the autograph-hunting to an end, and Mendelssohn was allowed to go on with his dinner.

A fastidious parson once officiated in a region where a kiss to the bride was considered an indispensable part of the wedding ritual; but the looks of one newly made wife pleased him so little that he observed: "At this point in the ceremony it is customary for the clergyman to kiss the bride, but in the present case we will omit that formality." The justly indignant bridegroom waited for his revenge, which he got a few minutes later with: "At this point in the ceremony it is customary to hand a sealed envelope to the clergyman, but in the present case we will omit that formality."

A story is told of a Roman Catholic priest in Victoria, whose sermons are usually of a practical kind. On entering the pulpit, one Sunday, he took with him a walnut to illustrate the character of the various Christian churches. He told the people the shell was tasteless and valueless—that was the Wesleyan Church. The skin was nauseous, disagreeable, and worthless—that was the Presbyterian Church. He then said he would show them the Holy Roman Apostolic Church. He cracked the nut for the kernel and—found it rotten! Then his reverence coughed violently and pronounced the benediction.

A young Colorado mining engineer, whom we will call Morton (according to *Harper's* "Drawer"), was once seated in a chair in a Denver barber-shop undergoing a shave. The talk turned on the case of a man who, being on trial for murder, had been recognized by visitors to the court-room as a young theological student from a middle State, where he had been the possessor of a spotless reputation and a totally different name. The conversation thereupon drifted to the subject of changed identities. Morton's barber rubbed the razor on the strop reflectively and said: "Yes, it's surprising how many men change their names after they get out West. By the way, Morton, what was your name back East?" "Mister Morton," was the quiet reply.

During a heavy gale of wind one afternoon last fall (says the *Boston Budget*), a Brookline gentleman was struggling to reach his home, accompanied by his wife. Just as they reached a corner of a street, a window-blind was torn from a house by the wind and dashed to the ground just in front of them. "Good heavens!" he cried, "that was a narrow escape for us, Hannab." "If it had struck us, it would have killed us both," she said, trembling. The two stopped for a moment to examine the blind, but just as they were scrutinizing it, the

window above was opened, a tousled female head was thrust out, and a shrill voice shouted: "Look a-here! You needn't think you are going to carry that thing off, 'cause it belongs to this house."

The late Count de Lesseps never seemed to lose sight of the education of his children, even in the smallest detail. One morning at breakfast, a beautiful Dresden tea-cup was broken. "Ah!" cried the countess, "a disaster! Two more of that set will now be broken. It always happens so." "Are you so superstitious," asked the count, "as really to believe that two more will be broken?" "I know it." "Then let us get it off our minds." And, taking two of the cups by the handles, he dashed them together. The anger and dismay of the countess proved conclusively that she had not seriously held to her superstition. It also loosed any bold the absurd idea may have had on the minds of the children.

The "Swamp Angel," the eight-inch Parrot gun, which, during the Civil War, created astonishment and something more in Charleston, S. C., by sending a shell seven thousand yards into the streets of that city from a battery near Morris Island, is now said to be an ornament to a drinking fountain in Trenton, N. J. A story is told of its construction that may bear retelling: The colonel of a New York engineer regiment was ordered by General Gilmore to prepare a lodgment for the gun in position nearly a mile out in the Carolina swamp, and to make requisition for all needed appliances. The colonel viewed the scenery from the nearest dry land, and sent in a requisition for two hundred men thirty feet high to work in a swamp twenty feet deep. He was placed under arrest at once by General Gilmore, and had a hard time to placate his superior.

A good-hearted curate, who firmly believed that God was continually working miracles to enable him to help the needy, and who seldom had a coin in his pocket, was accosted one day by a beggar woman. He pleaded utter lack of money, but on the mendicant beseeching him to search his pockets, he hopelessly put his hand in one, and, to his amazement and joy, found a five-shilling piece there. "Another of God's miracles!" he exclaimed; and then, addressing the woman: "This coin belongs to you of right. Take it and go in peace." Having told the story, a few hours later, to his worldly minded parish priest, and suggested that they should both go down on their knees and render thanks to God, a strange, unpleasant light suddenly broke on the mind of the shrewd pastor, who exclaimed: "Good God! Are those my breeches that you've on you?"

Many years ago, there lived in the North of England a man notorious for his wealth, his extreme parsimony, and the great difficulty which people found in collecting their bills from him. One day his wife fell sick. After delaying the matter as long as he could, he was obliged to call on a physician. "Will you ever pay me?" said the doctor. "I will give you my note," said the man; "and furthermore," said he, "I will make the note payable 'kill or cure.'" The lady died. The note became due, overdue, and, after many months of patient waiting, the doctor brought suit. The justice scanned the note, found it exact and perfect in detail, and asked the defendant if he knew of any reason why judgment should not be rendered against him. The old man arose and said that he had no attorney to represent him, for the reason that he did not think it necessary; that he only wanted to ask the plaintiff two questions. The court agreeing, he said to the doctor: "Did you cure my wife?" "No," said the doctor, "that was impossible." "Did you kill her?"

Smitten by Cold or Damp.
The kidneys become sore and cease to act properly. Relieve their distress and set them in vigorous motion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and all will be well. Otherwise, apprehend Bright's disease, diabetes or albuminuria, all dangerous maladies. Malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, and nervousness all yield to this benignant and agreeable medicinal agent, which promotes appetite and a gain in vigor and flesh.

A Calendar Worth Having.
Almost every one has use for a calendar, and by the same token, they ought to have one that is of some use. A calendar that you have to study or "set" has little excuse for existence. The one we like best of all is that published by N. W. Ayer & Son, the Newspaper Advertising Agents of Philadelphia.

The handsome copy for 1895 carries on its seal their famous motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," which will alone each day be worth to all who use it far more than the price of the calendar. The size is generous, and the work a beautiful specimen of the printers' art. Each day, as is becoming to such an important slice of time, is printed large enough to be read across a room. Then, too, the matter on the flaps deals with a subject in which there is a growing general interest. That the demand for this calendar increases each year, we can easily understand, for we do not believe that any one who has spent one year in company with it, will be willing to spend another without it. The price is 25 cents, delivered everywhere post-paid, and in perfect condition.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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No excuse!

You must

try it—



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A WOOD OR COAL STOVE IS BETTER.
BUT A GAS STOVE IS BEST.



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(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.	6.45 A.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Ramsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.	* 7.15 P.
* 9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.	† 1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East."	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	10.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	* 8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	† 11.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.	† 7.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Santa Rosa, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9 15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9.45 A.
† 6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	10.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.	† 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	† 7.38 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7.00 *8.00 9.00 *10.00 and 11.00 A. M., *12.30.
1.00 *2.00 3.00 *4.00 5.00 and 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—"6.00"—
8.00 *9.00 10.00 and *11.00 A. M., *12.00 *12.30.
2.00 *3.00 4.00 and *5.00 P. M.
A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. § Thursdays only. † Sundays only.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895.
Belgie... Thursday, January 24
Oceania... (via Honolulu)... Tuesday, February 12
Gaelic... Tuesday, March 5
Belgie... Thursday, April 4
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. January 5, 20, February 4, 19.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, January 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, February 4, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Willamette Falls*, every Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day alternately at 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport every fourth and fifth day alternately, at 11 A. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico) Steamer *San Paul*, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 20 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

The Thomas Dancing-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas gave a dancing-party on Friday evening at their residence, 2614 Pacific Avenue, in honor of their daughter, Miss Mamie Thomas. More than one hundred and fifty invitations were issued, and the regrets were very few. All of the rooms were canvased and beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage, and Huhner's Hungarian Orchestra played for the dancing, which was enjoyed until a late hour. An elaborate supper was served at midnight under Ludwig's direction. The affair was a very successful and pleasant one in every particular. Among those present were:

Miss Emma Butler, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Collier, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Dutton, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Henshaw, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Hecht, Miss Belle Hutchinson, Miss Alice Hooper, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Louise Moulder, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss McNutt, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Mboon, Miss Potter, of Philadelphia, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Schussler, Miss Alice Schussler, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Woolworth, Misses Heitsbu, of Portland, Or., Mr. Arthur Allen, Mr. L. S. Adams, Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Samuel Buckbee, Lieutenant C. A. Bent, U. S. A., Dr. Philip Brown, Mr. T. B. Berry, Mr. Rhodes Borden, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. William Collier, Mr. Page Collier, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. R. M. Dupere, Mr. George de Long, Mr. Albert Dibblee, Mr. Charles Fernald, Mr. Frank Findley, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. Neville Castle, Mr. Edward N. Greenway, Mr. Jesse Godley, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. Karl Howard, Mr. Richard Harrison, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Lieutenant J. Mounetey Jephson, Mr. A. D. Keyes, Mr. Stanley Jackson, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Atherton Maconrady, Mr. Frederick Magee, Mr. Andrew Martin, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Lieutenant Frank McKenna, U. S. A., Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. C. A. McMullin, Mr. Tara McGrew, Mr. William Paes, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Henry Poett, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. William Pringle, Mr. Edward Pringle, Mr. Willis Polk, Lieutenant R. H. Noble U. S. A., Mr. Charles Nichols, Mr. C. C. V. Reeve, Dr. George M. Richardson, Mr. William M. Randol, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. Edward Sessions, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Max Sloss, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Lieutenant Wilcox, U. S. A., and Mr. Sanford.

The Winslow Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow gave a most enjoyable lunch-party last Wednesday at her home, 1801 Van Ness Avenue. Covers were laid for sixteen at a beautifully appointed table. The guests of Mrs. Winslow were:

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. Frederick H. Lefavoy, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall.

The Monteagle Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle gave a pretty lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence, 1830 Jackson Street, as a compliment to Miss Heitsbu and Miss Alice Heitsbu, of Portland, Or., who are to be attendants at the wedding of Miss Clarisse Sheldon and Mr. Cutler Paige next month. The decorations were of green and white in artistic combinations. A couple of hours were enjoyably passed at the dining-table. Those present were:

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Miss Heitsbu, Miss Alice Heitsbu, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Spiers, Miss Katherine Mitchell, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Clarisse Sheldon.

The Requa Breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa gave a breakfast recently at their home in Piedmont in honor of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, of England. The din-

ing-room was handsomely decorated with verdant-hued foliage and bright scarlet cornel berries, while the table was embellished with numerous bunches of fragrant violets. Two hours were most agreeably passed at the table. Mr. and Mrs. Requa's guests were:

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Mrs. Mills, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Claire Ralston, Mr. Grenfell, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Eells, and Mr. Mark Requa.

The Van Ness Matinée Tea.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, assisted by her two daughters, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter and Miss Daisy Van Ness, gave a matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 1310 Taylor Street. From four until seven o'clock the handsomely decorated rooms were crowded with callers, who enjoyed conversation and music to their heart's content. Among the ladies who assisted the hostesses in receiving and entertaining were Miss Crittenden, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Louise Breeze, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Potter, of Philadelphia, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Delgado, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Ethel Hooper, and Miss Grace Martin.

The Sheldon Matinée Tea.

Miss Clarisse Sheldon entertained a large number of her friends last Thursday at a matinee tea that she gave at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, 1920 Jackson Street. The affair was a compliment to Miss Heitsbu and Miss Alice Heitsbu, of Portland, Or., who are visiting her and will be among the retinue at her wedding next month. In addition to the Misses Heitsbu, the young hostess, was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Miss Gertrude Church, Miss Mattie Knowles, of Oakland, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Maud Magee, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Julia Crocker, and Miss Florence Davis. The hours of the tea were from four until six o'clock, during which time the rooms were crowded with callers. Musical selections were played occasionally and light refreshments were served. The tea was conducive of much pleasure to the many who were present.

The Schwabacher Reception.

Mrs. Sigmund Schwabacher and her daughter, Miss Schwabacher, gave a reception last Wednesday evening at their residence, 1900 Jackson Street. They have been absent in Europe during the past four years, and this affair celebrated the formal opening of their new home. There were two hundred young people present, and the display of gowns was very brilliant. Dancing was commenced at once and continued until about three o'clock in the morning, when a sumptuous supper was served by Ludwig in the rooms on the top floor. Every possible arrangement was made for the pleasure and comfort of the guests, who enjoyed the affair greatly.

Theatre-Parties.

There were several theatre-parties at the Baldwin last Monday evening, when the Marie Tavy Grand Opera Company made its first appearance here. Mrs. Hager had a box-party comprising Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. William S. McMurry, and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh. Mrs. E. B. Coleman was with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier in their box.

Mr. Samuel Knight had a party of friends with him, and they enjoyed a supper, after the performance, at the University Club. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Miss Ida Irwin, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Henry M. Holbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen gave a party to several friends of their daughter, Miss Alice McCutchen. Among their guests were Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Collier, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Mamie Thomas, Mr. Henry Poett, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Arthur H. Small, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. T. Allen, Mr. A. J. Dibblee, and Mr. William R. Heath.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mamie C. Hayes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, to Mr. Walter P. Treat. The wedding will take place in about five weeks.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett has invited a few ladies to tea this afternoon, to meet Mrs. Paul Jarboe, at her residence, 2029 California Street. It will be entirely informal, as only about thirty ladies will be present.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and her daughter, Miss Helen Woolworth, have issued cards for a matinee tea which they will give to-day, from five until seven o'clock, at their residence, 1626 Sacramento Street. They will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. Frederick M. Pickering, Mrs. William S. Wood, Miss Susie Russell, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss

Emma Butler, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Claire Tucker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Louise Breeze, and Miss Mamie Burling.

Mrs. J. S. Wall and the Misses Ella and Bessie Wall will give a dancing-party this evening at their residence, 829 Clark Street, Oakland. The affair will be complimentary to Miss Jessie Glascock.

Mrs. J. Stern will give a matinee tea next Wednesday, from three until six o'clock, at her residence, on the south-west corner of Leavenworth and Post Streets.

Mrs. S. Bachman and Miss Beatrice Bachman will give a dancing-party next Saturday evening at their residence on the corner of Sutter and Gough Streets.

An inaugural ball will be tendered to Governor James H. Budd and the State officers and members of the legislature at the State Capitol building, in Sacramento, on Monday evening, January 28th.

Mrs. A. A. Moore and her daughter, Miss Ethel Moore, gave a pleasant matinee tea on Friday at their residence in Oakland. The hours were from three until six o'clock, and during that time about two hundred callers were entertained.

Mrs. Sigmund Schwabacher gave a tea last Sunday from four until seven o'clock at her residence, 1900 Jackson Street, and entertained about three hundred and fifty of her friends. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. A. Schwabacher, Mrs. George Greenzweig, Mrs. Louis Goodman, Mrs. Henry Wangenheim, Miss Mendel, of New York, Miss Elsie Hecht, Miss Rose Hecht, Miss Sadie Hyman, Miss May Slessinger, Miss Schwabacher, and Miss Jennie Schwabacher. The residence was beautifully decorated with roses, fruit, foliage, and plants. There were musical selections during the afternoon and light refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Triest and the Misses Triest gave an enjoyable pink and blue domino-party last Saturday evening at their residence on Sutter Street, and entertained about one hundred and fifty of their friends. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, and a delicious supper was provided.

Maria Kip Orphanage.

The interest displayed in the art loan exhibition at 232 Sutter Street, which is being held for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage, does not wane. In fact, the collection is such an admirable one that several visits seem necessary to take in all of its attractions. The hall will be open daily, from ten until six o'clock, until February 2d. On Saturday evenings only will the pictures be exhibited at night, and then a string orchestra will be in attendance. The titles of the pictures, the names of the artists, and those who loaned the pictures are as follows:

"Penelope," by Alexandre Cabanel, from the Crocker estate; "A Study," by William M. Chase, from Mrs. J. Taussig; "Portrait," two by John Singleton Copley, from Mrs. W. I. Kip; "Faggot Gatherers," by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, from Mrs. M. H. de Vong; "Les Danseuses," two subjects, "La Baigneuse," two subjects, all by Degas, from Mrs. W. H. Crocker; "The Approaching Storm," by Jules Dupré, from Mrs. M. H. de Vong; "Sunset on the Oise," by Jules Dupré, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "Arab Blacksmith," by Mariano Fortuny, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "The Simoon," by Eugene Fromentin, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "The Carpet Merchant," by Jean Leon Gerôme, from Colonel C. F. Crocker; "Rug Merchant in Cairo," by Jean Leon Gerôme, "Fust Up," by S. J. Guy, "Hills of Montclair, New Jersey," by George Inness, "Louis XIII.," by Louis Gabrielle Eugene Isabey, "In Normandy," by Charles Emile Jacques, all from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "A Pleasing Story," by Hugo Kauffmann, from Mr. Isaac Hecht; "Berkeley Oaks," by William Keith, from Mrs. Irving M. Scott; "In the Sun's Setting," "A Portrait," both by William Keith, who loaned them; "Market," by Ludwig Knaus, from the estate of Charles Crocker; "Going to Market in Russia," by A. von Kowalsky, and "The Persistent Musician," by W. Loewith, from Mr. Isaac Hecht; "Street Scene in Tangiers," and "Hounds," by Matilde Lotz, from Mrs. E. E. Caswell; "Autumn Riches," by Hans Makart, from Mr. Adam Grant; "Erwartung," by Gabriel Max, from Mr. Isaac Hecht; "The Sergeant," by Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, from the Crocker estate; "A Haystack" and the "Poplars," both by Claude Monet, from Mrs. W. H. Crocker; "The Widow's Mite," by Mihaly de Munkacsy, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "Wallenstein on the Road to Eger," by Carl Theodore von Piloty, from Mrs. David Bixler; "Payage," by Pissaro, from Mrs. W. H. Crocker; "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie," by William H. Powell, from Mrs. O. O. Burgess; "Payage," by Renoir, from Mrs. W. H. Crocker; "Canal in Venice," by M. Rico, from Colonel C. F. Crocker; "Windy Weather off the Nine-Fathom Buoy," by Charles D. Robinson, from the artist; "Lazy Jack," by Toby Rosenthal, from Mr. Isaac Hecht; "Drinking Song," by Ferdinand Royhet, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "St. Peter," by Peter Paul Rubens, from Mrs. M. H. de Vong; "Japanese Still Life," by Professor Schödl, from Mr. M. H. Hecht; "Going to Pasture," by Ter Meulen, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "Going to Work," by Constant Troyon, from Mrs. M. H. de Vong; "Cattle," by Emil Van Marcke, from Colonel C. F. Crocker; "The Monastery Alarmed," by Jean Georges Vibert, from the Crocker estate; "The Return to the Convent," by Edouard Zamacois, from Colonel C. F. Crocker; "Rainy Day in Paris," by Edouard Zamacois, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "Fan Picture," a combination, by Professor Otto Seitz, Professor Ludwig von Loefftz, Professor A. Luben, R. F. von Seidlitz, Professor Herman Kaubach, Professor Max Adams, Alexander D. Goltz, Professor Franz von Defregger, Toby Rosenthal, Professor Rudolph Seitz, Ludwig Schell, Professor von Weisbauff, G. Knapp, Professor Edward Grutzner, Tony Aron, Heinrich Rosch, Otto von Rupert, Edward Harburger, and Professor Carl Raupp, from Mr. M. H. Hecht.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

AN EPOCH IN SOCIETY!

MME. M. YALE

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,

To Lecture to the Ladies of San Francisco,

BALDWIN THEATRE, January 14th, 2.30 P. M.

Crowned heads, warriors, statesmen, princes of finance, and the notables of the world have bowed down to her glorious beauty.



MME. M. YALE.

Celebrated as the Most Beautiful Woman on Earth, will appear at the Baldwin Theatre, Monday, January 14th, at 2:30 P. M., in a lecture entitled

YALE'S SYSTEM OF BEAUTY AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

Reserved Seats, 50 cents, on sale at box-office of theatre.

Aside from MME. YALE'S Remarkable Beauty, she is the most noted authority living on the Ways and Means of Cultivating Beauty, Preserving It, and Restoring Youth. She has succeeded in discovering the Fountain of Youth, for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. Although forty-two years old, MME. YALE does not look over eighteen.

MME. YALE'S LECTURE will consist of two parts:

THE FIRST ACT

Will be devoted to the Cultivation of Beauty in general, treating of the Complexion, the Hair, Eyes, Expression, the removal of wrinkles and all trace of age. Mme. Yale will be seen in this part in an ELABORATE BALL GOWN designed for her by Worth.

IN THE SECOND ACT

MME. YALE WILL WEAR TIGHTS and an ELABORATE ATHLETIC COSTUME, which will enable her to go through the movements recommended by her for making the figure perfect. The development of the Bust, the Limbs, the Chest, Neck, and the Perfection of all parts of the Body will be thoroughly treated and instruction given.

Ladies, bring your note-books and pencils. Mme. Yale will give Beautifying Recipes of great value. MME. YALE has lectured in all the principal cities of the world, always before vast audiences of the most cultured people. She is a college graduate and an accomplished lady of the highest qualities. As an educator of her sex she has never been equaled. Her lectures are strictly scientific and hygienic in character, embracing every detail of the most advanced order.

MME. YALE is the creator of beauty culture and the originator of the latest physical culture calisthenic exercises. Mothers, attend and bring your daughters.

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OF THE WORLD.

In taking a course at Byron Hot Springs you need not cut yourself entirely off from your business. It's but 60 miles by rail from S. F., with telegraph connection. Excellent hunting at this season of the year. The only resort of its kind that can keep open through the winter season.

Write for descriptive booklet.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

C. R. MASON, M'n'g'r. - Contra Costa Co., Cal.

THE STEARNS BICYCLES

May now be seen at the Branch House, 304 and 306 Post Street, cor. Stockton.

Riders of the Stearns know what they are, but to those who are yet investigating we invite an inspection of the '95 Models, which is conceded by critics to be the embodiment of perfection in the art of cycle construction. Samples may also be seen at

DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO., THE CYCLERY, - 505-511 STANYAN ST.

Who take care of the city trade. Correspondence invited from unrepresented territory.

E. C. STEARNS & CO., 304-306 POST STREET.



\$25 to \$50 per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or willing "Old Reliable Plater." duty practical way to replace rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc. quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. P. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. — Latest United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Howard, of Oakland, were at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city, last week.

Colonel W. D. Saaborn is expected to return from his Eastern trip in a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gillig and party are due to arrive in Raogoon, next Friday, January 18th.

Miss Alice Hobart has returned from a visit to Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs. William H. Howard and family were in Paris at last advices.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood and Miss Jeeoie Greenwood arrived in Paris late in December, and will spend a year traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madiso are now residing at 914 1/2 Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newhall have returned from England after an absence of several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague returned last Sunday from a flying trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury were in Sacramento early in the week.

Mrs. George W. Beaver and Miss Kate Beaver have returned from a three months' tour of the Eastern and Southern States.

Mr. O. Sbafter Howard and Miss Howard were at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city last week.

Mr. William H. Magee left last Monday for the city of Mexico, and will be away about six weeks.

Miss Laura McKinsty will go East late in January to visit friends, and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clark and Mrs. Charles G. Lyman have arrived in Chicago, where Lieutenant Lyman is stationed as aid-de-camp to General Ruger, U. S. A.

Mr. A. N. Towne and Colonel J. B. Wright left early in the week on a brief visit to Odeco.

Mr. Arthur Norton, of New York, arrived here last Thursday and is at the Palace Hotel, where he will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Jobo D. Vost and Miss Mahel Vost arrived in New York city last Friday, and will make a prolonged visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Spaulding and Mrs. Calista Spaulding have removed to 1335 Clay Street.

Miss Alice M. Mullins, sister of Mr. Charles F. Mullins, of this city, has been visiting friends recently at Connaught House, Brighton, England.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Estee and Miss Estee have removed to 2391 Sacramento Street, and will receive on Tuesdays.

Mrs. Kirkhride left last Wednesday for Honolulu, to be present at the wedding of her sister, Miss Gertrude Severance, and Mr. Charles Sawyer, which will take place on January 29th, at the United Presbyterian Church in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas have gone to Los Coronado for a couple of months, after which they will go to Europe.

Mrs. W. A. Nevills has returned to the Rawhide Mine, in Tuolumne County, after passing the holidays here. Mr. Nevills is still at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James Brett Stokes will leave to-day for Santa Barbara, intending to be away several weeks.

Miss Emma Irwin is visiting the family of Lieutenant Charles H. Bonesteel, U. S. A., at Plattsburg, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry E. Sanderson, nee Gill, have returned from their wedding trip, and are living at 2235 Broadway.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major Alfred E. Bates, Paymaster, U. S. N., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Major Tully McCrea, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who has been the commanding officer at Fort Canby, Wash., for some time, has returned here, and is on duty at the Presidio.

Major D. H. Kinzie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been transferred to the Fifth Artillery, vice Major J. H. Turnbull, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who has been transferred to the First Artillery.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of three weeks.

Passed Assistant Engineer George D. Strickland, U. S. N., has been ordered before the retiring board.

Paymaster C. W. Littlefield, U. S. N., will leave next Tuesday for Chemulpo for duty on the *Charleston*.

Lieutenant U. R. Harris, U. S. N., assumed command of the *Ranger* last Tuesday.

Lieutenant Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N., is at his home in Washington, D. C., and has so far recovered from his recent accident as to be able to walk with the aid of crutches.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, Assistant-Surgeon General, U. S. A., will be retired from active service on February 5th.

Paymaster J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., has been transferred from the *Mohican* to the *Monterey*, relieving Paymaster W. J. Thomson, U. S. N., who is ordered to duty as fleet paymaster on the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will return to duty on February 9th.

Captain J. J. Read, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander E. W. Sturdy, U. S. N., Lieutenants T. S. Phelps, Z. J. Dorn, W. D. Rose, F. H. Sherman, and W. W. Buchanan, U. S. N., Ensign A. C. Dieffenbach, U. S. N., Surgeon J. G. Ayers, U. S. N., Passed Assistant Surgeon M. R. Pigott, U. S. N., Pay Inspector R. W. Allen, U. S. N., Passed Assistant Engineer W. B. Dinning, U. S. N., and Assistant Engineers K. E. Carney and J. K. Robinson, U. S. N., have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for duty on the *Olympia*.

Lieutenant Alexander T. Dean, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been admitted to membership in the District of Columbia Society of Sons of the Revolution.

Queen Victoria has not entered a shop since the death of the Prince Consort.

Pomery Sec.

The firm of Veve Pomery Fils & Co., now consists of the following members: Louis Pomery, Henry Vassier, the experienced director, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that Pomery Sec occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.—*Illustrated London News*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will give a concert at the Auditorium next Tuesday evening in aid of the Incurable Ward Fund of the Children's Hospital. The price of tickets will be one dollar, which includes a reserved seat. Tickets can be bought at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, or from a number of ladies who are interested in the charity. The reserved-seat list will be opened at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday.

A concert will be given in Shattuck Hall, Berkeley, on Wednesday evening, January 23d, for the benefit of the Surgical Ward Fund of the Children's Hospital in this city. An excellent programme will be rendered by Herr Moeser and twelve zither-players, Baroness von Meyerinck, Miss Bessie Wall, a violin soloist, and the University of California Glee Club.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, the contralto of the Temple Emanu-El and the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, has been granted six months' leave of absence, during which time she will go to Europe to study. Mrs. Milton Blanchard, formerly Miss Henrietta Bayly, will act as her substitute.

Mme. Thea Sanderini Seib will give a concert next Thursday evening, assisted by her pupil, Miss Florence Julia Doane, soprano, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist, Mr. Sigmund Beel, violinist, Mr. Louis Burris, flautist, and Mr. Henry Heine, celloist.

The Pure Food Exhibit.

Following the Horse Show, society is soon to be treated to another novelty in the form of a pure food exposition. Such expositions have been successfully held in New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, and under the name of "healtheries," in London. There are to be exhibits of the various kinds of fresh and canned foods, and Cassasa's band will perform every afternoon and evening. A special feature of the exposition will be the lectures on cooking and the scientific preparation of food by Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln. Mrs. Lincoln is principal of the Boston Cooking-School, author of the "Boston Cook-Book," and a recognized authority on culinary matters. The lectures will be illustrated by practical demonstrations of the art of cooking, and will be under the patronage of the following ladies:

Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Igatz Steinhart, Mrs. Sarah D. Hamlin, Mrs. C. W. Crocker, Mrs. Sylvain Weill, Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown, Mrs. William M. Bunker, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Horace Wilcox, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. George K. Fitch, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Miss Kate Beaver, Mrs. William J. Dutton, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. A. Chesbrough, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mrs. S. Wenban, and Mrs. A. S. Hallidie.

"Burpee's Farm Annual" for 1895 contains 174 pages, besides several colored plates and special circulars. The illustrations, 400 in number, are mostly engraved from photographs, while the descriptions of both new and standard seeds are noteworthy for their accuracy. Messrs. W. Atlee Burpee & Co. make the nominal charge of ten cents for the Farm Annual, but will mail a copy free to any of our readers who intend to purchase seeds this spring.

DCCXL.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 13, 1895.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce. Potato Croquettes.
Mushrooms on Toast. Cauliflower au Gratin.
Roast Ducks, Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
German Potato Salad.
Swiss Pudding.
Coffee.

SWISS PUDDING.—Half a large coffee-cup of flour, two tablespoonsful of butter, one and a half of sugar, three small eggs, rind of half a lemon, half a pint of milk. Grate the yellow rind of the lemon into the milk, and put into a double boiler; rub the flour and butter together; pour the boiling milk on this and return to the boiler. Cook four minutes, stirring the first two; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, and stir into the boiling mixture. Remove from the fire immediately. When cold, add the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Have a three-pint mold well buttered, turn the mixture into this, and steam thirty minutes. Turn on a hot dish and serve without delay. Creamy sauce or a glass of currant jelly melted with the juice of two lemons should be served with it.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

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—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 68r.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mme. Casimir-Perier, according to private letters from Paris, manifests a disposition to be very gracious toward some social stars of the American colony there.

At Helsingfors, in Finland, a newspaper has been started, edited, and managed entirely by women. The chief editor is Miss Minna Kant, who is well known among the Finns as a novelist.

Miss Grace French, a Sunday-school teacher and social favorite in Brooklyn, who married a Chinese laundryman two years ago, against the wishes of her parents, has returned to the latter, and her husband, Mr. Lee, advertises that he will not be responsible for her debts, etc.

There are at Vassar two beautiful vases sent from Japan by a former graduate, who is now the wife of Count Oyama, who led the successful land forces in the capture of Port Arthur. The countess, although a Japanese, was so thoroughly Americanized by her four years in this country that she spreads an American table and wears Paris gowns.

Mme. Sarah Grand takes a vivid interest in the poor girls of London, and every Thursday evening, when she is in town, she may be found at Mrs. Frederic Harrison's Girls' Guild at Newton Hall, where she joins heartily in all their occupations. She is a strong believer in athletics for women, and has taken especial pleasure in helping to provide the girls with pretty costumes for gymnastics.

Mrs. Antonio de Navarro, known to the stage as Mary Anderson, is said to have told a recent interviewer that she now looks upon the stage with positive aversion. He says:

"For six or seven years she loved her work, but after that the nonnaturalness of the life, its unwholesome excitement, its glitter and glare, became apparent to her eyes. First she grew weary of the constant publicity of such a life, and then her feeling became one of positive distaste. From the moment she had resolved to leave the stage at the end of another season's work, her life in the theatre became unbearable. Since her retirement, she has never for one instant wished to return to her old work. Mrs. de Navarro never advises girls to go on the stage. She is glad to say that twenty or thirty stage-struck girls, whom she has known, have wisely given up their dreams after having the whole story of a dramatic artist's life laid bare by her before them."

This is not the way that Charlotte Cushman looked at the subject. If a girl asked her advice about going on the stage, she advised her to go if she had any talent for acting. She regarded her profession from the standard of a great artist. Mary Anderson was always a charming personality—but she was never a great artist. Her acting showed that she was not enamored of her profession. She had a beautiful voice, and a fine, statuesque presence, and that charm which always attaches to a sweet and gracious nature, but when you have said that, you have said all. Ask Modjeska or Jefferson what they think of the actor's art, and they will tell you that they think very highly of it. But then, Modjeska and Jefferson are great artists.

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STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.

By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company.

A. ANDREW, Secretary.

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The Southern Pacific Company's magnificent Vestibuled Train, between San Francisco and New Orleans, now starts on its flying transcontinental trip an hour and a half earlier and arrives in the Southern metropolis two hours earlier than formerly, reducing the run to 78 hours and opening several other popular routes to prominent Eastern cities.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A dispute over the possession of a vagrant kitten had arisen between the two boys. "Obverse or reverse?" said the Boston boot-black, taking a one-cent coin from his pocket and flipping it up in the air.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Witherby—"I have invited Castleton around to New Year's dinner." Mrs. Witherby—"But he was here Christmas to dinner." Witherby—"What of it?" Mrs. Witherby—"I am afraid he will recognize that turkey."—*Life*.

"I wouldn't smoke those nasty, vile-smelling things, dear boy." "Why not? Robert Louis Stevenson smoked them." "I know it; but he had humanity enough to go to the middle of the Pacific Ocean to do so."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Flannigan—"Say, Moike, this won't do. Pape say you are shwate on Mrs. Flaherty—and she a married woman." Mike—"Phwist! Not a wurrd. That's only so Oi can go on borryin' terbacky av old Flaherty. He's in hopes Oi'll elope wid'er."—*New York Weekly*.

Citizen—"What has your last Arctic expedition accomplished?" Arctic explorer—"What has been accomplished? Why, sir, we have fully and incontrovertibly demonstrated that babies can be born at the north pole as well as at the equator."—*New York Weekly*.

In Chicago: She—"I do hope, Edwin, you will not have to walk the floor with the twins to-night. You are so good-natured about it, too—you never lose your temper." He—"My dear, we must be prepared to make these little sacrifices if we expect to catch up with the greater New York."—*Puck*.

Even in the Orient: Sultan Asitwere—"By the beard of the Prophet, Mustapha, where are my best court trousers?" Mustapha—"I can not say, sire. When the gazelle-eyed Fatima, the light of your majesty's harem, went out with her bicycle, she declined to say where she was going."—*Puck*.

Lady—"This house would suit me, but there are not enough closets." Landlord—"The number can easily be doubled." Lady—"Very well, then, I'll sign the lease." Landlord (half an hour later)—"George, send a carpenter to that house to divide each of those closets into two."—*New York Weekly*.

Sister—"If you are so dreadfully in love with her, why don't you propose to her?" Brother—"She gives me no encouragement." Sister—"Nonsense! Only yesterday I heard her advise you to let your mustache grow, because shaving it so much would make it stiff."—*New York Weekly*.

Stranger—"I am told that it is easy for a woman to get a divorce in this State, but difficult for a man to get one." Citizen—"Yes, we made it difficult for the men, so as to discourage them when they thought about it, and we made it easy for the women so they wouldn't care about it."—*New York Weekly*.

Enthusiastic colored spectator (at fashionable wedding)—"Go it, gents—keep de rice a-flying—chuck it out lively!" Policeman—"An' fhwot are yer eggins' av thim an fer—sure, you are not related?" Enthusiastic colored spectator—"No, boss, but rice is good for chickens, an' I am de sweeper hyah!"—*Life*.

She—"Would you not like to go out and 'see a man'?" He—"Why, no; I would not think of it." She—"But really, I sha'n't object in the least." He—"How absurd! How can you say such a thing?" She—"Well, to tell the truth, I want to see a man myself, and I know he won't come over while you are here."—*Life*.

Man in uniform (sternly)—"You may as well give up without a struggle." Muscular criminal—"Why?" Man in uniform—"Why? Confound you; can't you see I'm a New York police captain?" N. B. The muscular criminal gave up at once. The amount will probably be disclosed by the Lexow Committee.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Mr. Newedd—"Well, we are beginning house-keeping, and I presume the simplest plan will be for me to give you a regular amount every week for expenses. Just figure up what it will cost." Mrs. Newedd—"I could never do that in the world—so many things to count, you know; but let me—see. Oh, I have it! I have thought of a much simpler plan." Mr. Newedd—"All right, my angel. What is it?" Mrs. Newedd—"You figure up what it will cost you for car-fare and lunches, and give me the rest."—*New York Weekly*.

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The Argonaut.

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It looks as though the United States might be on the eve of a tariff war with Continental Europe, similar in its nature to the recent tariff war between Germany and Russia. Among our enemies, the lead is taken by Germany. That empire has many complaints to make. It protests against the discriminating duty laid on bounty-grown sugar by the new tariff. It avers that the privileges granted to American consuls in Germany by the Quarantine Act of February 15, 1893, empowering consuls to issue or withhold from German vessels a clean bill of health without which they can not effect a landing in American ports, are inconsistent with the treaty of December 11, 1871, and at variance with the treaties of 1785 with Prussia and the Hanseatic republics. The act of 1893 was passed just after the outbreak of cholera at Hamburg, and was intended to prevent the ship-

ment of cholera patients from Germany to this country; the authorities at Berlin make no allowance for the special emergencies of the case, insist on the unrestricted right of subjects of the empire to emigrate to this country without regard to the epidemics which may be prevailing at the place of departure, and deny the right of American consular officers to board German vessels in German ports.

While Baron von Saurmajeltsh, the German ambassador at Washington, is worrying the Department of State with his protests, the German authorities at home are taking the law into their own hands by excluding American cattle and provisions, not on the old exploded ground that they contain trichinae, but on the new ground that they are infected with diseases which have not been heard of on this side of the water. Their example is being followed in Belgium and France, both of which countries, not content with levying duties intended to be prohibitory on American flour, are shutting the door in the face of American cattle, hams, pork, bacon, and lard.

The United States can afford to let this erroneous policy work out its own cure. Far more suffering will be endured by German, Belgian, and French consumers of American foods by being deprived of them than can be inflicted on American producers by being robbed of a natural market. Sooner or later the agrarians in all three countries will have to reckon with the urban populations who are subjected to an unnecessary increase in the cost of living in order to bolster up a decaying agricultural industry.

But there is such a want of comity in the recent policy of these continental nations, and such an unkindly spirit manifested toward the United States, that Congress is pretty sure to be urged to retaliate. Retaliation would be easy, even without the adoption of retaliatory duties on all imports from countries which, on false pretenses, are shutting out American foods. Last year we imported from Germany goods valued at \$96,210,203; last year we imported from France goods valued at \$76,076,215. The value of the wines and liquors alone which the United States bought from Europe last year was \$13,011,142. We import from Germany a large quantity annually of Rhein and Moselle wines, bottle and cask beers, and various forms of *delicatessen*, such as *leberwurst*, hogs' puddings, and other delicacies dear to the German palate. We import from France an enormous proportion of manufactured sparkling wine, a considerable quantity of still wine—white and red—olive oil, and sardines, potted meats, truffled dishes, and other preserved foods. All, or nearly all, these goods are adulterated. The French law, which is severe on adulterations in goods offered for sale on the French markets, expressly exempts from its provisions goods intended for export. It is based on the maxim that it is sound policy to poison as well as to despoil the stranger. Members of Congress may conclude that it would be legitimate for us to defend ourselves by a simple little statute excluding all German and French malt and spirituous liquors, wines, and foods which, on analysis by a consular expert at the port of shipment, are found to have been adulterated. The Europeans could not complain of our taking this leaf from their book. It would be merely tit for tat; and yet it would not be pleasant for the French makers of olive oil, which, according to a recent consular report, chiefly consists of cotton-seed oil exported from this side, to be barred out of the American market.

Well, if they want a tariff war, they can have it. There is not an article of food which we import from France or Germany that can not be produced on American soil. California can produce as good still wine as France or the Rhine, and as fine preserves as are made in Germany or at Paris. Whenever it becomes worth while, the packing-houses at Chicago can turn out as fine *leberwurst* and as succulent potted meats as can be imported from the other side. A firm in this State is now making canned peas which can not be distinguished from the finest French *petits pois*, and the American *pâté de foie gras* will bear comparison with the imported article. All the *delicatessen* which we get from Germany can be duplicated on this side. And we could

shut out these foreign products without inflicting a particle of loss on our people. If Congress should pass strict laws against adulterated imports, it would be a good thing for this State, for the people who now drink the sophisticated wines of France and Germany, of which not a gallon in a thousand is unadulterated, would turn to the honest wines of California.

There is another point of view which Germany ought to consider before she embarks in a commercial war with the United States. Germany is in a plethoric condition. Her population now exceeds fifty-one millions, and but for the safety-valve afforded by emigration to this country, her numbers—especially in the cities—would be a source of embarrassment. Germans have had too much sense to accept ex-Chancellor Bismarck's invitation to emigrate to Angra Pequena, or the Zanzibar country, or Papua. Suppose Congress should lend an ear to the labor organizations which clamor for a limit being set to foreign immigration, just so far as to say that nations which exclude our products on false pretenses must be so kind as to keep their people off our soil. Suppose the treaty of 1871 were to be abrogated and a law passed providing that, for some years, German immigrants should be excluded as the Chinese are. We have labor enough in this country, and while the Germans make excellent citizens and would be welcome under other circumstances, the United States could get along without any further supply of them till the end of the century. As may be noted from the foregoing, we are not in favor of permitting Germany or any other country to bulldoze the United States with impunity. But, none the less, it is well to remember that all this tariff wrangle has been brought about by the folly of Cleveland and the Democratic Congress in overthrowing the admirable reciprocity system which did so much to open foreign markets for American products. By the repeal of the Republican protective tariff and the abolition of the Republican reciprocity system, Mr. Cleveland has succeeded in closing some of the best markets of the world to American products. Unfortunately, he has two years more in which to continue his evil work.

During the first week of the McNab-Whelan recount for the office of sheriff of San Francisco, sixty-two precincts were canvassed, and in fifty of these the returns were found to be erroneous; in only twelve did the election officers return the vote as it was actually cast. That four in every five of the election boards were either so ignorant or so corrupt that they could not or would not report the votes as they were cast, indicates a radical defect in our present method of selecting these boards. It is small wonder that the candidates and the people generally have so little confidence in the results announced by such boards of election that contests and recounts regularly follow each election that is held. Election by the people gives place to election by the "heelers."

When the so-called "Australian" or reformed ballot system was adopted, it was hailed as a panacea for all the ills that beset the body politic. That it has remedied some of them can not be disputed. It has made the ballot absolutely secret, thus defeating all attempts at intimidation or bribery; it has made ballot-box stuffing and the substitution of fraudulent ballots practically impossible; it has encouraged more intelligent voting, and has raised the standard of political morality throughout the country. But, as soon as the polls are closed and the counting begins, the efficiency of the reformed ballot is ended. It has absolutely no effect here, and fraud is as prevalent in this part of the election as it was before.

The reformed ballot has, in fact, solved only one-half of the problem. The counting of the votes is still open to abuse, and the next step in advance must be the prevention of frauds by election officers. In a communication to the *Argonaut*, published last week, Judge Belcher proposes that the election officers should be selected by the superior court, as are the members of the grand jury; that the ballots should be sealed up immediately upon the closing of the polls, and returned to the superior court; and that an

official count should then he had in the preseece of the superior judge.

This remedy strikes at the roots of the evil. The method of selecting precinct hoards of election that obtains now has proved itself inadequate. The election commissioners in this city and the boards of supervisors in other counties may all be candidates for reelection, and to place this important branch of election machioery in their hands is unwise, to say the least. Placing the selection in the hands of the judiciary is opeo to the objection that it brings the courts more closely into politics. But the advantages of the system, in securing, as it undoubtedly would, a better class of electioo officers, outweigh this ohjection.

The second part of Judge Belcher's scheme does not seem so feasible. At the last election there were two hundred and ninety-four precincts in this city, and thus each of the superior judges would be called upon to preside at the count of twenty-five precincts, and to pass upoo an average of five thousand votes. The most expert clerical force could not finish this work io less than twenty-five working days, or practically one-twelfth of the annual working time of the courts. The regular legal business would be delayed during this time, and the result of the election would remain in doubt. Outside of this city, the difficulties would be even greater. The ballots from all parts of the county would have to be forwarded to the county seat, and io most cases there would be hut one judge to preside over the count. If the judges can be depended upon to select good election officers—as they certainly can—the necessity of taking up the time of the courts to secure an accurate count would oot be so pressing.

Another plan that has met with favor of late years is the automatic voting machine. Io New York State, the Myers machine has been used in a number of town elections, and has proved so successful that its general adoption throughout the State has been urged and confidently predicted. A very similar device is the Clifford machine of San Francisco, whose operation is thus described :

The voter enters the election booth as at present, and, after satisfying the election officers that he is properly registered and entitled to vote, passes behind a screen to where the machine is. Here he finds a long box in which a strip of paper is pasted, extending the entire length. This paper is divided by black lines into strips about an inch wide, giving somewhat the appearance of the keys of a piano. These smaller strips are of different colors, one color being used to designate the candidates of one party and another to designate those of another party. Thus the Republican candidates would have blue strips; the Democrats, red; the Populists, white; and so on. Upon each strip is the name of a candidate, the office he is running for, and the designation of the party that nominated him, this last being in addition to the color designation. The candidates are grouped according to office, as on the ballots now in use, and each strip is numbered in regular succession, as the names of the candidates now are. Opposite to each strip is a key similar to those on a cash register, and each key is numbered to correspond with its respective strip.

In order to vote, the elector presses down the key corresponding to the candidate he desires to support until it catches. The key is then locked and remains down; the voter can not raise it in order to vote again for the same candidate. At the same time the key locks the keys of all the other candidates for the same office, and thus a vote for two opposing candidates for the same office is impossible. In the same manner the voter presses down the keys corresponding to all the other candidates he wishes to vote for, and then passes out from behind the screen. When he appears, one of the election officers pulls a cord which releases all the keys, and the machine is ready for the next voter. None of the election officers may pass behind the screen, and the cord is in public view, so that it can not be pulled while a voter is behind the screen, so as to enable him to vote more than once for any particular candidate. A blind man can vote by this system without assistance, determining the position of the keys he wants by counting them; an illiterate man can vote by the numbers, or, if he can not distinguish them, by the color.

This is the method of voting with these machines, hut their chief claim for consideration is in connection with the counting. Indeed, if they do not effect an improvement here, they are not worth considering, for they offer very slight advantages, if any, over the present system of voting. The counting device is thus described :

In the back of the machine are a number of small counting-machines, numbered to correspond to each of the keys in front. These counting-machines are all set at zero before the polls are opened, this being done by an election officer in the presence of those citizens who are present, just as the ballot-boxes are now shown to be empty. These numbering-machines are covered by a door that is kept locked while the voting is going on. Under each key there is a paper tape. When a key is pressed down, it perforates a round hole in the tape beneath it, and, at the same time, the number shown on the dial of the numbering-machine advances one. When the cord is pulled, after the voter has completed his ballot, the perforated tapes advance a half-inch and are ready for the next perforation. When the polls are closed, the front of the machine is closed and locked; the door at the back is unlocked, and the dials of the numbering-machines exposed to view. The numbers are called off to the tally-clerks, who make out their returns from them, and the count is finished. The machines keep a permanent record of the votes cast, and the dials may be compared with the number of perforations in the corresponding tape in case of dispute.

In New York, seven hundred voters have voted on one machine in ten hours, and the result was announced in ten minutes. The unsolved question in regard to the voting-

machines is wbetber fraud can be practiced upon them. This is a question of mechanical construction, and can easily be solved by setting experts at work to try it.

To every newspaper office there come vast numbers of pamphlets. Reports of scientific bodies upoo the habits of fossiliferous reptilia, memorials of mercantile institutioos petitioniog Congress to do things which Congress has not the slightest intention of doing, monographs by cranks on stirpiculture, statistics on the need of a Lexow Committee in Oklahoma, speeches by Congressmen who thus fondly hope to inscribe their names upon the scroll of fame, proceedings of societies for the prevention of cruelty to husbands, and annual reports of public librarians. Most of these speed swiftly to the waste-basket. Amid the mass of matter which comes to editorial-rooms, experience has shown that people who can print thiogs nowhere else, at last, in despair, print them in pamphlets. Newspaper men know that the newspaper is the court of last resort.

It was therefore partly by accident that we picked up a pamphlet the other day, entitled "Report of the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles Public Lihrary." The title was not fascinating. It was partly by accident and partly because it had boldly printed upon its cover the words, "Marked Copy," that we opened it. Turning to a leaf that was carefully folded down, we found a large blue index hand pointing in a long tahle to the magic word "Argonaut." This at once arrested our attention. We found that this tahle contained the oames of "American periodicals which have been called for more than five hundred times during the past year." On examining the tahle and the report, we foud that the lihrarian of the Los Angeles Public Lihrary had segregated the periodicals coming to that institution, and that the local and coast publications were kept at the entire disposal of the readers, hut that some two hundred periodicals of a less ephemeral nature were covered, kept at the "periodical desk," and that each time one of them was called for, the loan and date were stamped on a hlank pasted on the inside of the hack cover. From this the "lihrary circulation" was easily to be gathered. Only forty out of the two hundred periodicals had been called for more than five hundred times, hut we were gratified to see that one copy of the *Argonaut* had been called for and evidently perused *seven hundred and forty-nine times* in the year just passed.

This was not only gratifying—it was interesting. The *Argonaut* has a large circulation, and, as our readers may remember, we printed a note from a subscriber some weeks ago informing us that his one copy of the *Argonaut* was read regularly hy seven people in the United States and five in Europe. But from twelve to seven hundred and forty-nine is a far cry. We knew, of course, that every lihrary copy of this journal had many readers, hut we did not dream that in a city the size of Los Angeles the limit would reach such a figure as three-quarters of a thousand. It gives an idea of what the number of readers must be in the public lihraries of this and other large cities of the United States, most of which are on the mailing lists of this journal.

If we were made envious hy the fact that *Harper's Weekly* was called for 1,646 times, the *Century* 3,052 times, and *Scribner's Magazine* 2,548 times to the *Argonaut's* 749, we set it down to the pictures, and comforted ourselves with the fact that we exceeded the *Atlantic* with 738, the *Youth's Companion* with 672, *Harper's Bazar* with 604, the *Popular Science Monthly* with 596, and numerous others with varying figures. But we were none the less struck with the ingenuity of the lihrarian's plao, and turning to the list of officers found the lihrarian mentioned as "T. A. Kelso."

We examined the report of the lihrarian. We found it an admirable document—comprehensive, yet terse. It included the usual tahles of circulation found in such reports, with many others. Not only was the circulation of ordinary books classified, but the circulation of reference-books as well, together with the circulation of periodicals, as we have already said. In addition, there was classified a circulation of books to the pupils of the public schools through their teachers. "Fine Arts" has been one of the classes hitherto, but this year the lihrarian added to the art-hook circulation a department of "Plates and Pictures," of which this last year there have been circulated 450,815. The lihrarian has a system of "charging" by which each hook is provided with a card, which remains in the book when in the lihrary, and in the slip-case when the hook is out. These cards bave room for thirty-five issue charges, indicating the number of the borrower, the sex, and the date of the issue of the book. The cards, therefore, furnish a complete index to the condition of the lihrary and the tastes of its readers. In addition to the copies of periodicals read in the lihrary, there are copies for "home circulation," of which statistics also are given. Fair copies of the illustrated periodicals are kept for hinding, while worn ones are "taken apart, the illustrations cut out, sorted, and mounted on gray bristol board, forming valuable collections of pictures for teaching,

besides being samples of the modern school of illustration and artists."

In the lihrary there are what are known as "training classes," consisting of "young women oot over seventeen years of age, who are to give three hours' service a day for at least six months"; at the end of that time, on passing a satisfactory examination, they are placed oo the substitute list for future employment. All employees of the lihrary are taken from this substitute class, and these employees are divided into nine classes, receiving from ten dollars a month, in Class One, to fifty dollars a month, in Class Nioe. Promotions are made from class to class, as vacancies occur. "There have been two resignations from the staff of employees during the year, one matrimonial," says the lihrarian, guardedly, "and the other to accept the positioo of lihrarian in a neighboring town." There follows an elaborate roster of the employees, giving in each case the name, class, when graduated, when employed, and duties to be performed; annexed is a sample time-card, showing how every minute at every desk during the lihrary day is allotted to one of the employees.

There was much more in the report which hetokened the mastership of a good disciplinarian with a methodical mind. We could not help remarking that the lihrarian of the Los Angeles Public Lihrary was a man uoosually well equipped for his position, hut on turning to the report of the board of directors we found "T. A. Kelso" spokeo of as "Miss Tessa A. Kelso," so we were forced to revise our judgment, but only as to sex. The rest remains unchanged. From Miss Kelso's report we sbould judge her to be an admirable official, the equal of most lihrrarians, and the superior of many. If any man doubts the ability of women to perform adequately such duties as these, he need only glance at her report to be convinced.

But the weak point is shown where she herself remarks that there have been "resignations—one matrimonial." When men marry, they do not abandon their life-work; when women marry, they generally do. Admirable a lihrrarian as Miss Kelso is, she may some day abandon these duties, for which she is so well fitted, to take charge of one man instead of many hooks, and her successor will have to chronicle in a future report of the Los Angeles Public Lihrary the words: "Resignation—one lihrrarian—matrimonial."

The resignation of M. Casimir-Perier as president of the republic is one that will deeply grieve all friends in France. His election took place at a time when France and all Europe were horrified at the assassination, by the anarchist Cesare Santo, of his predecessor, President Carnot. Casimir-Perier was known as the unflinching foe of socialists and anarchists. Under him, as prime minister, the pursuit of the anarchists by the police was pitiless. It was for this reason that France turned to him in her hour of need when Carnot was murdered in June of 1894.

But if Casimir-Perier was pitiless in his pursuit of the socialists, they have been equally pitiless in their pursuit of him. Ever since his election, they have waged upon him a hitter and relentless war. The vile and venal press of Paris was hired to lampoon him; a Paris socialistic district triumphantly elected as a deputy one Gerault-Richard, then actually in jail for liheling the president; socialist leaders were sent to sow the seeds of agitation among the workmen employed in the great coal-mines owned by Casimir-Perier; and a constant series of petty attacks was made upon him, too small to be resented, even if he had the power to do so. But the hands of a French president are tied. He has responsibility, but no power. The French system of government seems still to be modeled on that laid down by Thiers for Louis Philippe, when he said: "The king reigns, but does not govern."

Despite all these persecutions, Casimir-Perier should not have resigned. It is the act of a small, a peevish, and a feminine man. Men with great miods and stout hearts are not turned aside from their duty hy the pen-pricks of hlackguard hlack-mailers, or the rihald abuse of the rahhile. A man entirely great would not have left his country in her hour of need as Casimir-Perier has done. He has deserted in the face of the enemy.

For there is an enemy. The enemy of France is French. Already we read that Royalist deputies are shouting in the Chamber "Vive le Roi!" Already we learn that the Duke of Orleans has taken himself and bis suite to Dover, where he awaits a call.

It is a peculiarity of the French temperament that such a thing as an "opposition party," as we use the term in the United States or in England, seems to be unknown in France. The "opposition" there is made up of royalists, radicals, and anarchists, and their idea of "opposition" is to destroy the government. The party of "opposition" in France is the party of treason. To drive Casimir-Perier from power, and to destroy the present moderate republic,

the royalists and anarchists would stick at nothing. Let us hope that the election of Felix Faure as president may check their efforts, and enable France to retain her present position as the great republic of the Old World.

It is customary for the *Independent* newspaper to publish early in each January a review of the previous year's progress made by some sixty-odd Christian sects, including the Roman Catholics. This year, the article on the Church of Rome is unsigned, which is contrary to the usual practice, though the severity with which criticism of the bishops and priests has been recently resented by the authorities of the church may account for the anonymity behind which the writer has taken refuge. The year 1894 was not marked by any great movements in the Roman Catholic Church; nor did any event occur which compared in importance with the arrival of Ablegate Satolli in 1892. Perhaps the most notable occurrences of the year were the abortive attempts of Bishop Watterson and other good priests to drive the liquor traffic out of the church, and the equally abortive endeavor of Archbishop Corrigan to deny to Father Ducey the privilege of exercising the rights of an American citizen.

In the ranks of the Roman priesthood are men of sincerity and honest purpose, men who are in touch with their fellow-citizens. But opposed to these there is a great mass of mediæval ecclesiasts, who throw down the gauntlet to the progress which distinguishes the end of the nineteenth from the beginning of the seventeenth century. This class of men deny that there were any faults in the philosophy which burned Giordano Bruno and thrust Galileo into a dungeon; they believe that human happiness in this world and salvation in the next would be promoted by the revival of the doctrines and practices of the Inquisition. They denounce as false the scientific truths which were unknown in the time of Leo the Tenth; they insist that Roman Catholic institutions of learning shall have a geology of their own, a chemistry of their own, a history of their own, a multiplication table of their own, and that all these shall teach science as it was understood by Roger Bacon.

If these archaic survivals were a mere sect in the church, they would be a theme for indulgent railery; but they embrace the whole ultramontane party in Europe, the entire body of the Irish priesthood, and the Pope himself. Like our own Archbishop Riordan, His Holiness does not believe that the world has learned anything since the time of Alexander Borgia, and when a writer like Zola deals with a religious delusion from the standpoint of common sense, the Vatican places his work on the list of forbidden books, just as Archbishop Riordan tried to do with Myers's history in our public schools.

A Roman Catholic priest can not be honest and intelligent and at the same time acquiesce in the nonsense which is laid down as the law by the Propaganda. The Irish priest, peasant-horn and peasant-hred, may accept the philosophy of the Vatican without doing violence to his conscience, because he does not know any better. So the Breton peasant in France, or the Basque shepherd in Spain, may hear unmoved of the ostracism of every professor of the Roman Catholic University at Paris who dares to manifest a spirit of inquiry. But there are Roman Catholics who are men of education and discernment, and, likewise, conscientious; these persons are now trying to determine whether their duty requires them to abandon their church or to stifle their reasoning power. In this country, above all others, where all men are taught to reason from childhood, Roman Catholics are every day feeling it more difficult to maintain their loyalty to a church which requires such intolerable sacrifices of their logical faculty.

The most notable Roman Catholic movement of the year is that the Pope is moving heaven and earth to bring about a fusion of the Roman and the Greek Churches. It is reported that he has sent cardinals' hats to two Eastern patriarchs or metropolitans. Ridiculous as many of the Papal superstitions are, they are not so gross as those of the Oriental Church. That is a religious institution which really has learned nothing since the Council of Nicæa. It is steeped in the ignorant delusions which flourished before the time of the crusades. It believes in a personal devil, in the apparition of saints on the earth, in the intervention of the three persons of the Godhead in sublunary affairs, in the efficacy of prayer in battle and sickness, and in the occurrence of miracles. You shall find its creed in the writings of Origen, St. Jerome, and other pious early fathers who expounded the philosophy of their day—knowing no other. It is in keeping with the recent rescripts of the Pope that he should seek to ally his church with a denomination in comparison with which the Brahmins are enlightened and Buddha a fountain of truth. His Holiness has evidently never heard about the blind leading the blind, or of the ditch in which they both fetched up at last.

But what could be expected from a prelacy which chose

the year 1894 as a fitting time to hold a congress to "intensify devotion" to the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence? The controversy over transubstantiation is dead. Protestants are quite willing that Roman Catholics should believe that they are consuming the very body and blood of Christ when they eat the holy wafer. It seems an odd notion, the product of a dark age, when the line between reality and symbol was imperfectly drawn. But no Protestant objects to the Roman Catholic view, or insists that the body of the Saviour could hardly be farinaceous. Their attention is aroused to this relic of ancient superstition only when the priests flaunt it before the public eye, as they did at the congress at Notre Dame, Ind. Then people of sense ask themselves how a physical object could be at one and the same time a compound of flour and also flesh and blood, and by what astonishing miracle the corporeal and therefore perishable constituents of a human body, which existed nineteen hundred years ago, could be reproduced in thousands of churches at the present day and served as human food? If the priests fancy that intelligent members of their congregations are not asking themselves these questions, they are very much mistaken.

The appointment by Governor Markham of Moses Gunst as police commissioner caused more excitement than any political appointment ever made in San Francisco. In addition to the unanimous condemnation of the press, it brought about a mass-meeting of citizens to protest against the appointment to such an office of a man running whisky-saloons and interested in book-making and other forms of gambling. This mass-meeting appointed a committee to call on Gunst and request him to resign. Gunst flatly refused to resign. Then Governor Budd interposed. He removed Gunst from office, and appointed Stewart Menzies.

This appointment has met with the approval of the entire community. Mr. Menzies has lived here for many years, has filled various municipal positions, has presided over grand juries, and knows the city thoroughly. He is aggressive and courageous. If there is any hidden corruption in the police department, he will find it out, and if he finds it out, he will remove it. Mr. Menzies is as eminently fitted for the post of police commissioner as Mr. Gunst is eminently unfitted for that post.

But a stumbling-block presents itself to Mr. Menzies. Messrs. Alvord and Tobin, the two other police commissioners, have decided not to recognize Mr. Menzies, fearing that to admit Governor Budd's power to remove Gunst might endanger their own positions. They hold office under the law of 1878, by which the judges of three district courts appointed the police commissioners. The new constitution abolished the districts courts, but made no provision for appointing police commissioners, or for defining their term of office. They have consequently held ever since. Suit was begun by the attorney-general to oust R. P. Hammond, chairman of the police commissioners, for an appointee of Governor Stoneman; but the supreme court decided that there was "no vacancy." Subsequently, on the death of R. P. Hammond, Governor Markham appointed D. M. Burns, on whose resignation he appointed Moses A. Gunst. It is this man whom Governor Budd has removed, to replace him by Stewart Menzies.

It seems to us that there can be no question under the law of the governor's power to remove Gunst. The Political Code says, Sec. 878: "Every office of which the duration is not fixed by law is held at the pleasure of the appointing power." Mr. Gunst was appointed by the governor of the State; the duration of Mr. Gunst's office is not fixed by law; therefore Mr. Gunst can be removed at the pleasure of the governor of the State. This settles Mr. Gunst.

But the refusal of Commissioners Alvord and Tobin to recognize his appointee, Stewart Menzies, has impelled Governor Budd to declare—as reported by the daily papers—that if they persist in their refusal, he will remove them also. We do not think he has the power to do so. The very provision of the law which gave him power to remove Gunst—"every office of which the duration is not fixed by law is held at the pleasure of the appointing power"—deprives him of the power to remove Commissioners Alvord and Tobin. These two hold their offices "at the pleasure of the appointing power," but the appointing power in their case was not the governor of the State, but the judges of the old district courts, which ceased to exist when the new constitution went into effect. Governor Budd may not be impressed by our opinion, but the opinion of the supreme court of the State is identical with ours in the case we have already referred to—People *versus* Hammond. The court practically held that there could be "no vacancy" in the board of police commissioners except by death or resignation.

We applaud Governor Budd for removing Moses Gunst. We congratulate him on his excellent choice in appointing Stewart Menzies. But we do not believe that he can remove Commissioners Alvord and Tobin under the law. Their

terms of office will expire when the State law is changed, or when the city has a new charter and controls its own board of police commissioners, as it ought to do.

The supreme court has handed down a decision in the freeholder case which will strike most people as being eminently sensible. The election of two of the freeholders, I. W. Hellman and W. B. Bourn, was contested on the ground of non-eligibility. It was feared that if they were declared ineligible, it might invalidate the proceedings of the entire board of freeholders, as the constitution provides for the election of "a board of fifteen freeholders." The supreme court declares Hellman and Bourn ineligible. But, says the court, the persons elected must qualify as individuals, and the entity known as the board has no existence until it is organized by these individuals. The death or unwillingness to act of a member after election to any board or commission can not invalidate the election of other members; to permit this would be to thwart the will of the electors.

This is doubtless good law. It is certainly sound sense.

In a recent hook by A. Conan Doyle, the English writer who has sprung into such prominence lately, there is a striking story, entitled "The Curse of Eve." In it are described the sensations of a man whose wife is hovering between life and death with her first child. The physician in charge sends the husband forth for some powerful restorative medicines, and also to bring to his aid another physician—a celebrated specialist. He bids the husband make all speed. It is some hours after midnight. The husband can find no cab, so he runs at the utmost limit of his speed through the dark streets of London. As the writer graphically puts it: "He ran swiftly to Bridport Place, his footfalls clattering through the silent streets, the big dark policemen turning their yellow funnels of light on him as he passed." In this country the "big dark policemen" would have turned on him something else than their lanterns. It is not an exaggeration to say that most Americans would consider it dangerous to run at top speed through the streets of an American city at three o'clock in the morning. They would probably be shot at, if they were not shot.

Chief-Justice Beatty has filed a separate opinion in the Philbrook contempt case, in which he concurs with the majority of the supreme court, although on different grounds. To his mind, the danger of permitting such briefs as Attorney Philbrook's to be filed is not because it attacked Mr. Justice Harrison. Election to the supreme bench of the State of California does not necessarily carry with it the investiture of the attributes of divinity. Attorney Philbrook doubtless sincerely believes in the truth of the accusations he has made against Justice Harrison, although the supreme court does not, nor, we believe, does the rest of the community. But the chief-justice points out, with much reason, that Attorney Philbrook, by the language of his brief, *threatened* the supreme court if they did not decide in his favor. This, as the chief-justice rightly says, strikes at the entire judicial system. If the judges of our courts can be menaced by attorneys, there will be an end to justice.

Among its other beliefs, the *Argonaut* believes in beating brutal criminals. We have frequently urged in these columns the establishment of the whipping-post for crimes against the person. As a result, we have often been accused by pseudo-sentimental persons and journals of "brutality," "inhumanity," and "barbarism." If it is barbarism to heat a wife-beater, we plead guilty. If it is barbarism to lash the back of a brutal footpad, who, in addition to robbing his victim, beats him half to death, then we are barbaric. We believe such criminals have no minds or hearts, and can be reached only through their hides. So believing, it is very gratifying to us to find that Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is about to introduce an amendment to the Penal Code of New York State, by which, in all crimes constituting felonies, when injury is inflicted on the person of a victim, the court may order strokes, not to exceed forty in number, to be laid on the bare back of the criminal. Mr. Gerry believes that this punishment should be extended to footpads, highway robbers, wife-beaters, and persons convicted of extreme cruelty to children. No one can accuse Mr. Gerry of being "inhuman"—his life has been devoted to the amelioration of his kind. We hope some member of the California legislature, now in session, may introduce a similar amendment. Let it be confined to wife-beating at first, if a more sweeping law is too strong for the tender sensibilities of Californians. Then we may work up our sentimental citizens by easy stages to consenting to whip lightly a garroter who has beaten an honest man half to death with a sand-bag bludgeon. But let us at least begin with the wife-beaters. There is certainly nothing more brutal in legally beating a wife-beater than there is in a wife-beater illegally beating his wife.

ENDERBY'S COURTSHIP.

A Tale of the Southern Seas.

The two ghastly creatures sat facing each other in their wordless misery as the wind died away and the tattered remnants of the sail bung motionless after a last faint flutter. The Thing that sat aft—for surely so grotesquely horrible a vision could not be a Man—pointed with hands like the talons of a bird of prey to the purple outline of the island in the west, and his black, blood-baked lips moved, opened, and essayed to speak. The other being that, with bare and skinny arms clasped around its bony knees, sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, leaned forward to listen.

"Ducie Island, Enderby," said the first in a hoarse, rattling whisper; "no one on it; but water is there . . . and plenty of birds and turtle, and a few cocoanuts."

At the word "water" the listener gave a curious, gibbering chuckle, unclasped his hands from his knees, and crept further toward the speaker.

"And the current is setting us down to it, wind or no wind. I believe we'll see this pleasure-trip through, after all"—and the black lips parted in a hideous grimace.

The man whom he called Enderby sank his head again upon his knees, and his dulled and bloodshot eyes rested on something that lay at the captain's feet—the figure of a woman enveloped from her shoulders down in a ragged, native mat.

The black-whiskered man who steered looked down for a second upon the face beneath him with the unconcern for others born of the agony of thirst and despair, and again his gaunt face turned to the land. Yet she was his wife, and not six weeks back he had experienced a cold sort of satisfaction in the possession of so much beauty.

He remembered that day now. Enderby, the passenger from Sydney, and he were walking the poop; his wife was asleep in a deck-chair on the other side. An open book lay in her lap. As the two men passed and re-passed her, the one noted that the other would glance in undisguised and honest admiration at the figure in the chair. And Enderby, who was as open as the day, had said to him, Langton, that the sleeping Mrs. Langton made a beautiful picture.

The sail stirred, filled out, and then drooped again, and the two spectres, with the sleeping woman between, still sat with their hungry eyes gazing over toward the land. As the sun sank, the outlines of the verdure-clad summits and beetling cliffs became enshrouded in tenebrous night.

Another hour, and a faint sigh came from the ragged mat. Enderby, forever on the watch, had first seen a white hand silhouetted against the blackness of the covering, and knew that she was still alive. And as he was about to call Langton, who lay in the stern-sheets muttering in hideous dreams, he heard the woman's voice calling him.

"Thank God, you are alive, Mrs. Langton. Shall I wake Captain Langton? We must be nearing the land."

"No, don't. Let him sleep. But I called you, Mr. Enderby, to lift me up. I want to see where the rain is coming from."

Enderby groaned in anguish of spirit. "Rain? God has forgotten us, I—!" and then he stopped in shame at betraying his weakness before a woman. With hot tears of mingled weakness and pity coursing down his cheeks, he raised her up.

"Why, there it is, Mr. Enderby—and the land as well! And it's a heavy squall, too," and she pointed to a moving, inky mass that half concealed the black shadow of the island. "Quick, take my mat; one end of it will hold water."

Enderby pressed the woman's hand to his lips and kissed it again and again. Then with eager hands he took the mat from her, and, staggering forward to the bows, stretched the sound end across and belied it down. And then, the moving mass that was once black, and was now white, swept down upon them and brought them life and joy.

Langton, with an empty beef-tin in his hand, stumbled over his wife's figure, plunged the vessel into the water, and drank again and again.

"Curse you, you brute!" shouted Enderby through the wild noise of the hissing rain. "Where is your wife? Are you going to let her lie there without a drink?"

Langton answered not, but drank once more. Then Enderby, with an oath, tore the tin from his hand, filled it and took it to her, holding her up while she drank. And as her eyes looked gratefully into his while he placed her tenderly back in the stern-sheets, the madness of a moment overpowered him, and he kissed her on the lips.

Concerned only with the nectar in the mat, Langton took no regard of Enderby as he opened the little locker, pulled out a coarse dungaree jumper, and wrapped it around the thinly-clad and drenched figure of the woman.

She was weeping now, partly from the joy of knowing that she was not to die of the agonies of thirst in an open boat in mid-Pacific and partly because the water had given her strength to remember that Langton had cursed her when he had stumbled over her to get at the water in the mat.

She had married him because of his handsome face and dashing manner. Her ideal of a happy life was to have her husband leave the sea and buy an estate either in Tahiti or Chile. She knew both countries well; the first was her birthplace, and between there and Valparaiso and Sydney, her money-grubbing old father had traded for years.

Mrs. Langton cared for her husband in a prosaic sort of way; but she knew no more of his inner nature and latent utter selfishness a year after her marriage than she had known a year before. Yet, because of the strain of dark blood in her veins—her mother was a Tahitian half-caste—she felt the mastery of his savage resolution in the face of danger in the thirteen days of horror that had elapsed since the brigantine crashed on an uncharted reef between Pitcairn and Ducie Islands, and the other boat had parted company with them, taking most of the provisions and water.

But the savage curse still sounded in her ears, and unconsciously made her think of Enderby, who had always, ever

since the eighth day in the boat, given her half his share of water. Little did she know the agony it cost him the day before, when the water had given out, to bring her the whole of his allowance. And as she drank, the man's heart had beaten with a dull sense of pity, the while his baser nature called out: "Fool! it is *his* place, not yours, to suffer for her."

At daylight the boat was close in to the land, and Langton, in his cool, cynical fashion, told his wife and Enderby to finish up the last of the meat and biscuit—"for if they cap-sized getting through into the lagoon," he said, "they would never want any more." He had eaten all *he* wanted unknown to the others, and looked with an unmoved face at Enderby, soaking some biscuit in the tin for his wife. Then, with the ragged sail fluttering to the wind, Langton headed the boat through the passage into the glassy waters of the lagoon, and the two tottering men, leading the woman between them, sought the shelter of a thicker scrub, impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and slept.

And then for a week Enderby went and scoured the reefs for food for her.

One day at noon Enderby awoke. The woman still slept heavily, the first sign of returning strength showing as a faint tinge in the pallor of her cheek. Langton was gone. A sudden chill passed over him—had Langton taken the boat and left them to die on lonely Ducie? With hasty steps Enderby hurried to the beach. The boat was there, safe. And at the farther end of the beach he saw Langton, sitting on the sand, eating.

"Selfish brute!" muttered Enderby. "I wonder what he's got?" Just then he saw, close overhead, a huge, ripe pandanus, and picking up a heavy, flat piece of coral, he tried to ascend the triplicated bole of the tree and hammer off some of the fruit. Langton looked up at him and showed his white teeth in a mocking smile at the futile effort. Enderby walked over to him, stone in hand. He was not a vindictive man, but he had grown to hate Langton fiercely during the past week for his selfish neglect of his wife. And here was the fellow gorging himself on turtle-eggs, and his delicate wife living on shell-fish and pandanus.

"Langton," he said, speaking thickly and pretending not to notice the remainder of the eggs, "the tide is out, and we may get a turtle in one of the pools if you come with me. Mrs. Langton needs something better than that infernal pandanus fruit. Her lips are quite sore and bleeding from eating it."

The inner nature came out. "Are they? My wife's lips seem to give you a very great deal of concern. She has not said anything to me. And I have an idea—" The look in Enderby's face shamed into silence the slander he was about to utter. Then he added, coolly: "But as for going with you after a turtle, thanks, I won't. I've found a nest here, and have had a good, square feed. If the man-of-war hawks and boobies hadn't been here before me, I'd have got the whole lot." Then he tore the skin off another egg with his teeth.

With a curious, guttural voice, Enderby asked: "How many eggs were left?"

"Thirty or so—perhaps forty."

"And you have eaten all but those?"—pointing with savage contempt to five of the round, white balls; "give me those for your wife."

"My dear man, Louise has too much island blood in her not to be able to do better than I—or you—in a case like ours. And as you have kindly constituted yourself her provider, you had better go and look for a nest yourself."

"You dog!"—and the sharp-edged coral stone crashed into his brain.

When Enderby returned, he found Mrs. Langton sitting up on the creeper-covered mound that overlooked the beach where he had left Langton.

"Come away from here," he said, "into the shade. I have found a few turtle eggs."

They walked back a little and sat down. But for the wild riot in his brain, Enderby would have noted that every vestige of color had left her face.

"You must be hungry," he thought he was saying to her, and he placed the white objects in her lap.

She turned them slowly over and over in her hands and then dropped them with a shudder. Some were flecked with red.

"For God's sake," the man cried, "tell me what you know!"

"I saw it all," she answered.

"I swear to you, Mrs. Lan—" (the name stuck in his throat), "I never meant it. As God is my witness, I swear it. If we ever escape from here I will give myself up to justice as a murderer."

The woman, with hands spread over her face, shook her head from side to side, and sobbed. Then she spoke. "I loved him once. . . . Yet it was for me . . . and you saved my life over and over again in the boat. All sinners are forgiven, we are told. . . . Why should not you be, . . . and it was for me you did it. And I won't let you give yourself up to justice or any one. I'll say he died in the boat"—and then the laughter of hysterics.

When, some months later, the *Josephine*, whaler, of New London, picked them up on her way to Japan, via the Carolines and Pelews, the captain satisfactorily answered the query made by Enderby if he could marry them. He "rather thought he could. A man who was used to ketchin' and killin' whales, the powerfulest creature of Almighty Gawd's creation, was ekal to marryin' a pair of unfortunate human beans in sich a pre-carus situation as theirs."

And, by the irony of fate, the Enderbys (that isn't their name) are now living in a group of islands where there's quite a trade done in turtle, and whenever a ship's captain comes to dine with them, they never have the local dish—turtle eggs—for dinner. "We see them so often," Enderby explains, "and my wife is quite tired of them."

LOUIS BECKE.

MIDNIGHT BALLETS.

The Re-opening of the Manhattan Athletic as a Proprietary Club—
The New Management Proposes to give Midnight Shows
of Ballet-Girls—New York is Shocked.

The opening of the new Manhattan Athletic Club at Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue is an event of interest. The idea of re-opening the old Manhattan Club as a proprietary institution is an idea of Charles H. Genslinger. It is in one respect a novelty; but regardless of this, it is without a rival among athletic clubs. The gymnasium is the finest in the world, and there is no such bath in the United States as the Turkish plunge. There are several cafés in the building where attendants, in bright scarlet coats trimmed with gold braid and trousers of navy blue with red stripes, minister to the wants of the members at little oblong tables. No refreshments are to be served to persons who are standing; the rule is, no chair, no drink. All liquors are of the best, and are sold at very low prices.

The popularity of the idea of the club is such that three thousand members have been enrolled already, and several hundred more are waiting to pass the ordeal of the admission committee. The dues are thirty-six dollars a year, so that the club runs little risk of bankruptcy if the members pay up. This was not the case, as may be remembered, with the old athletic club, which perished because members would pay neither their dues nor their scores, and which finally fell into the hands of the lawyers. The old club started in with a swell membership and a big debt; the new one has a big membership and no debt. It is a proprietary club, and there is no "signing of cards"—members must pay as they go.

The taking feature of the new club is that it is to give a ballet at midnight, and the managers announce that the prettiest and most shapely of the ballet-girls in New York will be engaged to exhibit themselves in tights. Of course they and their sister coryphées will be the only women present, but the clubmen say that some of the ballets presented will be complicated pieces requiring a strong force of *danseuses*, and that the number of young ladies in gauze and fleshings will be prodigious, so that the men will be able to dispense with the presence of ladies of the real world.

Questions have been raised as to the quality of the ballets which are likely to be produced before an audience of men only. It is announced that one of the features will be matches between high-kickers. Two well-known ballet-girls are matched to kick a hat from the branch of a chandelier. Such matches are to enliven the *entr'actes* between the regular ballets.

A reporter, scenting the work of the Evil One in the scheme, interviewed Dr. Parkhurst on the subject. The reformer pushed his glasses back from his forehead, and ejaculated: "I never saw a ballet in my life." The nature of the institution being explained, he answered that he "saw no merit in the club ballet from a moral, social, or entertaining standpoint; that the mixing of this class of variety entertainment with the free use of drinks was not calculated to have an elevating influence upon young men, and that the introduction of influences in a club which would tend to demoralize was to defile what should be a splendid social institution."

Members of other clubs seem to regard the innovation as a good joke, though they are quite sure that the custom will not spread. One of the veterans of the Union League Club laughed heartily at the idea of a ballet being given at that prime institution, and added that he did not think his friends would give two cents to see all the short-skirted ballet-girls in New York. Being asked whether they did not fear that the new idea would be demoralizing, a well-known club man replied: "Demoralizing to whom? To the club members or to the ballet-girls? It might demoralize the girls, perhaps, but men who would want such an entertainment at their club are far beyond any possible demoralization by any influence whatsoever."

Among lady professionals opinions are divided. At first, the girls declared that they would certainly not dance at a men's club at midnight before an audience of men only. One pretty *danseuse* said that she had had one experience of appearing before an exclusively male audience while traveling in the West, and did not want another; that where there was no feminine element in the audience, men were perfect brutes, and she wouldn't repeat the experiment for twice the money. But another queen of the ballet declared that she liked an audience packed full of men. "Women," she added, from the depths of her philosophy, "are mean things; they never applaud, and when the ballet comes on, they affect a shocked and horrified manner. Give me men every time."

So opinions vary, while the best blood of New York combines with some blood which is not quite so good to fill the splendid palace which is sacred to the God Hercules. It looks as though Mr. Genslinger's scheme was going to be a success. If the athletes, after having exercised their thews, wish to solace their eyes with the contemplation of female symmetry in fleshings, that seems to be their affair, and so long as the vulgar public run no risk of being demoralized by admission, it is not easy to see who is going to interfere. In France, the law requires all gatherings in the shape of clubs to be open to the inspection of the police, and when ballets like Mr. Genslinger's are given, the commissary of police puts out the lights when things go too far. But in London, the proprietary clubs do much as they please under the shelter of their own roofs and behind their own doors; similar clubs are probably entitled to the same license here. If they become the scene of orgies, public opinion will regulate the matter by insisting on the ostracism of members.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 12, 1895.

Rubinstein had, it seems, written two volumes of memoirs, but he destroyed them a few days before his death.

LOVERS OF AN EMPRESS.

Walewski's Second Book on Catherine the Great—Her Relations with Statesmen and Philosophers—Panin and Patiomin—Diderot and Voltaire.

Some months ago we printed an article on "The Romance of an Empress," by K. Walewski, a work of deep research and unusual interest, which, after creating a sensation in Paris, had been translated into English, and was published in this country by D. Appleton & Co. There were hints, at the time, of a second work from the same hand, founded on the same studies and treating of the more public side of the life of the Empress Catherine the Great. This has now been brought out with the title "The Story of a Throne" (Lippincott's). In the present work M. Walewski seeks to expound Catherine's individuality through the tools with which she worked. These he divides into two classes: the men of action and the men of thought. In the first class were the statesmen, soldiers, and those who stood toward their queen in relations of intimate affection.

Putting aside Patiomin, who united the first and the last of these, and the Orlofs, who were equally in the service of Mars and of Venus, the man who shared the responsibilities of government with Catherine during the early part of her reign was, unlike many of his successors, a Russian *par sang*. His name was Panin, and he seems to have been a strange mixture of diplomatist and man of pleasure. His tact enabled him to maintain his position in Catherine's favor longer than his qualities either of heart or mind warranted. Not the least part of her greatness was the knowledge of her own limitations:

Though Catherine was for a long time bent on checkmating him on every occasion, with a view to gradually dislodging him from the position which she had herself given him, she was convinced, all the same, that he was an indispensable man. "What am I to do?" she answered sharply, when Orlof complained to her of the pranks that Panin was playing at the feet of the Countess Stroganof, for whom he was neglecting state affairs; "I can not yet do without him." "The empress needs me more than I need her," said Panin, on his side, to Count Sheremetiev, whose daughter he was anxious to marry, in spite of the fact that Catherine had allotted the rich heiress to a brother of the favorite of the day.

The Chevalier de Corheron, a French *chargé d'affaires*, who describes Panin as "voluptuous by temperament and slothful on system," has left an anecdote which reveals the man:

The Swedish ambassador, Nolken, invited to dinner by the minister, excuses himself on the ground that he has important dispatches to send off. Panin puts on his most *nonchalant* air, as he replies: "It is evident, my dear haron, that you are not accustomed to affairs of state, if you let them interfere with your dinner."

Bezborodko owed his elevation to the accident that Catherine desired a companion to share her supper when all her secretaries were abroad keeping carnival. The only available man was a new-comer of peasant birth and the most primitive instincts. Bezborodko was an animal endowed with an extraordinary presence of mind:

On one occasion, a courier of the empress, after looking for him all night long, discovers him dead drunk. In the twinkling of an eye he has recovered his senses; he has himself carried home, inundated with cold water, bled in both arms, dressed, and then he jumps into his coach and drives to the palace. On his arrival, his mind is perfectly clear. But the empress questions him about a projected law for which she is impatiently waiting. He replies that it is ready, draws a paper from his pocket, and commences reading, frequently interrupted by the marks of approbation of the sovereign. "It is perfect," she says at last; "but give me the manuscript. I will look over it at leisure." He turns pale, stammers, and, falling on his knees, implores the forgiveness of the empress. The manuscript does not exist; the paper that he holds in his hands is a blank sheet of paper; he has not read, he has improvised.

None of the statesmen of this period were destined to a long reign, nor at any time did they establish the influence over her which the Orlofs and the other soldiers enjoyed. Gregory Orlof's influence did not stop with the organization of the *coup d'état* which placed Catherine on the throne. He possessed great personal beauty, and undoubtedly inspired in his imperial mistress one of the sincerest passions of her life. He was essentially of the *Bel-amî* type—a man who lived for women, on women, and through women. The Baron de Breteuil describes him in a letter to the Duc de Choiseul as very stupid, but adds that the characteristic is common enough in the *entourage* of the Czarina. Gregory is ambitious, and even aspires to share the throne with Catherine, who is so madly in love at the moment that she seems inclined to dally with his proposal. The scheme of marriage is even submitted to the council:

Soon the council of the empire is consulted in regard to this grave and formidable question. Evidently it is a mere formality. The councilors are silent. Panin alone makes an exception. When his turn to speak comes, he says, simply: "The empress can do what she pleases, but Mme. Orlof will never be Empress of Russia."

The refusal of Austria to comply with her desire that Gregory should be made a Prince of the Holy Empire causes her to abandon the perilous project, and Gregory Orlof gradually glides into oblivion. His place is filled by the most capable and considerable of all Catherine's vice-regents. This is Patiomin, a man of Tartar extraction:

His intelligence is like his body, formless and uncultivated, one-eyed and askew, but of an exceptional strength and vigor. He is fertile in resources, prompt and sure in memory. He hardly ever reads, but he remembers everything he hears, and he is a persevering questioner. He knows, too, a whole crowd of things without having studied to any great extent. His knowledge is like a drawer always in disorder, or an encyclopedia whose pages have got mixed. He dips into it at hazard. He cuts short a political discussion with a dissertation on the quarrels of the Greek and Latin Churches, and keeps the Comte de Ségur till five o'clock in the morning to explain to him all the ins and outs of the Nicene Council. From the point of view of foreign politics, he is a perfect juggler. If there is a firmly outlined design, a large idea, in the programme to which Russia is pledged, this design and this idea are not his; they are Catherine's, or, rather, they are a tradition which she has taken up and transformed with equal daring and felicity. It is not he who has pointed out to his country the way to Constantinople. But, in following up this route, he knows marvelously well how to play upon the rival interests and jealousies of the European powers. His diplomacy, though it is not of the Western school, though it sometimes appears awkward, with its Asiatic *finesse* and its childish spite, is, none the less, of the first order.

On that morning when Catherine set out for St. Petersburg to capture a throne and destroy a husband, a young, obscure lieutenant supplied her with the uniform; a sergeant, however, had to supply the sword-knot. Patiomin was the sergeant, and in this small way his fortune dawned. When rewards began to be scattered, Patiomin was named a sub-lieutenant. Four months later he had made such extraordinary strides in the empress's confidence and affection that he had the right of entering into court, and had become a chamberlain:

What had occurred? It is a mystery. According to one account, it was the Orlofs themselves who praised before Catherine a certain society talent possessed by one of their friends, in whom they were far from suspecting a rival; a marvelous gift of imitation, which allowed him to imitate perfectly the voice of anybody whatever. Catherine was curious, and the "phenomenon," on coming before her, began to imitate her own voice in a way that made her laugh till she cried. From that day he was admitted to the empress's private circle, and the title of chamberlain was given him as a sort of passport. It was the post of a society clown, but he was soon to make it evident that he could play any part, however serious. Catherine, certainly, showed considerable interest in him, and in a very odd fashion. She seems to have been absorbed, from this time onward, in preparing the future vice-emperor for his destiny. Later on, she liked to call him "her pupil"; and, at this time, she seems wishful to complete the university education which came to an abrupt end at Moscow. In August, 1763, while still retaining him in the army, she puts him into one of the bureaux of the Senate, enjoining on the senators, by a special ukase, to put young Gregory Patiomin *au courant* with everything. In the following September, she draws up a course of instruction for her pupil, indicating to him how he is to acquire in his new post the greatest sum of useful knowledge. She provides him with a French master.

This extraordinary tyrant over the affections of the most fickle, over the fears of the most fearless woman, has little in his exterior to recommend him. He would never allow himself to be painted, nor are his moral qualities more engaging:

His merriment is boisterous, and he has also the habit of biting his nails and scratching his untidy head. He often passes whole days in his room, half-dressed, uncombed, unwashed, biting his nails. A great eater and drinker, but swallowing without apparent distinction the most delicate and elaborate dishes, he has always at hand, even on his night-table, a supply of *pirojkis* (little pasties), prepared in the Russian way, and drains down bottles of *kvass* by the dozen. When he is traveling, he lives on garlic and black bread; but at St. Petersburg, at Kief, or at Jassy, his table is served with the most *recherché* dishes of all countries—oysters and sterlets, figs from Provence, and water-melons from Astrakhan. When he is not in full court-dress, he generally wears a large dressing-gown, in which he receives even ladies, and, in the country, gives audience and presides at official dinners. Under this free-and-easy garment he wears neither trousers nor drawers.

Patiomin squanders money by the million, but well he can. There is no form of public extortion which he is not allowed by the empress to practice. His life is one of almost insane irregularity:

The prince is a great gambler, and spends his nights in gaming, sleeping at odd hours of the day. His chancellor, Popof, scarcely ever takes off his uniform, obliged to be at his master's orders from morning to night, at night especially. He is of Tartar extraction, without talents or acquisitions, and he owes his position entirely to his exceptional power of resistance to all kinds of fatigue.

He is passionately fond of dancing and music, and was on the point of engaging Mozart as leader of his orchestra when the great musician died. His amours were carried on after a style of the wildest extravagances:

The prince removed a whole wing of the house where he lived, and built a kiosk in its place, where the treasures of the two worlds were heaped up at the feet of the beauty whose conquest he was resolved upon. Gold and silver glittered in every part. On a divan of pink and silver stuff, fringed and ornamented with flowers and ribbons, the prince was seated in a *négligé* as gallant as it was *recherché*, by the side of the object of his vows, and surrounded by five or six women whose beauty was increased by the beauty of their garb, and before whom burned perfumes in golden dishes. A collation, served in silver-gilt vessels, occupied the centre of the room. The beauty in whose honor all this prodigality is displayed is Princess Dolgoruki, the wife of one of the generals under the prince's orders. Like the empress, she is called Catherine, and on her birthday she takes her place by the side of the master at a dinner officially given in honor of the sovereign. At dessert, crystal goblets are handed round, filled with diamonds; the ladies are invited to help themselves, and as the princess expresses her astonishment, "It is for your sake!" he murmurs in her ear.

And yet, in the midst of all his greatness, he remained at heart unsatisfied, unhappy, gloomy:

One day his nephew Engelhardt, dining with him, finds him in a gay humor, full of talk and merriment. Suddenly he becomes gloomy and thoughtful. "Could a man be more fortunate than I am?" he says, after a long silence. "All my wishes, all my desires, have been carried out as if by magic. I wanted to have the charge of great affairs: I have it; orders: I have them all; I am fond of gambling: I can afford to lose incalculable sums; I like to give fêtes: I have given superb ones; I like to buy lands: I have as many as I want; I like to build houses: I have built palaces; I like precious stones: no private person has finer and rarer ones. In a word, I am overwhelmed with favors." As he utters these last words, he seizes a porcelain plate and dashes it to the ground; then he rushes into his bedroom and fastens the door behind him.

But the favorite's ambition is not content:

In the course of a pilgrimage to the convent of the Troitza, near Moscow, where one of the decisive scenes in the life of Catherine has already been acted, the lovers find themselves surrounded by obsequious monks. . . . They endeavor to alarm the conscience of the empress. Is she resolved to continue a connection of which the church is bound to disapprove, since it has never been called upon to bless the union? They insist, they entreat, threaten and supplicating in turn, and suddenly the favorite enters upon the scene. He has doffed his brilliant costume, and assumed the black gown of the *tschernets* who inhabit the monastery. His conscience has been awakened, and if he can not be the husband of her he loves, he will dedicate himself to God. It is a false move. Catherine is affected, it is true; she replies to her lover in the tone he has adopted, but the reply is not at all what he had hoped for. She understands his scruples; she shares them. And she approves of his resolution: let him obey the divine call! Evidently she is far from being duped by the pretense to which she affects to lend herself. The great actress has seen the actor through the monk's garb so suddenly done.

In short, Patiomin discovers that his hold over the heart and the senses of Catherine is at an end; and, in 1776, the young and fascinating Zavadovski is in his place:

But it is at this crisis that the real superiority of the man comes out. When he returns to St. Petersburg, he presents himself as master still. So be it, he gives up that corner of the palace into which an intruder has stealthily crept during his absence. But if the favorite of yesterday is ready to make way for the favorite of today, not so the servant of the empress, prince, minister, and general, placed by her at the helm of the state; never will he resign his post for the benefit of the first comer, a young man without past and without potentiality. But it is precisely at this moment that the ro-

matic and, for Catherine, disquieting incident of Gregory Orlof's marriage with his cousin occurs. Her former favorite is lost to her forever, and it causes her anxious feelings of isolation. The new favorite has not enough solidity to offer her any support; only Patiomin can understand, only Patiomin can prey upon her terrors. He troubles her yet further, frightens her by his rages and audacities, his lion-like tempests of fury, when he breaks everything about him; until at last, tamed into submission, she files for refuge to his arms. Not now as lover, for he is yet more cunning than bold; he realizes that a part in which he can be under-studied by a Zavadovski should never be his; that there is no counting on a heart and a temperament such as those of whose exorbitant demands and deceiving mobility he has had experience; that, over and above, he will regain by retaining his liberty, while he recovers his power. He will be the lover no longer, but he will retain the command of the pleasures which he himself renounces, the creator of those passing favors which his power and prestige are to outlive, and which are to be subordinated to his control. And he achieves his purpose. Zavadovski once gone, one insignificant creature succeeds another, Korsakoff after Zorich, Lanskoï after Korsakoff, chosen by him, shining for their brief moment, a moment without a tomorrow, in the gilded cage; he summons them and he dismisses them by the lifting of a finger, and the ambitious dream which he had cherished under the dark arches of the Troitza receives a sort of half-accomplishment. For year after year, now the inseparable companion, the councilor always heard, the master often obeyed, he is to share the life of her whose throne he had hoped to share, and practically to reign by her side.

Finally, he dies as he lived—in alternations of splendor and gloom, glory and disaster. After the defeat of the Turks at Olchakof, he returned to St. Petersburg, and received a triumph that would have become an emperor. But his star has set; and he is quietly told to leave the capital for the southern provinces, where he had seen so much glory. Mystery surrounds his departure, his journey, his death. One of his few faithful friends says:

"Prince Patiomin killed himself. . . . I saw him, during an attack of fever, devour a ham, a salted goose, and three or four fowls, and drink *kvass*, *klukva*, hydromel, and all kinds of wines." According to Bezborodko's account, he refused to take any medicine; when the fever seized him, on an extremely cold night, he ordered all the windows to be opened, had eau-de-Cologne poured over his head in torrents, and sprinkled himself with iced water by means of a syringe which he held all the time in his hand.

At all events, he died by the side of a ditch. He insisted on leaving Jassy, even after he had been taken ill; had only gone a few leagues, when a choking fit came upon him. He was lifted out of the carriage, laid on the grass by the side of a ditch, and in a few minutes was dead. Catherine mourned him bitterly and long; a monument was raised to him in the Church of St. Catherine, at Kherson. But his ashes were not allowed to rest there. Paul, Catherine's son and successor, had them scattered to the winds.

His successor, Zakhof, had nothing but his beauty to recommend him. Catherine was, however, infatuated with this youth, young enough to have been her grandson.

From this long line of lovers and statesmen M. Walewski turns to the philosophers. Of these, the first and the most important to establish communications with the Semiramis of the North is Voltaire. In contrasting his relations with Frederick the Great and Catherine, M. Walewski writes:

When Frederick the Great and Voltaire knew and associated with one another, Frederick was young, Voltaire twenty years younger than he now is. In 1764, despite the great difference in their ages, the widow of Peter the Third and the hermit of Ferney both have a long experience behind them. Catherine has prepared for her task as sovereign by an ordeal which lasted fifteen years; Voltaire, during this time, has acquired all there is to be learned in regard to the task of the courtier. Secondly, and this is an important point, Catherine, though she writes a good deal, has no pretensions as a writer. As she has no susceptibilities in this respect, there is no risk of wounding her self-esteem. If, like Frederick, she calls herself the pupil of Voltaire, the ground on which she applies, or pretends to apply, the lessons of the master is in no way likely to be encroached upon by the master himself. Finally, Voltaire never comes to St. Petersburg; the test of personal contact is spared to these two beings who, at bottom, have not, perhaps, a single idea of sentiment in common, if it is not the exorbitant self-worship of one and the other. But their egoisms measure forces at a distance, and they unite in a compromise of mutual graces and excuses which there is nothing to disturb.

So she continued to coquet on paper with the greatest thinker of his age, and on hearing the news of his death wrote as follows to her indefatigable slave Grimm:

"I hoped that the news of his death was untrue, but you have confirmed it, and all at once a movement of universal discouragement and of scorn for everything in the world has come over me. I nearly wept. . . . Since he is dead, it seems to me that there is no more honor any more in humor; for he was the very god of mirth. . . . He was my master; it was he, or rather his works, which formed my mind. I think I have already said so to you: I am his pupil. When I was younger, I loved to please him; when I had done anything, I was not content with it unless it was worthy of being told him, and then immediately I would tell him of it." She took it into her head to reconstruct at Tsarkoïe the château of Ferney, reproducing as exactly as possible the exterior and interior of the famous abode, even to the very furniture where the philosopher had thought and written, and the very view which his eyes were wont to delight in. But, at the same time, she opposed with all her power the publication of her correspondence with the dead man; her own letters were too badly written, and those of Voltaire too flattering for her, and too contemptuous of certain other sovereigns. And, as this correspondence aroused universal curiosity, and, in Russia particularly, gave rise to malevolent interpretations, and as certain prelates, the representatives of outraged Orthodoxy, found subject for scandal in connection with it, she finally denied it outright. She certainly could not hinder Voltaire from writing to her; so many people wrote to her! But she had not taken the trouble to reply to him; she had resisted all his endeavors to draw her into correspondence—a correspondence which would have been beneath the dignity of an Empress of all the Russias!

Diderot was less fortunate in his relations with her. He had not the wit to allow his intimacy to progress on paper; but came to St. Petersburg, only to find that his august patroness had almost forgotten his existence.

Not the least interesting portion of this volume is concerned with Catherine's enormous correspondence. Of this the best specimens were addressed to her faithful "fag" and servant, Grimm, *le rien* of her majesty, as he loved to describe himself.

For twenty-seven years he retained this exceptional position, and even when the whole of his property was destroyed in the revolution, he contrived to save Catherine's letters from sacrilegious hands.

That much which is repulsive to the modern moral sense went to make up the life of Catherine the Great is undeniable. Nevertheless, M. Walewski has been well advised not to suppress it, and his book will be indispensable to the comprehension of an extraordinary woman.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

Being the Adventures that Befell a Country-House Party.

There was a large party at the Château de Kerdall, near Vannes.

The Marquis de Kerdall and his young wife had just returned from a tour of the world on their yacht, during which they had paid flying visits to Africa, America, and Oceania, and they had celebrated their home-coming by gathering together all their friends and relatives at their beautiful country-house.

Among the guests was old Dr. Cornabuc, an illustrious member of the Academy of Metaphysical Sciences, so original, so absent-minded, so venerable in his blonde peruke and his costume of the fashion of 1850. Then there was Mme. de Lartigues, an old school friend of the marquis, a brilliant and coquettish Parisienne. And there was Miss Hawthorne, an English maiden lady with youthful propensities. And there were many others, all of whom found plenty of amusement to their heart's content at Kerdall.

Outside of the ordinary pleasures of life, there were some unusual attractions. In the first place, the host and hostess had seen and experienced so much that was novel and startling that their conversation was always fascinating. Then the rooms of the castle constituted a veritable museum, being stocked with rare and curious objects from two continents. And, finally, a menagerie had been created in one corner of the park and stocked with the various animals which M. de Kerdall had picked up during the voyage and brought back to France for purposes of acclimatization. There were gazelles, antelopes, Thibet goats, Nile ibises, rose flamingoes, opossums, beavers, and an Asiatic ape of the mandrill species, as mild as a lamb, but as mischievous as all his kind. An iron-lattice cage had been built for him close to the conservatory.

As will be seen, the Château de Kerdall was a veritable Eden, but this fact did not prevent little Mme. de Lartigues from dreading the isolated position of the place among the wide expanse of woods and fields.

"I should be afraid to live here all the year round," she said.

"Afraid of what, my dear?" asked the marquis.

"Oh, of robbers; they would fairly revel here."

Robbers! In this mansion filled to the eaves with guests and servants! Everybody mocked at the young woman, and old Dr. Cornabuc told horrible stories about burglars and assassins until Mme. de Lartigues, ashamed of her chimerical fears, was the first to laugh, and when the retiring hour came, she mounted to her sleeping apartment on the second floor supplied with a goodly stock of heroism. Within a short time all the occupants of the château were in the land of dreams.

How long Mme. de Lartigues slept she knew not. She was awakened by a rattling at her window, which she had left half-opened on account of the heat.

What was her terror when, in the feeble starlight, she saw a form climbing noiselessly through the window. She tried to scream, but her throat was parched with fright, and she could not utter a sound.

The man had entered the chamber. Then the poor woman hastily buried her head beneath the bed-clothing. Half dead with fear, she could hear her nocturnal visitor going and coming across the carpet with muffled steps. It seemed as though he must have removed his shoes in order to tread softly.

Bathed with cold perspiration and her teeth chattering, she awaited the mortal blow from the invader. But it did not come.

After about a quarter of an hour, she timidly peeped out. She could see nor hear nothing. Slightly reassured, she recovered the use of her voice, and started a series of shrieks, so sharp, piercing, and terrible that in an instant the entire château was turned topsy-turvy. Everybody rushed into her chamber with lights in their hands, M. and Mme. de Kerdall at the head.

"What is it? What's the matter?" they cried.

She recounted her horrible vision. They would not believe her; she had been dreaming. Who could have climbed into this chamber, so high above the ground, without a ladder?

"Did you see him plainly?" asked the marquis, with a touch of suspicion in his voice.

"As plainly as I see you, and it even seemed—" She hesitated.

"What?"

"It seemed as though I could recognize Dr. Cornabuc in his blonde wig and redingote."

Everybody laughed. What! Doctor Cornabuc! A man of his age and character scaling windows at midnight! It was certain now that Mme. de Lartigues had been dreaming. They tried to dissipate her fear, and she was just about to persuade herself that she had been the victim of an hallucination, when she happened to cast her eyes upon the bureau, where she had left her jewels.

They were gone! It had truly been a robber!

The laughing suddenly ceased, and they looked at one another in consternation.

All at once another cry was heard, a piercing shriek coming through the stillness of the night. It appeared to emanate from Miss Hawthorne's chamber. There was a rust for her apartment, and the English lady was found standing in the middle of the room, with frightened eyes.

"There! there!" she cried, pointing to the window. "A man! He escaped, but I recognized him."

"Who was it?"

"Dr. Cornabuc!"

The doctor again! This time nobody laughed. Cornabuc was looked for among the persons who had been attracted by the excitement; but he was not there. He was the only occupant of the château who was missing.

"Come, let us go to the doctor's room," said the marquis,

knitting his brows. "He will doubtless solve the mystery for us."

All followed Kerdall—the men half dressed, the women in their white night-robes, all carrying candles—a weird procession.

Upon the entrance of the crowd, the doctor hurriedly wrapped himself in the bed-clothes, his wrinkled countenance alone being visible over the top, and this convulsed by anger into a comical grimace. The candle-light was reflected from his bald pate, which shone like old ivory.

"Is this some ill-timed joke?" he stormed. "What is going on? Is the château on fire? I heard a terrible outcry, and was just about to inquire into it."

"You must come and join us, doctor," said Kerdall.

"And how shall I do it?" cried the doctor, furiously. "Some rascal has run off with my clothing, and in exchange he has left me this," and he savagely hurled a white object into the middle of the room.

"My corsets!" murmured Miss Hawthorne, modestly lowering her eyes.

"And this," continued the doctor, wildly brandishing another article.

"My hat!" cried Mme. de Lartigues.

"This rillery passes all bounds," howled the doctor, whose shining head, with one final grimace, ducked beneath the bed-clothing like the clown going through a trap-door in the marionette theatre.

They knew not what to think. The mystery was growing more complicated. It certainly looked as though a robber had entered the château—perhaps a whole band of burglars and assassins. Mme. de Lartigues imagined a troop of brigands armed to the teeth.

"Let us hope they have no guns," said the marquis, to raise the hopes of his guests.

There was no echo to the pleasantry.

Suddenly a strange sound was heard coming from the ground floor. It was certainly the piano in the reception salon, but it was surely being played by goblin fingers, and so furiously that it seemed as though the keys must be broken.

"This is too much!" cried the marquis, rushing toward the staircase, with all the crowd, excepting Dr. Cornabuc, close behind him.

They hastily penetrated the salon. It was empty. The mysterious visitor was gone, but he could not be far away. The crash of china and glass announced his presence in the dining-room.

Everybody rushed thither, and the marquis, who was in the lead, dimly saw a form escaping through the window into the garden.

"This time we've got him!" he cried.

The men seized guns and knives from a hunting-rack in the vestibule, and started across the garden and park in pursuit of the fugitive, while the women barricaded themselves in the salon and anxiously awaited the result of the chase.

It was about an hour later, in the uncertain light which precedes the rising of the sun, that a servant discovered the mysterious stranger ensconced among the branches of a large oak. At his call, the marquis and his guests hastened to the spot.

"Come down!" commanded M. de Kerdall, but the bandit only settled himself deeper among the foliage and made no response.

"Come down, or I will shoot!"

And, as there was still no reply, he lifted his gun and already had his finger upon the trigger, when the domestic hurriedly pulled his arm and said:

"Do not fire, monsieur. It is Dr. Cornabuc!"

And sure enough the blonde wig and long redingote could now be seen among the leaves.

But at this moment the first ray of sunlight gleamed in from the east, and the oak was illuminated. The marquis suddenly broke into a fit of explosive laughter, and, as his guests gazed up into the tree, they could not keep from following his example.

"The ape!"

Everything was explained. The animal had escaped from his cage the previous evening, and had managed to effect an entrance into the château. Animated by his instinct of imitation, he had first attired himself in the doctor's effects, and then wandered over the house at his own free will.

He was put back into his prison after some little trouble, and, at breakfast, the party enjoyed a hearty laugh at the adventures of the night.

But Dr. Cornabuc did not appear at the table. He left the château at an early hour, furious and without taking leave.

Since this episode he has never set foot at Kerdall, and he has never lost a feeling of deep antipathy to Mme. de Lartigues and Miss Hawthorne.

"How could they have mixed me up with a monkey?" he wants to know.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Michel Thivars by E. J. Wheelock.

This season's crazes in Europe have been collected by an Italian editor. In England it is clay modeling, the chief victims being Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt; in Paris it is riddles; in Italy and southern France it is jumping beans, painted to represent prominent persons; they jump best on hot plates. In Belgium they have slow smoking races; the pipes are filled with half an ounce of tobacco each, and the winner is he who can hold out longest without relighting. The record so far is sixty-seven minutes.

Cecil Rhodes, the ruler of South Africa, controls with despotic authority an extent of territory larger than all the states of Western Europe put together. He is now engineering to connect Cape Colony with Cairo by telegraph.

Justin McCarthy, the Irish Parliamentarian whose novels have been so widely read in this country, is in his sixty-second year; but even at this age, it is no unusual thing for him to sit up all night over his type-writer.

A VAST ORIENTAL SHOW.

London's New Attraction at Olympia—Kiralffy's Spectacle of "The Orient"—Three Thousand Performers—Thirty-Five Thousand Spectators.

The day after Christmas, or "Boxing Day," as it is known in England, is a great date for the theatres. The Christmas pantomimes generally begin then, and, in fact, all the theatres put on new and attractive programmes, if they can. But of all of the varied programmes, the most striking in the way of Christmas shows was that which was produced at the Olympia. It is called "The Orient."

Olympia is a show in itself. This is, if I remember rightly, the third year since this enormous building, or collection of buildings, was thrown open to the public. The first year, the show was "Venice"; the second year, "Constantinople"; this year it is called "The Orient." In the vast buildings there is a perfect maze of booths, of cafés, of gardens, and, oddly enough, of canals. For, when the first show was given—that called "Venice"—it was a representation of that place, and naturally the net-work of canals which thread that famous city on the sea, from the Lido to the Laguna Morte, were represented in the heart of London. Gondolas plied by Venetian gondoliers threaded their way through the canals; the lace-like façade of the Palace of the Doges looked out from the beautiful square of St. Mark where the historic pigeons coo; the lofty Campanile towering over the Piazzetta, the Giudecca across the entrance to the Grand Canal—all these points in Venice were reproduced. For the show called "Constantinople," the gondolas gave way to the caiques, the boats which ply along the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. In this upheaval, the gondoliers yielded their places to boatmen from Stamboul, called *caiquejeeds*. It is true that the Stamboul boatmen, although they were genuine Moslems, soon learned how to ask for extra coppers in very bad English. But if they had asked for "backsheesh," they would have got none.

The new spectacle is, as its name implies, of the Oriental East. Upon the interior of Olympia has been lavished the delicate decorative work which is so distinctive of Oriental buildings and Oriental cities. Black-bearded Turks and black-eyed Turkish beauties, their charms veiled by the yashmak, shuffle in their Turkish slippers through its streets and shops all day long. There is no anachronism in this—the dress and manners of nineteenth-century Constantinople are the same as were those of ninth-century Byzantium.

Those visitors who were there last year to see the spectacle called "Constantinople" will remember the scene called "The Royal Seraglio," where beautiful British barmaids, attired as odalisques, reclined upon gorgeous silken cushions and smoked cigarettes, while Arry and Hangeline gazed in bovine wonder at them through the golden bars. The British beauties attired à l'Orientale were found to be more effective than the genuine article. The Seraglio is the only trace of the old show that is left, and it was left only for the reason that it had been so much of a favorite with visitors. Everything else is new.

The fact that Bolossy Kiralffy, the manager, sold at auction about six weeks ago some ten thousand stage costumes, all the scenery, arms, and properties generally used in "Constantinople," shows that everything in the new spectacle, "The Orient," must be as new as is that spectacle itself.

In the vast auditorium of Olympia, there is, between the spectators and the stage, a moat, or canal, some sixty feet wide. In both the spectacles called "Venice" and "Constantinople," this was used as subsidiary to the stage pageant. At one place in particular, toward the end of the spectacle of "Constantinople," when the stage was filled with some two thousand five hundred men and women and when there was a double row of ballet-girls, some six hundred in number, there sailed into the auditorium up this great canal some half-score of barges gorgeously equipped and filled with people in costumes of almost every age and clime. This was a fitting finale to a most gorgeous spectacle. The same feature, modified in costume and locale, is utilized in "The Orient."

In the new spectacle, Kiralffy takes the Londoners this year to Africa; but the piece begins at Constantinople. The curtain rises on the Palace of the Byzantine Emperor in the early part of the fifteenth century. This is a bewildering scene, presenting an interminable vista of Byzantine arches in perspective, with five enormous parallel staircases. To the Palace of the Emperor comes an ambassador from England, Sir Gilbert de Lannoy. His presence at the court gives opportunity for the introduction of many brilliant pageants. Among them is the entry of the Byzantine empress, followed by her suite. After a grand "harvest chorus" to the empress, there comes a wonderful Byzantine ballet. In this Kiralffy intermingles golden tissue and heliotrope, plush pink and peacock blue, azure and chartreuse green; the enormous staircases are utilized effectively, and there is a "white and black dance" and a grand finale in which garlands of silver are used with fine effect.

Then the scene changes to Egypt. Here there is a moonlight view of the Pyramids, and a superb scene in the Egyptian Desert. Sir Gilbert, with his attendants, is making an expedition to a semi-barbaric country in North-East Africa. They are attacked by an overwhelming body of Arabs, and carried off as slaves to Fermirah. This is the semi-barbaric country which they have been seeking. The Princess Makoyah, daughter of the king of the country, is saved by Sir Gilbert from a snake, and, of course, falls in love with the bold Briton. Unfortunately, it is the Sacred Snake which he has killed, and he is doomed to be offered up to the idol. Here are opportunities for the display of barbaric pageants, fire-worshippers, priests bowing to gigantic idols, trumpeters with ivory horns, and an African king upon his jeweled throne. There is a grand ballet of African Amazons with shields, cymbals, and tambourines. The Temple of the Sacred Snake is a wonderful piece of

work. The princess, of course, succeeds in saving Sir Gilbert from death, and revels follow. One of the curious effects of this great show is that of some three thousand people on the stage laughing in unison.

The next scene is in fifteenth-century London, in the Throne Chamber at Westminster, where Sir Gilbert has returned to relate before the king the story of his mission. There is a view of Old London, and over London Bridge there comes a civic pageant which surpasses the lord mayor's show. It costs thousands of pounds for armor, weapons, costumes, and accessories. There are the trumpeters on borses, led by pages in red; standard-bearers in rich array; mounted knights in coats of mail; the ambassadors of the French, German, Spanish, and Venetian courts, attended by their gorgeous suites; a company of archers and arquebusers in glittering coats of steel. The king and queen appear in splendid robes, accompanied by the King of Scotland, and attended by the bishops and the nobles. "Sir Roger de Coverley" is danced by sets of parti-colored jesters. Hundreds on hundreds of drummers, in red, white, and blue, enter, beating an imposing roll upon their drums. The lake of water between the spectators and the stage is utilized in this pageant, as in preceding ones. The barges of the "City Companies," or the famous guilds of London, sail majestically up the lake with groups of richly dressed trumpeters. As the last barge disappears, the notes of "God Save the King" warn the audience that the great spectacle is over, and reluctantly they rise and retire.

In addition to the show, "The Orient," there are numbers of attractions in the vast buildings called Olympia. The "Seraglio Garden" I have already mentioned. Another favorite resort is the "Temple of Venus." In the centre is a statue of the foam-born goddess arising from the ocean spray. She is surrounded by dancers and devotees twining garlands of roses. Another attraction is the realistic scene called "The Battle of the Brutes"—elephants, tigers, and other Oriental animals in fierce conflict in an Oriental jungle. There is a host of cosmoramas, new optical illusions, stalls of Eastern craftsmen, bazaars with Oriental attendants, the "Panorama of the Golden Horn," the "Crystal Fountains," the illuminated crystal band-stand, a fresh edition of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and a number of cafés.

Olympia is run by a syndicate, in which there are a number of share-holders. The official report issued to the share-holders states that there were on the opening of "The Orient" thirty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-seven visitors!

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 28, 1894.

A CYCLONE AT SEA.

A throat of thunder, a tameless heart,
And a passion malign and free;
He is no sheik of the desert sand
But an Arab of the sea!

He sprang from the womb of some wild cloud,
And was born to smite and slay;
To soar like a million hawks set free,
And swoop on his ocean prey!

He has scourged the sea till her mighty breast
Responds to his heart's fierce beat;
And has torn brave souls from their bodies frail
To fling them at Allah's feet!

Possessed by a demon's lust of life,
He revels o'er wrecks and graves;
And hurtles onward in curbless speed—
Dark Bedouin of the waves!

—William H. Hayne in the Independent.

Kaiser Wilhelm, as a critic of art, recently put his foot down on the decisions of the jury of the Berlin Art Exhibition. He annulled the award of the gold medal to Professor Wallot, the architect of the new Parliament House, which the emperor two years ago at Rome declared to be the acme of tastelessness, and himself gave the medal to Mme. Vilma Parlaghy, the painter. She was kept out of the Berlin Academy, but by the emperor's orders her pictures will be exhibited at the Royal National Gallery. A dinner given since at Berlin to Herr Wallot by over six hundred artists from all parts of Germany was the occasion of a demonstration against the emperor's action. On the table was a building made of black bread, sausages, and cheese, surmounted by a dish-cover for a dome, on which Germania was represented by a lady's-maid on horseback led by a lackey. This was called "the Acme of Taste." There was also an automatic machine inscribed, "Drop a gold medal in the slot and hear it play the song 'An Ihr' (to her)," meaning the woman artist to whom the emperor assigned the medal. From the ceiling hung a hoop-skirt instead of a chandelier, the German for which is *kronlichter*—crown lights. There were other pictorial parodies, and, after many speeches, more forcible than respectful, a laurel wreath was presented to Herr Wallot by the Union of Berlin Architects, upon which was inscribed an emphatic declaration that the new building is a work of art.

The great struggle between the crown and parliament has come to an end in Hungary, and no fewer than twenty-five thousand telegrams have been addressed to that most popular of emperors, Francis Joseph. The messages, which expressed profoundest gratitude for the royal sanctioning of the recent ecclesiastical reforms, arrived not only from societies and corporations, but from thousands of private individuals also. The delight of the Liberals has taken the shape of numerous loyal demonstrations throughout Hungary. Fêtes by day and torchlight processions by night are the order of the hour, and a spirit of rejoicing and delight reigns throughout the nation. Only the ultramontane press strikes a jarring note, but its ill-humor with the crown counts for little, and the emperor-king, Francis Joseph, remains at this moment the most popular man in Europe.

SIBYL AND MASSENET.

Miss Sanderson's Operatic Career Abroad and her Home in Paris
—How She Came to Go on the Stage—Massenet, the
Composer of "Esclarmonde" and "Thais."

[The return of Miss Sibyl Sanderson to her native country to make her American debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York is matter of such wide-spread interest that we reprint here a series of extracts from two letters sent us by our Paris correspondent some time ago, describing Miss Sanderson in her Paris home, and Jules Massenet, the composer who wrote "Esclarmonde," with its "Eiffel Tower note," and "Thais" for her.]

Some few years ago, when a young and lovely operatic star appeared in the musical firmament of Paris, all the artistic world was asking: "Who is this charming singer, this graceful actress, this delightful artist? Where does she come from? By whose influence has she got into the Opéra Comique?" This young singer, endowed by nature with every charm of person and mind, and possessing a voice of exceptional compass, was none other than Miss Sibyl Sanderson. Her first success—if not, also, her first impersonation—was as Esclarmonde, in the opera by Massenet, who chose her to personify Esclarmonde simply because she realized in an astonishing degree the personage dreamed of by the composer. Miss Sanderson is of an almost statuesque beauty, elegant and fairly tall, with a distinguished appearance and mobile face, and, above all, blessed with a voice which can soar to such heights as to appear almost supernatural.

In San Francisco, where she was born, her family was well off, and they never had the least intention of letting her go on the stage. Miss Sanderson had learned music as a child with her sisters, and with them and her mother migrated to Paris to perfect her knowledge of French. During their sojourn in Paris, she took private singing lessons under Saint-Yves Bax, and then joined his class at the Conservatoire, where she remained but a short time.

Leoncavallo, having heard her sing, earnestly besought her to adopt the theatrical career; but to this her relatives objected. But Leoncavallo had spoken of the young artist to Massenet, and one fine day he introduced her to the composer. The author of "Manon" was enchanted; he joined his entreaties with those of Leoncavallo, and even offered her the rôle of Manon, her favorite part. She lost no time in learning the score, and nothing remained but to play the part on the boards of the Paris theatre. Dreading to attempt this trial, she went to The Hague to make her first essay. She obtained a great success, and was much encouraged. Massenet then told her that she realized his ideal of the chief character in the work he was then composing, and offered her the task of creating the part. She would thus make her debut in Paris under the most favorable circumstances, since this rôle would be written especially for her, and, being new, there would be no chance of odious comparisons with previous exponents of the part. She might assuredly anticipate a brilliant success on her first appearance. Before these arguments all opposition faded away, and thus a new star arose in the firmament of art. "Esclarmonde" was a great success, and ran for a hundred nights. During the run of the piece, Miss Sanderson took her part every night without once failing in attendance or in power. After this she played the parts of Manon and Lakmé alternately on the boards of the Opéra Comique. She has also invaded the Academy of Music, and has gained another success, this time in grand opera, the "Thais" of Massenet.

The definition of Massenet's talent can be expressed in a word—it is charming. The author of "Thais" received the gift of fascination at his birth. Take Gounod's caressing grace, his passionate tenderness, refine it still more, and add to it a personal and distinctive note, but with less grandeur, less effusiveness and variety than that of the author of "Faust," but with an even more delicate accent, and you will have Massenet's artistic formula. Besides, he knows the technique of his art to perfection, and all this is more than sufficient to make him an excellent and exquisite composer. He is the musician *par excellence* of fashionable and superficial Paris.

Massenet is exactly like his art—a charming, fascinating man of the world. He has the physical type as well as the moral temperament of an artist. "Tout Paris" knows this refined face, whose features bear signs of weariness, although his slight figure, full of feminine grace, gives the effect of a person younger than he really is, for the master has lived his fifty summers. His hair, rather thin at present, is worn long and brushed back, showing his ample forehead, full of intelligence; his blue eyes are often languishing, sometimes vivacious, always clear and penetrating; his physiognomy mobile and clever; a smiling mouth under a light, blonde mustache; the courteous manners of a gentleman, with the coaxing ways of a spoiled child and the coquetry of a pretty woman.

A picture that was much remarked a few years ago at the Salon represented him seated at a piano, on which was some open music, in a splendid drawing-room, surrounded by half a dozen fashionable women who were singing and listening—a lovely flock, of which he was the shepherd. One of the sides of the life of the author of the "Roi de Lahore"—and not the least important—was faithfully represented in this painting. In the upper ten to-day there are a number of persons possessing very distinguished amateur musical talent, especially among the women; and the supreme fashion, the latest style, is to sing or to play contemporaneous music only under the guidance and with the assistance of the composer. The celebrated masters lend themselves with extreme good grace to this coquettish exigency, and Massenet more than any of them. He is amiable, encouraging, and flattering. "Charming! delicious! exquisite!" he exclaims, almost swooning with apparent delight when some handsome woman has sung one of his songs. Then the master, whose severity is never really disarmed, adds: "You will please sing it over again," which means: "You did not sing it well

at all," and he makes his fair pupil repeat it ten, fifteen, twenty times, without sparing her, until she sings it as he wishes, which always ends by being accomplished, the fashionable Parisian cantatrice possessing a rare intelligence. After which he goes off into ecstasies again, and is overwhelmed in thanks and praise, which he more or less sincerely feels. One day, one of his fascinating pupils asked him to put his autograph on a score of the "Sérénade du Passant," which she had just been singing, and he wrote: "To the Marquise X., the author very much pleased with—himself."

This kind of society comedy is practiced with more art by Massenet than by any of his colleagues, and is one element of his success; another is the devoted partisanship of the press. The author of so many beautiful compositions understands his age well, and does not rely on his talent alone for his renown. He is none the less liberal with his smiles and his graces to bearded journalists than he is to the fashionable women, and, now that he has conciliated them by clever advances, he can rely on them to blow the trumpets of renown in his honor. And, then, he has associated his fortunes with those of M. Hartmann, a past-master in advertising. Data are sent to the journals, which either commit adroit indiscretion on the opera in rehearsal, or else, on the contrary, they guard the secret jealously, announcing the fact according to circumstances.

Finally, Massenet is never idle, always traveling from place to place, or else, when he is in Paris, always in society. When he finds the time to compose is a mystery. To-day, for instance, he will direct the rehearsal of an opera in Paris; to-morrow he will go and lead a performance at Bordeaux; two days after he will be at Brussels for a concert; and the week after at Geneva for a festival. The list of his works is already long: grand operas and operas comiques: "Le Roi de Lahore," "Hérodiade," "Le Cid," "Don César de Bazan," "Manon," "Esclarmonde," "Werther," and "Thais"; oratorios: "Eve," "La Vierge," "Marie Magdalene"; scenic music for a drama: "Les Erynnies"; collections of songs: "Poème d'Avril," with several others; symphonies: "Scènes Pittoresques," "Scènes Alsaciennes," and other smaller compositions.

Though played, sung, petted, a member of the Institute, decorated with the Legion of Honor, Massenet does not possess the fortune which his brilliant position would lead one to suppose. It is necessary to fill up a great many quires of ruled paper in order to become rich, and only a few years ago the master still gave lessons. It was the success of "Manon" which enabled him to renounce them. He has kept his "class of composition" at the Conservatoire, which he directs with a great deal of zeal and intelligence, and where he forms excellent pupils, who worship him as a man, which is well, but who imitate him as a composer, which is unfortunate. Nothing is easier for a young, gifted, and hard-working scholar than "to write Massenet."

Massenet lives in the Rue Général-Foy, near the Church of St. Augustin and the Boulevard Malesherbes, where there is not a piano in his apartment. At least, that is his legal domicile. Practically he leaves it at eight o'clock in the morning and does not return until late at night. The surest way to find him, when you wish to see him, is to repair to his editor's—Hartmann—in the Rue Daunou, where he works every day. That Massenet, leading so irregular a life, can find the quietude necessary for musical composition, is a striking proof of the vivacity of his intelligence. Mme. Massenet married him when he was young, unknown, and poor; she has devoted her life to his success, and has her reward in the thought of having done her utmost duty to him and in witnessing his triumph. This is almost always the case. The brilliant and perfumed flower which we call an artist can generally only blossom through the wife's self-sacrifice.

Miss Sanderson has been domiciled in her charming *hôtel* in the Avenue Malakoff for about a year. Her taste has made of this house a delightful habitation—luxurious, elegant, and comfortable. On the right of the entrance are two reception-rooms, furnished with delicate taste, one of which contains an Erard grand pianoforte, upon which the agile fingers of Miss Sanderson's sisters are wont to practice. Near by is a little table, on which rest two tiny volumes bound in blue morocco—a miniature edition of "Manon Lescaut," dedicated, in Massenet's handwriting, to Miss Sanderson, as a souvenir of her success in the play of "Manon" at the Opéra Comique.

When asked if she had felt at all nervous before her representation of "Thais," she replied: "Oh, yes, I feel much more nervous nowadays in singing before a large audience than I did at first. When I was at The Hague I had the assurance that is born of ignorance of the dangers. To-day it is very different; there are difficulties which I did not even dream of then. The more I come to the front, the more people expect of me; the more I succeed, the more exacting my audiences become, and much more is required of the creator of the parts of Esclarmonde and Thais than of the unknown and modest beginner who sang in 'Manon' as an inexperienced débutante."

Miss Sanderson very kindly allowed the interviewer to look over the house, and personally conducted him round the rooms. The first floor is reserved for Mrs. Sanderson and Miss Sibyl Sanderson. The mother's room is a fine apartment overlooking the Avenue Malakoff. The furniture is in rosewood, and of a rather severe style; but the general aspect of the chamber is comfortable. Mrs. Sanderson does the honors of her room with much affability. In that of Miss Sanderson the aspect is brighter, and the eye is pleased by an elegant jumble of silken and lace materials negligently and artistically arranged, and forming, with a pretty carelessness, a very harmonious whole. A sweet but subtle perfume pervades the room, and reminds one of the sweet savor of incense burned before idols by devotees. Upstairs are the rooms occupied by Miss Sanderson's sisters. The first is used as a studio, the next is a small boudoir, and the others are the sleeping apartments of the young ladies.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The following notice has been received from J. C. Rowell, Librarian of the University of California, at Berkeley, Cal.:

The important collection of the writings of California authors, gathered by the San Francisco Women's Literary Exhibit Committee for the Chicago Exposition, has been presented to the library of the University of California at Berkeley. It is to be preserved, together with similar material already in the library, as a permanent exhibit of California literature.

It will be the aim of the library to render the collection as complete as possible, and to this end the active cooperation of all California authors is earnestly solicited.

Critics and reviewers, into whose hands come such books and pamphlets—many of them privately printed or issued in small editions—can render valuable service to future students of our local literature by sending them to the university library for preservation.

Stevenson's death leads the *Athenæum* to recall the fact that admiration for the work of Hazlitt led Stevenson, some years ago, to offer to write a monograph on the great essayist for The English Men of Letters Series. The editor, who was John Morley, declined the offer.

A new edition of Dr. C. Ellis Stevens's "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," revised by reference to the original documents, is announced by Macmillan & Co. News comes from Lisbon that the King of Portugal has created the author a knight commander of one of the highest orders of knighthood in Portugal. Dr. Stevens has also received the decoration of a Knight of the Order of Isabella from the Queen Regent of Spain.

In one of the delightful letters which Edward Fitzgerald wrote to Fanny Kemble, and which *Temple Bar* is giving to the world, the translator of Omar Khayyam says:

"Do you know that one of Burns's few almost perfect stanzas was perfect till he added two syllables to each alternate line to fit it to the lovely music which almost excuses such a dilution of the verse?"

"Ye Banks and Braes o' honnie Doon,
How can ye bloom (so fresh) so fair?
Ye little Birds how can ye sing,
And I (so weary) full of care!
Thon't break my heart, thou little Bird,
That sings (singest so) upon the Thorn;
Thou minds me of departed days
That never shall return
(Departed never to return.)"

"Now I shall tell you two things which my last Quotation has recalled to me. Some thirty years ago, A. Tennyson went over Burns's Ground in Dumfries. When he was one day by Doon-side—I can't tell how it was, Fitz, but I fell into a Passion of Tears—and A. T. not given to the melting mood at all.

"No, 2. My friend old Childs, of the romantic town of Bungay (if you can believe in it), told me that one day he started outside the Coach in company with a poor Woman who had just lost Husband or Child. She talked of her Loss and Sorrow with some Resignation, till the Coach happened to pull up by a roadside inn. A 'little Bird' was singing somewhere; the poor Woman broken then into Tears, and said: 'I could bear anything but that, I darsay she had never even heard of Burns, but he had heard the little Bird that he knew would go to all Hearts in Sorrow.'"

When Stevenson was eleven, he complained to an acquaintance that the half-crown a week allowed him by his father for pocket-money was small; "but," he added, "my father has little idea what vast depths of iniquity I can extract out of half a crown."

The Century Company have just issued Dr. Albert Shaw's book on "Municipal Government in Great Britain," an account of the systems in vogue to-day in the leading cities of England and Scotland. The work is based on Dr. Shaw's studies of London and Glasgow in the *Century Magazine*.

The edition of Plato's "Republic," prepared by the late Professor Jowett and Professor Lewis Campbell, will be issued at once by the Clarendon Press in three volumes.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was heartily admired by Stevenson. The latter is quoted as saying not long ago:

"There is a lot of the living devil in Kipling. It is his quick pulse beating that gives him a position very much apart. Even with his love of journalistic effect and other defects, there is a tide of life in it all. And he has done some very striking things. The whole picture of the battle in 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft' is a capital achievement. Take another story. It is one in which there is a description of three men in the hot weather in India, who are suffering from insomnia. What is it called? 'At the End of the Passage,' I think. It is spiced, to my mind, by the stuff about the kodak and the image on the dead man's pupil. But the picture of the man suffering from insomnia is fascinating and stirring beyond conception."

The *News Bulletin*, a new venture started in Washington, is issued three times a day in bulletin form, the object being to give the latest news in a brief, concise way.

A public meeting in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson was held in New York on January 3d, under the auspices of the Uncut Leaves Society. Addresses were made by Edmund Clarence Steadman, Andrew Carnegie, David Christie Murray, and John Ford.

Macmillan & Co.'s announcements for the opening months of the new year embrace:

A Rural Science Series, edited by Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell; "The Aims of Literary Study," by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell; "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," by Professor J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton; Borgeaud's "Adoption and Amend-ment of Constitutions in Europe and America,"

translated by Professor C. D. Hazen, of Smith College; "A Student's Manual of English Constitutional History," by Dudley J. Medley; "The Life and Letters of R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's"; "Summer Studies of Birds and Books," by W. Warde Fowler; "Alexander III. of Russia," by Charles Lowe; a "Life of Adam Smith," by John Rae; Paulsen's "Character and Historical Development of the Universities of Germany," translated by Professor E. D. Perry, of Columbia College; Rätzels "Völkerkunde," translated by A. J. Butler, in three volumes, illustrated; and "Rational Building," the article *Construction* translated by George Martin Huss from Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture Française."

Professor O. T. Mason, of the United States National Museum at Washington, whose volume on "Women in Primitive Culture" has excited such marked attention, has completed another work, entitled "The Origin of Invention: A Study of Industry Among Primitive Peoples." This book will appear in London at the beginning of February.

Reflected glory, like beauty, sometimes depends on the eye of the beholder, in proof of which the *Tribune* relates this anecdote:

"I have often been pointed out as a sister of Howells, the novelist," said Mme. Fréchette, "but once I had my turn. We were on our wedding journey, and my brother had joined us. 'Do you see that man in the bow of the boat?' asked one woman of another. 'Yes, who is he?' 'Oh, haven't you heard yet? Why, he's the brother of the bride!'"

It is supposed that Robert Louis Stevenson's fear that his popularity was waning was due to the fact that one of his last stories could not be placed as a serial in this country at any price which his literary representatives would accept.

Macmillan & Co. have decided to issue a series of European Statesmen, similar in form, size, and scope to the Twelve English Statesmen. The new series will be edited by Professor J. B. Bury. The following volumes are now in hand:

"Charles the Great," by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin; "William the Silent," by Mr. Frederick Harrison; "Richelieu," by Professor R. Lodge; "Mazarin," by Mr. A. Hassall; "Maria Theresa," by Dr. J. Franck Bright. There will also be volumes on Ferdinand and the Catholic, Charles the Fifth, Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Second, Napoleon, Cavour, and others.

Mr. Hamlin Garland is reported to be engaged on a novel of Dakota life—a novel which has been in his mind for ten years. He has lately written a book on "Boy Life on the Prairie."

Robert Louis Stevenson loved children and wrote them familiar letters. In one, addressed to a Scotch child, the author writes:

"When you grow up and write stories like me, you will be able to understand that there is scarcely anything more painful for an author to hold than a pen. He has to do it so often that his heart sickens and his fingers ache at sight or touch of it."

Macmillan & Co. have issued the second and concluding volume of the third edition of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Of this new edition it is said:

The entire matter has been carefully revised throughout. Four new chapters have been written and inserted in Part V.—chapters which belonged to the original plan of the book, but which it was found impossible to insert in the first edition. The first of these deals with the Tammany Ring of New York city. The second discusses the way in which physical conditions have influenced the development of the American people, while the third and fourth are devoted to the question of the reconstruction of the South, and to what is, in Mr. Bryce's mind, the most serious obstacle to this—the presence there of seven millions of negroes.

Stanley Weyman received from America last year over ten thousand dollars. Very few English authors can make a similar boast.

The Westminster *Gazette* prints the subjoined statement concerning the sale of Stevenson's books in their London editions:

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," issued by Messrs. Longmans, easily tops the list. It is a cheap book, and no fewer than 81,000 have been sold to date. 'Treasure Island' comes next, and then, a considerable way behind, 'Kidnapped.' Set out in the order of their popularity, the works, omitting 'Jekyll and Hyde,' would stand thus: 'Treasure Island,' 52,000; 'Kidnapped,' 39,000; 'The Wrecker' (Stevenson and Osbourne), 27,000; 'The Master of Ballantrae,' 24,000; 'The Black Arrow,' 21,000; 'Catriona,' 20,000; 'The Ebb Tide' (Stevenson and Osbourne), 14,000.

"These figures suggest some curious comparisons. 'Treasure Island,' which has been in the market for eleven years—first at five shillings and latterly at three shillings and sixpence—is in its fifty-second thousand, while Mr. Haggard's 'King Solomon's Mines,' issued in the same year and at the same prices, is in its ninety-fourth thousand. Miss Schreiner's 'African Farm,' published eight years ago at three shillings and sixpence, is in its seventy-eighth thousand. Mr. Barrie's 'Little Minister,' issued at six shillings only three and a half years ago, is in its forty-sixth thousand. Finally, Mr. Crockett's 'Raiders,' and Mr. Hall Caine's 'Manxman,' published this year, and both higher priced than 'Treasure Island,' are, so far as circulation goes, virtually abreast of it.

"Among Mr. Stevenson's other books, 'The New Arabian Nights' is in its twelfth thousand, 'Travels with a Donkey' and 'Virginibus Puerisque' in their seventh thousand, 'Prince Otto' and 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books,' in their sixth thousand. The two books that have been selling this week are 'Virginibus Puerisque' and 'Memories and Portraits,' due, doubtless, to their biographical interest."

Miss Alice French, otherwise "Octave Thanet," is the granddaughter of Governor Marcus Morton, of Massachusetts. Since early childhood she has lived in Iowa, where her father, the late George H. French, built up a notable manufacturing business. Miss French spends part of the year in Davenport, and part of it on an Arkansas farm.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

Hereditary.

The strictures are unmerited,
Our follies are inherited,
Directly from our gran'pas they all came;
Our defects have been transmitted,
And we should be acquitted
Of all responsibility and blame.

We are not depraved beginners,
But hereditary sinners,
For our fathers never acted as they should;
'Tis the folly of our gran'pas
That continually hampers;
What a pity that our gran'pas weren't good!

Yes, we'd all be reverend senators,
If our depraved progenitors
Had all been prudent, studious, and wise;
But they were quite terrestrial,
Or we would be celestial;
Yes, we'd all be proper tenants for the skies.

If we're not all blameless sages,
And beacons to the ages,
And fit for principalities and powers;
If we do not guide and man it,
And engineer the planet,
'Tis the folly of our forefathers, not ours.
—Mildred Lancaster in *Home and Country*.

The Snakes at the Zoo.

An event has occurred at the Zoo,
Very high among marvels we rank it,
There's a reptile residing there, who
Accidentally swallowed his blanket.

But that story has now become old,
And that feat surpassed by another;
There's a snake, still alive, we are told,
Who by accident swallowed his brother.

One would think such an odd mental fit
Of abstraction—excuse the suggestion—
Would be followed up after a bit
By a fit of acute indigestion.

And, moreover, although one pretend
To be free from internal sensations,
Still, a rupture is apt to attend
Such a straining of friendly relations.

But there's no such result we can find,
Though the former has swallowed the latter.
So we say it's a triumph of mind,
Or absence of mind, over matter.

Should there still at the Zoo be a snake,
Who may wish that the record be beaten,
He must swallow himself by mistake,
And pretend not to know what he's eaten.
—C. J. Boden in the *Spectator*.

A Woman of Forty Summers.

Full of outline and fair of face,
Swinging her fan with languid grace,
White arms gleaming through folds of lace,
A woman of forty summers.

No thread of white in the auburn hair,
No line of age in the forehead fair,
A life unmarred by touch of care,
In spite of her forty summers.

A husband-lover and children sweet,
Pleasures to charm and friends to greet,
Roses scattered before her feet,
Through each of her forty summers.

Summers all, for winters hold
Have snatched her sunshine and made her cold;
Have killed her roses and left her old;
Nothing she knows but summers.

Nothing she knows of laden cloud,
Of freezing air and tempests loud,
Of snows that weave for Hope a shroud;
Her life has been only summers.

So calm she sits in the balmy air,
No sorrows to fret, no cross to bear,
A summer idyl, a vision fair,
This woman of forty summers.

Yet cold and blast but make us strong,
After the snow the robin's song;
To the fullest life by right belong
The winters as well as summers.

And they whom fame shall carve in stone,
The women whom men would fain enthroned,
The women whom God has stamped His own,
Live winters as well as summers.

—Sara J. Underwood in the *Jennett Miller Monthly*.

During his life in Samoa, it is said, Stevenson took a weekly lesson in the native language, one of his purposes being to write an original story for the Samoans in their own tongue.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"A Daughter of Judas: A Fin-de-Siècle Story of New York Life," by Richard Henry Savage, has been published in the familiar yellow-paper covers by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"In Distance and in Dream," by M. F. Sweetser, a magazine story of some years ago which attracted no little attention by its beautiful presentation of an after-life, has been republished, with certain alterations and additions by the author, in the Cosy Corner Series published by the Joseph Knight Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

A third and enlarged edition of "The Poems of Henry Abbey" has just been issued by the author, making a book of nearly three hundred pages. Its contents are largely narrative poems, characterized by good rhythm and swing, and in the others is shown a fine appreciation of the beauties of Nature and of the pathetic in human life. Published by Henry Abbey, Kingston, N. Y.; price, \$1.25.

"Social Growth and Stability," by D. Ostrander, is a consideration of the factors of modern society and their relation to the character of the coming state, written "to promote a better understanding in regard to men's relations to one another and to stimulate increased effort in behalf of the wage earner, from whom is withheld his proportion of the benefits of the great discoveries in mechanical science." Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"Campaigns of Curiosity," by Elizabeth L. Banks, the entertaining account of the journalistic adventures of an American girl in London who took service in cap and apron, tried the influence of the "Almighty Dollar" in London society, bought a pedigree, and worked as a flower-girl and as a laundress, from which we made extended quotations some weeks ago, has been issued in the Library of Choice Literature published by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

The novels of W. E. Norris generally entertain if they do not instruct, and his latest production, "The Despotism Lady," is no exception to the rule. The woman who gives the book its name is a religious enthusiast who wishes to impress her views on everybody she meets, and she has a mighty tussle with a certain bachelor, heir to a great name and estate, who has almost surrendered before the battle by falling in love with her pretty daughter. But his father comes to his rescue, and imparts a secret of the lady's past which puts her in his mercy and delivers to him the captive maiden. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Pipe and Pouch" is the title of a "smoker's own book of poetry," compiled by Joseph Knight. A great quantity of verse has been written in praise of the weed, at one time and another, since its introduction to the Old World by Sir Walter Raleigh: Shakespeare alone among the great writers of the Elizabethan age makes no mention of it, and since his time the singers of its praises have been legion. Richard Le Gallienne opens the present anthology with "With Pipe and Book," and next comes a translation from Baudelaire. James Russell Lowell appears on an early page, and other noted contributors are Brander Matthews, Eva Wilder McGlasson, Kate A. Carrington, Austin Dobson, William Cowper, George Wither, Daniel Webster, Byron, Charles Lamb, Rudyard Kipling, Charles F. Lummis, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, R. K. Mun- kitchick, Charles S. Calverly, Amelia E. Barr, Sir Robert Ayton, T. B. Aldrich, J. Ashby-Sterry, Thomas Hood, J. W. Riley, Henry Fielding, Horace Smith, W. E. Henley, F. S. Saltus, Tom Hall, and Edgar Fawcett—a sufficiently surprising collection. With these are interspersed verses by minor poets and from the magazines and other periodicals, making a book of one hundred and eighty pages. Published by the Joseph Knight Company, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Presidents of the United States" is the title of a volume of brief biographies of the chief magistrates, edited by James Grant Wilson. The larger number of the monographs were written for "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography," the others being specially prepared for this work. The articles are: "George Washington," by Robert C. Winthrop; "John Adams," "James Madison," "John Quincy Adams," "Andrew Jackson," and "John Tyler," by John Fiske; "Thomas Jefferson," by James Parton; "James Monroe," by Daniel C. Gilman; "Martin Van Buren," by James C. Welling; "William Henry Harrison," by Arthur E. Bostwick; "James K. Polk," by George Bancroft; "Zachary Taylor," by Jefferson Davis; "Millard Fillmore," by James Grant Wilson; "Franklin Pierce," by Bainbridge Wadleigh; "James Buchanan," by George Ticknor Curtis; "Abraham Lincoln," by John Hay; "Andrew Johnson," by James Phelan; "Ulysses S. Grant," by Horace Porter; "Rutherford B. Hayes," by Carl Schurz; "James A. Garfield," by William Walter Phelps; "Chester A. Arthur," by William E. Chandler; "Grover Cleveland," by William E. Russell; and "Benjamin Harrison," by William P. Fishback. Full-

page engraved portraits of the Presidents are given, and there are many minor portraits and reproductions of autographs scattered through the text. The work is indexed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$3.50.

"The Crusades: The Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem," by T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford, is the forty-third volume of the Story of the Nations Series. It bears the sub-title "The Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem," the authors explain, because it is concerned only with the Crusades properly so-called. "With the Fourth Crusade," they say, "the Latin Empire of Constantinople, and still more with those developments, or perversions of the Crusading idea, which led to the so-called Crusades against the Albigensians and the Emperor Frederick, we have nothing to do." In making the story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem the main thread of the narrative, stress has intentionally been laid on an important, if comparatively unfamiliar, side of Crusading history. The romance and glamour of Crusading expeditions has often caused the practical achievements of Crusaders in the East to be overlooked or underrated. Yet it is through the history of the Kingdom of Jerusalem that the true character, and importance of the Crusades can alone be discerned. An introductory chapter treats of the age of the pilgrims and the eve of the Crusades; another is devoted to Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban; then follows the history of the Crusades, down to the fall of Acre. A final chapter sums up the results of the Crusades on the mental and material progress of the world. The book is furnished with maps, illustrations, and genealogical tables, and is indexed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE WOODMAN.

In all the grove, nor stream nor hird
Nor aught beside my hloes was heard
And the woods wore their oodday dress—
The glory of their silentness.
From the island summit to the seas,
Trees mounted, and trees drooped, and trees
Cropped upward in the gaps. The greeo
loarhored talus and ravine
By fathoms. By the multitude.
The rugged columns of the wood
And hunches of the branches stood.
Thick as a moor, deep as a sea,
And silent as eternity.

With lowered axe, with backward head,
Late from this scene my laborer fled,
And with a raveled tale to tell,
Returned. Some denizen of hell,
Dead man or disinvested god,
Had close behind him peered and trod,
And triumphed when he turned to flee.
How different fell the lies with me!
Whose eye explored the dim arcade,
Impatient of the oocoming shade—
Shy elf, or dryad pale and cold,
Or mystic liggerer from of old:
Vainly. The fair and stately things,
Impassive as departed kings,
All still in the wood's stillness stood,
And dumb. The rooted multitude
Nodded and brooded, bloomed and dreamed,
Uomeaning, undivined. It seemed
No other art, no hope they knew,
Than clutch the earth and seek the blue.

Mid vegetable king and priest
And strippling, I (the only heast)
Was at the heast's work, killing; hewed
The stubborn roots across, hestrewed
The glebe with the dislusted leaves,
And hid the saplings fall in sheaves;
Bursting across the tangled math—
A ruin that I called a path:
A Golgotha. that, later on,
Wheo rains had watered, and suns shone,
Aod seeds enriched the place, should hear
And he called garden. Here and there
I spied and plucked by the green hair
A foe more resolute to live—
The toothed and killing seositive.
He, semi-coosions, fled the attack;
He shrank and tucked his branches back,
And, straining by his anchor strand,
Captured and scratched the rooting hand.
I saw him crouch, I felt him hite,
Aod straight my eyes were touched with sight.
I saw the wood for what it was—
The lost and the victorious cause;
The deadly battle pitched in line,
Saw sileot weapons cross aod shine;
Silent defeat, silent assault—
A battle and a horial vault.

Thick rouded me, in the teeming mud,
Briar and fern strove to the blood.
The hooked liana in his gin
Noosed his reluctant neighbors in;
There the greeo murderer throve and spread,
Upon his smothering victims fed,
And wantoned on his climbing coil.
Coontending roots fought for the soil
Like frightened demons: with despair
Competing branches pushed for air.
Greeo conquerors from overhead
Bestrode the bodies of their dead;
The Casars of the sylvan field,
Unused to fail, foredoomed to yield;
For in the groins of branches, lo!
The cancers of the orchid grow.

Sileot as in the lest ring,
Two-chartered wrestlers strain and cling;
Dumb as by yellow Hooghly's side
The suffocating captives died:
So hushed the woodland warfare goes
Uoceasing; and the sileot foes
Grapple and smother, strain and clasp
Without a cry, without a gasp.
Here also sould Thy fans, O God,
Here, too, Thy banners move abroad:
Forest and city, sea and shore,
And the whole earth Thy threshing floor!
The drums of war, the drums of peace,
Roll through our cities without cease,
And all the icroo halls of life
Ring with the unremitting strife.

The common lot we scarce perceive,
Crowds perish—we oor mark nor grieve:
The hagle calls—we mourn a few!
What corporal's guard at Waterloo?
What scanty hundreds more or less
In the man-devouring wilderness?
What handful hied on Delhi ridge?—
See, rather, London, on thy hridge
The pale hattalioos trample by,
Resolved to slay, resigned to die.
Count, rather, all the maimed and dead
Io the unthortherly war of bread.
See, rather, under sultrier skies
What vegetable Londons rise,
And teem, and suffer without sound;
Or in your traquil garden ground,
Contented, in the falling gloom,
Saunter and see the roses bloom.
That these might live, what thousands died!
All day the crud hoe was plied;
The amhulance harrow rolled all day;
Your wife—the tender, kind, and gay—
Donned her long gauntlets, caught the spud
And hatched in vegetable blood;
Aod the loog massacre now at eod,
See! where the lary coils ascend,
See! where the honfire sputters red
At even, for the ioocent dead.

Why prate of peace? wheo, warriors all,
We clank in harness into hall,
And ever hare upoo the hoard
There lies the necessary sword.
In the green field or quiet street,
Besieged we sleep, beleaguered eat;
Lahor hy day and wake o' ights,
In war with rival appetites.
The rose on roses feeds; the lark
On larks. The sedentary clerk
All morning with a diligent pen
Morders the hahes of other men;
And like the heasts of wood and park,
Protects his whelps, defends his den.

Unshamed the narrow aim I hold;
I feed my sheep, patrol my fold;
Breathe war on wolves and rival flocks,
A pious outlaw on the rocks
Of God and morning; and wheo time
Shall how, or rivals break me, climb
Where no nuduhed civilian dares,
In my war harness, the loud stairs
Of hooor; and my cooqueror
Hail me a warrior fallen in war!
—New Review for January.

IN THE HIGHLANDS.

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plaio meo have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O to mouot again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are hird-enchanted,
And the low, greeo meadows
Bright with swart;
And wheo evening dies, the millioo tioted,
Aod the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-hestarded!

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.—Pall Mall Gazette.

MATER TRIUMPHANS.

Son of my woman's body, you go to the drum and fife,
To taste the color of love and the other side of life.
From out of the dainty rude, the stroog from out of
the frail,
Eternally through the ages from the female comes the
male.

The too figners and toes and the shell-like oail on each,
The eyes hliod as germs and the tongue attempting
speech;
Impotent hands in my hosom, and yet they shall wield
the sword!
Drngged with slumher aod milk, you wait the day of the
Lord.

Infant Bridegroom, uncrowned King, uoanointed priest.
Soldier, lover, explorer, I see you ouzzle the breast.
You that grope in my hosom shall load the ladies with
rings;
You that came forth through the doors shall hurst the
doors of kings.—New Review for January.

"You're too early with that bill." "Why, your
sign reads: 'All bills paid on the tenth.'" "Yes;
but that refers to the tenth month, my friend, and
the year is new yet!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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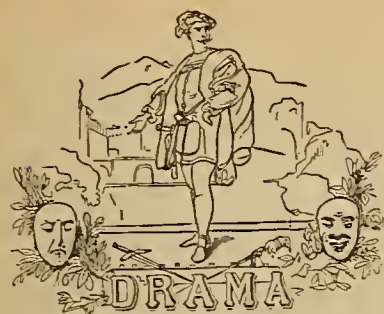
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If the Tavery company had kept in the oew-school operas and let Miss Dorre appear in something more than "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Carmen," there would not be so many people complaining of the wild, untrammelled vocalizings of Mme. Tavery and her satellites.

Siogers who, from desire or necessity, continue sioging after their vnices are worn out, ought to confine their vocal efforts to the operas of the latest cult. The young Italian *maestros*, with eyes fastened upon the Giant of Bayreuth, have followed his great toets that the music in npera is merely ioteosified speech and that the voice of the singer, instead of soaring alooe above the subdued orchestral murmurings, should be only ao added instrument, the notes of which must melt iotn the general volume of concerted sound.

This is a little hard for the singers of the heavenly voices, and we may imagine the scorn of Adelina Patti should some one suggest that her mellown tones must take their place with the pipings of the flutes. But wheo the prima donoa's *beaux jours* are past, and the vnice is no longer the melodius, flute-like soprano that it was "in the brave days when she was twenty-nne," then next best to not singing at all is singing in the oew nperas, where the orchestra takes so much of the heavy work upoo its shoulders, and sometimes can triumphantly carry through to success a company of artistes who, if left to their own devices, would awake the derision of the gnds.

The Tavery company have made successes in the double bill of "I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," in "Carmen," and in "Taohausen." In one of these—save, perhaps, Bizet's opera—are the voices thrown into the exaggerated prominence in which the old Italian school placed them. The wrong done upon our tuleration and endurance by the performance of "Rigoletto" has been wiped out by "Cavalleria." Why the Tavery management opeoed in "Rignletto," when they could give a good reordering of "Carmeo" and a passable one of "Tannhauser," is a mystery that would have baffled Solomon. The lunacies of stage-managers and npera directors is a subject upon which some learned Germao had better write a treatise.

The double performance of the two short Italian operas has probably been the success of the season. It was interesting for two reasons: as a first preseotatin of the two operas in the same evening, and as the introduction of Miss Dorre in the character of Santuza. These two initial wrks of Mascagni and Leoncavalln gain an additional interest in being preseoted in contrast. The harsh and turhid realism of "I Pagliacci," its musical side in close, compacted sympathy with its story, all considerations of melodius divertissement sacrificed to a hard and grinding naturalism, stands out sharply beside the exquisitely smooth, rmanctic harmoniousness of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The dramatic elemoot which stirs and barasses the even tuncfulness of the latter, io the former sweeps all before it, and the music that illumines, like wild flashes of lightning, the story of the mnuntebanks, throbs with the fierce tumult of stormy passions.

In this insistent observance of the claims of dramatic fitness, "I Pagliacci" resembles the wrks of the later German schhol. Leoncavallo is an artist who disdains to make a bid for popular acclaim with a rippling aria here, or a spirited *brindisi* there. The composer of "Cavalleria" was possessed of a more sunny and blithesome spirit, one of those Italio natures made of fire and sunlight, naturally burn a lover of beautiful things. A realism which sacrifices mere sensuous loveliness to dramatic correctness must be abhorrent to his gracinus and gladsome talent. Full of fire and ardor, the music thrnbs, and, straining upward to a sudden pitch of intensified expression, sinks again, relaxes, and, in a dreamful ecstasy, expan/s into trances of fainting sweetness. The effect of spontaneity, especially beside the rignrnus fidelity to truth and precept in "I Pagliacci," is most remarkable. In wbatsoever way Mascagni wrnte this opera, it impresses the listener that he must have produced it in as effortless an up-bubbling of joyousness as that which seems to possess the lark wheo it "becomes a sightless soog."

These two small nperas revolve round two interesting hermines. Hnw strange and old-fashioned do those melancholy marionettes, Lennra and Gilda and Lucia and Norma, with their confidantes and their high C's, seem beside the two living, wreathing glwning figures of Nedda and Santuza. For the Wagner womeo, those slnw-stepping, dark-eyed, golden-locked creatures, splendid as

gnddresses, naive as the ideal womao of the wrld's ynth, grandly loving and simply faithful, show heavy and bovine beside the two fiery Italioas. Nedda is a really fine creatioo. To have dared in opera to produce so delicately shaded and complex a character, shws hnw largely the dramatic side of opera has expanded since the days of Rossini and Meyerheer. There are many nnvelists, with three volumes to cavort and gambol through, who could not have drawn Nedda as she appears in this short musical *conte*. It is a vital figure, with the pettinesses, the feeble viciousness, the cowardly fear of consequences overlying the sinful ioclinatinn of a consistently contemptible type.

Santuza is a character drawo on simpler lines, but inspired with the true spirit of drama. The fury of a womao scorned was never more luridly shown than io this Italian peasant girl. The simulated passions of boudoir plays, the viperish jealousies of mean natures, look chill and trivial beside the ecstatic frenzy and despair of the deserted Saotuzza. It was Miss Dorre's appearance in this part that swung the Tavery season round to absolute success. Miss Dorre is a youog singer, and belongs to the youog school. In her hands, the dramatic side of the character received even more attention than the vocal. The frenzied emtions that succeed each other io Santuza's despairing heart seemed to passess the singer, who, swayed alternately with love, jealousy, and revenge, acted with a fiery *elan* that swept the house along with it. The effect of spntaneous paroxysms of feeling and excitement was intensified by the extreme ease and fluent fullness of voice with which she sang. Her vnice is lacking io that distictioo of quality which makes the great voice. It is true, however, there seems plenty of it, and it comes with a flowing, easy richoess that suggests a large quantity, if not a refined quality.

It is said that Miss Dorre decided to become an opera-singer, sang, worked, studied at home and abroad, with the end in view of some day siogioo Carmen. Certainly to a singer, to whom an opera is something more than an elongated concert, the character of the fierce Zingara must possess an infinitely stronger attractinn than that of the average heroine, with her recreant lover and her invariable lapse into elaborate insanity. Carmeo has been one of the great test characters for the prima donna who boasts that she can act as well as sing. It has been essayed by every sort of diva, by women who could sing and could not act, by women who could act and could not sing, by women who could neither sing nor act, by women who could do both.

Miss Dorre's lng-nrnted infatuation for the part should argue an instinctive sense of strong histrionic ability—or does it, perhaps, merely denote the attraction that a great dramatic character has for a strong dramatic temperament? The singer, burning with the fire of drama, wants something more life-like to illumine within her the flame of her talent than such dry husks as Linda and Lucia. Carmen, alnne in the range of lighter grand npera, gives her the opportunity to display her histrionic skill, and she essays it boldly, as Calvé does, from the standpoint of a rank realism, nr skittishly, like Emma Juch, from the standpoint of temperamental limitations, or gayly, or coarsely, or crudely, or flippantly, according to her lights. There is a great gallery full of Carmens, as many and varied in type as are to be seen io a family picture-gallery.

Miss Dorre, like all the others, has her own ideas of this semi-savage character. Hers is a *gamine* Carmen—vixenish, cruel, defiant, but without that attraction which, after her softly sung description of the gay doings that make life merry at the inn under the walls of Seville, is supposed to sweep away Doo José's lofty and soldierly principles. The ferocity of the wild creature of woods and mountain fastnesses, the aomial savagery of the gypsy io whom the dark Rmany blind flows fierce and strong, is sacrificed to the lighter and bewitching piquancies of the type that is more a snubrette than a queeo of drama. This gives the character much charm in the less ioteose mments. No Carmen could have danced with a more sinuous grace or sung with an accoot of more beguiling fascination. The dance, with its slnw yet spirited movement, its rhythmic click of castanets, accentuating the soft melody of the accompanying vnice, the lithe, undulating posturings of the red-draped figure, was admirably performed. But the Carmen of Merimée—the real Carmen—was lost io transplanting her into opera. The sioging Carmen must ever be her feeble shadow, a creature of the stage and the footlights, compressed into soubrette limits, her queenhood gone with the winds and the mountaio defiles. The Carmen of the story possessed a sort of draggled majesty, as of some pagan goddess rolled io the mud.

Palmer Cnx produced the first of his quaiot "brownie" pictures about fifteen years ago, wheo Arthur Gilman, deao of the Harvard annex, now Radcliffe Cnlege, asked him for drawings in illustrate a humorous manuscript about the alphabet.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Selous are oow making a wedding-tour in tents through Asia Minnr, attended by five servants. The celebrated lion-killer and discoverer of Mashooaland is determined to shoot as many ibexes as possible.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Lalla Rookh" is making a record at the Tivoli. It will begin its fifth week oo Monday night, and there are no sigos yet of a diminutioo of its popularity. "His Majesty" has been ready to follow it for some time, but it will not be seen for at least a week yet.

Frederick Warde and Lnuis James are in re-npeo the Baldwin, after two weeks of darkness, on Monday night, February 4th. They will begin their engagement with a handsome production of "Henry IV.," Warde having the rôle of Prince Hal and James that of Falstaff.

"The Gaiety Girl" will reach here io a mnth, and is to play a long engagement at the Baldwin. Io additioo to the company that first introduced it to American audiences at Daly's Theatre, another company has been presenting it io Boston and elsewhere, and, a fortnight ago, a third troupe came over to cover still another section of the country. The ooe that will be seen at the Baldwin is the first company, which is to go on from here to Australia.

Herrmann, the magician, will be at the California Theatre oext week, and with the assistance of Mme. Herrmaon will exhibit his latest illusions. These are said to be very wonderful, and include "The Artist's Dream," "Naah's Ark," and "The Asiatic Trunk Mystery." Professor Herrmaon has a small company, as, beside Mme. Herrmann, it includes only a leader for the orchestra, an electrician, and a lime-light man; but his boxes and cases of scenery and paraphernalia are ioomerable, and indicate the elaborate oature of his show.

Paul M. Potter is dramatizing "Trilby" for A. M. Palmer. He has the *scenario* almost ready, and, after it has been submitted to Mr. du Maurier, he expects to have the play ready for production in a few weeks. The love-story of Trilby and Little Billee, her self-sacrifice at his mother's prayer, her career under the hypnotic influence of Svengali, and her final break-down and death, will be the leading features of the drama. Moager Palmer is already iouodated with applications for the rôles of Trilby and Svengali from aspiring young women and actors who claim to be musicians also, but it is probable that Virginia Harned and E. J. Henley will create the characters.

There was not room for another woman to squeeze into the Baldwin last Monday afternoon, when Mme. Yale began her lecture on the art or arts of acquiring and preserviog physical beauty. Some had come frankly to sit at the feet of the oracle, others to see who were there and to be amused, but before the lecturer had said many words, they were all devout listeners. Mme. Yale told how to cleanse and "feed" the skin so that it should have clearness and color and be free from wrinkles, how to exercise to develop the figure to its utmost possibilities of beauty, and a variety of seemingly highly desirable information on matters of feminine interest. The lecture is to be repeated this (Saturday) afternoon at the Macdooough Theatre io Oakland.

Sibyl Sandersoo's American début at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, last Wednesday night, seems to have been an event of as great importance in New Ynrk as it was for us io her far-away oative home. The opera-house held such a crush of bejeweled women and ntable men as is called out only on very special occasioos, and it was in a coldly critical mood to judge the new American prima donna. She was not recognized when she first came on in her quiet garb until she opened her lips to siog, and then the house gave her a generous salvo of applause. But it was only a friendly welcome, and at no time io the evening did her singing alone arouse marked enthusiasm. New York, like London, found her voice unequal to the demands of grand opera, though its clearness, flexibility, and skillful banding were adjudged worthy of the highest praise. But her beauty, her gawns, and finally her dramatic power were beyond what had been expected. We shall await accounts of her next appearance with interest.

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MRS. MARY J. LINCOLN, author of the "Boston Cook Book," will lecture on Cooking.

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Admission, Twenty-five cents.

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NOTICE OF EXECUTORS' SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the estate of WASHINGTON M. RYER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly made and entered on the second (2d) day of October, 1894, in the matter of the estate of Washington M. Ryer, deceased, the undersigned executors of the last will of said Washington M. Ryer, deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate of the said Washington M. Ryer, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate that the estate of said deceased has acquired since his death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to all those certain lots or parcels of land particularly described as follows, to wit:

First—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the south-easterly line of Market Street with the south-westerly line of Third Street, running thence south-westerly along said line of Market Street 75 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 70 feet; thence at right angles north-easterly 75 feet to the line of Third Street; thence at right angles north-westerly along said line of Third Street 70 feet, to the point of beginning, being a portion of the lot of land known and designated on the official map of said city and county as 100-vara lot No. 25.

Second—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the point where the easterly line of Stockton Street is intersected by the northerly line of Ellis Street and running thence northerly along the easterly line of Stockton Street 113 feet; thence easterly at right angles and parallel with Ellis Street 75 feet; thence southerly at right angles and parallel with Stockton Street 75 feet, more or less, to the northerly line of Market Street; thence south-westerly along the line of Market Street 70 feet, more or less, to the intersection with the northerly line of Ellis Street; thence westerly along the northerly line of Ellis Street 19 1/2 feet, more or less, to the corner where it intersects the easterly line of Stockton Street at the point of beginning; the said lot being a portion of the 30-vara lot No. 914 on the official map of the city of San Francisco.

Third—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Stockton Street distant 113 feet from the north-easterly corner formed by the intersection of Ellis Street and Stockton Street; thence northerly on the line of Stockton Street 6 inches; thence easterly at right angles with Stockton Street 75 feet; thence southerly 6 inches; thence westerly on the line which separates the property belonging to Washington M. Ryer from the property belonging to Joseph Figel to the place of beginning; the said land being covered by a brick wall built by Joseph Figel. Also one-half of the brick wall built by said Figel on the southern boundary of his land in pursuance of an agreement dated August 5, 1875, and recorded in Liber 13 of Covenants, page 386, to which reference is made.

Said sale will be made on Wednesday, January 23, 1895, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction sales-rooms of G. H. Umhens & Co., No. 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Terms and conditions of sale: Cash gold coin of the United States of America; ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the purchase money to be paid on the day of said balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Said property will be sold as follows: The lot of land hereinabove marked and numbered First will be sold as one parcel, and the lots of land hereinabove marked and numbered Second and Third will be sold in one parcel.

Dated December 23, 1894.
FREDERICK RYER,
CHARLES A. FISHER,
MARSHALL B. RYER,
CLARK H. SAMPSON,
ELIZABETH INA RYER,
Executors of the last will of Washington M. Ryer, deceased.

Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1895.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister, is one of the most inveterate theatre-goers in Washington, and is devoted to pretty actresses.

Jerry Simpson says that he will leave Congress a bankrupt; that he has even mortgaged his home to pay his expenses in public life on five thousand dollars a year.

John Burns's visit to this country has been a profitable one for him, as it is said that he has realized more than twenty thousand dollars during the few weeks of his stay.

Lord Rosebery, the English premier, is a great student of the Bible. In the speech which he made a short time ago he quoted the Bible seven times, Shakespeare twice, and Aristotle once.

Colonel Strong, mayor-elect of New York, amused the Brooklynites the other evening by telling them that he had gone over to sleep in Brooklyn once, about forty-five years ago, but the chickens made so much noise he could not get his much coveted rest.

Captain McClure, the new vice-admiral of the Chinese fleet, has had a long experience in eastern waters. He took the *Kow-Ching* from England to China, and, at the opening of the present war, his assistance was secured by the Celestials for dispatch and transport work.

The voluntary withdrawal of Mr. Manderson, of Nebraska, from the United States Senate will be a distinct loss to that body, of which he has been an influential and useful member. His purpose in retiring is to earn money enough in his profession to secure a comfortable old age.

M. Rouvier, the ex-Premier of France, began his career as a clerk in the counting-room of a Marseilles merchant, a Greek named Zafiropoulos. This merchant died recently, an old man and a millionaire, and out of his fortune he left M. Rouvier ten thousand dollars "as a token of esteem."

Sir Charles Algernon Coote, Bart., of Donnybrook, the last male descendant of the Earl of Bellamont, who was governor of New York in King William's time, is pilloried in *Truth* as a professional writer of begging letters. His great-grandfather was made a baronet because he was the illegitimate son of the last earl.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M. P., who was born in Brooklyn, has received a letter from one of the Swazi envoys to the queen, informing him that the Swazi deputation, as some return for the zeal with which he has championed their cause, have conferred upon him the name of "Silonio," which means "The popular one, the fearless one, the courageous."

Charles Mudie, the founder of the famous British circulating library which bears his name and which has strenuously opposed the proposition to print the novels of English writers in one volume, began business for himself in a very modest way by opening, in 1844, at the age of twenty-two, a small newspaper and stationery shop, where he lent out books at a penny a volume.

The French army has some notable conscripts this year, among them Sardou's son and Max Lebaudy, the "little sugar man" of the boulevard, a spendthrift young millionaire whose eccentricities of prodigality have amazed even the Parisians. On account of his diminutive stature he was deemed unfit for service in the ranks, and was detailed to drive a mule-wagon in the ammunition corps of the Fifth Squadron, an occupation distasteful to most conscripts. But while engaged in this humble work, he will occupy a fine house at Fontainebleau, with large stables attached for his horses, and roomy quarters for his servants. Another conscript in whom all France is interested is "General" Gélécq, a French Tbm Thumb. His height is only two feet nine and one-half inches.

Should the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg abdicate on the score of ill-health, as it is asserted he is on the point of doing, the Prince of Wales will be uncle and mentor to four monarchs of Europe, namely, the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the future Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. With the exception of his father-in-law, the King of Denmark, and the Emperor of Austria, the prince is now the most experienced royal personage in Europe. All the rest are his juniors, now that the French Bourbons have gone; his is the most illustrious dynasty of Europe, with its background of Tudors, Plantagenets, and Saxon kings. The Hohenzollerns are but a mushroom dynasty compared thereto; the House of Savoy was but the other day a family of moss-troopers and *condottiere*; the Romanoffs are hardly four generations emerged from barbarism; three generations back the Servian dynasty was swine-herding; four generations take the Kings of Sweden to their peasant ancestry at Pau, in the Pyrenees; while even the house of Hapsburg is not so ancient as that of England's future king.

The steamer *Natches*, that runs between Vicksburg and New Orleans, has women for officers, under the captaincy of Mrs. Tom Leathers.

COMMUNICATIONS.

While the Lamp Holds Out to Burn.

NEW YORK, January 6, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read the communication of "True Blue American" in your issue of December 31st. Now I am another; but, like David B. Hill, I am a Democrat, and being a Democrat, I occasionally take issue with you, but am always open to conviction.

I am not a subscriber, for the reason that a friend in "Frisco," after reading, mails it to me. I, like "True Blue," after reading, mails it to another friend, who is a rank Republican. He, in turn, after reading, again mails to another friend, and so on *ad infinitum*. Now have you not spare space in your columns to request the names of the readers of the *Argonaut* who are non-subscribers, and who, if they respond thereto, will give the *Argonaut* and we-us the amount of unrequited entertainment we are receiving and put some of us to the blush? I am a '49er, and if my "Frisco" friend ever goes back on me, the *Argonaut* will, if not sooner, add to its list of subscribers the name of

Yours, most respectfully, T. B. TOMPKINS.

The Most Complete Dictionary.

HOUSTON, TEX., January 9, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some time since, possibly as much as six months ago, you commented, either editorially or under "Literary Notes," on a new dictionary which has been, or soon will be, published, and which is very much larger and more complete in every way than any that has as yet been published, including Webster's, Worcester's, the Century's, and others. I have spent some little time looking through the files of your paper in order to obtain the information desired, but failed to locate the article, which I remember distinctly. Can you give me the name of this new dictionary and the name of its publishers or compilers?

Your compliance with this request will very greatly oblige. Yours, very truly, GEORGE A. CRAGIN.

[The work referred to is the new dictionary of the Philological Society now being prepared at the Oxford press. Macmillan & Co. are its publishers.]

The Horrors of War.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: It would seem that the Japanese soldiers killed every one in sight at Port Arthur. What of it, more than as an incident of war, which is always cruel? Only two years more than a hundred have elapsed since the French Revolution and its hecatombs of innocents, and less than twenty-five years have passed since murder by the wholesale was conducted as a business at the same place. Have the critics who carp preserved in memory the story of the conquest of India, and the incident of the victims who were hound to the mouths of cannons and thence blown away? What have we of the States of the Union to say for ourselves also? What about the murders during the draft riots of 1861 in New York? And of the murders of the troops upon the entrance of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, U. S. A., into Baltimore soon after? The same query as to the railroad riots and wholesale killings in Pennsylvania and the Western States in the early seventies; also as to the Chinese mining riots in Wyoming in the early eighties, for which the Government of the United States paid money indemnity to the Government of China, as compensation for murdered Chinese citizens; also as to the railroad riots and murders in New York and Pennsylvania in 1892, and the ensuing riots and wholesale killings in the *Cœur d'Alene* during the fall and winter of the same year. In passing, the incidents of the Homestead riots may be noted, as fresh in memory.

"Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." Shall it be the English? History forbids it. Not the French, surely. For ourselves?—well, perhaps it were more seeming that we sit and meditate awhile upon the reflection in the glass. EDWARD A. BELCHER.

A Correction Corrected.

GLENMORE, ELMBOURNE ROAD,
TOOTING COMMON, S. W.,
LONDON, ENGLAND, January 1, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read, with surprise, Mr. McAllister's letter on golf, which appeared in your issue of December 10th. He states that he is an "old golfer," yet says that the universal rule is that "the ball must not be touched, except by a club, on its passage from one hole to another," "that when it lands in a furze-hush the subsequent proceedings of the player are interesting," etc.

Now this is just the opposite of the real facts of the case. When a ball lands in a hush, the player always has the privilege of picking the ball out with his hand, and then, standing a club's length from the hush, with his face in the direction of the hole, and dropping the ball over his head behind his back, and then playing it with his club from where it falls. This is technically called a "lift," and causes the player to forfeit one stroke. When a ball falls in water, the player always has the right to lift and lose one stroke, and, in many clubs which are solicitous lest the efforts of players to get their ball out of a furze-hush by a stroke of the club, and so avoiding the forfeit, will injure the plant, they have a rule that if the club touches the hush ever so slightly, the player loses his stroke.

Mr. McAllister says the number of holes is usually twelve. This is a mistake. The regulation number of holes is eighteen, and there is no well-known links anywhere that has less than that number, unless possibly Deal links, which has nine holes, can be called well known. There are a great number of new golf links which are usually very inferior compared with the old and better-known ones, but almost all of these have eighteen holes, and even where the smallness of their grounds prevent their having the full number, they always have a number which is a multiple of eighteen—three, six, or nine—so that a match of eighteen can be played by going around the course six times, or three times, or twice, according to the number of holes. It is barely possible that a links having twelve holes exists, but it is certainly an awkward and stupid number. If there is room for twelve, there is probably room for the full eighteen by good management, and if not, then it would be much better to cut out three

of the holes and lengthen some of the remaining, so as to have nine good holes. Very faithfully yours,

H. G. WILSHIRE.

The Decline of Matrimony.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 14, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: About the decline in marriages, I sincerely believe that its principal causes come from the first education of our ladies and girls. Our present century has not and does not teach them how to become economical and practical housekeepers, as our Pilgrim Fathers did. Too many of our ladies do not believe that the finest jewels of a woman are her children.

Yours respectfully, CORNELIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 15th, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You ask in your last issue "Why is the marriage rate declining?" Now, for my part, I hope it will keep on declining. Not that I am against marriage. I consider it the duty of all men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, providing they own a house and lot and a bank account, to get married. But for a workingman who has no capital but his monthly wages, it is a crime to marry. He not only brings misery on himself and the woman, but on the poor children who come after.

Yours truly, J. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 16, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is with a certain degree of interest, accompanied by a proportional amount of disbelief in some of your views expressed, that I peruse your article in the *Argonaut* of the fourteenth instant, in which you discuss the probable causes of the decline of matrimony in these modern days. I am a bachelor; but that I am "narrow, crusty, limited in scope, pig-headed, and obstinate," as you suggest in your article, I deny, the views of some of my friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

From a careful consideration of the subject, I attribute the decline in matrimony to two primary causes: first, an absence of those sensibilities which are essential to the success of Altrurias or Utopias; and, second, to a decay of the emotions, or, more plainly speaking, to selfishness and practicality.

I dined this evening with some jolly fellows at the club. This, my wife, had I one, would discountenance. As I write, the clouds of smoke from a most companionable pipe curl affectionately about the place where my hair formerly sat in majestic state. Had I a wife, she would probably suggest that I inter my pipe or confine my smoking to the wood-shed. If a wife is a greater luxury than a pipe such as mine, and the one to which Jerome K. Jerome dedicated a hook, I have yet to realize it. You say "from the want of a steady course of contradiction by wife and children, they (bachelors) acquire a rooted faith in their own opinions," etc. Do you imagine a steady course of contradiction is conducive to the peace of mind and comfort which I consider my just due? Nay, nay; it is just these incessant contradictions and ceaseless "nagging" that make the holy bond of matrimony a galling chain, and consequently a howling failure in many cases. These brief suggestions I advance in support of my belief that selfishness on the part of the man—for the matter rests largely with him—is the primary cause of the aforementioned decline. You may ask if I concede man to be more selfish now than in former ages. I claim that selfishness increases in proportion to the advance of civilization and the introduction of the many innovations that make life more comfortable and more worth the living.

As to the second cause, the decay of the emotions, I may say that to a critical observer this condition is apparent. A commercial spirit pervades this age, and "honor sinks where commerce long prevails." If you malign my character, instead of shooting the top of your head off, I sue you for libel. If my wife is untrue, I keep it to myself that I may silence wagging tongues. Perhaps it gives me a pang of disappointment, but then I reflect she is as true as I am, and let the matter drop. Sentiment is dying, love is only a question of time and is the product of favorable conditions. Truthfulness endures as long as it accomplishes a desired result, and so throughout the whole catalogue. Everything is sacrificed to the one great object of Americans—money-getting. Many would arise in indignation at such a charge, yet the lamentable fact remains that a dollar placed before the eye shuts out the world.

Hard times, as you suggest, may be a cause of the increasing decline in matrimony. That can be classed with many others which are merely secondary in nature. The primary causes lie deeper. CYNICUS.

Minzie Chew is a woman highway robber serving a term in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. By wild screaming and wilder talking at night, she has made the keepers so angry that they now keep her chained up in her cell, with a halter tied in her mouth to insure silence.

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Minzie Chew is a woman highway robber serving a term in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. By wild screaming and wilder talking at night, she has made the keepers so angry that they now keep her chained up in her cell, with a halter tied in her mouth to insure silence.

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STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE

is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000.00, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.

By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company.

A. ANDREW, Secy.

VANITY FAIR.

England is the only country in the world where the nobility are in the habit of entailing their jewels. Some of the great houses of the aristocracy, such as that of Cavendish, whose head is the Duke of Devonshire; that of Bentinck, whose head is the Duke of Portland; and that of Lennox, whose chief is the Duke of Richmond, possess superb collections of gems, almost priceless in value, and which have been in the families for hundreds of years. They can not be sold or diverted from the head of the house, and even if they are pledged for loans, the person with whom they are pledged is forced by law to return them to the estate, even without payment of his loan, on the death of the peer or peeress who offered them as security for money advanced. Moreover, like the entailed landed property, the heirloom jewels do not remain with the widow, but pass immediately to the wife of the successor in the title. When young Lord Dudley married the erstwhile shop-girl, Rachel Gurney, a few years ago, his still beautiful and young-looking mother, the widowed countess, had to surrender to her daughter-in-law most of the magnificent and world-famed jewels with which she had delighted to adorn her comely person during the twenty-five years of her married life. "How hard this must have been to her—especially as her son's marriage did not meet with her approval," writes the Marquise de Fontenoy—"my lady readers will appreciate. For it is always a source of pain for a woman to part with her jewels—a pain of which men have no idea, and which would probably excite their ridicule rather than their compassion. But when a lady has worn around her throat a string of beautiful pearls day and night for nearly a quarter of a century, she has become so attached to them that it cuts her to the heart to see them adorning the shoulders of some other fair one, especially if the latter be an uncongenial daughter-in-law." Of course, jewelry thus entailed can not be seized for debt, and thus it is that these collections of gems have remained intact and ever-increasing throughout the course of years. The inauguration of the new fashion of divorce has led to a good many complications of a legal character in connection with this practice of entailing family jewels. Formerly, divorce was so costly and so intensely difficult to obtain that the question did not arise. But now that divorces are so customary among the nobility, there are constant conflicts arising in connection with the family jewels, the wife, as a rule, putting forth every effort to retain them. It was only the other day that an action of this kind took place in London, the wife, who had had the divorce pronounced in her favor, and who had been assigned the guardianship of the children, insisting that, inasmuch as she retained her name, her title, and her children, she had likewise the right to retain possession of the family jewels until her son should marry. This, however, the judge refused to admit, and declared that the jewels must be returned to the husband, the divorce terminating not only her marriage obligations, but also her rights to share in the property of her husband's family.

Belgium's supreme court of justice has just been called upon to decide a novel and extraordinary question. One of the leading surgeons of Brussels had occasion, about a year ago, to amputate the right leg of a young married lady belonging to the highest circles of the aristocracy. The operator was so pleased with his job that he preserved the leg in a jar of spirits of wine, and placed it on exhibition in his consulting-room, a label being affixed to the jar giving the patient's name and the details concerning the circumstances which had rendered the operation necessary. On bearing this, the husband of the lady demanded the immediate discontinuance of the exhibition and the return of the severed member, as being his property. To this the surgeon demurred. He admitted that the plaintiff had proprietary rights in the leg while it formed part of his wife, but argued that the leg, in its present condition, was the result of his (defendant's) skill and the work of his own hands, and that he was clearly entitled to keep it. The court seemed rather staggered by this line of argument, and, after taking a fortnight to consider the question, has finally decided against the doctor and in favor of the husband's claims to the possession of the amputated leg of his better half.

Among the various customs which were in vogue twenty years ago, that of making evening calls has entirely disappeared (a writer in the *Basar* declares). The young man who is in business, and whose only leisure time is after six o'clock, is now, under this new social law, obliged to spend his evenings at his club or at the theatre. The pleasant home life to which he was formerly admitted it is no longer his privilege to share. This new fashion has been adopted for various reasons, chiefly because we copy our styles from our foreign neighbors. The Englishman never pays an evening visit; his hour for calling on his friends is five o'clock, when he drops in for a cup of tea. This rule, of course, applies to the Englishman of leisure, the great middle class having its own customs, which we do not choose to copy. We

who are mostly working-people prefer to have as our models the idlers and leaders in the social world, and so it follows that the great majority of our young men, who are toiling at their counting-houses or in their offices, rarely see young women except at some formal gathering. The young women themselves do not have nearly so good a time as they used to have; they "come out" at teas which no one enjoys; they go to receptions, and dinners, and dances, and the opera; and they never have a quiet evening at home with their friends. In fact, they have little opportunity to make friends, everything is so formal and stiff. It is too bad, but it must be the inevitable result of life in a big city. When we are in trouble, our friends find us out; but when everything is prosperous with us, we are left alone to enjoy ourselves in our own way. Sociability as it was formerly known exists no longer, and we must content ourselves that this is so.

The fallacy holds among a certain class of persons (the *Basar* writer adds) that women in society have nothing to do, and that their time is spent idly in amusing themselves. This is by no means a fact. So-called amusement is hard work, and there are no busier women than those whose occupation consists in attending to the numerous details of social life. First there is the house to manage. If the household is small and the means moderate, the housekeeper must devote at least an hour or two each day to the proper running of the establishment. Then there are the notes which must be written. It is marvelous how many there are on one's desk which require an immediate answer. Bills to look over and to file away, and account-books to write up. Then there is shopping to be done, and possibly sewing, and so the morning hours slip by. Almost every woman has her days filled out, every day bringing its appointed duty or engagements. There are the various classes which gather in the mornings, the meetings of committees of hospitals or what not, the sewing classes, the industrial schools. A sudden mania has seized upon women to improve their minds, and this sort of study appeals to those who really have not the time to devote to serious work. Lunch-parties, followed by teas and calls, fill up the afternoon, and one reaches home just in time to dress for dinner, or if one has children, one makes it a point to get home early enough to have an hour with them before they have their tea. Nothing is done on the spur of the moment; invitations are sent out several weeks in advance of the entertainment, however small it may be, and one's time is not one's own from the hour one returns to town until the hour one closes one's house for the summer.

A writer in *Vogue*—evidently a man who has "been there"—utters this plaint: "Coming over at the end of the season, expecting an independent steamer existence—smoking, playing, picking up acquaintances or not, flirting a little, may be, if the girl happens to be winsome—man finds himself confronted at his first meal on board by a family of women acquaintances. Immediately they adopt him into their party, quite sure that they are a godsend to him in his loneliness. He, poor man, cursing his untoward fate, drearily promenades that deck with his captors, and for the voyage he is theirs to fetch and carry. He is bored—so bored; his tyrants, meanwhile, deluding themselves with the idea that being a man, and a lone man at that, he must of necessity find joy in their society. Mistaken souls."

"It is fery easy to kip a hotel," a hotel-keeper once said, "ven it makes fine vedder. Ze vumans are pleast because dey can put on their clear toilettes vidout fear of de rain. There is ze parties of goaching and ze promenades and all dat. And ven ze vummans are pleast, ze gentlemen are pleast, too. Dey find eferyting good. De food is gut, ze rooms are light and airy, and eferybody is right. Bud ven it makes bad vedder, eferybody is wrong. Ze vummans are not pleast because zey can not put on ze clear toilettes, and ven ze vummans are not pleast, ze gentlemen are not pleast any more. Den eferyting is wrong. You can do vot you likes, bud you can not make satisfaction. Peoples do not tink." Paris hotel-keepers, though they have been doing a very good business this year, all agree, like every one else, that the "good old days" are past and gone. In the old days, the shoals of English travelers who went to winter in the south always stopped for from three days to a week in Paris, both on the way there and while coming back. But now the facilities of traveling are such that people go right through to the Riviera or elsewhere without stopping in Paris at all, or, at the most, arriving in the morning and leaving in the evening. This, naturally, not only makes a difference to the hotel-keepers, but also to the tradespeople in Paris, to whom the wealthy winterers on the Continent brought a golden harvest. Another inferiority which the present times show from the hotel-keepers' point of view (says the *Paris Herald*) is that people do not drink wine now as they used to. The strain of life nowadays, even for "society people," is too great to admit of that old-fashioned recklessness in eating and drinking for which our forefathers were famed. "The hotel-keeping business," said a hotel-keeper

on one occasion, "is getting more and more difficult. Even the American millionaires are becoming less and less inclined to spend money. I suppose it is because the strain of holding a large fortune together is becoming more and more severe, and a millionaire now has to keep an eye on his own affairs. Whatever the cause may be, they don't make money fly like they used to. They pay pretty high for their rooms, of course; but that is necessary on account of the high rent we have to pay ourselves. If it is on the living that we make the most of our profit. We have to do twice the business to make the same profit we made from ten to twenty years ago." The hotel-keeper is to some extent right. The "good old days" of hotel-keeping are over. The "proprietor" is no longer John Boniface, the landlord with rosy face and rounded stomach, who lived a life of ease, standing or leaning about, and smiling his welcome to incoming guests, cracking a joke with old friends, and continually "filling the flowing bowl." The epoch of limited liability companies, with a "courteous manager," has arrived, and the "courteous manager" is a man of business, and must be looked upon as such. He is less of an advertisement for the good cheer of his house than John Boniface used to be, because he has more work to do. Traveling is not nowadays the privilege of a very restricted class, and the number of hotel customers is in consequence enormously larger. The struggle for cheapness is proportionately severe. These altered conditions are changing the type of the landlord. "Mine host" of the old school is drifting away into the past.

In his speech in the Senate at the acceptance of the Webster statue a few days ago, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, spoke of the fashionable garb worn by "Black Dan" when he dined with him in Washington in 1852. "Mr. Webster," said the senator, "appeared in his blue coat with gilt buttons, light buff vest, low shoes, and white silk half-hose, and led the conversation most happily, whether grave or gay." This was the custom of the great American statesman a little more than forty years ago, a period which can be recalled by hundreds of thousands of our living citizens. What would be thought of any man, even a Webster, who should appear thus dressed in our time? Would he not be an object of ridicule? The clothes of the American people have been getting plainer and duller, right straight along, for over a hundred years. Look at the costumes of Washington, Adams, and the other great men after peace had been won through the Revolution. Look at the rich and gay dress which was worn by men who could afford it when our own immediate sires trod the land. Then look at the black and white dress of fashion in the banquet-hall in this unpicturesque and blustering age. It is lovely woman alone who dares to make a display of colors, frills, flowers, feathers, fringes, spangles, jewelry, and ornaments at this dismal time.

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Brown—"Is young Flyingwedge practicing law?" Jones—"I think not. He was admitted to the bar, but I think he's practicing economy."—*Vogue*.

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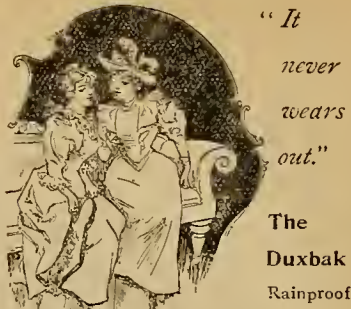
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a Western court a negro was convicted of stealing a mule. Before the sentence was pronounced, the judge gave him an opportunity to speak for himself, and he said: "I wouldn't er tuck de mule nohow if I hadn't read in de Testament whar Jesus tuck a mule." The judge remarked: "Yes, but he didn't ride him to Kingston and try to sell him," and thereupon he gave the negro three years in the penitentiary.

Tom Raikes, *diseur* and dandy, but whose face no amount of dandyism could beautify, once sent D'Orsay a copy of offensive verses anonymously, which, being shown about, caused great laughter at the beau's expense. To maintain its assumed character, the letter had been sealed with a wafer and thimble. D'Orsay knew who was the writer. The next time he saw Raikes at the club, he called out: "The next time, *mon cher*, you write an anonymous letter, don't seal it with your nose."

A medical journal says that a handsome young lady stepped into the office of the young bachelor secretary of a State medical examining board. She (modestly)—"Are you the secretary of the State Board of Examiners?" He (bashfully)—"Yes, ma'am." She—"I want a license to practice medicine in this State." He—"You will have to be examined first." She—"By you alone?" He—"No, ma'am; before the full board of examiners." She—"Before the whole board! Why that is terrible; I can not consent."

There is a place near Glasgow, Scotland, where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago, some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad, when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers, and, from his position on the inner side of the inclosure, began a somewhat personal conversation: *Inmate*—"Hard work that!" *Laborer*—"Troth an' it is." *Inmate*—"Whit pay dae ye git?" *Laborer*—"Sixteen bob a week." *Inmate*—"Are ye mairrit?" *Laborer*—"I am, worse luck!—and have six children." A pause; then: *Inmate*—"I'm thinking, ma man, ye're on the wrang side o' the fence."

On the journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg, Cumberland, the thought-reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of fifty roubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland acceded to his request and said: "You are going to the fair at Nishni-Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the extent of twenty thousand roubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt and compound with your creditors for three per cent." On hearing these words, the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse, and handed him the fifty roubles. Whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired: "Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?" "No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."

An illustrious French prelate was at a great banquet, in company with many members of the French nobility and many other ecclesiastics. The conversation turned upon the life-long experience of priests, their insight into the depths of human nature, and the strange secrets of which, in virtue of their office, they must become the depositaries. To point his remarks, his eminence said: "For instance, gentlemen, the first confession I ever received was that of a murderer." At that moment, and while expressions of wonder, interest, and horror were still upon the lips of his auditors, the door opened and a nobleman of the highest rank, a man well known among them, entered the room. He saluted the company, and then paid his respects to the prince of the church, adding gracefully, as he turned to the company: "You are perhaps not aware, gentlemen, that I had the honor to be his eminence's first penitent." The consternation of the company, and his eminence's state of mind, may be imagined.

The Rev. George Madder, rector of Ballybrood, an old bachelor, lived with a maiden sister, an elderly lady, solemn and stately, whom he held in great awe. She was very fond of flowers. When arranging some one morning in the drawing-room, she found a curious blossom which she had never seen before. Just as she had discovered it, her gardener passed the window, which was open. "Come in, James," she called to him; "I want to show you one of the most curious things you ever saw." James accordingly came in. Miss Madder sat down, not perceiving that the bottom of the chair had been lifted out. Down she went through the frame, nearly sitting on the floor. James went into fits of laughter, and said: "Well, ma'am, it is one of the most curious things I ever seen in my life." "Stop, James," said she; "conduct your-

self and lift me out." "Oh, ma'am, I can't stop," said he; "it's so curious; it bates all I ever seen." It was some time before she could make him understand that her performance was not what he had been called in to see, and, when he had helped her up, he was dismissed with a strong rebuke for his levity.

A well-known magician being in Washington, one morning went down to the market. One of its most picturesque features is the row of comfortable negro mummies, with baskets of eggs and vegetables, sitting outside the building, laughing, chatting, and smoking. The sleight-of-hand expert, who had a friend with him, sauntered up to one inky-black old market-woman, with a pipe in her mouth and a beautiful array of fresh eggs before her. He looked at them, and asked the price. "Twenty-three cents, honey," answered mammy, "an' dese heah is fust-rate aigs—de hen ain't hardly done cluckin' ober 'em yit." "I should think so," said he, and as he picked up one and cracked it, out came a quarter. Mammy's jaw dropped, and the pipe with it. "And this one—and this one seems pretty good," carelessly remarked the man, cracking two more, out of which fifty-cent pieces tumbled. He cracked half a dozen in all, and mammy's store of silver was increased every time. As he walked off, followed by a dozen pairs of beady black eyes, with nothing but the whites showing, somebody came up and asked the awe-stricken old market-woman the price of her eggs. "Dese aigs ain't fer sale," she answered, and she gathered them up in her apron and waddled off in the direction of home.

The Grand-Duke Sergius, now Governor-General of Moscow, once gave a dinner to the ambassador from France, who happened to express the belief that the French pickpockets were the greatest sleight-of-hand artists in the world. "I believe," said the prince, "that, unfortunately, our own are not inferior. I bet that before you leave my table, your watch and other objects of value which you carry will be gone, and that you will not know that you have been robbed." The bet was taken, and the grand-duke, a few minutes later, unknown to his guests, telephoned to the chief of police to send the most skillful pickpocket in St. Petersburg to the palace, to assure him that he was not to be punished, and that he could have the value of all he stole. The robber arrived, put on the royal livery, and after arranging with the grand-duke to give a sign when he had accomplished his purpose, began to wait with the other servants at table. At last the prince received the signal from the pickpocket, and, turning to the ambassador, asked him the time. The latter placed his hand in his pocket, and there found a cracker in the place of his watch. There was a great outburst of laughter, and the ambassador, to cover his disappointment, reached for his snuff-box, but, lo, it, too, had disappeared. Even his small golden toothpick, which he carried in a little pocket, had been taken. Amid the peals of laughter, the false lackey was asked to return the articles which he had stolen. The hilarity of the grand-duke was of short duration, for the pickpocket showed two watches, two rings, and two snuff-boxes. His imperial highness, too, had been robbed. It was a remunerative night for the pickpocket.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

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LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6:45 A.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Castoga, and "Santa Rosa".....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and "Oroville".....	4:15 P.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	"Sunset Limited" Vestibule Train through to New Orleans.....	1:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East".....	5:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
.....	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	11:45 A.
* 1:30 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
† 2:00 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	† 7:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Cazanga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles, San Jose, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
† 7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.
† 11:45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	† 8:05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1:45 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:05 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
* 4:25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8:05 A.
5:10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:35 P.

GREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
 * 7:00 * 8:00 9:00 * 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., * 12:30—
 † 1:00 * 2:00 3:00 * 4:00 5:00 and * 6:00 P. M., * 7:00
 From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—* 6:00 * 7:00
 8:00 * 9:00 10:00 and * 11:00 A. M., * 12:00 * 12:30,
 2:00 * 3:00 4:00 and * 5:00 P. M.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
 † Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. † Sundays only.

THE PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets:

SS. Acapulco.....	January 9th
SS. Colima.....	January 18th
SS. San Blas.....	January 28th
SS. San Juan.....	February 8th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.:

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
 China (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, January 15, at 3 P. M.
 Peru.....Saturday, February 2, at 3 P. M.
 City of Rio Janeiro.....Thursday, February 21, at 3 P. M.
 City of Peking.....Thursday, March 14, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
 Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
 Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1895.

Belgic.....Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2 P. M.
 Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, February 12

Gaelic.....Tuesday, March 5
 Belgic.....Thursday, April 4

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. January 20, February 4, 19, March 6, 21.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, January 20, 25, 30, February 4, 9, 14, 19, and every fifth day thereafter. For

Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way

ports, January 16, 20, 25, 29, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Har-

ford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, January 18, 22, 27, 31, at 11 A. M.,

and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San Felipe, Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altate, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, 25th of each month.

Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alice Hobart, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart, to Mr. Winthrop E. Lester, of Santa Monica, a nephew of Senator John P. Jones.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie McKee, daughter of the late Judge Sam Bell McKee, of Oakland, to Mr. Norman R. Lang, of Oakland.

Miss Florence Livingston, daughter of Mr. James Monroe Livingston, will be married to Mr. Henry Windsor Morris at four o'clock next Wednesday afternoon at St. Luke's Church. There will be an informal reception afterward at the home of the bride's father, 2111 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Severance have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Child Severance, and Mr. Charles Francis Sawyer, which will take place at six o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, January 29th, in the Central Union Church at Honolulu. Their permanent home will be in Dover, N. H.

Mrs. J. L. Rathbone will give a matinee tea this afternoon, from four until seven o'clock, at her residence, corner of Jones and Clay Streets.

Mrs. R. D. Girvin and Mrs. George M. Pinckard will give a matinee tea to-day at their residence.

Miss Clementina Kip will give a matinee tea, from five until seven o'clock, to-day at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip, 901 Eddy Street. Miss Kip will be assisted in receiving by Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Lillian Miles, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Ida Gibbons, and Miss Mary B. Kip.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier will give a "fire-side-party" next Wednesday evening at their residence, 2524 Broadway, as a farewell compliment to Miss Laura McKinstry, who will leave this month to make a prolonged visit to friends in the East.

Mrs. S. Bachman and Miss Beatrice Bachman will give a dancing-party this evening at their residence, corner of Sutter and Gough Streets.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will hold its next meeting at Lunt's Hall on Monday night, January 21st.

The fourth meeting of the Friday Night Club will be held in Odd Fellows' Hall next Friday evening. It will be a cotillion.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and Miss May Hoffman will receive on Wednesdays in January at their residence, 2509 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. J. S. Wall and the Misses Ella and Bessie Wall gave an enjoyable dancing-party last Saturday night at their residence, 829 Clark Street, Oakland, as a compliment to Miss Jessie Glascock. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. William Henshaw, Miss May Dunham, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Marie Hutchinson, Miss Violet Whitney, Miss Nellie Chabot, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Florence Selby, Miss Gertrude Craven, Miss Nellie de Fremery, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, and Miss M. Froelich.

Mr. Louis B. Parrott gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening at his home on Franklin Street, and entertained eleven of his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Godley gave a pleasant dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence, 1818 Sacramento Street, complimentary to Rev. H. W. Haweis, of St. James's Church, London. Among the others present were Rev. and Mrs. George E. Walk, Mr. Jesse E. Godley, and Mr. Philip L. Godley.

The Misses Mae and Claire Tucker gave a luncheon at the University Club on Friday, in honor of Miss Heitschu and Miss Alice Heitschu, of Portland, Or.

Mrs. Frank Sullivan entertained a number of ladies at luncheon last Wednesday at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Schussler and Miss Schussler gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Tuesday evening, followed by a supper at their residence, 1905 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. J. Stern gave an enjoyable matinee tea last

Wednesday at her residence, corner of Leavenworth and Post Streets. The rooms were all beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, and hospitably entertained more than two hundred of her friends. Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections during the afternoon.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Church, 1016 Franklin Street, their daughter, Miss Church, assisted by Miss Edith Buckingham, gave a pleasant matinee tea last Saturday and entertained many of their friends.

The Dancing Club held its third meeting on Friday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra provided the music for dancing, which was enjoyed until midnight. Three figures of the cotillion were introduced under the direction of Mr. Leonard Everett. The next party will be held at Golden Gate Hall on Friday evening, February 1st.

The many friends of Truxton Beale will be gratified to learn that the rumors printed about his affairs in the *Chronicle* recently have been emphatically denied by him in letters to relatives in San Francisco.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Morning Orchestra.

The members of the Saturday Morning Orchestra gave a concert at the Auditorium last Tuesday evening in aid of the Incurable Ward Fund of the Children's Hospital. The attendance was large and fashionable, and a goodly sum was realized for the charity. The following excellent programme was presented:

Serenade, Volkman; "Islandische Melodie," "Norwegische Melodie," Svensen; "Du Meiner Seele Schöner Traum," Lassen, Miss Jeannette Wilcox; Vorspiel, "King Manfred," Reinecke; "Ballgustler," Grieg; songs (a) "At Twilight," Nevin, (b) "Love Me If I Live," Cowen, Miss Jeannette Wilcox; quartet, "Nachtstuck," Von Weinzierl; Preludium, Bach-Gounod; (a) "Abendglocken," Thadewaldt, (b) intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, (c) "Menuet," Beccherini, (d) "Elsa's Puppentanz," Scheel.

A Wagner concert will be given at the Auditorium, next Tuesday evening, in aid of the Scheel Concert Guaranty Fund. This fund, which is under the charge of Mr. John Parrott, is for the purpose of guaranteeing to Mr. Scheel a sufficient sum to warrant him in resuming his popular and symphony concerts at the Auditorium, and already more than two thousand dollars has been subscribed to it. The subscriptions are popular, chiefly in small sums, and are being received at the *Examiner* business office.

A concert will be given in Shattuck Hall, Berkeley, next Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Surgical Ward Fund of the Children's Hospital in this city. An interesting programme will be presented by an excellent corps of artists.

The Beethoven String Quartet will give its second invitation concert next Tuesday evening in the Young Men's Christian Association building. The quartet will be assisted by Miss Meta Asher, the young violinist.

The Test in Boston.

"I adore you," said he.
"How much do you adore me?" asked Miss Bekonstreet, calmly. "Enough to join our Brown-Society this winter?"

He struggled within himself and he whispered: "Even that!"

Miss Bekonstreet smiled tenderly upon him and murmured: "One thing more; will you take me to the symphony to-morrow in my new bloomers?" But he had fled, and they are no longer platonic friends.—*Life*.

Miss Nellie Cushman, of Arizona, who has the reputation of being the only woman mining expert in the world, is a Kansas girl, and began her work in examining ore at Tucson, Ariz., nine years ago, when she was a girl of seventeen. She first became interested in the work through her brother, a mineralogist, and her own quickness soon made her an authority in the unusual line she had adopted. The miners rely upon her advice, and since she has combined the conduct of big lodging-houses and clothing-stores with her other work, she has made a good deal of money. She is a tall, angular, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, a rapid talker, and a great reader.

Mrs. Alice Fessenden Peterson, the daughter of Mr. William Fessenden, so long leading tenor of the Bostonians, has met with marked success as a song-writer. During the past year a Boston house has published several of her songs. She is still in her early twenties, is a clever writer of stories as well as songs, and has made her mark as a newspaper worker. Mrs. Peterson is a pretty blonde, with graceful manners.

Miss Frances E. Willard is the third woman to have the right to write doctor of laws after her name. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, and Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, were the others.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Esther Cleveland has all her teeth, can walk without assistance, and can scream as loud as any ordinary baby who was not born into politics.

The Dowager Empress of Russia has no fortune, settlement, or dowry rights, and it will be the duty of her son, the present emperor, to provide for her.

Charlotte Fowler Wells was the first woman publisher. She has been in business since 1814, and is still at it in New York. She says she is too busy to think how old she is.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who made her debut at a reception week before last, received one hundred and forty-eight bouquets, valued at about twenty-five thousand dollars.

The last survivor of the women widowed by the loss of Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition recently died in London. This was Mrs. Osmer, widow of the paymaster of the *Erebus*. She lived to be eighty-six years of age.

The wife of Field-Marshal Count Oyama, Japanese Secretary of War and commander of the second army in China, is a lovely and Christian lady known in her girlhood in New Haven, where she was a member of the family of the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, and at Vassar College, where she was president of her class, as Miss Stemats Yamakawa.

The difficulty about the marriage of Signor Crispi's daughter to Prince Lingua Glossa has been overcome, and the wedding duly took place on the twelfth instant. Peppina Crispi is a beautiful brunette about twenty years old, whose natural charm of person is heightened by a superb head of hair, worn curled in Roman fashion. She is extremely well educated, intelligent, and a fine musician, playing the harp delightfully.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe does not look her age—seventy-five years. She has the presence, the demeanor, the expression, the voice, and the step of fifty. She has a handsome face; is in vigorous health; gives heed to the art of dress; is far more lively than are most women at her time of life. Yet she has been writing poetry for nearly sixty years—the poetry of beauty and of nature, and of the emotions and of freedom.

Miss Katherine Drexel, the Philadelphia banker's daughter, made her final vows at the Convent of the Blessed Sacrament, near Torresdale, Pa., last Wednesday. She will henceforth be known as Mother Katherine. Miss Drexel's income is estimated to be nearly five hundred thousand dollars a year, and it will remain under her personal control. The convent at Torresdale was built with her money, and she becomes its mother superior.

The experiment of women in public offices is to be tried in Colorado during the coming year; in the incoming legislature, there will be three women members of the lower house. The superintendent-elect of public instruction is also a woman. Of them the *Basar* says:

"Mrs. Anjanette P. Peavey will fill the last-mentioned office. Left a widow during the Civil War, she made a marked success in the business world, having successfully taught school, managed a stationer's store, and run a successful country newspaper. Since her residence in Denver, she has been prominent in social life and in charitable and reformatory work. She organized the women of Denver along political lines last summer, and led a delegation of two hundred and fifty ladies, who appeared before the County Republican Committee, to request recognition and representation. Their request was politely refused. The result was that in the primaries many of the ward politicians were turned down, while others were forced to sue for peace and the good-will of the new voters. The State convention thought it was a good political move to place a woman upon the ticket, and Mrs. Peavey, rather against her wishes, was the one selected.

"Mrs. Frances Klock, the daughter of a soldier and the wife of a soldier, is naturally interested in the State Soldiers' Home, which has been corruptly and shamefully mismanaged in the past. Another reform she seeks is proper protection for girls of an incorrigible nature. 'Aside from these two matters, I have no other ambition than to do what is right,' said she, in response to an inquiry. 'I am not so sure that women can do much in a legislature, but we probably shall not disgrace the State.' Like Mrs. Peavey, she is of good New England stock.

"Mrs. Clara Cressingham is a very energetic young woman, possessing marked ability as a public speaker. This is her platform: 'The first thing I propose to do is to try to get a bill passed to amend the election laws so that no one who can neither read nor write shall be permitted to vote. After that I shall watch the men to keep them straight.' Mrs. Cressingham is of a Brooklyn, N. Y., family, and was educated in the public schools of that city. From the beginning of the equal-suffrage movement, Mrs. Cressingham has been an active worker.

"The third woman legislator is Mrs. Carrie Holly, of Pueblo. Her husband, who is considerably her senior, held several judicial positions in Colorado some years ago, and was once wealthy, but has suffered through over-faith in the State's rapid growth. Mrs. Holly formerly lived in New York city, where her parents reside."

Queen Margherita of Italy is not only the best-looking but the best-educated queen in Europe. She knows English, French, German, Spanish, and Latin thoroughly, and she speaks them as fluently as she does her own Italian. She is a good Greek scholar, and is not only familiar with the masterpieces of European literature, and quotes Petrarch, Dante, and Goethe, but is so fond of Shakespeare that she has written for her own amusement a little work on his heroines.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.



YALE'S SYSTEM TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY A POWER IN THE LAND

Mme. Yale's Guide to Health and Beauty

PRICE LIST:

MME. YALE'S HAIR TONIC

Turns gray hair back to its own natural color without dye. The first and only remedy in the history of chemistry known to do this. Stops hair falling in from 24 hours to one week; creates a luxuriant growth; cures dandruff and all scalp troubles. Price, \$1 per bottle; 6 for \$5. What is more unsightly than either a lady's or a gentleman's hair full of little scales gradually falling on their shoulders?

MME. YALE'S FRUITICURA

Wonderful cure for all kinds of female weakness. Price, \$1 per bottle; 6 for \$5. Thousands of testimonials on file and received every day.

MME. YALE'S ALMOND CREAM

Refines coarse pores; keeps the skin smooth and lovely. Price, \$1.

MME. YALE'S SKIN FOOD

Guaranteed to remove wrinkles and every trace of age. Price, \$1.50 and \$3.

MME. YALE'S MOLE AND WART EXTRACTOR

Removes and destroys forever moles and warts. Price, \$3.

MME. YALE'S LOTION AND OINTMENT

Pimples, Black Heads, and Skin Diseases cured with Mme. Yale's Special Lotion No. 1 and Special Ointment No. 2; guaranteed. Price, \$1 each.

MME. YALE'S BUST FOOD

Guaranteed to develop a beautiful bust and neck; gives firmness to the flesh and creates a natural condition of plumpness. Price, \$1.50 and \$3.

MME. YALE'S LA FRECKLA AND FRECKLES

Mme. M. Yale's wonderful La Freckla is known to be the only cure for freckles. In from three days to one week after its first application, every freckle will disappear and the complexion become as clear as crystal. Price, \$1 per bottle.

MME. YALE'S COMPLEXION BLEACH

Guaranteed to remove sallowness, moth patches, and all skin blemishes. Gives a natural complexion of marvelous beauty. Price, \$2 per bottle; \$5 for three bottles.

MME. YALE'S ELIXIR OF BEAUTY

Cultivates natural rosy cheeks—a wonderful skin tonic. Price, \$1 per bottle.

MME. YALE'S FACE POWDER

Three tints, white, flesh, and brunette, invisible beautifiers, gives complexion a soft, youthful glow. Price, 50 cents.

MME. YALE'S BLOOD TONIC

Purifies the blood, acts on the liver, kidneys, and builds up the system. Price, \$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5.

MME. YALE'S EYELASH AND EYEBROW GROWER

Makes the lashes grow thick and long, the eyebrows luxuriant and shapely, strengthens and beautifies the eyes; guaranteed to be perfect and pure. Price, \$1.

MME. YALE'S HAND WHITENER

Makes the hands soft, lily white, and beautiful in every way. Price, \$1.

MME. YALE'S GREAT SCOTT

A wonderful remedy for removing and destroying the growth of superfluous hair, takes but five minutes to use; does not hurt, irritate, or even make the skin red; removes every trace in one application. Price, \$5.

MME. YALE'S COMPLEXION SOAP

It is Cleansing, Healing, and Beautifying—fragrant and refreshing. It keeps the Complexion Perfect. FOR INFANTS' USE it is an indispensable necessity. For a Gentleman's Shaving Soap, and after Shaving, it can not be equalled. For Ladies' Toilet use it is an absolute requirement. 25 cents.

YALE GOODS ARE PURE. BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES.

Sold by all Druggists, REDINGTON & CO., LANGLEY & MICHAELS, and MACK & CO. are supplying the Pacific Coast.

MME. M. YALE, Health and Complexion Specialist, YALE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY, Chicago.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Always

pure,
wholesome,
sure,
full weight,
the same in quality,
reasonable in price,
a favorite where once tried.

Cleveland's

Baking Powder

The best that
money can buy.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
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BYRON

—A name
—that suggests
—renewed health—
—a bright eye, elastic
—step, clear complexion,
—good digestion—prolonged
—life! The name of the greatest
—health resort of California. Booklet free

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

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C. R. MASON, - - - MANAGER

THE STEARNS BICYCLES

May now be seen at the Branch House,
304 and 306 Post Street, cor. Stockton.

Riders of the Stearns know what they are,
but to those who are yet investigating we
invite an inspection of the '95 Models, which
is conceded by critics to be the embodiment
of perfection in the art of cycle construction.
Samples may also be seen at

DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO.,
THE CYCLERY, - 505-511 STANTAN ST.
Who take care of the city trade.
Correspondence invited from unrepresented
territory.

E. C. STEARNS & CO.,
304-306 POST STREET.

Sand and skill; the best sand
and the best skill united, pro-
duce

Dorflinger's
American
Cut Glass.

C. Dorflinger & Sons,
New York.



ESSAYS by THOMAS IMAGEE

A Book for Students.

THE ALPHABET AND LANGUAGE.

IMMORTALITY OF THE BIG TREES.

WEALTH AND POVERTY OF CHICAGO FAIR

The publisher calls special attention to this book, just
issued. It has been most favorably noticed by the press.
It treats of some of the most important subjects upon
which the mind can be engaged. Price, in paper, 50
cents; in cloth, 75 cents; in leather, \$1.

WM. DOXEY, Publisher,
631 Market Street, under Palace.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to
and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts
of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gillig, Mr. Donald de V.
Grabam, and Mr. Frank L. Unger were in Bombay
during the Christmas holidays, and were due in Rangoon,
Burmah, this week. They expect to arrive in Yokohama
on February 27th, and will pass most of March in Japan.
From there they will go to Honolulu.

Miss Laura McKinstry will leave for the East next
Friday.

Misses Sibyl and Jennie Sanderson are in New York
under the chaperonage of Mrs. John D. Vost. Mrs. S.
W. Sanderson, who is in ill-health, will leave Paris for
New York as soon as she is able to do so.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase are at the Hotel
Pleasanton for a few weeks.

Miss Maud O'Connor is the guest of Miss Virginia
Fair at her home in New York city.

Colonel Charles Sonntag went to Sacramento last Tues-
day.

Mr. James Brett Stokes is in Santa Barbara for a few
weeks.

Mrs. Blanca Paulsen and Captain A. B. C. Dohrmann
expect to leave for Europe late in January.

Mr. Arthur Norton returned to New York city last
Thursday after a brief visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas
are at Coronado Beach.

Colonel W. D. Sanborn is expected to return from the
East to-day.

Mr. W. H. Snedaker has been in Chicago during the
past two weeks.

Mr. John E. Shawhan, Jr., has returned to the city
after an absence of about three years in Chicago and New
York city.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson and Mr. C. G. Lathrop were at
the Hotel Brunswick in New York city last week.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins visited friends recently at Lake-
wood, N. J.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will soon leave to pass several
weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Will are entertaining Mr. and Mrs.
Henry Herz, of New Haven, Conn., at their residence,
1817 Jackson Street.

Mrs. William Macdonald will leave for Santa Barbara
next week to visit her daughter, Mrs. Duke Farnsworth
Baxter.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Mrs. Frances E. Edgerton
are visiting Honolulu.

Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray, nee Edwards, will not re-
ceive on January 23d and 30th, for which days she had
issued cards, owing to the recent death of Mr. W. A.
Bray, of Fruitvale.

Army and Navy Notes.

The latest personal notes relative to army and
navy people at the various posts around San Fran-
cisco are appended:

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss
Kate McDougall, grand-daughter of the late Admiral
McDougall, U. S. N., to Lieutenant Miles C. Gorgas,
U. S. N.

Lieutenant Edward J. Dorn, U. S. N., and Engineer
Mallison, U. S. N., will sail from New York next Tues-
day on a Pacific Mail steamer for this city, via Pauama,
in charge of a draft of about seventy petty officers and
sailors, who will form part of the crew of the new
cruiser *Olympia*.

Mrs. Bell, wife of Lieutenant J. F. Bell, U. S. A., aide-
camp to Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A.,
has arrived from the East, and is with her husband at
The Colonial.

Dudley Hardy, the English cartoonist whose
fame antedates that of Aubrey Beardsly and promises
to survive it, has put some of his cleverest work
into the souvenir of "The Gaiety Girl," which
George Edwardes has prepared to commemorate
the phenomenal success of that amusing trifle at
the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London. It con-
sists of a dozen folio-size cards of heavy board, on
which are printed in brilliant colors as many scenes
from "The Gaiety Girl": two trim nurse-girls
with Tommy Atkins—the hero of the song we have
been dancing to all winter—between them; a quar-
tet of giddy maidens dancing with parasols over
their shoulders; another quartet of maids in bath-
ing-suits; finally, a white Pierrot dancing madly on
a flaming red background. The last page gives the
cast of the original London production, and the
back cover shows a trio of Johnnies waiting at
the stage-door.

Mr. A. Frank Richardson, whose name is familiar
to the advertising world as one of the most enter-
prising and original of agents, has been passing
a few weeks in the city combining business and
pleasure. Mr. Richardson returns home to-day
attended by the best wishes of the many friends he
has made during his visit.

DCCXLI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday,
January 20, 1895.

Cream of Pumpkin Soup.
Boiled Striped Bass, Sauce Hollandaise.
Broiled Teal Ducks. New Potatoes fried in Butter.
Green Peas. Spinach.
Roast Beef.
Lettuce.
Orange Ice. Washington Cake.
Coffee.

CREAM OF PUMPKIN SOUP.—Take quarter of a small,
ripe pumpkin, cut in small pieces and boil; when cold,
pass through a sieve; add one quart of milk, two table-
spoons of butter, some black and a trifle of red pepper,
salt to taste; boil a few minutes, and serve.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the
only medal at World's Fair. The new granu-
lated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one
pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT
music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at
the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the
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A STARTLING CONFESSION.

There was silence—deep, heavy, oppressive
silence—in the Executive Chambers of the Ad-
vanced American Business Women's Union.

The President and Secretary of the Union were
in the room, but they were both Advanced Ameri-
can Business Women and the silence had been un-
disturbed for nearly fifteen minutes.

The Secretary was carefully writing up the min-
utes of the last meeting, and conscientiously trying
to keep from slipping into them unawares any refer-
ence to the gowns of the different speakers or the
Paris hat Mrs. Uptodate had worn when she made
her eloquent plea in favor of the motion to amend
By-Law XXVIII.

The President was buried in gloomy thought.
Things were not going as well as she had ex-
pected.

It was one of those sad moments of doubt and
depression which come to even the most cheerful
and courageous spirits. Moments when all efforts
seem futile. When the results of a life work seem
to turn to dust and ashes at the touch, and the
prospect shows only failure—gloomy, utter failure
—in every direction.

The President vainly endeavored to dispel the
cloud of pessimistic fancies and forebodings from
her mind.

She tapped the point of her little, shining patent-
leather tie impatiently on the Royal Persian rug.

"Oh, dear!" she broke out disconsolately, when
she could contain herself no longer; "I do get so
discouraged with women sometimes!"

The Secretary dropped her pen aghast.

Could she have heard aright! Could it be pos-
sible that the calm, collected, masculine-minded
President of the Union had given utterance to this
heretical sentiment?

That the learned author of the brilliant and
much-admired pamphlet on the "Relative Unim-
portance of Man in the Social Scale" had struck
her colors?

Timidly the Secretary realized that something
was about to occur. That a still more portentous
utterance was about to follow this startling state-
ment.

"Why," she asked, timidly, "do you feel dis-
couraged with the members of our sex?"

The President shook her head sorrowfully.

The words would not come at her command.

Finally, as though torn from her by some
mighty, irresistible power, the truth came out in a
burst of despairing but magnificent passion:

"Because," she said, as she bit her lips impa-
tiently, "they are so hopelessly feminine!"—Life.

He Proved It.

[PATRICK QUINN enters with both eyes blacked,
face cut, battered nose, and demoralized gen-
erally.]

BRIDGET—Shure, phwat's the matter wid yure
face, Pat?

PATRICK—Sorra th' day, Bridget. Oi was joost
down shtrate, an' as Oi kem to th' Foorth' Avenue
Hotel they had a circus-tint out over the sidewalk
an' Brussils carpit from th' kerb-stone, phwere
th' carriages droive oop, clane to th' front
shsteps. Oi was anxious to see phwat was
goin' on, so in Oi goes an' oop the front
shstairs, an' be th' looks av things in general Oi
supposed there was goin' to be a weddin', so Oi
tho't Oi'd sit mesilf down comfortably an' wait fer
th' arrival av th' guists. Oi hadn't been dropped
into a big ar-rm-chair more thin foive minutes be-
fore oop cooms a jnde wid pickadially patent-
leather shoes an' his ha'ar parted in th' middle, an'
he had on phwhite kid gloves an' a claw-hammer
coat, an' he walked around there as tho' he owned
th' place. My prisince in th' room seemed to be
obnoxious to him, so sez Oi, 'Who th' divil be
you?' an' he sez, sez 'e, 'Oim th' hist man, an'
an' by gor, Bridget, shur'nuff, he was I"—Judge.

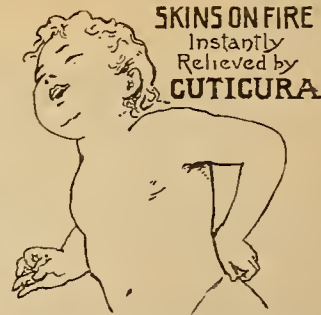
Pertly—"There is one thing I have to say in
favor of the wind when it whistles." Dullhead—
"What's that?" Pertly—"It never whistles popu-
lar airs."—Bazar.

Mrs. McBride—"John, dear, why are some
grocers called green grocers?" Mr. McBride—
"To distinguish them from cash grocers, darling."
—Vogue.

A Notable Art Sale.

It has been rumored during the past week that
Messrs. S. & G. Gump were to have an auction sale
soon of their valuable collection of fine paintings.
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firm would have an art sale early in February of
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS. "Paw," said Tommy, looking up from the evening paper, "what is a specious argument?" "A specious argument," said Mr. Figg, "is one the editor does not know how to answer."—Cincinnati Tribune. The duke—"What on earth are you doing down there, darling?" The duchess (formerly Miss May Yohe, of the "Hilarity")—"Burning your love-letters, dear; there's no need to keep 'em now."—Pick-Me-Up. Father—"You must know, sir, that my daughter will get nothing from me until my death." Suitor (pleasantly)—"Oh, that's all right, sir; that's all right! I have enough to live on for two or three years."—Puck. Pipkin—"The first thing a fellow does, when he gets in over his head, is to write his girl a fool letter." Potts—"What makes you think so?" Pipkin—"I've seen too many of them marked 'Exhibit A.'"—Puck. Parvenu hostess (to stable-boy, attired as waiter for the occasion of a dinner-party)—"James, why do you not fill Mr. de Gluttonne's glass?" James—"Lor', ma'am, what's the use? He empties it as fast as I fill it."—Truth. "Can't you recall the date of the paper you want?" asked the business manager of the Bugle. "No, I can't," said the gentleman from Plunkville; "all I remember is that it had something in it about Napoleon."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Maud—"I understand that Jack proposed to you last night and you refused him?" Marie—"Yes; although, poor fellow, I am afraid that if he had not left me so hurriedly I might have relented and accepted him." Maud—"So he told me."—New York Herald. Clara—"I hear your father has forbidden Mr. Higgins calling on you." Cora—"No, you are mistaken." Clara—"Did he not tell him last night never to darken his parlor again?" Cora—"He did; but that referred to his turning down the lamp."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Jack Pott—"I think the men who play poker with John must be awfully charitable." Aunty Upp—"Why?" Mrs. Jack Pott—"Why, I heard him tell a friend that he got the biggest pot of the evening because he had 'three little ones.' Bless the children!"—Puck.

"How is young Blaggles doing in business?" asked her father. "Splendidly," was the confident reply; "he says that he considers himself very lucky at the store." "Have they raised his salary?" "N-no; but they threatened to discharge him and didn't do it."—Washington Star.

The intellectual young lady looked over her glasses at the average young man and asked, suddenly: "How old would you take me to be?" The average young man fell into a train of thought. "I wonder," said he to himself, "whether she wants to be rated five years younger on the score of her looks, or five years older on account of her brains? Darn these advanced women, anyhow."—Cincinnati Tribune.

"Out in Oregon," said a man from that State, "the air is so clear that you can see the peak of Mount Shasta, in California, from the peak of Mount Hood, in Oregon, a distance of two hundred and seventy-six miles." "Here in the East we can see much farther than that." "Oh, come now." "It's a fact. The moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles away, but we can see it on a clear night."—Life.

The proprietor of the only hotel in the village was also the undertaker. The guests were gathered around the table one day, and the solemn man looked up, sighed heavily, and then let his gaze fall on his plate. "I see," he said, in measured tones, "that there has been another funeral." Every one looked up inquiringly. "How do you know?" asked the brisk little widow. "Because," and the solemn man sighed again, "there are flowers on the table and ice on the butter."—Hotel Reporter.

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He—"But you say yourself your step-father is anxious to get you off his hands." She—"That's why I am afraid he won't listen to you."—Life.

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The prompt and vigorous action of the Hawaiian Republic in the late insurrection is calculated to create confidence as to its stability. Those who are disposed to look upon the uprising as a trifling one must not forget that the natives outnumber the whites a hundred to one, and that any uprising is serious. Further than that, the natives were led by men who had been educated, trained, and drilled in European military schools, and therefore by no means to be despised as leaders. But the revolt was futile. After a bushwhacking fight of two or three days, a number of the natives were killed, a number surrendered, and the leaders, Wilcox and Nowlein, accompanied by a portion of their forces, fled to the hills, where they were still in hiding when the last steamer sailed.

The Government of the Hawaiian Republic did not mince matters after the insurrection. By the testimony of the captured natives, they succeeded in discovering the instigators of the revolt. One hundred and sixty-three royalists were arrested. Fifty of these were whites. Among them

were a number of subjects of Great Britain, all of whom made application to the British Minister to obtain their release. But the government of the little republic pluckily refused to let them go until their innocence had been established.

President Dole and Foreign Minister Hatch both congratulate their country on the fact that there was no war vessel of any nationality in the harbor of Honolulu when the revolt broke out. Both say that by this fortuitous circumstance the Republic of Hawaii proved to the world that she was entirely able to maintain peace upon her soil and to suppress domestic uprisings without the intervention of foreign arms. This is entirely true, and it was a fortunate circumstance for the young republic. Not a war-ship of any nation was in Hawaiian waters at the time the revolt broke out, although before it was finally crushed a ship called the *Esmeralda*, flying the flag of Ecuador, came to anchor in Honolulu harbor.

But while it was a fortunate thing for the Republic of Hawaii that she succeeded in suppressing this revolt unaided, what would have happened had the revolt been successful? The mind recoils at the bare thought of it. The royalist leaders would have been utterly unable to control their native followers; all the white population who had favored the republic would have been in peril, owing to the overwhelming numbers of the natives; and the persons, the property, and probably the lives of American women and American men would have been at the mercy of thousands of half-civilized Polynesians. Yet was there an American ship of war in the harbor of Honolulu? Not one.

It seems only a few weeks since Admiral Walker warned President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham that there was danger of a royalist uprising in Hawaii, and strongly urged them to keep an American war-ship there. For answer, Mr. Cleveland at once ordered the *Philadelphia*, the only American vessel at Honolulu, to sail at once for San Francisco. If the reasons for this order were that the *Philadelphia* needed docking, needed repairs, or needed supplies, such reasons were not given. If these were the reasons for her sailing, there were at the navy-yard near San Francisco three ships of war. Either of these could have replaced her. Yet no orders were given; the *Philadelphia* reached San Francisco; in the harbor of Honolulu there floated no American flag over a national vessel; and in the harbor of San Francisco there lay four idle ships of war.

We are not of those who believe that Mr. Cleveland is engaged in secretly furthering the royalist conspiracy in Hawaii, and abetting the British in their attempts to aid and comfort that conspiracy. To believe that would be to believe that the President of the United States is a traitor to republican institutions. But we think that in this whole Hawaiian embroglio he has displayed an inconceivable smallness and pettiness, unworthy of his high office. Ever since the failure of the attempt to bolster up the queen, and the condemnation of his commissioner, Paramount Blount, by the whole country, Mr. Cleveland has apparently cberished a spite against the Hawaiian Government. On what other ground could his action in the *Philadelphia* matter be explained? Admiral Walker's report reflected severely—and we think justly—upon the administration's conduct of affairs in Hawaii. In his report the admiral strongly recommended keeping an American man-of-war at Honolulu. Mr. Cleveland probably reasoned thus: "Admiral Walker has presumed to criticise Me; he has been applauded for doing so by the supporters of the Hawaiian Republic; he advises keeping an American war-ship at Honolulu; this would probably please the supporters of the Hawaiian Republic; it would probably please Admiral Walker; Admiral Walker has dared to criticise Me; therefore I shall remove Admiral Walker, and leave Honolulu without an American ship of war."

To those who might object to this that such a paltry procedure is utterly unworthy of a President of the United States, we can only say that we heartily agree with them. But it is better to believe that the President was actuated by personal spite and petulance in this matter than to be-

lieve that he was actuated by the darker motives that have been imputed to him by his enemies in and out of Congress. We are not admirers of President Cleveland. But while we do not admire him, we do not believe that he would be guilty of colluding with a monarchy to stifle a struggling republic. We do not believe that Grover Cleveland is a great man, but neither do we believe that the President of the United States is a traitor.

Of the presidents of the Third Republic, Thiers, McMahon, Grévy, and Casimir-Perier all resigned. Our constitution provides no way in which a President of the United States, harassed by Congressional opposition, can throw his burden upon the shoulders of the Vice-President; it was expressly provided by the constitution of France that the president should have the right to vacate his office when its cares became greater than he could bear. But a man should not accept the post of president if he is not prepared to endure its trials and anxieties.

The first president of the Third French Republic—Adolphe Thiers—resigned not once, but many times. On each occasion but the last, the Chamber by prayer and entreaty prevailed upon him to withdraw his resignation. He was an ideal man for the post if he had been a republican in principle; but he was not. His successor, Marshal Patrick McMahon, Duke of Magenta, did not pretend to be a republican; he was a thorough-paced royalist, and it was undoubtedly his purpose to pave the way for the restoration of the Bourbons, when the Count of Chambord destroyed his chances by an extraordinary letter. Luckily for France, McMahon was too honest to engage in plots; when he found that the nation was bent on establishing a republic, and that neither the Legitimists, nor the Orleanists, nor the Bonapartists had brains enough to undertake a promising contest for the throne, he resigned and made way for Jules Grévy.

This was the first real republican who had attained supreme power. He was a republican from conviction, and bad steadfastly adhered to his principles throughout the empire, when recreancy would have been rewarded with office. He was furthermore a broad statesman and an adroit politician. No better man could have been found to administer the chief magistracy; and though, during his term of office, the usual storms enlivened the political sea, he rode through them all, and gave France a practical lesson in representative government. It was a sad day for the republic when the turpitude of his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson, brought such disgrace on his name that he did not dare to lift his head and to look honest men in the face again. Grévy's resignation threw the presidency to a worthy successor—Sadi-Carnot, a republican by lineal descent and firm conviction; a man of clear brain, honest purpose, and intrepid courage. Few officials could have stood the shock of the Panama scandal so serenely as he did, or emerged from it so spotlessly. All parties felt that in him they had a political leader whom they could trust.

His unexpected assassination threw parties into confusion, and the general dread of socialist control led to a coalition among the conservative elements which resulted in the election of Casimir-Perier, and, after his brief term of service, of Felix Faure. France has had so dire an experience of Jacobinism and Communism that the moment the extreme factions among the Republicans seem likely to rise to power, the mass of property-owners and men of intelligence flock to the support of the conservative standard. Their feeling is that anything is better than the rule of the miscreants who set up the guillotine and burned the Louvre. This feeling was so strong that they preferred M. Faure—who is a Havre ship-owner, with no experience except what he picked up in the ministry of the colonies and the ministry of the marine—to one of the most brilliant and high-minded statesmen in Europe, M. Brisson, who is a Radical.

Two or three points may be noted as throwing light on the recent crisis. France is overwhelmingly, almost unanimously, Republican. The Monarchists are a mere corporal's guard. The Duke of Orleans is a laughing-stock. The Bourbons and the Napoleonists are dead. and

there, in the rural departments, fine old gentlemen, with handles to their names, drink the healths of kings in exile, as old-fashioned gentlemen in England used to drink the health of the Pretender even as late as the days of our War of Independence; but they have no faith in their own creed. The only chance for legitimacy would come in a general upheaval, in which the masses might support any government which promised peace, as they did in 1852.

Nor are the Socialists more formidable than the Legitimists. Ever since the first French revolution, Paris, Rouen, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles have sheltered small coteries of impractical theorists who cherish visions of a millennium based on equality of reason and vigor among all men. From time to time, these coteries come to the front at elections with candidates for the Chamber, and, by deluding ignorant workmen with kaleidoscopic platitudes, they occasionally elect a few men. But in the Chamber they cut no figure; they carry no weight; they only bawl, and rant, and abuse the officials in power; they are tolerated just to show how much liberty of speech there is in the popular branch of the French legislature. They occupy the ground which the Populists do in Congress.

A graver danger to the French Republic than arises from either legitimacy or socialism springs from that legacy of the imperial régime, personal corruption. Under the emperor, almost everybody—in the Chamber, in the press, in the army, on the Bourse—said and did dishonest things from corrupt motives. The gangrene of venality spread through all classes of society. Under the leadership of the Duke de Morny, members of the Chamber sold their votes, newspapers sold their columns, colonels pocketed the pay and rations of their men, ministers trafficked in the secrets of state.

Now it is clear that a disease so wide-spread and so deeply rooted as this can not be cured in so brief a period as a quarter of a century. Convalescence has begun, but it proceeds slowly. Men like Brisson attract attention because they are clean handed. Men like Floquet are cast out into uttermost darkness because they are caught pilfering. But a few examples like these do not accomplish much toward purifying an air which is tainted from the ground up.

The reports of gold production for last year are beginning to come in, and furnish the basis for an estimate of the present condition of gold mining and its outlook. The director of the mint, in his last annual report, estimated that the world's output during 1894 would be \$170,000,000, or \$15,000,000 greater than the largest annual output prior to 1893, and nearly \$15,000,000 greater than the production of that year. The reports that have been thus far received indicate that this was an underestimate.

The gold production of the United States in 1892 was \$33,000,000; in 1893, it was \$35,955,000; in 1894, it is estimated at \$50,480,000. In 1893 the output of States west of the Mississippi was \$30,000,000; in 1894, it was \$45,892,000. This indicates an increase in the United States of \$14,500,000, and with the estimated increase in South Africa of \$8,750,000, the world's output for 1894—the output in other countries being the same as before—would be \$178,250,000, with the other fields of production yet to be heard from—among them, the gold fields of Western Australia, developed for the first time practically last year. The annual average production of gold and silver together in 1861-1865 was \$170,473,383, and it now seems altogether probable that this amount was exceeded by gold alone last year.

Of the Western States, Colorado shows the greatest increase in production. The closing down of many of the silver mines and the improved and less expensive methods of working have given an immense impetus to gold mining. In 1892, Colorado produced only \$4,743,000 in gold; the next year, the product was valued at \$7,802,000, and, in 1894, it was \$12,499,000. Montana produced \$5,150,000 in 1894 as against \$3,460,000 for the previous year; Idaho, \$2,252,000 as against \$1,600,000; and Arizona, \$2,080,250 as against \$1,150,000. California still maintains its position as the first of the gold-producing States of the Union. The output for 1894 was \$12,687,000, an increase of one million and a half over 1893. Colorado is second, with an output of only \$188,000 less than that of California, while in 1893 the difference between the two was \$3,370,000. This does not mean that the industry has been at a standstill in this State—the increase in the output negatives that suggestion—but merely that there has been greater new activity in other States. As has been already pointed out in these columns, the activity in the development and working of properties in this State is greater than it ever has been before.

The latest report of the State Mineralogist of California gives an interesting list of the gold mines in this State, showing mines in operation and mines lying idle, but it does not include "prospects" or undeveloped properties. From

this list it appears that there are 1,921 gold mines located in thirty-eight counties of the State. Siskiyou stands at the head of the list of counties, there being 302 mines located there. El Dorado County stands second with 194 mines, followed by Madera with 142, Calaveras with 106, and Shasta with 100. With regard to production, however, Nevada County, with only 78 mines, stands at the front with an output for 1893 of \$2,067,203. Calaveras, fourth as regards the number of mines, is second in production, having an output of \$1,669,192. Amador, with 61 mines, has an output of \$1,505,973; Placer, with 48 mines, has \$1,351,249; and Trinity, with 42 mines, has \$1,122,994. Siskiyou, with its three hundred mines, produced only \$799,108; El Dorado, \$294,610; Madera, \$150,696; and Shasta, \$500,407.

This discrepancy, which is somewhat surprising at first view, is partly accounted for by the differing productivity of the different mines, but this accounts for only a small part of it. Much more is to be accounted for by the fact that the figures of production are for 1893—the latest attainable—and the list of mines is for 1894. The mines brought into production last year would account for the larger part of the discrepancy; the idle properties would account for the rest of it.

It is from these properties now lying idle that the greater part of the increase during the present year is looked for. A number of them have already been purchased by capitalists who are only waiting for the snows on the mountains to melt sufficiently for the roads to become passable. Many of these properties have been productive in the past; some have proved extremely rich. But they have heretofore lacked the capital necessary for their proper development. With the spring the working of these mines will bring activity to many mining towns, and materially add to the gold product of the State. Other idle properties are being looked at by capitalists of this city and the State. Idle capital is always seeking profitable investment, and the idle mines are receiving a degree of attention that has not been known before for many years. Some foreign capital is also coming from the Eastern States and from Europe. But it is not coming to the extent that it could be profitably employed. This is the result of a lack of confidence, the stock excitements of the past, which had no proper connection with legitimate mining, and swindles engineered by unscrupulous adventurers having made foreign capitalists wary. But there has been a growing confidence during the last few years. A proper investigation by a competent and reliable mining engineer will enable him to report whether the risks of the investment are greater than the price warrants.

A curious story is circulating throughout the world about the Pope. We find the latest version in the San Francisco *Examiner*. It is said that the personage who now occupies the Vatican under the name of Leo the Thirteenth is not the man who was elected to the Papacy at the death of Pío Nono, but that he is an impostor who has usurped the office. The story goes that long after Cardinal Pecci was inaugurated, and when his mind began to exhibit signs of feebleness, a man named Giovanni Piombino, the son of a Roman vaudeville actress, got into the Vatican gardens, worked his way into the private apartments, and, finding the Pope asleep, put him under the influence of chloroform, and with the aid of a few accomplices carried him off to a cell in the vaults of the Vatican, and assumed his robes and his title. This he was enabled to do by a remarkable likeness to the real Pope, which deceived the attendants. With this story in their mouths, three swindlers, whose names are given as Guglielmo Tocassi, Angelo Donatello, and Giulio Fraschetti, with a bright Italian lady's-maid to help them, are said to be traveling through Roman Catholic countries and the United States collecting money for the alleged purpose of rescuing the Pope from his dungeon, and expelling the false pretender from his throne. The story sounds fishy, but Roman Catholics have exhibited so much credulity of late that it can not be pronounced preposterous.

It is, of course, absurd to assume that Leo could be abducted in broad daylight, in the presence of attendants who are familiar with his person, and who would undoubtedly give battle in his defense. Mr. Piombino is a manifest myth. The Leo who now sits in the Papal chair is beyond all question the Leo who was elected to fill it, after much ward politics and log-rolling by the conclave of cardinals.

But real and supposititious Popes are familiar characters in history, and the faithful are not taken by surprise when they hear that there may be a pair of them now. The very first Pope who set the fashion of changing his name on assuming the Papacy—John the Twelfth—was deposed by the emperor, and the Antipope Leo the Eighth was set up in his stead. Hardly a century later, two gentlemen, Benedict the Eighth and Gregory the Sixth, were Popes simultaneously, and exercised the authority of the office at the same

time. Gregory the Sixth and Sylvester the Third were also rival Popes, and no one knew which was the rightful Father of the Faithful. Gregory the Seventh, the great Hildebrand, was deposed by the emperor, and Clement the Third reigned in his stead in one place, while Gregory exercised the Papal authority in another. The next Gregory was even in worse case; a monk named Bourdin claimed to be the real Pope, called himself Gregory the Eighth, and issued bulls and rescripts. In the time of Innocent the Second, there were three Popes, two of whom at one time divided the city of Rome between them; yet Innocent was the prelate who convoked the second Council of Lateran and laid France under an interdict. At one time, in the middle of the twelfth century, there were five Popes, each claiming to be the only true and genuine vicegerent of Christ. When the seat of the Papacy was transferred to Avignon at the beginning of the fourteenth century, it happened quite frequently that there was a Pope in France and another Pope in Italy. Thus Benedict the Twelfth issued bulls on the bank of the Rhone, while Nicholas the Fifth performed the same office on the bank of the Tiber, and after Boniface the Ninth had established his mart for the sale of indulgences in the Vatican, Benedict the Thirteenth continued to make laws for the church at Avignon.

All these Popes and Antipopes had adherents who claimed that their man was the sole vicar of Christ on earth, and the truly pious Roman Catholics of the day were bewildered to know which was the legitimate successor of St. Peter. An heir to a throne establishes his legitimacy by proof of his issue from the loins of a predecessor. But among the Popes there is no lineal descent by blood; and it is always possible that the election by the conclave of cardinals may not be honest. Those who read "John Inglesant" must have been struck with the looseness of the electoral methods among the cardinals. One of our ballot-box stuffers could elect his man every time, in spite of the cardinals.

The most important feature in the story now current is that it should impose on the credulity of the members of the Romish Church. It shows how a course of miracle-teaching destroys the logical fibre of the mind. When we read the history of the impostor Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to be Richard the Fourth, King of England, we are amazed at the ease with which noblemen and gentlemen were taken in by the knave; but those were days of ignorance, when facilities for the transmission of intelligence were scanty. Now here is a rogue who affirms to Roman Catholics that the true Pope was kidnapped three years ago in his private apartments, and has ever since been languishing in an underground cell in the Vatican; no one seems to awaken to the monstrous absurdity of such a story, and ignorant and pious Catholics in Italy, Spain, Bavaria, Ireland, and the United States contribute money for the rescue of the holy father with such liberal hand, according to the *Examiner* story, that the swindlers are said to have taken in tens of thousands of dollars in the past two years and to live in princely style.

The reasoning faculty of man is a delicate machine which may easily be thrown out of gear, and is difficult to repair when it is upset. Man's normal instinct leads him to deny that cures of bodily disease can be effected by the intercession of saints or by prayers at shrines. But if priests, or others whom the mass of mankind respect, din into the ears of the uncultured that these things are being daily accomplished, the result is an unsettling of the reason of those who listen, and a perturbation of their intellectual processes. Roman Catholics who believe in Lourdes and St. Anne de Beaupré will believe in anything. Hence it is not marvelous that this cock-and-bull story about the Pope should find believers among Roman Catholics.

There is a "Pure Food Exhibition" shortly to be held in San Francisco, under the patronage of a number of well-known ladies, at which there will be given lectures on cookery by Mrs. Mary T. Lincoln, author of the "Boston Cook Book." The subject is an important one, and in view of the ignorance of our best educated young ladies on the subject of cookery and dietetics, it is well that it should attract attention.

Insurance companies are taught by the tables prepared by their actuaries that over one-half of the people who reach adult age fail to reach the ordinary term of life, and doctors certify that over one-half of those who thus fall short of their natural span are victims of indigestion or some other ailment produced by improper feeding. The doctors go on to say that of those who do not die, but languishing do live, a very large proportion, perhaps one-half, lead a life of discomfort and pain owing to their neglect of the law of alimentation. The chief murderers of the day are the cooks; and next to these are the housekeepers, or managers of households, who supply the daily table.

Health and longevity require that four ingredients shall

enter into the food of man—if any one of them is omitted, the system will suffer. These four ingredients are: proteids, which contain nitrogen; carbohydrates, which contain starch and sugar; fats, and mineral salts. Of the first two, which are the most essential, the best known forms are meat and bread.

Under the head of proteids, or nitrogenous foods, are included meat, milk, eggs, fish, shell-fish, peas, beans, and lentils. The average eater finds proteids in butchers' meat. An ordinary beefsteak is an excellent aliment, but to support life, it must be supplemented with carbohydrates, as the human frame decays if they are not supplied.

The chief carbohydrates are potatoes and cereals. Dry bread of the best kind contains about ten per cent. of proteids, and as much fat; the rest is starch and gluten, which are carbohydrates and water. The trouble with table breads is that they contain less fat and salt than the system requires, and hence they require to be supplemented with butter or milk. As an article of food, the value of bread depends largely upon the way it is cooked and upon the nature of the baking powder which is used to make it rise. It has been said that of every barrel of flour which is made into bread, one-seventh is consumed by the yeast plant; it was this curious circumstance which furnished Pasteur with the key to his discoveries in bacteriology.

The two other constituents of wholesome food—fat and salts—are not required in such quantities as the proteids and the carbohydrates, but still they are essential. Fat is generally contained in all meats, in butter, milk, and all classes of oil; salts are furnished by vegetables and fruits. These latter supply a minute portion of acid, which is beneficial to digestion and essential to the blood. He who would escape the doctor must combine them all as nearly as possible in the proportions laid down by the best authorities on dietetics. The rich often become gourmands, and load the stomach with an excess of proteids, which breed disorders of the digestive organs. Gout is a frequent form of their disorders, and the variety of maladies which doctors in their ignorance group under the head of "dyspepsia" is another. They would regain their health if they diminished their consumption of meat and increased their consumption of non-nitrogenous foods.

Workmen, employed at arduous toil, insist on increased meat rations, and overload the stomach with animal food so that there is no room for elements carrying carbon. This diet seemingly enables them to do more and harder work, but the stomach rebels for the want of carbohydrates, and the workman, realizing the disturbance and not understanding its real cause or the proper remedy, resorts to alcoholic stimulants, which make matters worse. Men live a long time in defiance of the laws of health. Still a great many die early who might live long lives if they took more care of their nutriment, and realized that if the blood is not furnished with its necessary component parts, it will become impoverished. Human life would be prolonged if a few simple rules were observed. Meat should not be overdone; when it is, there is a combustion of the nitrogen it contains, and its nourishing power is diminished. Rare or underdone meat, eaten slowly, with prolonged mastication, will never lead to indigestion, and it will sustain life much longer than meat which has made too close an acquaintance with the fire. The rule with regard to bread is precisely the opposite. Underdone bread invariably ferments in the stomach. But it would take a volume to lay down the laws on the cooking of bread. As Dogberry said of reading and writing, bread-baking can not be learned, it comes by nature.

But to return to the subject with which we began this diatribe on dietetics. It will be interesting to see how many women will attend Mrs. Lincoln's lectures on cookery. Last week the lecture of Mme. Yale, a "beauty doctor," jammed the Baldwin Theatre with women. They wanted to learn "how to be beautiful." They apparently think that there is some mysterious potion or powder—a secret something in a bottle or a box—which will charm away sallow skins, brighten dull eyes, and banish pimples. They are mistaken. The way for a woman to be beautiful, and the only way, is to have good rich red blood pumped into her arteries and her capillaries, to give life to her muscles and tissues, and to give clearness and color to her skin. To have this good rich blood so pumped, she must have a tireless heart and vigorous lungs nourished by a sufficient quantity of good food, properly cooked. The skin is only a translucent medium—it is the blood behind the skin which gives it its color and its life. Beauty, therefore, can not come from smearing or daubing things upon this medium; it can only come from the rich blood which is behind.

None the less, we doubt very much whether the ladies will rush in such crowds to hear Mrs. Lincoln's lectures on cookery as they did to hear Mme. Yale's lectures on beauty.

Mr. de Young's newspaper did noble work for him during the senatorial campaign just ended. If newspaper statistics

could have defeated Mr. Perkins, or if staring head-lines could have elected Mr. de Young, the newspaper man's rival would not have been in it. Those individuals—if any still exist—who repose confidence in what newspapers say, who think that newspapers tell the truth undiluted by the proprietor's personal prejudices, and who believe that newspapers have an "influence" above and beyond that of the man or men who own them, must have experienced a rude shock during the past week. For to read the *Chronicle* it was evident that Mr. Perkins did not have the ghost of a show. As viewed from the *Chronicle's* standpoint, thus the story ran:

Monday—FALSE CLAIMS EXPOSED—Confession of Perkins's Weakness—Significant Admissions.

Tuesday—DECEIVED BY PERKINS—Trouble in the Senator's Ranks—His Managers Growing Desperate—Futile Effort for Southern Votes.

Wednesday—AGAIN A BLUNDER—Boasts of Perkins's Backers Untrue—Democrats Resent Their Assertions.

Thursday—STILL LOSING GROUND—Perkins Men Becoming Disorganized—Futile Efforts of Perkins's Followers to Gain Accessions to Their Ranks—Many Perkins Men Express Dissatisfaction.

Friday—PERKINS MEN GLOOMY—Prospects of Their Victory Lessening—Unsound Opinions of the Senator—Perkins Men Admit Their Bad Blunder.

Saturday—READY TO BALLOT—Features of the Senatorial Contest—Bowers Lessens Perkins's Strength.

Monday—NO HOPE FOR PERKINS—His Forces Helpless and Disorganized—Blunders of His Followers Costly.

Tuesday—LOST TO PERKINS—His Efforts for the Toga Beaten—Another Blunder by His Managers—A Nomination Making Him Ridiculous.

Wednesday—Perkins Elected Senator.

The loyalty of Mr. de Young's paper to Mr. de Young is indeed touching. It is more loyal than was another celebrated journal, the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French Government. An incident in the history of that journal is suggested by the melancholy head-line story reprinted above from the *Chronicle*. In 1815, when Napoleon escaped from his island prison in the Mediterranean, the *Moniteur*, then the loyal organ of the restored Bourbon kings, announced his progress thus from day to day:

"The Corsican ogre has escaped from Elba!!!"

"The ex-tyrant has landed at Cannes!!!"

"Bonaparte, with his brigands, has arrived at Lyons!!"

"General Bonaparte has reached Grenoble."

"The ex-Emperor Napoleon slept last night at Fontainebleau."

"His imperial majesty, the emperor, entered his capital of Paris yesterday, amid the rejoicing of his faithful subjects."

There can be no doubt that, from a literary point of view, the head-line story in the Paris newspaper is the better art. We are led by easy stages to the climax. In the San Francisco newspaper, however, the shock is too sudden. The effect of intense climax is gained, it is true, but it must be condemned by all lovers of true literature.

In one of the January reviews there is an article in which Mr. George Clarke endeavors to refute a previous article in which Judge Clark maintained that we are all descended from William the Conqueror—or Stronghow, or Alfred the Great, or Boadicea, or any one of our own race that we might choose. The judge made out a strong case, mathematically, showing that every fruitful married couple in the twenty-fifth generation could have 282,429,531,481 descendants if none of these descendants intermarried. All of us have two parents in the first preceding generation, four forebears in the second, eight in the third, sixteen in the fourth, thirty-two in the fifth, sixty-four in the sixth, one hundred and twenty-eight in the seventh, two hundred and fifty-six in the eighth, five hundred and twelve in the ninth, ten hundred and twenty-four in the tenth, half a million in the twentieth, and so on. Therefore we are each of us the apex of an inverted pyramid of human beings, among whom, in twenty-five or thirty generations, it would be difficult to omit anybody, from a swineherd to a king. Against this mathematical and irrefutable argument, Mr. George Clarke advances the extraordinary and ingenious plea that "intermarriage of noble families with common folk occurred only at rare intervals." Very true—so it did; but did Mr. George Clarke ever hear of a certain wise saw as old as our language, touching paternity? Did he ever travel in the Southern States, and see the millions of saddle-colored citizens whose African ancestors were as black as Cetewayo? Marriage is the condition on which the family rests, and on the family is founded order, government, and law; but did Mr. Clarke ever hear of that ancient adage, "Tis a wise child that knows its own father"?

There has been introduced before the California legislature a bill by Senator Gleaves, adding to the penal code a new section to be known as Section 734, and reading as follows:

"It shall not be lawful for any body of men whatever, other than the regular organized National Guard of this State and the troops of the United States, to associate themselves together as a military

company or organization to drill or parade with arms in any city or town of this State, without the license of the governor, which license may at any time be revoked; and provided further, that students in educational institutions, where military science is a part of the course of instruction, may, with the consent of the governor, drill and parade with arms in public under superintendence of their instructor, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed so as to prevent benevolent or social organizations from wearing swords."

We hope this bill will pass, and become a part of the law of the State. It will put an end to the gangs of frowzy tramps who, under the names of "armies," have been defiling the State with their presence for the past two years. Another effect that it will have will be to prevent the existence of "independent" military companies. These organizations have no right to exist. When a militia company has so conducted itself as to be dismissed from the National Guard in disgrace, as was the case with some Sacramento troops after their cowardly conduct in the railroad riots of last July, the first thing they do is to organize as an "independent" military organization. Such "independent" military organizations have no place in our American system of government. Neither have the mongrel foreign hodies of troops so often found in the United States. We partially settled that in California by incorporating in the constitution of 1879 this provision:

"All military organizations provided for by this constitution, or any law of this State, and receiving State support, shall, while under arms either for ceremony or duty, carry no device, banner, or flag of any State or nation, except that of the United States or of the State of California."

There still exist, of course, some few foreign organizations, but they are very few. When they have to pay for their own brass and bullion, the military ardor of our foreign citizens seems to cool. We do not see so many "MacMahon Grenadiers," with hairy hats and hairy teeth, stalking solemnly down our streets behind the green flag with the Irish harp and the sunburst; there are fewer Prussian "Uhlans" and Bavarian "Hussars," French "Zouaves" and Italian "Bersaglieri" strutting forth on American holidays behind foreign flags. We are glad of it. If these foreigners want to wear uniforms and parade behind their various flags, they had better go back where they came from; they will find plenty of opportunity for that sort of thing there, and the various governments will be very glad to give them a chance.

The election of George C. Perkins as United States Senator will give general satisfaction to the people of the State. This is shown by the number of legislators who were pledged by their constituents to vote for him. Senator Perkins has expressed himself on the various questions before the people about as follows: He is opposed to the Reilly funding bill or any funding bill. He will support the free coinage of all silver, in accordance with the California Republican platform, although personally, he says, he favors limiting free coinage to American silver; so do we. He will advocate improving our water-ways, is in favor of the Nicaragua Canal, will work for our coast and harbor defenses, and hopes to bring about some means by which hydraulic mining can be resumed without injuring the rivers or the valley farms. He says that he is in thorough harmony with Senator White and the California delegation generally, and expects to do much for the good of the State. He has our best wishes, and we hope he will be successful.

The small showing that the De Young forces made in the senatorial fight was a surprise to the politicians. James W. Rea was one of De Young's leading lieutenants. He said in an interview:

"The idea that De Young was favored by the railroad has been more than he could carry in this fight. It has been the main thing that threw him down. When Dan Burns came here the other day, and gave it out cold that he was for De Young, that was too much, and the support which De Young really had at the beginning fled from him like rats from a sinking ship. Burns is a blight. Everything he touches curls up and withers. I believe that the railroad was with De Young, at least at first, but I thought he was big enough and brave enough to serve the people faithfully, and, at the same time, treat the railroad fairly."

This explanation of the De Young defeat is from the inside. James W. Rea is the secretary of the railroad commission, and he ought to know.

In the senatorial fight between Perkins and De Young, a certain number of men, of course, "fell down." Lynch, of San Bernardino, speaker of the assembly, occupies the least enviable position. He was pledged by his constituents to vote for Perkins. A week ago they heard that he was weakening, and the San Bernardino county committee sent him a dispatch reminding him of his pledge. Despite his pledge and his instructions, Lynch "fell down," and voted for De Young. We do not think there is much of a political future for Mr. Lynch in this State. He may henceforth be popular in the *Chronicle*, but he will not be popular in California.

THE HIGGINS WELLS MAHATMAS.

How they Did Up Mr. Calkins.

The storm showed no signs of abatement. The snow, driven by the wind, had found its way here and there through the "chinking" of the cabin and lay in miniature drifts upon the floor, the fine, dry crystals sparkling in the firelight. We were fairly warm and comfortable where we sat on our rolls of blankets, placed upon the rudely laid, rough hearthstones; but ten feet back from the fire, the air was bitterly raw and cold. Tired though we all were from the day's rough journey, there was but little temptation to leave the comparative comfort of the fireside for the hard, draughty hunks which awaited us, and Calkins and I still sat drowsily listening to the Theosophist as he discoursed monotonously of reincarnation, Karma-Loca, and kindred topics. He was a fidgety, clean-shaven little man, with weak eyes, long iron-gray hair, and a pasty complexion. He spoke in a confidential half-whisper, lest he should awaken his unsympathetic friend, the Professor, rolled in his blankets near by, and provoke controversy.

"A Mahatma," he said, hesitatingly, in answer to my inquiry, "is a being difficult of exact or satisfactory definition to a mind unfamiliar with at least the elements of esoteric philosophy and unattuned to the harmonies of Oriental thought. He has been tersely, but inadequately, described as 'one who by intense self-absorption has attained supernatural powers and faculties.' He is of the 'Illuminati,' of the 'Brothers,' an 'Adept,' in the occult sense. Developed and perfected by a spiritual asceticism, he finds himself able to read Nature's occult laws, to pass unhindered from one distant place to another in the twinkling of an eye, to melt from view and re-appear at pleasure, to surround himself with phantasms—"

"What do you call 'em what does all this?" queried Calkins, with awakening interest.

"Mahatmas," rather snappishly replied the Theosophist, not relishing the interruption.

"I run against a pair of 'em, once, 'way out on the desert, east of 'Old Woman's Springs,' and I recollect well how they done me. That's why I asked," explained Calkins.

"A pair of Mahatmas! 'Done' you! Impossible!" exclaimed the Theosophist.

"Well, if you say it's impossible, I reckon that settles it!" said Calkins, and he spat aggressively into the white ashes in the fireplace.

"But, my dear sir!" remonstrated the Theosophist, in a conciliatory tone, "I did not, of course, intend to suggest any doubt of the perfect sincerity of your assertion. But the idea of your having actually met two of these phenomenally gifted beings, and of their having, as you say, 'done' you, struck me for the moment, you know—merely for the moment—as well—as certainly most remarkable!"

"Well, it was just that!" said Calkins, softened. "It was, as you say, the remarkahlest racket, considered all round, I ever was in, and I'll allow I've seen more astonishin' things in my time than most men."

"Would you mind giving us the particulars of your experience, Mr. Calkins?" urged the Theosophist, with genuine interest.

"Well," said Calkins, after a moment's pause, and with the tone and air of overcoming a reluctance to speak further on the subject, "with a man who didn't know me"—he had met the Theosophist that evening for the first time—"and hadn't the learnin' and understandin' to tackle such matters, I'm free to allow, I'd hesitate to give 'em this account. But with you it seems different, somehow. You'll see the hearin's of it, as p'raps some wouldn't."

"I had a claim about forty miles south-east of Old Woman's Springs, and there was a rock 'tank' within a mile where I could get water for camp use. I'd rigged up an *arastra* near the 'tank,' and had been packin' ore down from the claim with the one mule I had, and then turned him into harness to run the *arastra*, but it made the work hard and slow, both for me and him. So after I'd made one pretty good run out of about a ton and a quarter—I got three halls of amalgam, which, when I'd roasted and hammered 'em, weighed risin' ten ounces—I started to go in from the desert, cash my bullion, and buy some hurros to pack with. It was well into November when I'd finished my run and started to come in, and the nights was gettin' too sharp for sleepin' out with any comfort. I planned to make Higgins Wells first night out, for there was an old stone cabin there, half built into the side-hill, without much roof, to be sure, but furnisbin' some cover, and givin' a shelter from the wind.

"Well, I cached my tools and powder, and straightened things out at camp before leavin', and so didn't get started until well on towards noon. It took about eight hours steady hustlin' to get to the Wells, but I knew I had a moon to travel with, when the sun went down, so I didn't feel hurried, though the days was gettin' short. About sundown it grew raw right away, and then the mountains to the east and every little knob and butte stood out sharp, with a chilly dead light on 'em, like they was gettin' purple with the cold. There wasn't a cloud nowhere to be seen, nor a breath of wind stirrin', and I knew it was goin' to be a still, pinchin', frosty night, and I huttoned my coat up tight, and, for the first time on the trip, hegun to hurry up my mule. Just after sundown on a clear, sharp night 's the loneliest time to be travelin' on the desert, when you're by yourself. With the dusk comin' on and the red fadin' out in the sky, you feel somehow, like everything in the world, but just you and your mule, had been stone dead for a hundred years, and feelin' that way, your animal gets to be great company. When the moon come up, it was some cheerfuller, but I felt glad enough when I seen the butte where the Wells and the stone cabin was, and thought of a fire and blankets.

"When I'd got to within p'raps a quarter mile of the cabin, I see somethin' I never seen before, and couldn't no ways account for. It was like a long, wavy line

of mist, comin' in from the east, movin' through the air just above the ground, and makin' for the hutte faster'n a locomotive and straight's a bee flies! It didn't look like mist exactly neither, but more like a string of misty figures, with long, white streamers blowin' out behind 'em on the wind! I scarcely had time to speculate what it was, when just by the cabin it melted away, and disappeared altogether. The air was clear and as dry as a bone, so I knew it couldn't be just a flyin' vapor I'd seen, and, besides, there was nary breath of wind to drive it.

"While I was wonderin' at all this, a light broke out of the cabin door and through the little window, like some one had just started a fire inside. Then next I see a camp-fire flame up, just down the hill by the Wells, and men and animals movin' about near by. I thought it was queer I hadn't seen 'em till just that minute, for the country was open all 'round, and up to now there hadn't been a sign of life about the place. Then I says to myself: 'Most likely it's a prospectin' party, and they was hid by the willows growin' 'round the Wells'; but somehow this explanation didn't satisfy me, and I rode up towards the cabin, feelin' glad at the prospect of company, but still wonderin' considerable. The place had got to be sort of public property, ever since old man Higgins died, and I didn't feel no kind of delicacy in ridin' right up to the door, even if there was some one ahead of me. So I dismounts, unsaddles, and, after hohhlin' the mule, steps in.

"I'll never forget how all struck stiff I was by the sort of old man I see standin' by the fire, and just startin' to come towards me, with both hands stretched out and a smile on like he'd been expectin' me. But when he seen who I was, he stopped short and the smile died out and he looked sort of disappointed-like, and his hands dropped, and then I see he'd thought I was somebody else he was waitin' for. He was dark-complected and very old, judgin' from his long, white beard and the wrinkles on his face, but he was tall and as straight as a tampion-stick, and his eyes, though deep in the sockets, was as bright as a hawk's, but kind and friendly, I thought. He was dressed out queerer'n any man ever I see, outside of a the-á-ter. His head was wrapped all about with great strips of white muslin, which bulged out all 'round in a roll. He was huttoned up close in a long, dull-yeller colored, quilted-silk overcoat, with a broad, fur collar, and his shoes was red and turned up in long points at the toes.

"I seen at the first glance he was somethin' out of the common, and wasn't no prospector; but what he was I couldn't make out neither. I said 'good-evenin',' and he said 'good-evenin'' back, pleasant enough, but speakin' queer, like he wa'n't much used to speakin' English. Then he motioned me, lookin' very hos-pit-ahle, to take a seat in one of the three old rawhide-bottomed chairs before the fire, which I done with a 'thank you,' for somehow, without hein' anyways upish, the old man acted like he owned the whole place, and I felt somehow like he did, too. Well, when I set down, he set down, and mumhled somethin' I didn't just make out, hein' in a language I'd never heard before, and, though lookin' pleasant and smilin', he seemed sort of absent-minded, and kept lookin' towards the door, like he was expectin' some one.

"While I was gazin' at him, and wonderin' who and what he was, and where he come from, and was makin' up my mind how to lead the conversation 'round kind of delicate up to them points, I was startled clean through by seein' the old man's chair suddenly get empty—that's the clearest I can put it—and findin' him standin' just outside the cabin door lookin' off over the desert. He hadn't got up from that chair, so far as I could see; and there he was, twenty feet away from it, without so much as stirrin' a leg! Naturally, this excited my curiosity considerable. And I got up and went to the door, too, to see what the old man might be up to next. He was gazin' off towards the south, and I hadn't more'n just looked that way, too, when I see what took my breath away.

"There was another of them misty, wavy processions kitin' in through the air from the south, and makin' dead for the cabin. Before I'd a chance to ruh my eyes and look again, it had got close to the door, melted away, and another queer-dressed old man was emhracin' the first one, the two of 'em standin' there within five feet of me. Next second they was sittin' together inside the cabin, in the chairs before the fire, never havin' got there in no natural manner, with me standin' just in and fillin' up the doorway, and only realizin' where they'd gone to when I heard 'em talkin' foreign languages behind me.

"I was gettin' sort of used to this 'little joker' business, and hegun to feel ready for most anything in the surprisin' line. But I hadn't seen just nothin' yet to what was comin'. Seein' the two old gen'llemen was busy talkin' over a roll of parchment with queer letters and figures on it, which the second old man had brought along with him, I thought it would be considerate to let 'em be alone together for a while, and I stepped out and down toward the camp-fire to try'n pick up some points there and take a look at the animals.

"I found four men standin' close 'round the fire, tryin' to keep warm, two of 'em dressed somethin' like the old gen'lman I'd seen when I first come, only plainer, and two of 'em rigged out like the other one, with black sombreros and wrapped up in garments lookin' like Mexican serapes. There was about a dozen animals, all told—three white mules and one coal-black one, and the rest was fine, stout, hig-necked hurros. My mule had got friendly with three of the finest in the whole outfit, and they was nibblin' 'round apart from the rest, like they'd been raised together. Right away I begun thinkin' that if I could get hold of them three, it would make just the packin' outfit I was lookin' for, and then I could quit my trip in off the desert, go right back to the *arastra*, and make another run or two. Then I could start in with considerable of a stake, and not have to come right away back, as I'd been intendin'.

"So, havin' this in mind, I told the men by the fire what I wanted, and showed 'em the biggest ball of bullion I had—weighin' close on to five ounces—and offered it for the

three burros, pointin' 'em out. After about a minute they seemed to catch on, and lookin' powerful solemn, pointed up to the cabin, as much as to say I'd have to see the boss. So I just went on up, and, steppin' in, found the old gen'lmen where I'd left 'em, still talkin' sixteen to the dozen over the roll of parchment with the queer figures on it. They didn't pay no attention to me comin' in at all, they was so took up with what they was talkin' of, but I stood by waitin' for a lull in the conversation; and when it come, I cut in, and, addressin' the old man in the yellor silk overcoat, I told him, plain as I could, what I wanted, and showed him the five-ounce ball, to let him know I meant husiness, and was willin' to pay well for what I got.

"He looked at me in the same sort of absent-minded way he did when I first seen him, but he smiled and nodded like he meant 'yes,' and said somethin' I didn't just get on to, but it seemed clear to me from his way of goin' on that it was all right about the burros, and then I handed him the five-ounce hall. He wouldn't take it to begin with, but me insistin', and the second old man gettin' impatient—at me interruptin' their talk, I reckon—he bowed and smiled again very pleasant, and dropped the hall kiud of careless like into a little fancy cloth bag he wore for a pocket, fastened on the belt 'round his waist. Then he went right on talkin' again with the other old man, just like I wa'n't 'round, and he'd clean forgot me and my husiness.

"Findin' I wa'n't in it with the old men, I started to go down and see the hurros I'd just hought, feelin' very well pleased with the trade. Just then the necromancin' hegun all over again, only this time for keeps, as you'll see. They was, as I've said, both talkin' together very earnest, sittin' in the chairs before the fire, and when I turned to go out, they was there still, but as I stepped outside, there they both was, miraculously, outside, too, ahead of me, emhracin' and carryin' on like they was sayin' good-hye.

"Then things begun developin' pretty lively. When the old gen'lmen had wound up the good-hye act, they stands facin' each other, hotb of 'em holdin' up their hands and lookin' up into the sky; then they says some foreign words together, like it was a verse they was repeatin', and then—there wa'n't no old men standin' there at all!

"I looked down toward the camp-fire, and all about, and there wa'n't a livin' thing in sight! Not a man, nor a mule, nor a hurro! But goin' through the air like a streak—one towards the East and one towards the South—was two of them cloudy lines of figures, with the misty streamers wavin', like I'd seen 'em when the two old men first come.

"Yes, sir, everything was gone, pretty near, but me and the cabin and the camp-fire. Not only them two designin' old men and their circus outfit, but with 'em the three burros I'd just bought and paid for, my five-ounce hall of bullion, and actually the mule I'd come on. When the rest of the party blew off in that interestin' way, he'd somehow got caught in the draught, I suppose, and had to go along, too.

"Next mornin' early I started out on foot, packin' my blankets for Old Woman's Springs. There I hired a hurro and went in to stay for the winter. Now you can see, sir," concluded Calkins, addressing the Theosophist, impressively, "I wa'n't far off when I said I'd met a couple of them 'gifted bein's' you was talkin' of, and that they didn't use me no ways square any way you look at it."

"A most extraordinary experience, Mr. Calkins—most extraordinary!" exclaimed the Theosophist, with some excitement. "I shall want, with your permission, to take notes of the occurrence for submission to our little society for psychical research at Beaconsville. I believe, though, that through even my limited acquaintance with occult subjects, I can put the conduct of those venerable men, whom you were so fortunate as to encounter at their desert rendezvous, in quite a different light from that in which you now regard it; that is, when I have had time to digest fully the particulars of your most remarkable narrative."

"I said you'd see the hearin's of it, as p'raps some wouldn't, you recollect," said Calkins, as, yawning, he arose with his blanket-roll and turned to his bunk.

As he moved from the fire, I thought I heard a low, husky, little laugh; but when I caught his eye, he coughed unpleasantly and regarded me with a vacant, solemn stare.

EDMUND STUART ROCHE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1895.

The Prix de Rome, once the object of the ambition of every art student in Paris, has declined so much in value that it is proposed to abolish it. It carries with it a traveling scholarship in Italy, and the plea of those who attack it is that a student possessing it wastes his talent in slavish imitation of the Italian masters rather than developing it by the interpretation of nature. The sculptor, Rodin, the leader of the antagonists, maintains that this prize has only retarded the progress of the great men who have obtained it in the past.

The new volume of Debrett's Peerage for 1895 contains in the preface a quotation from a letter addressed to the editor by a well-known countess, who informs him that "as long as you put the date of the births of ladies in your Peerage, I will never allow a copy of your work in my house." This sensitive peeress apparently does not realize that the reason which induces her to tahoo the book is one that leads a great many others to purchase it.

A curious instance of how phrases are spread by school-books is shown in the last number of Dr. Murray's Dictionary. No earlier authority could be found for the term "Black Death," describing the plague that devastated Europe in the fourteenth century, than Mrs. Markham's celebrated histories for young persons, which first appeared in 1836.

A curious wager was that made by a member of Parliament, who bet a gentleman well known on the British turf that a man could go from London to Edinburgh in any mode he chose while another made a million of dots with pen and ink upon writing-paper.

LONDON GOSSIP.

The Space Given to Stevenson in the Papers—The Christmas Pantomimes—Lady Colin Campbell's New Journal—Yvette Guilbert and her Songs.

For days the death of Robert Louis Stevenson has filled the papers. First came the dailies. They devoted columns to accounts of his life and death, with elaborate critiques upon his writings. Then came the weeklies—the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *Illustrated London News*, *Black and White*, the *Spectator*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Saturday Review*, and others. These contained signed articles by such men as Andrew Lang, William Archer, and James Payn. Many of these were written by intimate friends of the dead writer, and the personal note of sorrow was apparent in all of them. Rarely has there been such general mourning for the death of so young a writer, for Robert Louis Stevenson was not much past forty when he died. It is even suggested by the *London News* that he have a monument in Westminster Abbey.

Talking of the newspapers, the two events of moment in journalism are the change in the *Saturday Review* and the publication of the new paper, the *Realm*. The *Realm* compounds the features of the older reviews, like the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, with some of the new society journals. It is sold for one-half the price of the others, but I do not believe that people in comfortable circumstances care very much about a thruppence in purchasing a weekly. The *Realm* is edited jointly by Lady Colin Campbell and Mr. Earle Holmes. Mr. Earle Holmes does the political writing, and Lady Colin Campbell herself looks after the drama and art. The manager of the business department of this paper is an Irish nobleman, Lord Mountmorres.

The starting of the *Realm* is said to be due to a legacy left to Lady Colin Campbell by the late Duke of Marlborough. The duke left the legacy, but did not leave any money to pay it with. Fortunately for him, he had a rich wife, the American widow Mrs. Hammersley, and she paid the legacy. The late duke was a co-respondent in the suit for divorce which Lord Colin Campbell brought against his wife. The evidence against her was not sufficient to convince the jury that she was guilty, and the court granted a judicial separation in her favor. Lady Colin Campbell issued from the trial triumphant. It is, therefore, somewhat queer to find years afterward that the Duke of Marlborough, the co-respondent in the divorce case, has left to the lady whom he claimed to be only a chance acquaintance a legacy of twenty thousand pounds. Another lady to whom the duke left a legacy of ten thousand pounds was the Countess of Aylesford, the father of whose child he legally admitted himself to be. Inasmuch as the legacy he left to Lady Colin Campbell was twice as much, to wit, twenty thousand pounds, this may imply either that she was twice as innocent as the Countess of Aylesford, or that he owed her twice as much.

Lady Colin Campbell, since the divorce case, has lost all the social standing which she formerly enjoyed as a daughter-in-law of the Duke of Argyll and a sister-in-law of Princess Louise of Lorne. She is practically dropped by society. She is still a beautiful woman, and her picture this year among the "Fair Women" in the Grosvenor Gallery, painted by Jean Boldini, attracted much attention.

The Christmas pantomimes this year have been unusually numerous and unusually successful. Among them probably the one that has attracted the most attention is "Dick Whittington and his Cat," which was written by no less a person than the theatrical manager, Sir Augustus Harris. Among the various scenes are the London Docks, Highgate Hill, a naval battle at sea, and a beautiful stage-setting of "The Palace of the Emperor of China," showing the golden gardens of the palace, the wedding of the prince and princess, and the gorgeous Feast of Lanterns. A number of the costumes are in blue and white, imitating Chinese porcelain, and in the pageants there are hosts of green and yellow dragons and scores of scarlet mandarins. In the Fan Dance in this scene is an odd and striking ballet, which takes place in the gardens of the emperor. The triumph of color at the end, when every branch, every flower, every wreath, and every spray starts into brilliancy with the electric light, is a feature new to the London stage. One of the curiosities of the pantomime was a modification of the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," which was utilized as a hornpipe. This would scarcely please Mascagni.

At the Lyceum Theatre, the pantomime is called "Santa Claus." It was "written" by Mr. Oscar Barrett, and the first scene is called "The Mountain Home of Santa Claus." It is a wintry scene, and the pine-trees and roofs of the adjacent village are heavily laden with snow. Queen Mab and her court disport upon the snowy surface, and presently to them comes Santa Claus. The old gentleman makes his appearance gliding down the mountain side in a sleigh filled with toys. The scene vanishes, and we are landed in Apple-Tree Close, Sir Jasper Grimshaw's property. This is a beautiful picture of rural England in the olden time. Santa Claus, who, for the nonce, is master of the revels, has undertaken to bring before us in pantomime Robin Hood, as well as the famous Babes in the Wood. So the next scene is under the greenwood tree in Robin Hood's dominions. Here is presented the sequel of Robin Hood and Maid Marian's elopement. Then there is a pageant when Richard Cœur de Lion makes his way through the forest and pardons the outlaw band. Here, too, we find the luckless Babes in the Wood, where they have been brought by their would-be assassins. The last scene is "Dreamland," where all sorts of fairies dance, and where the Babes in the Wood are awakened from their slumber by Santa Claus, who takes them from "Snowland" to "Love-land," a place gorgeous with flowers and a strong contrast to the snowy forest which they have just quitted.

Mr. Oscar Barrett, the author of the pantomime, came

originally from a theatre orchestra. About thirty years ago he was the leader in a provincial theatre. He became conductor of the famous Crystal Palace Orchestra, and from that he gradually abandoned orchestral leading for the task of wedding music to action in pantomime. He has handled almost every subject drawn from mythology, from domestic fable, and from fairy lore. His "Midsummer Night's Dream" a few years ago was the success of the season. Last year he produced "Cinderella" at the Lyceum, which pantomime was subsequently taken to New York. Two years ago he produced "Whittington and his Cat." This year he produced at the Crystal Palace "Blue Beard," and at the Lyceum, as I have before said, "Santa Claus," which after its run here is to be taken in its entirety, with all the company, gorgeous costumes, scenery, and beautiful effects, to the Grand Theatre, Birmingham. In his three big pantomimes this year he has put fifty thousand pounds. There are two thousand costumes worn in his pantomimes and sixteen hundred pairs of shoes. Some of the costumes cost over twenty pounds each.

At the Grand Theatre the Christmas pantomime is called "Robinson Crusoe." In the first scene, the haunt of Vanderdecken is represented, in which there is a plot hatched to send Robinson Crusoe's ship to the bottom. In the next there is a scene at Wapping Old Stairs, where Robinson's affianced bride is pursued by an obstinate suitor while her lover is away, for Robinson Crusoe has been kidnapped by a desperate gang of truculent ruffians, consisting of young ladies, in russet tights. The next scene is on the good ship *Betsy*, where Robinson Crusoe has been taken. When the storm comes and the shipwreck takes place, Robinson is, of course, saved on a raft, while the other characters descend to the depths of the ocean, for the purpose, very naturally, of assisting in a marine ballet. The mingling of the piscatorial and the saltatorial is one of the most striking pictures of the pantomime, for we have mermaids and mermen, herrings and haddock, crabs and lobsters, all dancing at the bottom of the sea. When Robinson Crusoe goes to his tropical island of Juan Fernandez, he finds it to be an extremely lively place. Among the other inhabitants are a lion, a bear, an ostrich, a giraffe, a camel, a dog, a cat, and a number of ferocious-looking natives. The fauna and flora of the entire globe seem to have concentrated on Juan Fernandez Island. Poor Friday, Robinson's friend, is dragged out by the other natives to be killed, the charge against him being that he secreted a fat missionary for his private eating, instead of playing fair and sharing him with the rest of the tribe. The best scene on the island is that called "The King's Kraal," in which takes place a gorgeous barbaric fête or Amazonian ballet. There is a procession of strange beasts, ostriches, giraffes, bippopotami, and other of the peculiar fauna of Fernandez, which, as I have said, seems to include the birds and beasts of the entire globe. Before the native king there takes place a very pretty ballet, in which dark-complexioned ladies, attired in barbaric gold and silver, and not very much of that, dance around the stage. From this we go to the Tower Bridge in London, and from there we are whirled to the grand transformation scene, which is entitled "The Dawn." In this scene, Miss Jessie Preston, who plays the part of Robinson Crusoe, sings an extremely modern song, not supposed to be known on the Island of Juan Fernandez, and which is called "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back."

At another theatre, the New Pavilion, the story of the Babes in the Wood and Robin Hood are again woven into a pantomime. This is by Mr. Wilton Jones. Robin Hood's band look as ferocious as pretty women in Lincoln-green trunks and hose generally do. Robin Hood himself is personated by Miss Billy Barlow. The bit of the performance is her song, "Do Buy me That, Mamma."

Among the lesser theatres may be mentioned the Elephant and Castle, where the pantomime is another version of "Dick Whittington and his Cat"; at the Britannia, the new pantomime is "The Giant of the Mountain"; at the Metropole, "Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper," is drawing crowded houses. At the Crystal Palace, as we have already mentioned, another of Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomimes is running, called "Blue Beard." The leading character of Selim is taken by Miss Sophie Harriss, who makes her first appearance on the English stage. She is very handsome, very shapely, and sings admirably. Miss Harriss has just arrived in London from Chicago, where she played the title-role in an extravaganza called "Aladdin, Jr."

Aside from the novelties of Boxing Day, probably the theatrical event which has made most talk in London has been the recent visit of Yvette Guilbert. Yvette Guilbert appeared once before in London, and, if I remember rightly, the lord chamberlain, who is the theatrical censor, ordered certain of her songs to be suppressed. I do not wonder at it—Yvette Guilbert sings songs which are calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of even a Frenchman. As to the women who went to hear her in London, it is only fair to believe that they did not understand what she said. In fact, her French is so distinctively *argot de Paris* that it is doubtful if even a provincial Frenchman could understand it.

Yvette Guilbert was a saleswoman in the Printemps, a gigantic establishment like Whiteley's in London or Macy's in New York, not so well known as the Louvre or the Bon Marché to visiting Americans, although well known to Parisians. It was in this place that Yvette discovered that she had a talent for imitation. She has a comic sbrug, she sticks her tongue in her cheek, she talks the slang of the Boulevard, and so she reproduced for the delectation of her fellow-workers in the shop the manners of the Parisians, male and female. She is very ugly. She is very shapeless. She is very thin. She is very awkward. She has a pasty complexion, a long nose, and soda-bleached hair. Every one in Paris and London has seen her, either on the stage or on the placards, in her yellow silk gown, with the long black kid gloves reaching to her elbows.

She has made an enormous success in Paris, and she has repeated it in London. When she was a girl, she began by carrying home work from her mother, who was a poor

seamstress, to her customers. From there she went to the great Printemps shop, and then made her début at the El Dorado Café. The boulevardiers took up Yvette.

Her songs are difficult to describe. She calls herself "the Zola of song." She objects to being told that her songs are vulgar, and describes herself as a lyric painter from nature. But, none the less, some of her songs are calculated to disgust even people who are not delicately minded. In one, entitled "Je suis Pocharde," she represents a young woman who is drunk. There is another one she used to sing called "La Soularde," which represents an old woman who is a drunkard. Note the subtle distinction. This she has not sung in London, but it was one of her great hits in Paris. Another one of the favorites in the city by the Seine is called "Cochon, Cochon, Petit Cochon." This is the sort of a song which makes the men roar and the women put up their fans. It may be called a study of the pigsty from a social point of view. This social study of hogs gives the most intense delight to the human hogs in the audience. The song "La Soularde," of which I have spoken above, is a sketch in song of an old woman, besotted, drunken, and degraded, who is stoned in the gutter by the gamins of the street. There is a new song being written for Yvette by Jonaz, which as yet has no name. It describes the hanging of a woman for the murder of her child. It must be a lovely thing.

In a recent interview, Yvette Guilbert said that from six hundred francs a month, which she earned at the El Dorado, she now receives between thirty and forty thousand francs a month. She remarks that she is called the meanest woman in Paris, because she saves her money instead of throwing it away. But she says she does not care for jewels or handsome clothes; that she is ugly, and knows it; and that she is saving up her money in order to buy a house in the country and retire. Like many French actresses and other French ladies who retire, she will doubtless become "dévotée" when she retires, give money to the priests, and die pious.

LONDON, January 2, 1895.

PICCADILLY.

Anthony Trollope has familiarized the world through his autobiography with the fact that he passed through an unusually black and bitter boyhood. Sir William Gregory gives a picture of him at Harrow which enables us to understand why the poor fellow should have been miserable:

It was when I was turned down that I became intimate with Anthony Trollope, who sat next to me. He was a big boy, older than the rest of the form, and, without exception, the most slovenly and dirty boy I ever met. He was not only slovenly in person and in dress, but his work was equally dirty. His exercises were a mass of blots and smudges. These peculiarities created a great prejudice against him, and the poor fellow was generally avoided. It is pitiable to read in his autobiography, just published, how bitter were his feelings at that time, and how he longed for the friendship and companionship of his comrades; but in vain. There was a story afloat, whether true or false I know not, that his father had been outlawed, and every boy believed it was the duty of a loyal subject of the crown to shoot or otherwise destroy "old Trollope" if possible. Fortunately he never appeared among us. I had plenty of opportunities of judging of Anthony, and I am bound to say, though my heart smites me sorely for my unkindness, that I did not dislike him. I avoided him, for he was rude and uncouth, but I thought him an honest, brave fellow. He was no sneak. His faults were external; all the rest of him was right enough. But the faults were of that character for which school-boys would never make allowances, and so poor Trollope was taunted, and bad not, so far as I am aware, a single friend. He might have been a thoroughly bad young fellow, and yet have had plenty of associates. He gave no sign of promise whatsoever, was always in the lowest part of the form, and was regarded by masters and by boys as an incorrigible dunce.

The beautiful lines of Hadrian's address to his soul—

"Animula, blandula, vagula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Nunc abhis in loca,
Pallidula, frigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dohis jocos!"

are recalled by the sonnet in the January *Atlantic*, "Soul, Wherefore Fret Thee?" in which Stuart Sterne has so gracefully expressed the same thought:

"Soul, wherefore fret thee? Striving still to throw
Some light upon the primal mystery
Through rolling ages pondered ceaselessly,
Whence thou hast come, and whither thou shalt go!
Some deepest, secret voice gives thee to know
How, older than created earth and sea,
Thou hast been ever, shalt forever be—
Unborn—undying! Thy own life doth show.
Yester, to-day, to-morrow, but a chain
Of dusky pearls, whereof we seek in vain
End or beginning, though perchance the one
We call To-day gleams whitest in the sun.
Ay, Soul, thy very Self is unto thee
Immortal pledge of immortality!"

Iowa is considerably torn up over the question whether a figure which is to surmount a public monument shall be nude or draped. The matter is talked of from the stand-points of art, propriety, morals, and the weather. The last named element is dragged into the argument by a newspaper which evidently wants to dodge the points made by objectors to the nude in art. This paper, which is published in Keokuk, urges that while a naked statue may be all right in a warm Southern clime, it is quite inappropriate to a high, chilly latitude like that of Northern Iowa.

According to an old-established popular error, French is a very easy language for English-speaking people to learn. Certainly there is little difficulty in acquiring a superficial knowledge of it, just as there is little trouble in gaining a superficial knowledge of anything. But a little learning is dangerous, especially in French; for there is no living tongue in which a man has so many openings for making a donkey of himself.

One of the prettiest characteristics of domesticated animals is their invariable gentleness toward little children. Horses, dogs, and even cats will exhibit an amount of patience and care with babies which they would not dream of exercising toward grown-up people.

ANECDOTES OF GRANT.

Owing to his lack of purely personal ambition, not because he doubted his ability, General Grant opposed his own promotion to each and all of the different grades of rank that he was advanced to; and when delegation after delegation from the North came to head-quarters and urged him to permit the use of his name for the Presidency, he would say: "Gentlemen, I am not a politician, I have no political friends, and I have never made a public speech in my life. No, no; there is plenty of good material in the North to make a President of—men trained in the science of government and political life. I am neither, and am content with my army."

And yet this man, this soldier of soldiers, had a strong antipathy to war in all its aspects. He wanted to be a professor in a college, and came very near being swallowed up in that limpid pool of polite seclusion some time during the forties. He hated wars of invasion as well as internecine conflicts, and did not hesitate to denounce the Mexican War as an unholy one, inspired by greed for the acquisition of new possessions. And he saw clearly that the same result which was finally accomplished in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and the purchase by the United States of additional territory for far more than it was worth to Mexico, might have been arrived at without shedding a single drop of blood.

His ambition did not extend beyond the pressing needs of his country. The misguided sister States having been led back into the Union, he was ready and glad to sheathe his sword and retire with his family to his cottage in Galena.

One day, while the army was resting at Grand Junction, Tenn., a party of gentlemen were seated in his tent, and the topic of conversation happened to be the vaulting ambition of certain men, when Grant quietly remarked: "Well, the only ambition I ever had was to become Mayor of Galena. I would like to be Mayor of Galena for just one term." All present looked at the placid face of the great general who sat serenely smoking his cigar, his thoughts seemingly wandering far away to the lead mines of his adopted home, and to his modest cottage on the hill. At length some one made the query, "Why, general, do you wish to be Mayor of Galena?" and the reply was, "To enable me to build a sidewalk from my house to our store."

The war brought forth many an interesting discussion as to the qualities which entered into the make-up of a good soldier and of his antithesis, "the poltroon," and the terms "moral courage," "physical courage," "recklessness," and "cowardice," were much and vaguely used in this connection.

It may be worth while to record General Grant's view of the matter. It was at Vicksburg that some officers were holding an animated conversation relative to these very questions, in the rear and within earshot of General Grant's head-quarters. Some were decidedly modest in their expressions, while others boasted that they never experienced the slightest sense of fear upon entering a battle. This was not lost upon General Grant, who thoughtfully remarked: "When I hear a man say that he never has the slightest fear upon entering a battle, I invariably put him down as either a liar or a coward." He then cited a number of instances of men whom he had known to be brave, and of others who had shown the white feather when put to a real test, and, speaking for himself, said that in his entire army experience he did not remember a single engagement that he had not gone into with a certain feeling of trepidation, which, however, quickly left him after the battle and its excitement had begun.

Supposed to be connected with this question of personal bravery is the practice of dueling, and an incident of the so-called "field of honor," related in his memoirs, throws an interesting side light upon the character and disposition of President Grant. In the year 1845, when he had just arrived in New Orleans from Camp Salubrity, he happened to be awake one morning about daylight when he heard the sound of firing, and soon discovered that it was "only a couple of gentlemen deciding a difference of opinion with rifles at twenty paces." He says: "I do not believe I ever would have the courage to fight a duel. If any man should wrong me to the extent of my being willing to kill him, I would not be willing to give him the choice of weapons with which it should be done, and of the time, place, and distance separating us when I executed him. If I should do another such a wrong as to justify him in killing me, I would make any reasonable atonement within my power if convinced of the wrong done. I place my opposition to dueling on higher grounds than any yet stated here. No doubt a majority of the duels fought have been for want of sufficient moral courage on the part of those engaged to decline."

Now that the duello seems to be waning, it is interesting to pause and consider the judgment of this man, who unquestionably possessed, in the highest degree, an indomitable courage.

After the excitement and fatigue of a battle, or at any time when no immediate danger menaced his army, in the retirement of his tent General Grant liked to be amused. I never knew him to laugh more heartily than he did at General Dodge, who, it will be remembered, after the occupation of Vicksburg, was placed in command of the city. At that time cotton was worth a dollar and ten cents a pound in New Orleans. Farragut, with his gunboats, controlled the Mississippi River at Fort Hudson and Yazoo Pass, and prevented owners from shipping their priceless cotton down to the Crescent City.

General Dodge was besieged day and night by planters and owners of the precious stuff for permits to ship their cotton below to a market. As he had no authority to issue permits, he was greatly annoyed by these continued importunities, and at length, on the verge of desperation, he telegraphed Mr. Lincoln the following: "Mr. President: On Saturday last I was offered fifty thousand dollars for a per-

mit to ship a boat-load of cotton from this place to New Orleans; on Sunday morning I was offered one hundred thousand dollars; before night, I was tendered two hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks. As my price is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for God's sake, Mr. President, remove me before I am offered that sum."

A copy of this dispatch was shown to Grant, who, as I have said, enjoyed it hugely. No one appreciated a good story or joke more than Mr. Lincoln, and for a long time he carried that honest telegram in his vest-pocket to show it to his intimates.

Before closing, I must present an illustration of one more phase of his character which, no doubt, may be familiar to many, as the story has been going the rounds for forty-odd years, and has been told by Grant himself many times. When he was a lad of about eight years, his father, Jesse Grant, offered a Mr. Ralston twenty dollars for a colt, but the latter demanded twenty-five dollars. The son Ulysses being, however, very solicitous for the possession of the animal, he was finally permitted to go (properly instructed by his father) to bargain for it, and this is how he carried out his father's instructions: When he arrived at Mr. Ralston's house, he said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer you twenty-two dollars and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five dollars."

I have cited this instance, old as it is, because it furnishes an apt illustration of that guilelessness in business transactions which characterized Grant through life, even to the very end.

THOMAS P. ROBE.

GLENWOOD, CAL., January, 1895.

TO FRANCE.

1894.

Mother of Freedom! Mother and fond nurse!
Who, from thy mighty loins, with awful throes
And cries of anguish bore her! what new woes
Encompass thee? What long-forgotten curse
Revives to chill thy soul and dull its seeing?
Veiled are thy falcon-glances, as in death:
Thou bleedest, France! and, sobbing, drawest breath,
Sore smitten by the thing thou gavest being!

Is this thine offspring—once so nobly fair
That at her look were riven human chains,
And all men blessed thee for thy travail pains?
Behold! with serpents writhing in her hair
She stands, Medusa-like, the world appalling!
Her bloodless cheeks bespeak the vampire's lust;
Her victims fall before her in the dust;
Yet, unappeased, she still would see them falling.

Is this blest Liberty, this treacherous thing
That hides its venom 'neath a mask of flowers,
That smites its own defenders, and devours
The hands that feed it? This whose rancorous sting
Is uncontrolled by reason? Red and gory,
The standard it uplifts on land and sea
Reveals it truly, hell-born Anarchy!
Which borrows for its shame a name of glory.

Freedom disdains the cruel and the base,
Their praise she deems inexpiable wrong,
And in the homage of their savage song
She hears the voice of insult and disgrace.
Scorning the ransomed slaves who rule no better
Than the oppressors they in wrath hurl down,
Who make the Phrygian cap a despot's crown,
And others with their broken shackles fetter—
She leaves them to the evils they invoke;
And listening to the voices of the wild—
As listens for the mother's voice her child—
Courting the tempest and the lightning-stroke,
She opens to the void her pinions regal;
The clouds, the skies, she knows to be her own,
And rising to the mountain-summits lone,
She rests where rock the eyries of the eagle!
—Florence Earle Coates in *January Century*.

The foot-ball season is now over and the list of deaths and casualties has been compiled. In this category, two have broken their legs and three wrenched them severely, ten have broken their collar-bones and two their noses, three have broken their jaws, seven have sprained their ankles, and thirteen have had severe scalp wounds by being kicked in the head. Two have dislocated and eight have wrenched their knees. Two have dislocated their shoulders, one has sprained his neck, and another has wrenched his hip. One has broken his ribs and another his thigh, and five others have been severely injured in various ways. In all, over eighty players have been maimed, and many of them will feel the effects for a long time to come, if not permanently. Three players have been killed, one has been paralyzed, two have gone to the insane asylum, and two colleges had to disband their teams for the season, as they were unable to play, so many of them were knocked out in the game.

Portugal proposes to obtain a modern navy in a novel manner. First-class ship-builders are to be asked how many vessels of specified types they will supply a year, for twenty years or less, in consideration of five hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year and certain monopolies. The award will go to the firm that offers the most in the least time and for the shortest period of monopoly. The government ship-yards will be closed and one yard established at Lisbon, to which all the existing machinery and operatives will be sent. The plant, material, and fuel will be free from duty; all repairing work for the government, both in Europe and the colonies, will go to the new establishment.

"Speaking of memorizing at a glance," writes Frank O. Small, the illustrator, "recalls an incident which occurred some time ago while I was walking with a brother artist. I noticed that he turned and looked intently at a gentleman we met on the street. Nearly two years later, that very face and man appeared in one of my friend's drawings, and, strange to say, he was quite unconscious of the fact that he had seen this person in the flesh, and a capital portrait he had made, too."

A DISILLUSIONED BRIDE.

A Tale from "Discords," the New Book by "George Egerton"—
A Loveless Marriage Dissected from the Young
Wife's Point of View.

A woman who sells herself to a man for the possession of certain papers of whose character and value the reader is left in doubt, a working young woman who sees a scarlet woman in her first stage of splendor and her last stage of misery, a girl who marries a laborer to provide a home for her illegitimate child and takes to drink when he refuses to fulfill his bargain—these are some of the personages whose life-stories form the subject-matter of "Discords," a second book of short stories by "George Egerton" (Mrs. Clairmonte), whose "Keynotes" has not been forgotten. They are not pleasant subjects, but among them is a tale which probes a vital question and one that has seldom been even hinted at in the fiction of the English-speaking races.

It is called "Virgin Soil," and the story begins at the moment when the bride is about to set out on her wedding-journey with her newly made husband. Here is how they both looked and acted at the fateful moment:

The bridegroom is waiting in the hall; with a trifle of impatience, he is tracing the pattern of the linoleum with the point of his umbrella. He curbs it and laughs, showing his strong, white teeth, at a remark of his best man, then compares the time by his hunter with the clock on the stairs. He is florid, bright-eyed, loose-lipped, inclined to stoutness, but kept in good condition. His hair is crisp, curly, slightly gray; his ears peculiar, pointed at their tops like a faun's. He looks very big and well dressed, and, when he smiles, affable enough. Upstairs a young girl, with the suns of seventeen summers on her brown head, is lying with her face hidden on her mother's shoulder; she is sobbing with great childish sobs, regardless of reddened eyes and the tears that have splashed on the silk of her gray going-away gown. The mother seems scarcely less disturbed than the girl. She is a fragile-looking woman, with delicate, fair skin, smoothly parted, thin chestnut hair, dove-like eyes, and a monotonous piping voice. She is flushing painfully, making a strenuous effort to say something to the girl—something that is opposed to the whole instincts of her life. She tries to speak, parts her lips only to close them again, and clasp her arms tighter round the girl's shoulders; at length she manages to say, with trembling, uncertain pauses: "You are married now, darling, and you must obey"—she lays a stress upon the word—"your husband in all things—there are there are things you should know—but—marriage is a serious thing, a sacred thing—" with desperation. "You must believe that what your husband tells you is right. Let him guide you—tell you—" There is such acute distress in her usually unemotional voice that the girl looks up and scans her face—her blushing, quivering, faded face. Her eyes are startled—fawn-like eyes as her mother's; her skin, too, is delicately fair; but her mouth is firmer, her jaw squarer, and her piquant, irregular nose is full of character. She is slightly built, scarcely fully developed in her fresh youth. "What is it that I do not know, mother? What is it?" with anxious impatience. "There is something more—I have felt it all these last weeks in your and the others' looks—in his, in the very atmosphere—but why have you not told me before—I—" Her only answer is a gush of helpless tears from the mother, and a sharp rap at the door, and the bridegroom's voice, with an imperative note that it strikes the nervous girl is new to it, that makes her cling to her mother in a close, close embrace, drop her veil, and go out to him.

The uneasy anticipations are soon realized, the disillusion of marriage soon begins, and "George Egerton" does not shrink from painting it fully and pitilessly:

Half an hour later the carriage pulls up at the little station, and the girl jumps out first. She is flushed, and her eyes stare helplessly as the eyes of a startled child, and she trembles with quick running shudders from head to foot. She clasps and unclasps her slender gray-gloved hands so tightly that the stitching on the back of one bursts. She has called to the station-master, and they go into the refreshment-room together. The latter appears at the door, and, beckoning to a porter, gives him an order. She takes a long look at the familiar little place. They have lived there three years, and yet she seems to see it now for the first time; the rain drips, drips monotonously off the zinc roof, the smell of the dust is fresh, and the white pinks in the borders are beaten into the gravel. Then the train runs in, a first-class carriage, marked "engaged," is attached, and he comes for her. His hot breath smells of champagne, and it strikes her that his eyes are fearfully big and bright, and he offers her his arm with such a curious amused proprietary air that the girl shivers as she lays her hand in it. The bell rings, the guard locks the door, the train steams out, and as it passes the signal-box, a large, well-kept hand, with a signet-ring on the little finger, pulls down the blind on the window of an engaged carriage.

When next we are introduced to the wife, she has had five years' experience of married life, and these five years have made her a hard, fierce, desperate woman. She is returning to the house she had left on the first morning we met her, and this is how she looks:

She walks with her head down and a droop in her shoulders; her quickness of step is due rather to nervous haste than elasticity of frame. When she reaches the turn of the road, she pauses and looks at the little villa with the white curtains and gay-tiled window-boxes. She can see the window of her old room, distinguish every shade in the changing leaves of the creeper climbing up the south wall, hear the canary's shrill note from where she stands.

Never once has she set foot in the peaceful little house, with its air of genteel propriety, since that eventful morning when she left it with him; she has always framed an excuse.

Now, as she sees it, a feeling of remorse fills her heart, and she thinks of the mother living out her quiet years, each day a replica of the one gone before, and her resolve weakens; she feels inclined to go back. But the waning sun flickers over the panes in the window of the room she occupied as a girl; she can recall how she used to run to the open window on summer mornings and lean out and draw in the dewy freshness and welcome the day; how she has stood on moonlight nights and danced with her bare white feet in the strip of moonlight, and let her fancies fly out into the silver night—a young girl's dreams of the beautiful, wonderful world that lay outside. A hard, dry sob rises in her throat at the memory of it, and the fleeting expression of softness on her face changes to a bitter disillusion. She hurries on, with her eyes down, up the neat gravelled path, through the open door, into the familiar sitting-room. . . . She throws back her veil, and goes over and looks at herself in the mirror over the polished chiffonier—scans herself pitilessly. Her skin is sallow, with the dull sallowness of a fair skin in ill-health, and the fringe of her brown hair is so lacking in lustre that it affords no contrast. The look of fawn-like shyness has vanished from her eyes; they burn sombrely and resentfully in their sunken orbits; there is a dragged look about the mouth, and the key-note of her face is a cynical disillusion.

Then comes an interview between mother and daughter, painful and terrible in its frank revelations. In it the secret of all the daughter's misery, of her worn face, and her hardened and broken heart, is told:

"How is Philip, is he well?" the mother ventures to ask, with a feeling of trepidation; but it seems to her that she ought to ask about him. "He is quite well; men of his type usually are. I may say he is particularly well just now; he has gone to Paris with a girl from the Alhambra!" The older woman flushes painfully, and

pauses, with her cup half way to her lips, and lets the tea run over unheeded on to her dainty silk apron.

"You are spilling your tea," the girl adds, with malicious enjoyment. The woman gasps: "Flo, but Flo, my dear, it is dreadful! What would your poor father have said! *No wonder* you look ill, dear. How shocking! Shall I—ask the vicar to—to remonstrate with him?" "My dear mother, what an extraordinary idea! These little trips have been my one solace. I assure you I have always hailed them as lovely oases in the desert of matrimony, resting-places on the journey! My sole regret was their infrequency. That is very good tea; I suppose it is the cream!" The older woman puts her cup on the tray, and stares at her with frightened eyes and paled cheeks. "I am afraid I don't understand you, Florence! I am old-fashioned," with a little air of frigid propriety; "I have always looked upon matrimony as a sacred thing. It is dreadful to hear you speak this way; you should have tried to save Philip—from—from such a shocking sin." The girl laughs, and the woman shivers as she hears her. She cries: "I would never have thought it of Philip! My poor dear, I am afraid you must be unhappy!" "Very," with a grim smile; "but it is over now, I have done with it. I am not going back!" If he had exploded in the quiet, pretty room, the effect could hardly have been more startling than her almost cheerful statement. A big bee buzzes in and hangs against the lace of the older woman's cap, and she never heeds it; then she almost screams: "Florence, Florence, my dear, you can't mean to desert your husband! Oh, think of the disgrace, the scandal, what people will say, the—with an uncertain quaver—" the sin. "You took a solemn vow, you know, and you are going to break it—" "My dear mother, the ceremony had no meaning for me; I simply did not know what I was signing my name to, or what I was vowing to do. I might as well have signed my name to a document drawn up in Chortlaw. I have no remorse, no prick of conscience at the step I am taking; my life must be my own. They say sorrow chastens—I don't believe it; it hardens, embitters. Joy is like the sun, it coaxes all that is loveliest and sweetest in human nature. No, I am not going back." "It is dreadful! I thought he made you such an excellent husband; his position, too, is so good, and he is so highly connected." "Yes, and it is as well to put the blame in the right quarter. Philip is as God made him; he is an animal with strong passions, and he avails himself of the latitude permitted him by the laws of society. Whatever of blame, whatever of sin, whatever of misery is in the whole matter rests *solely and entirely* with you, mother!—the woman sits bolt upright—" and with no one else. That is why I came here—to tell you that. I have promised myself over and over again that I would tell you. It is with you, and you alone, the fault lies. . . . I say it is your fault, because you reared me a fool, an idiot, ignorant of everything I ought to have known—everything that concerned me and the life I was bound to lead as a wife—my physical needs, my coming passion, the very meaning of my sex, my wifhood and motherhood to follow. You gave me not one weapon in my hand to defend myself against the possible attacks of man at his worst. You sent me out to fight the biggest battle of a woman's life—the one in which she ought to know every turn of the game—with a white gauze," she laughs derisively, "of maiden purity as a shield. . . . You gave me to a man—nay, more, you told me to obey him, to believe that whatever he said would be right, would be my duty—knowing that the meaning of marriage was a sealed book to me, that I had no real idea of what union with a man meant. You delivered me body and soul into his hands, without preparing me in any way for the ordeal I was to go through. You sold me for a home, for clothes, for food; you played upon my ignorance—I won't say innocence; that is different. . . . Do you think that if I had realized how fearfully close the intimacy with him would have been that my whole soul would not have stood up in revolt, the whole woman in me cried out against such a degradation of myself?" Her words tremble with passion, and the woman who hore her feels as if she is being lashed by a whip. "Would I not have shuddered at the thought of him in such a relationship, and waited, waited until I found the man who would satisfy me body and soul, to whom I would have gone without any false shame, of whom I would think with gladness as the father of a little child to come, for whom the white fire of love or passion, call it what you will, in my heart would have burned clearly, and saved me from the feeling of loathing horror that has made my married life a nightmare to me—aye, made me a murderess in heart over and over again? This is not exaggeration. It has killed the sweetness in me, the pure thoughts of womanhood; has made me hate myself and *hate* you. Cry, mother, if you will; you don't know how much you have to cry for. I have cried myself barren of tears. Cry over the girl you killed," with a gust of passion. "Why didn't you strangle me as a baby? It would have been kinder. My life has been a hell, mother. I felt it vaguely as I stood on the platform waiting; I remember the mad impulse I had to jump down under the engine as it came in to escape from the dread that was chilling my soul. What have these years been? One long crucifixion; one long submittal to the desires of a man I hound myself to in ignorance of what it meant. Every caress—with a cry—has only been the first note of that. Look at me!" stretching out her arms. "Look at this wreck of my physical self! I wouldn't dare to show you the heart or the soul underneath. He has stood on his rights; but do you think if I had known, that I would have given such insane obedience from a mistaken sense of duty as would lead to this? I have my rights, too, and my duty to myself. If I had only recognized them in time—"

"So! away, mother, I don't even feel for you; I have been burned too badly to feel sorry for what will only be a tiny scar to you—I have all the long future to face, with all the world against me. Nothing will induce me to go back. Better anything than that. Food and clothes are poor equivalents for what I have had to suffer; I can get them at a cheaper rate. When he comes to look for me, give him that letter. He will tell you he has only been an uxorious husband, and that you reared me a fool. You can tell him, too, if you like, that I loathe him, shiver at the touch of his lips, his breath, his hands; that my whole body revolts at his touch; that when he has turned and gone to sleep, I have watched him with such growing hatred that at times the temptation to kill him has been so strong that I have crept out of bed and walked the cold passage in my bare feet until I was too benumbed to feel anything; that I have counted the hours to his going away, and cried out with delight at the sight of the retreating carriage!"

Whither she goes "George Egerton" does not follow her, and we are left to speculate upon what the future can hold for a woman in her position. Whatever it will be, we may be sure it can not be more dreadful than her past.

The question to what extent the pneumatic tire, so familiar on hicycles, will be adopted on the wheels of other vehicles, is one of considerable interest. According to a London scientific journal, *Engineering*, for cabs and broughams in English cities, the rubber tire, with an iron hoop outside, is steadily growing in favor, and thousands of them are seen. Since, even on the smooth wood and asphalt pavements of London, the rider knows at once whether his hansom has elastic or rigid tires, the contrast must be still more marked on macadamized roads or streets paved with granite or cobble-stones.

The new State officials of South Carolina are unusually young in years, even for the South. The governor is thirty-one, the adjutant-general twenty-five, and the attorney-general only twenty-four. Governor Evans is the youngest man ever elected to the governorship.

Mr. Victor Horsley, the eminent English pathologist, says a bullet in the brain stimulates heart action, but stops respiration. One dies for want of breath.

"MADAME SANS-GÊNE."

The New York Production in English of Sardou's Successful Play
—Miss Kathryn Kidder in Réjane's Famous Part—
Gorgeous First Empire Gowns.

Beyond any question, the event of the dramatic week in New York has been the production of the play, "Madame Sans-Gêne," which was written by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. This piece made a hit in Paris over a year ago, and last June Mme. Réjane crossed the "Silver Streak" to London, and produced it there. Mme. Réjane is coming to the United States in a few months, and will produce the piece in French, but in the meantime it has been brought out upon the American stage by Miss Kathryn Kidder.

Miss Kidder has rather got ahead of the New York managers. When Sardou and Moreau produced their play in Paris, Sardou sent it to his American agent, offering to sell the American rights for five thousand dollars. The agent took the manuscript from one manager to another. It was offered to Charles Frohman, to A. M. Palmer, and to Augustine Daly. Not one of these managers thought well of the play, and one after another declined it. Finally the agent of Sardou happened to hear that Miss Kidder wished to star, and succeeded in selling the play to her. She paid five thousand dollars for it. No sooner had the contract been signed than the news was flashed under the ocean that "Madame Sans-Gêne" had made an enormous hit in Paris. As soon as this was learned, the managers made haste to bunt up the agent. Augustine Daly offered as high as fifteen thousand dollars for the American rights, but it was too late.

Miss Kidder interested Augustus Pitou in her venture, and between them they spent twenty-five thousand dollars in staging the piece. Much money is required for placing "Madame Sans-Gêne" upon the stage. The scene is laid in the time of the Empire, and the gorgeous gowns of the time of the First Napoleon, the uniforms of the marshals and generals, and the magnificent Empire furniture require much money for staging such a piece.

The story of the play in brief is this: It begins in the time of the French Revolution, in the laundry of Catherine Hubscher, who is talking with Fouché—he who was afterward the famous chief of police. All Paris is excited. Catherine's lover, whose name is Lefebvre, is a sergeant of the Republican Guard, and is extremely jealous. Catherine and Fouché are speaking of Napoleon Bonaparte, who is one of her customers, and who is unable to pay his washing bill. At this moment an officer in Austrian uniform, who has been wounded defending Marie Antoinette, staggers into the room. It is Count Neipperg—he who many years afterward married Marie Louise. His face is streaming with blood, and he asks for protection from a band of Republican soldiers who are pursuing him. Catherine conceals him in her bed-chamber, and a few moments after, Lefebvre, her lover, and a number of soldiers, comrades of his, enter in pursuit. She tells them that she knows nothing of the fugitive. They sit down to rest themselves, and Lefebvre concludes to wash the powder from his hands. He attempts to enter her bedroom for that purpose, but finds the door locked. His jealousy is at once aroused, his suspicions are excited, and he demands that she open the chamber door. She refuses, and he bursts in the door. He presently comes out; instead of discovering there a rival, he finds a wounded man. It is the fugitive, who has fainted from loss of blood. Reassured as to the fidelity of his sweetheart, Lefebvre does not betray the Austrian's presence to his comrades, but they leave the house, singing the "Marseillaise."

In the second act, twenty years have passed since the scene in Catherine's laundry. Lefebvre has become a Marshal of France and Duke of Dantzic. His wife is the fair Catherine, the laundress who used to be known as Mme. Sans-Gêne, and now she is the Duchess of Dantzic. She is endeavoring to learn deportment, dancing, manners, bow to make a courtesy, and how to carry her train. She is surrounded with dancing-masters, hair-dressers, music-teachers, dress-makers, bonnet-makers, and hoot-makers, when her husband enters in an apparent rage, and informs her that the emperor is much annoyed by her bad manners, her ungrammatical language, and her awkwardness. He says that the emperor is so much enraged that he has demanded that he, the duke, obtain a divorce. She reproaches her husband with submitting to such advice, and in eloquent words recounts to him the fact that she had followed him to the wars, had nursed him when he was wounded, and had been a faithful wife to him for twenty years. "Do you think," she asks, "that I, if I were a man, would submit to having such a wife as that talked of in such a way, even by a man like Napoleon? You are no man! If I had been you, and he had talked so, I would have told him to take his dukedom to Tophet!" Gathering her to his arms, the duke says: "*Grande enfant, va!* That's exactly what I told him."

The duchess is convinced that the sisters of Napoleon are at the bottom of the intrigues against her. She consults Fouché, the ex-chief of police, who has maintained his friendship with her. He tells her that she is right in her suspicions about the emperor's sisters, but advises her to beware, to keep her temper, and to hold her tongue. She follows his advice by flying into a terrible rage when she meets the two sisters, and accusing them of violating the seventh commandment. She is summoned to appear before the emperor.

In the next act the emperor is seated in his library at Compiègne. He is attended by the Duke of Rovigo, his chief of police, by Constant, his man-servant, by Rouston, his mameluke, and by a large and brilliant gathering of officers. The emperor's sisters soon apply for an audience, and the servants and the officers are dismissed. A family scene ensues. The sisters inform their brother that his wife, Marie Louise, is unfaithful to him, and that her paramour is

Neipperg, the Austrian. Before the scene is over, the two sisters become embroiled in a wordy quarrel, in which, finally, Napoleon takes a band himself, and the scene ends with Napoleon in a rage driving his sisters from his presence with a poker and tongs.

Immediately after this, the Duchess of Dantzic, Mme. Sans-Gêne, is given an audience. The emperor receives her very roughly, and informs her that she must consent to a divorce from her husband; that by her lack of ease, lack of good breeding, and lack of deportment she is bringing disgrace upon his court; that she can not turn around, as he expresses it, "without falling over her train." The duchess, in a most eloquent speech, appeals to him. She tells him that she belonged to the armies of the Revolution as a *vivandière*; that she served in the armies of the Moselle, the Vosges, and the Rhine, and how she was wounded at Wagram; that when she was a laundress he was a young lieutenant, and she used to do his washing; that she fell in love with him, and, poor as she was, she refrained from collecting the wash-bill for the reason that she knew he was too poor to pay it. After this, says Mme. Sans-Gêne, if he is about to divorce her from her husband and drive her from his court, she will need money, and therefore she begs him to pay the bill at once, and she presents to him the twenty-year-old wash-bill for sixty francs. The emperor is delighted at this curious encounter, and Mme. Sans-Gêne is metaphorically taken to his heart.

The rest of the play is devoted to the attempt on the part of Mme. Sans-Gêne and Fouché to clear the stain from the empress's name, owing to the charges which were made against her by the emperor's sisters concerning the *liaison* with Neipperg. This they succeed in doing, and they also succeed in getting Neipperg safely out of the country and on the way to Austria.

When the piece was played in Paris, the leading rôle—that of Mme. Sans-Gêne—was taken by Mme. Réjane. Mme. Réjane is one of the finest comedienne on the Parisian stage. She is not pretty, but she is what the Parisians call a *belle laide*. She has a mobile face, large, speaking eyes, and she has, what is unusual among women, a keen sense of humor. Réjane crowded the houses in Paris for a number of months. It ran there, if I remember correctly, for nearly three hundred nights. Afterward it was produced in London, and then reproduced in Paris. In addition to the charm of Réjane's acting, there was much importance in Paris attached to the fact that some of the most beautiful actresses in France were in her company. The various actresses who took the parts of Napoleon's sisters and the great ladies of the imperial court were all women of remarkable personal beauty.

Réjane is an inimitable actress, and Miss Kidder is not. Miss Kidder is emotional, vivacious, and winsome, but she was not Mme. Sans-Gêne. No one could have imagined for a moment that Miss Kidder had ever dabbled her dainty fingers in soap-suds, turned out with the regimental colors, drank at the regimental canteens, slept on the battle-field, and been wounded at Wagram. There was no suspicion of her ever having been a petticoated soldier. Instead of that, Miss Kidder is a bigly emotional person who is much in the habit of whimpering and sniveling, which is what Mme. Sans-Gêne never did.

The person who represented Napoleon was Mr. Augustus Cook. He does not look very much like Napoleon; but after he had built up his nose with wax, put on a swallow complexion, and brought the celebrated Bonaparte lock down over his forehead, he resembled the Corsican as much as most actors do who have attempted to represent the "Little Corporal."

The performance in New York was not the first performance in English in the United States, for the play has been ten weeks upon the road. It has been seen in six cities, two engagements having been played in consequence of increased business in Washington, Baltimore, and Buffalo. The piece made a great hit wherever it was played, and finally has made a very favorable impression in New York city. Miss Kidder was called out ten times at the close of the piece, as were some of her support.

Miss Kidder wore some very handsome dresses, which excited much interest on the part of the feminine members of the audience. In the court scene in the second act, she wears a gorgeous gown of rich cream-colored satin, with a train three yards long. With this she has a mantle of scarlet velvet. Another wrap she wears is of turquoise-blue and ermine. A striking riding-babit is of yellowish-green cloth, with a white cravat and a wide collar of black silk. She wears with this a Spanish chamois jacket, appliqued in green points, and a curious heaver bat of the epoch. Every detail of Miss Kidder's costumes is of the time, including even slippers and stockings, petticoats and corsets, of which she wears a pair of green satin, etched with white lace; all her trinkets, such as gemmed vinaigrettes and loggions, are correct Premier Empire.

It is probable that the Napoleonic revival of the present day has had much to do with the success of "Madame Sans-Gêne." The version which is played in New York is not an adaptation. It is an almost literal translation; in fact, too literal, for there are many Gallicisms. But, none the less, it seemed to be keenly enjoyed and appreciated by the American audiences. This implies not only a very high degree of intelligence on the part of the American audiences, but a remarkable degree of knowledge of the time as well. For there is much of the play which hinges upon the recondite events of the times of the Revolution, the Directory, and the Empire. For example, the intrigues and counter-intrigues between Fouché and Rovigo seem to be thoroughly understood and appreciated by the American audiences.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 16, 1895.

A few years ago, the Peter's Pence from France averaged three million francs. In 1893, the sum was one million eight hundred thousand francs, and last year it fell below a million.

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"La Traduction Orale et la Prononciation Française," a practical French course for advanced pupils, consisting of twenty-one carefully graded lessons by Victor F. Bernard, has been published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 30 cents.

Alphonse Daudet's "Le Petit Chose: Histoire d'un Enfant," with explanatory notes in English by Professor C. Fontaine, in the Romans Choisis; "Fortezza" and "Un Gran Giorno," by Edmondo de Amicis, with notes in English by Professor T. E. Coniha, in the Novelle Italiane; and "El Pajaro Verde," by Juan Valera, revised and annotated by Julio Rojas, in the Cuentos Selectos, are the latest specimens of foreign literature published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 60, 35, and 35 cents, respectively.

"In Sheltered Ways" is the title of a little book of verses, by D. J. Donahue, which is the initial volume of the Lotus Series. The edition is limited to six hundred copies, each of which is signed by the author, and the heavy uncut paper, clear typography, and tasteful binding make some pretensions to being sumptuous. But the contents scarcely warrant so luxurious a setting. They comprise two long poems in blank verse—"The Rescue of the Princess" and "The Slain Christ"—and a number of sonnets and other short poems of a rather light quality. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo; price, \$1.00.

In "By Reef and Palm," by Louis Becke, there are some dozen or more very striking little tales of life among the islands of the South Pacific. Mr. Becke, as the Earl of Pembroke informs us in his brief preface, knows the Polynesian, Samoan, and other peoples of the sub-tropic islands as well as almost any man living, for he has been among them as a trader for many years, and to his wide knowledge, obtained through personal observation, he adds the ability to paint a scene in glowing tints and to narrate a story full of local color and sharp characterization. These tales cover many phases of life among whites, half-castes, and natives, but the greater number have to do with love and primitive emotions. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Gabriel Lusk" is the title of a short novel by the late Anne Reeve Aldrich which is published posthumously and to the detriment of her literary fame. Miss Aldrich had already published two or three little books of verse in which discriminating critics had found not a few poems to praise, when death cut her off a year or two ago; but "Gabriel Lusk" is marred as a novel by the faults that Miss Aldrich's admirers hoped to see eliminated from her verses by the ripper judgment of later years. It is a story of misplaced loves—loved by a wretched woman whom you hate, hated by a wretched woman whom you love," so one of these women describes the hero to himself—and the love is that hysterical passion that does not exist outside the imaginations of certain emotional young women. The end, too, is sensational, the climax seeming strained and unreal. Published by Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York.

Rounseville Wildman, who was for three years United States Consul at Singapore, has turned to excellent literary account his residence in the "Golden Chersonese" by making it the scene of an exciting story of adventure. "The Panglima Muda" is its title, and it narrates the experiences of two Americans—one a collector for the Smithsonian Institution and the other a commissioner for the World's Fair at Chicago—during a war among the native princes of the Malaccan peninsula. The romantic element is brought in by the fact that one of these Americans falls in love with an English girl who has been abducted from a hall at the residence in Singapore by a native prince who had conceived a lasting passion for her while a student in her father's home in England. As this native has all the mysterious powers of the Orient at his command and is equally a master of Occidental civilization, the course of the young couple's true love does not run smooth. Published by the Overland Monthly Publishing Company, San Francisco.

The present interest in the early settlers of New England and the South has called forth several very readable hooks, among which "Colonial Days and Dames," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton,

must take a foremost place. It comprises seven essays, on "Colonial Days," "Women in the Early Settlements," "A Group of Early Poetesses," "Colonial Dames," "Old Landmarks," "Weddings and Merry-Makings," and "Legend and Romance," made up from official documents, family records, and the testimony of some few remaining men and women who lived in the first quarter of this century. Many will learn from this book for the first time that the early Philadelphians were troglodytes, dwelling in caves "generally formed by digging into the ground near the verge of the river-front bank about three feet in depth, thus making half their chamber under ground, and the remaining half above ground was formed of sods of earth or earth and brush combined." The frequent blasts of the Friends against hoop-skirts and like snares of the Evil One are not so unusual, but they are amusing nevertheless, while the necessity for them is evident, not only from their frequent occurrence, but from the levity in other ways that these papers reveal. It is to be noted that the early customs of Philadelphia occupy a greater proportion of the pages than those of the other colonial towns. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

Within a few days of Ihsen's outburst of anger against the irreverent thief who purloined portions of his new play and sold it to the press, the play itself has been published, translated into English by William Archer, the noted English dramatic critic, and reprinted in America as the initial volume of an attractively dainty Green Tree Library. The play is entitled "Little Eoyolf," its leading theme is the ultimate inadvisability of marrying for beauty and money, and its moral is—make the best of it. The story—unlike most Ihsen plays, it has a story which is unfolded during the action, instead of having been completed before the curtain rises on the first scene—has for its chief personages Alfred Allmers, Mrs. Rita Allmers, his wife, and Miss Asta Allmers, who is at first thought to be his half-sister, but eventually learns that she is not. Also, there is the Rat-Wife, a weird *deus ex machina* who contributes the uncanny element to the play, and little Eoyolf, the Allmers' crippled son. Allmers does not love his wife, and decides that it is his duty to give up his monumental work on moral responsibility and devote himself to the child. His wife is madly jealous of her husband's love for the child, and while she is cursing it in a torrent of passionate abuse, they learn that the child has been drowned. In some way this reveals to Allmers the fact that he loves Asta; but she, half in a spirit of renunciation, marries Borgheim, an honest engineer, and the curtain goes down on Allmers and Rita, reconciled to each other and determined to make the best of it. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

OLD FAVORITES.

At Cornell University, on Founders' Day, Friday, January 11, 1895, an address was delivered by Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York Sun. The topic chosen by Mr. Dana was "Newspaper-Making—The Conditions, Usefulness, and Future of the Press." His address fills five closely printed newspaper columns. Considering the prominence of Mr. Dana as a publicist, his versatility as a writer, and his fame as a newspaper editor, it is needless to state that his address is well worth the study not only of newspaper men, but of others as well. In the course of his remarks, he covers everything in the newspaper business from fast perfecting presses to the linotype machines, from printing Sunday sermons to the printing of verse. Mr. Dana's paper, the Sun, has always been notable for the excellence of the verse which has appeared in its columns. Toward the end of his address he lays down the dictum that newspaper editors should not neglect that department of letters, but that they should cultivate in their readers a love for good verse. He read two specimens—one a humorous piece, which we reprinted recently, and which discussed the fall of the descendants of the Cæsars, as typified in "a gang of dagoes" hosed by an Irish foreman. After this, Mr. Dana said: "Now let us hear a strain of a higher note. I found my copy of it in the San Francisco Argonaut. I dare say you have all seen it. It is called 'The High Tide at Gettysburg.'" Following which, Mr. Dana read the poem.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Dana reads the

Argonaut, and that he reads it so carefully as to enjoy the verse which is printed in its columns. That so busy a man as he, the editor of a great metropolitan daily, can find time to read a weekly journal, printed on the distant shores of the Pacific, is pleasant to know.

We are reminded, however, of the fact that in printing this poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg," we unintentionally did a wrong to its writer. He has addressed us on the subject, and we print his note herewith:

SEATTLE, WASH., December 12, 1894.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Of the many periodicals which have done me the honor to reprint my poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg," since its first appearance in the Century Magazine in July, 1888, yours is certainly far from the least complimentary to me, for the high place occupied by the Argonaut is recognized by all.

But I have a complaint to lodge, and am at the outset ready to hold you blameless of wrong. The poem as printed in your issue of November 26, 1894, under the heading "Old Favorites," has been shorn of two stanzas, and it is thereby sadly maimed and disfigured. The fifth and seventh stanzas have been omitted. Other periodicals—mostly newspapers—are widely copying you, and it is a painful thing to me to see the poem appearing thus mutilated. I inclose you a correct copy. With full knowledge of the just aversion to "dead matter," I beg of you to restore the cripple to health.

Sincerely yours, WILL H. THOMPSON.

We shall certainly take pleasure in printing a corrected version and setting Mr. Thompson right before the world. In our own defense, it is only necessary to say that the version we printed some weeks ago, and which Mr. Dana read in his address, was from an article written by Maurice Thompson, a brother of Will H. Thompson, and evidently an admirer. We naturally supposed that this version would be the correct one. But we were in error, and we therefore lay herewith before our readers the authorized version of this fine poem:

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield,
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett hied;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia beard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and rattling rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost,
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-hurst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And hadd the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the hars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He huilt and lent
The heights for Freedom's hattement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the hanners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—Will. H. Thompson.

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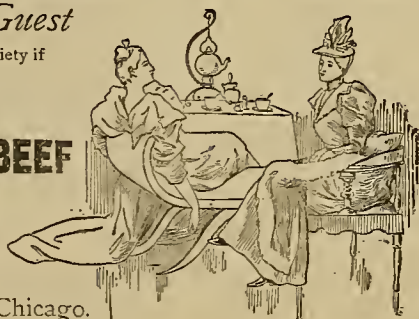
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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"A Letter to Mr. Stevenson's Friends" is the title of a little pamphlet printed by the late Robert Louis Stevenson's family for private circulation in lieu of innumerable manuscript letters among those who knew and cherished him. It contains an account of his death, written by Lloyd Osborne; Stevenson's address to the Samoan chiefs on the completion of the road they had built for him in gratitude for his services to them; and an account of his last celebration of Thanksgiving Day; a description of the funeral; and Edmund Gosse's poem, beginning "Clearest voice in Britain's chorus, Tutusila!" which reached Mr. Stevenson only three days before his death.

Julian Ralph has just returned from the scenes of the war between China and Japan, whither he went in the interests of *Harper's Magazine*. He was accompanied by C. D. Weldon, the artist, and his articles on Chinese life will begin to appear in *Harper's* as soon as the illustrations can be made ready.

Professor J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton, will publish at once, through Macmillan & Co., his work "Mental Development in the Child and the Race: Methods and Processes."

The price of the new Edinburgh edition of Stevenson's works doubled on the day the news of his death was confirmed. First editions of his works are now the object of the collector's ambition. They are very scarce, and for the twenty-seven volumes of irregular size four hundred dollars is the modest price. Apropos of this, James Payn writes:

"It is curious how differently the deaths of popular authors affect the circulation of their works. Just at first, almost in all cases, it is increased; there is a general notion that there is but a certain number of remaining copies of his books, and that they will become more valuable since their author is no more; but after a while, in many instances, the sales of an author's works fall off, as though his readers felt they were no longer under an obligation to patronize their former favorite. While he lived it seemed like forsaking an old friend to cease to read him; but since he is dead such scruples are superfluous, and, indeed, the fact is that they were already getting a little tired of him. In other cases the author holds his own, becomes in time a classic, and his circulation is permanent. It is impossible to prophesy—or, at least, to prophesy right—as to which fate will attend a writer."

In "Down the West Coast," Mr. Charles F. Lummis will tell in the February *Harper's* the story of a five-thousand-mile journey by water from San Francisco to Callao.

In the dainty "Temple Shakespeare," little volumes in flexible covers, each containing a play (published in New York by Macmillan & Co.), the comedies have been finished with "The Winter's Tale," and the histories have begun with "King John." The text is that of the revised Cambridge edition, and the usual preface and glossary are supplied by Israel Gollanez.

Over a hundred letters written by Scott to Mr. Craig, the banker, have been found in the archives of the old Leith Bank, at Galashiels.

The fiction of the February *Harper's* will be noteworthy:

The third installment of Mr. Hardy's "Hearts Insurgent" will take the hero to the university town of "Christminster"; the second part of Richard Harding Davis's "The Princess Aline" will conduct the principal personages to Paris through London; Julian Ralph's stories of "People We Pass" will be continued, with "Love in the Big Barracks"; Mrs. Burton Harrison will bring some of her Old Virginia into a bright sketch of New York life, entitled "The Merry Maid of Arcady"; F. Hopkinson Smith will appear as the author of a character study, called "John Sanders, Looer"; and Miss Grace King will contribute a sketch of Creole Louisiana, entitled "A Domestic Interior."

Macmillan & Co. have in press a timely little book by Arthur J. Fonda on "Honest Money."

Perhaps, in due time, there will be a proposal to commemorate in Westminster the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson, in anticipation of which the *Illustrated London News* says:

"If room could be found for such a national tribute to his fame, there would be no difficulty in selecting the epitaph, for the undying lines, in which he declared—
'Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will,'
would spring instantly to the recollection of any lover of Stevenson."

The February *Harper's* will open with a stirring tale of early American maritime history, entitled "New York Colonial Privateers," by Thomas A. Janvier, with illustrations by Howard Pyle.

When Mr. Crawford was asked why his most popular works, the *Saracinesca* Series and other Italian tales, had never been issued in Italian, he replied: "You can hardly expect these people to be interested in what they themselves do and say daily." For the same reason, it is suggested, his American Series, of which "Katharine Lauderdale" forms the first and "The Ralstons," just about to be issued, the conclusion, finds favor everywhere except in New York city. In the West and South especially, the sale of "Katharine Lauderdale" is still very large.

Here are two opportunities for writers of short stories:

A prize of \$2,000 is offered by a syndicate of newspapers for the best detective story, of between 6,000 and 12,000 words in length, for publication in installments of

2,000 words daily. For the second best, \$500 will be given. Manuscripts must be type-written and submitted to Prize Editor, Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier, 112 to 117 Tribune Building, New York, before May 1st.

The publishers of the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, offer cash prizes to the value of \$2,500 for the best short stories of not less than 2,000 nor more than 3,000 words, suitable for publication in their paper. Of this sum, \$500 will be given for the best original story, and also for the next in literary and general merit; \$250 for each of the next four in merit, and \$500 for each of the next five. Translations, and love, religious, fairy, political, and sensational stories are excluded. The competition will be open until March 1st, and the prizes announced probably in October.

A second edition of Professor McCurdy's latest work, "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments," Vol. I. (Macmillan & Co.), is now in the press. The first edition was exhausted in about three months.

"French Fighters in Africa" will be treated in the February *Harper's* in an article by Poultny Bigelow, for which Frederic Remington has made a series of striking illustrations from sketches made in Algeria.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation the "Life and Letters of R. W. Church," late Dean of St. Paul's.

"Though Mr. du Maurier sold to the Harpers outright, and for a large sum, the American rights of "Trilby," beginning with the new year he will receive a royalty on every copy of the novel sold in this country. The exceptional sale of "Trilby" has also enhanced that of "Peter Ibbetson," and Mr. du Maurier will receive the same royalty on the latter book. In negotiating for both of Mr. du Maurier's novels, the publishers desired to put the book sales on a royalty basis, but the author preferred to take a good round sum down for all rights." This surprising statement is made in the *New York Tribune*.

An interesting illustrated account of the Græco-Roman games conducted by the Olympic Club in this city some months ago is contributed to *Outing* for February by Arthur Inkersley.

Antonin Dvorak will contribute to the February *Harper's* a paper on "Music in America," accompanied by a full-page portrait, and Edwin Lord Weeks will complete his series of papers on Indian cities with "Oudeypoor, the City of the Sunrise."

The novel called "A Drama in Dutch" is understood to be the work of Louis Zangwill, a younger brother of I. Zangwill.

Messrs. Macmillan will begin immediately the issue of another series, which will consist of illustrated reprints of standard novels. To each of them will be contributed an introduction by a well-known critic. Miss Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent and the Absentee" is to be the first of the series, and others will appear at monthly intervals.

The *New York Tribune* wonders if the American novel is languishing through inherent weakness, or

is it being edged out by its English competitor? It says:

"In the *Century*, Mr. Crawford is printing his 'Casa Braccio,' but that is not based on the American life which ought to make the typical American novel; and the only other native writer of fiction who is bringing forward an important serial just now is Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Meredith's 'Amazing Marriage' has the place of honor in *Scribner's*, and Mr. Hardy supplies the chief story for *Harper's* during the present year. The most noticeable fiction, in short, seems to be coming from English pens, leaving aside, of course, the ever interesting short story. Mr. Howells, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Cable, and the rest of them are hard at work, but somehow the great American novel does not seem to get itself written; and as for pure romance, there is nobody in sight on this side the water with any such gift as Stevenson's or Stanley Weyman's."

A students' edition of Chaucer in one volume, prepared by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, of the University of Cambridge, will be published in America by Macmillan & Co.

Susan Fenimore Cooper, the second daughter of James Fenimore Cooper, died on December 31st, at the age of eighty-two. During her father's life she acted as his secretary and amanuensis, helping him considerably in his literary work; and later she contributed many articles to the periodicals and wrote several successful books.

George Saintsbury is editing a translation of Balzac's novels which Messrs. Dent have in preparation. He will write a general introduction to the series and a shorter preface to each novel.

Anthony Hope Hawkins is writing a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"Greek Studies," Walter Pater's posthumous essays, have been arranged for publication by Charles Lancelot Shadwell, M. A., B. C. S., Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford, and will be published at once by Macmillan & Co.

The late E. A. Beadle, famous as the originator of the "dime novel," was the object of much undeserved obloquy, according to *Frank Leslie's*, which says:

"The inexpensive literature that he produced so abundantly was entirely worth its price, but the public judgment deemed it disreputable. Far from being devoid of style, it appealed to boys, who, now that they are men, are glad to exculpate Mr. Beadle from the verdict of their parents. For thirty years, from 1859 to 1889, a school of prolific writers poured manuscript into Mr. Beadle's printing-house, but the fame of only one of them, Ned Buntline, now survives."

After "The Red Cockade" is finished, there will be no more Weyman fiction for many a day, for that hard-working author has wisely determined to take a year's rest.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is not coming to America with her husband. She has gone to Italy to spend the winter. Mr. Ward is going to bring a daughter with him, a young girl just at the end of her teens, and they are to reach here by way of Genoa. Columbia College has engaged him for a series of lectures on art.

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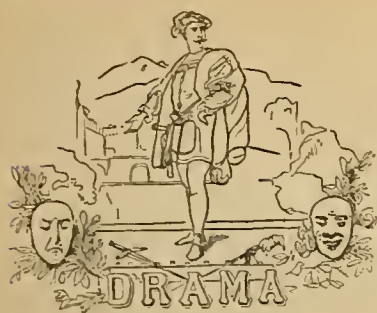
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Harry Dani's play, "A Shop Girl," is to be done in America next season by the Gaiety Company, under Charles Frohman's management.

Reginald de Koven is not resting on the laurels won by "Rob Roy," but is pegging away at two new operas. One of them, with the libretto by Harry B. Smith, is intended for Lillian Russell.

Marion Crawford's first success, "Mr. Isaacs," is to be dramatized for Herrmann. The magician will have the title-role, and, as the mysterious Hindoo, will introduce a number of his feats of legerdemain.

The Baldwin is to remain closed for another week, and, on February 4th, Warde and James will re-open it for their annual engagement in town. Edith Chapman, who was with them last season, is still their leading lady.

Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood" and "Rob Roy," takes a gloomy view of the musical situation. "Where," he says, "can one look for novelty?" Well, probably not in Mr. de Koven's operas.

Aubrey Boucicault is a member of Camille d'Arville's opera company, and has written the libretto of an opera which she may produce next year. Julian Edwards is writing the music. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland.

Herrmann, the magician, is extremely proud of his proficiency in languages. When he is bidding his assistant to repeat any particular operation, he is very fond of phrasing it thus: "Encore une fois—noch ein mal—otra vez—anodder time, please!"

Euima Nevada, who is named after Nevada County, Cal., where she was born, has just finished a very successful engagement at Stockholm. She is now singing in Nice. She next goes to Rome, then to Naples, and then to Madrid, where she is a great favorite with the Queen Regent of Spain.

Herrmann will present a new lot of illusions during the coming week at the California Theatre, the most notable being "Yo-Ko-Yo," or, Chioese Emigration made Easy," "The Mysterious Swig," and "After the Ball." Mme. Herrmann, too, will introduce new daoces.

Australia has at last produced an opera. It is only a comic opera, to be sure, but it is a beginning. It is the work of Sir William Robinson, governor of Western Australia, and is called "Predatoros; or, The Brigand's Bride." It was produced at the largest theatre in Melbourne during racing week, and seemed to go fairly well. The music is said to be lively and oot remioiscient.

"Lalla Rookh" is to be withdrawn from the Tivoli stage on Monday, after a run of unusual length, and "His Majesty," a comic opera in three acts, the music by H. J. Stewart and the libretto by Peter Robertson, will be revived with the following cast: King Cadenza, Ferris Hartman; The Queen, Alice Gaillard; Princess Endie, Tillie Salinger; Prime Minister, J. P. Wilson; Crown Prince, J. J. Raffael; His Valet, Edward Torpi; An Officer, George Olmi; Don Impresario, Phil Branson; Donna Betti Martioi, Gracie Pleasied.

Mme. Calvé is not singing with the opera troupe in New York this winter. This is said to be due to the fact that she has such a terrible temper. Henry Abbey said that he could stand her quarreling with him and quarreling with all the other members of the company, but when she began to quarrel with the audiences, as she did when they gave other artists more applause than she liked, he quit. Hence, Calvé was not reengaged. She is about to create the principal rôle in "Guernicia," the new opera by Gailharde and Vidal.

Frederick Villiers, the famous war artist of the London Times, is now in the city on his way home from the war in the Orient, and during his stay here he purposes giving two lectures on his experiences in China. Mr. Villiers calls his lectures "The Japo-Chinese War and the Truth Concerning the Port Arthur Massacre." They will be given, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, at Y. M. C. A. Hall, on Ellis and Mason Streets, this (Saturday) evening and on the evening of Tuesday, January 29th.

It is now evident beyond a doubt that Miss May Yoko, who will be well remembered by San Francisco theatre-goers, has been made an honest woman by Lord Francis Hope. They are married, and a question, and the knot is tied hard and

fast. Lord Francis is brother to the Duke of Newcastle. The duke is a sickly cripple and has no children, so Lord Francis will probably inherit the title and estates. So the dashing May will doubtless one day be Duchess of Newcastle. They might get up a feminine club of sporty aristocracy in Great Britain, including Miss Belle Bilton, Miss Kate Vaughan, Miss Connie Gilchrist, Miss Dollie Tester, and Miss May Yohe, all of whom hold titles in the British peerage.

The cheap advertising on theatre programmes which so irritates audiences is not peculiar to San Francisco. When they gave the thousandth performance of "Faust" in Paris some weeks ago, the managers were so avid for gain that they covered the programme with advertising. The result has been that Paris papers have severely criticised this proceeding. It would be well with the newspapers here were they to criticise it until it was discontinued. The audiences at our theatres ought to have a small, clean, and convenient programme, which should be in truth a programme, and not a large wall of thin and sleazy paper containing advertisements of cheap beers, cheaper whiskies, and cheapest cigars.

The dramatic critic of the New York Sun will have to moderate the tone of his remarks on Mrs. Kendal, or the good lady will characterize New York as a "jay town," too. He has been speaking very plainly about her impersonation of Paula Tanqueray. "She quarrels at the end of the second act," he says, "like a fishwife, and her scenes with her step-daughter, particularly that following the announcement of her engagement, are very coarsely presented delineations of her jealousy and discontent." And again: "The lines of the scene [with Mrs. Cortelyou] are strong enough themselves to represent all that Paula need show of her social deficiencies. Mrs. Kendal exaggerates them to boorishness." And yet again he says:

"It would be generous on the part of Charles Frohman if he would invite the Kendals to a Wednesday matinee of 'The Masqueraders,' and let them see the gowns that are displayed on the stage of the Empire Theatre. It would be the ladies of Mrs. Kendal's company no end of good. But apparently none of them is quite so much in need of such an object-lesson as Mrs. Kendal herself. It does not seem likely that Paula would come to her lover's rooms on the eve of their marriage rigged out as Mrs. Kendal is in the first act of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' She wears a black satin skirt brocaded in varicolored flowers, and a pale-blue velvet bodice that has long passed the freshness of new use. Nothing could ever make it look as though it belonged to the skirt, even the small piece of pale-blue velvet that has been placed about the bottom of the gown or the artificial flowers heaped over the velvet bodice. There is no disguising the fact that the two parts of that dress are strangers, brought together for one week of revival."

Augustin Daly has scored a failure. There was produced last week at his theatre in New York a new play, called "Heart of Ruby." It was written in the French language by Judith Gautier, a daughter of Théophile Gautier, and was played in Paris at the Odéon. It was called in the original "La Marchande de Sourires," and the story is one of wantonness and crime, as may be gathered from the character of the heroine, who is, as the title hints, "a vendor of smiles." A young wanton goes to live with a rich man in the same house with his wife, who dies of a broken heart. Then she robs her paramour, sets fire to his house, and tries to murder the woman who opposes her. After many years, her daughter and the son of her paramour fall in love; but the old infamy of the mother and father is brought to light, and the son reproaches his mother, whereupon she plunges a dagger into her own heart. This charming play has not hit the New York taste. It was well put on the stage. Harry Widmer had composed music for it, Carl Morwig had arranged dances and marches for it, and it had been carefully translated into English by Huntly McCarthy, but the New Yorkers would not have it. Ada Rehan was not in the cast, but she came forward before each act as "The Voice of the Poet," and recited rhymes like a Greek chorus. The piece was a failure.

New York is beginning to object to the operas provided by Messrs. Abbey and Grau. The wily impresarios, though they have brought together the most famous singers in the world, are trying to save in another direction. Royalties, scores, scenes, and costumes for new operas cost money, and New York is discovering that it is getting a too steady diet of musty old Italian operas. Dr. Irenæus Stevenson voices the sentiment of the city in this wise:

"It is high time that Messrs. Abbey and Grau, instead of wasting their time and ours with such milk-and-water novelties as Mr. Herman Bemberg's 'Elaine,' made it their business to include in their performances each season the two or three novelties of European talk and success. Why do they not give New York the chance to hear Puccini's 'Edgar,' and the same eminent Italian composer's 'Manon Lescaut,' which half the Continent discusses? Where is Samareglia's curious 'Cornelius Schut,' the unqualified Italian and German success abroad of 1894? or a revival of his 'Vassal of Szeged,' badly served here in German aforesaid? Or, turning to France, why do we not hear Bruneau's 'Le Réve' or 'Attaque du Moulin' or—since Reyer is practically unknown here—his 'Salambô,' or 'Patrie,' or 'Sigurd' or 'Chahrieh' 'Gwendoline'? We wait for that last notable score of the composer's swan-song, Frederic Smetana's charming 'The Bartered Bride' is sung in Europe in Italian, as well as German or Bohemian; and a single amateurish performance last year by local Bohemian musical clubs represents its New York hearing. As to Germany, Humperdinck's 'Hansel und Gretel'—an exception to the insignificance of Germany's operatic productivity—

and Hummel's one-act work, 'Mara,' are already supplied with Italian texts. In the department of the ballet d'action, now so much a feature of the seasons abroad, the New Metropolitan, under its present management, offers even less than the economical and clumsy efforts of the German years. We observe in the prospectus for the year that 'Esclarmonde,' 'Thais,' 'Falstaff,' and 'Samson et Delila' are particularized. We shall be glad of their forthcoming, *faute de mieux*. But of them Verdi's 'Falstaff' is the single opera that really is a novelty which it is worth while to add to the repertory."

For the first time on record a supreme court has passed upon the beauty of an actress. Cissy Fitzgerald came over from England to dance with the "Gaiety Girls." She was under contract with George Edwardes, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London. Cissy wanted to leave the Gaiety troupe, and to play at the Bijou Theatre, New York, for more salary. So she left, but the agent of Edwardes in New York applied for an injunction against her appearing at the Bijou. Cissy modestly declared that she did not amount to much. She said the principal artist of the Gaiety troupe was Miss Decima Moore. Cissy said she had no right to claim originality for her skit-dance, because it had originated with Kate Vaughan, and had been danced by Sylvia Gray, Letty Lind, and others. Cissy also said that her understudy, Maggie Crosslin, danced just as well as she did, and that the audience, when Maggie appeared, were none the wiser. But Clinton Moffatt, treasurer of the Gaiety troupe, declared that when Cissy was absent, people wanted their money back. Judge Barrett, of the supreme court, granted the injunction. In his opinion he says: "Notwithstanding the modest salary for which Miss Fitzgerald contracted, she is a performer of unusual merit. The question is, can she be readily replaced? The answer, on the facts before me, must be in the negative. She has a charm peculiar to herself. By her grace, beauty, and artistic methods, she has become a special attraction. Under these circumstances, equity will not permit Miss Fitzgerald deliberately to violate her contract, and thus leave the plaintiff to a barren remedy at law." It has now been judicially decided that Miss Fitzgerald has grace and beauty. Good for Cissy. *Stare decisis*.

Sibyl Sanderson's American Début.

Here are some of the criticisms of the New York papers on Sibyl Sanderson's début:

"That she did not maintain herself artistically on the plane to which the first act raised her was not the fault of the opera, but due to the fact, which became patent already in the second act, that she is wanting in passionate expression as well as in voice, and that her histrionic limitations go hand in hand with her vocal. But she was a radiant vision, clad in wondrous gowns throughout the play."—*Tribune*.

"Miss Sanderson achieved a most emphatic success. The charm of her personality is indisputable. Of all American songstresses who have achieved fame abroad, this is incomparably the most talented comedienne. That it is a somewhat small voice was heard from the very beginning. But it is a sweet and a true voice, and sufficiently penetrating of quality to assert itself even in the ensembles. A flexible voice, too, and one that commands such a variety of accents that they often quite forget its lack of volume and resonance."—*Herald*.

"She has lost none of the beauty which fascinated Paris when she made her appearance as Esclarmonde at the Opéra Comique in 1889. She has plenty of handsome garments, and she wears them with distinction. She has jewels, too, which she should not wear in the first scene. Her voice is a very light and colorless soprano of great range. It is known that she sings the high G, but it has been remarked frequently that high notes are not art. Miss Sanderson's voice lacks warmth and emotional character. It is pretty, but it is much too small for the Metropolitan. Her acting is graceful, but it is not convincing."—*Times*.

"Miss Sanderson is a thorough artiste, a finished actress, and—by no means least, though last—a beautiful woman, even with added *embellishment*. Thoroughly trained is Miss Sanderson—voice, gesture, expression, all are obedient to her will and to the portrayal of the character in hand. Her voice is light in volume and generally sweet in quality, though decidedly wiry and even sharp in the upper register, and she uses it with unvarying tact, art, and effect."—*Reginald de Koven in the World*.

"She certainly made a success and deserved it. She is an artiste to her finger-tips—an artiste without much voice, hearty, or magnetism, yet, withal, an artiste. She has a plump, pleasing person. She is much more mature in appearance than we expected and her voice is slightly worn. In the upper register, it is hard. But she sang neatly and with fine taste. She phrases musically, and, in fact, is a charming singer in light opera."—*Recorder*.

"Miss Sanderson has a voice which is sweet and clear in the medium register, though a little wiry in the upper tones and lacking in fullness and depth throughout. Her compass is large, but her high notes are not very musical. She had excellent control over her voice, and her flexibility and smoothness of execution are delightful. In person Miss Sanderson is exceedingly attractive, with a good carriage and considerable charm of manner."—*Mail and Express*.

"In the first act her success was not assured. Before the end of the second, she began to be better liked, and at the final curtain she had established herself as a favorite. Miss Sanderson's work was marked throughout with care and taste. Her voice is adequate for the rôle."—*Evening Sun*.

"She has an intensely cultivated voice—a voice that has been subjected to a rigid hot-house atmosphere and forced. It is pure and agreeable, except in its very high notes, which are thin and lacking in all resonance. Miss Sanderson, however, sings with much feeling, and her methods are beyond reproach."—*Evening World*.

"It is easier to praise her style than her voice, which is lacking in resonance and mellowness, afflicted with vibrato, and shrill and metallic in its highest notes. As an actress she is vivacious and fairly convincing. Ahead, it is said that she owed her success less to her art than to her personal appearance."—*Evening Post*.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Detaile, the battle painter, is going to England to paint the portrait of the Prince of Wales.

Victor Emmanuel's illegitimate son, the Count of Montefiore, whose mother was known throughout Italy as "La bella Rosina," died recently in Milan.

Senator Peffer is bitterly disappointed because the country refuses to take him seriously. Whatever legislation he introduces in the Senate is always killed in committee.

The Marquis de Lorne has incurred the displeasure of the English royal family for his presumption in connecting himself as active partner in a firm of house-decorators in London.

W. A. Clarke, the Montana mine-owner, is building a million-dollar palace in New York. His fortune is estimated at from twenty millions to forty millions of dollars. Thirty years ago Mr. Clarke arrived in Montana with a pick on his shoulder.

Joséphin Péladan, the Sâr Péladan founder of the Rose + Croix, who, in his "Décadence Latine," has been preaching occultism in France for years, has undertaken to eke out his income from literature by setting up a shop for the sale of bicycles.

Sir Bart, whose movements several Paris papers have been chronicling recently, turns out on inquiry to be Sir William Ingram, Bart., one of the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*. The two words in the middle were considered by the Frenchmen to be superfluous.

Tasmania was recently edified by the performances of the Earl of Yarmouth, who danced the skirt-dance at a public entertainment. The earl is the heir of the Marquis of Hertford, and descends in a direct line from the Lord Protector Somerset, of the time of Edward the Sixth.

M. Barthou is one of the self-made men of the group to which the destinies of France are now intrusted. His father kept a very humble ironmonger's shop at Oloron, the little town at the foot of the Pyrenees, where the statesman was born less than forty years ago. He still carries on the business in the Rue de la Préfecture at Pau.

At least two Indiana statesmen who have been relegated by the people to private life propose to keep themselves, so far as may be, in public view. Senator Voorhees will enter the lecture-field at the expiration of his term, and Judge Holman will employ his time, after leaving the House, in writing a book. Perhaps most people would be quite content that both of these gentlemen should remain in permanent obscurity.

Inventor Edison, when he is deeply absorbed in work, consumes about twenty cigars a day; when he is less active mentally, about ten. They are always strong cigars. The inventor says that this excessive smoking has never, so far as he can discover, done him any harm. His family has been one of smokers, his grandfather, who lived to be one hundred and three, having been an inveterate smoker and a chewer of tobacco as well.

Congressman Breckinridge has sought in vain to fill his purse by exhibiting himself on lecture-platforms throughout the country. In every place where he has appeared, he has encountered unmistakable proof of popular aversion and contempt; even in the largest cities his audiences have been so small as to provoke derision. At St. Louis, for instance, the receipts were not sufficient to pay the expenses of the hail. The women of all the communities he has visited bave "cut him dead."

George Lord Day got a bad fall last November in a run of the Meadow Brook Hunt. The country which the Meadow Brook hunter-men gallop over appears to deserve the distinction of being about the stiffest hunting country that sane men anywhere habitually hunt over. The fences are mostly post-and-rail, anywhere from four to six feet high, and new and strong. Mr. Day's horse threw a somersault and landed on top of his rider. Mr. Day was badly damaged and disarranged, and though three skillful surgeons, between them, have brought him through so far, he is still fighting for his life. Since he was hurt his mother has died, and at last accounts his sister, who had nursed him, had fallen ill.

William K. Vanderbilt's friends are stanch and true. His companions on his trip to Europe are three cronies, who have for twenty years been his companions almost constantly. Winfield S. Hoyt is sometimes described as Mr. Vanderbilt's secretary, but, as a matter of fact, he has an income of his own which is more than sufficient for his needs. Louis Webb is a connection of the Vanderbilts, but for many years before Dr. Seward Webb married Leila Vanderbilt, Louis Webb and W. K. Vanderbilt were chums. F. O. Beach, more generally known as "Fred" Beach, is a clean-cut, athletic, amiable man of about forty, whose friendship and intimacy with William K. Vanderbilt has extended from the time when they both played polo as boys—twenty-odd years ago. According to the talk, the *Valiant* will be in the Mediterranean in a few weeks, with the Vanderbilt quartet on board.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Do Pythons Hiss?

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL., January 15, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I read a story in your paper, entitled "A Caged Lion," in which the hiss of the African python was said to be imitated, much to the discouragement of some lions. Please tell me if any of the constricting family of snakes hiss at all. Logically they should not—but do they?

Inclosed I hand you New York draft for renewal of subscription for *Argonaut* and *Puck*. Your writings and your paper are one of the oases in the Desert of Life. More power to you. Yours truly, GEO. B. LOTT.

Zante Currants.

FRESNO, CAL., January 17, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been a "constant reader" of your paper for the past thirteen years. I noticed in your last issue a statement "that the Government of Greece had destroyed one season's entire crop of the Zante currant, in order to offset the effect of over-production and to enable the industry to be reestablished on a firm basis." My object in writing is to ask the source of your information. Very truly yours,

THOMAS H. LYNCH.

[The New York Sun.—Eds.]

The Whipping-Post.

BARNET, NEAR LONDON, December 30, 1894.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Though a resident of this far-off country, I have the happiness to be a reader of the *Argonaut*, and take pretty good care, too, that many of my neighbors shall enjoy the same benefit when I have done with it. I read with deep attention your manly, outspoken assaults on crime and criminals. There is only one thought that occurs to me worth mentioning as adding my weight to your side of the question; and that is, should the penalty of the lash be added to imprisonment, it would be with the full knowledge of criminals themselves, and therefore, if those men choose to incur the risk of the whipping-post in preference to leading honest lives, I can not see why they should "swear vengeance against society," or what call there is for sympathy from Ohio editors for these brutal outlaws. They bring the punishment on their own wicked heads. By all means give them the whipping-post. Your obedient servant, H. S.

Some Appreciative Readers.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 17, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: All your correspondents say of your paper is true. It is the best, and brightest, and most fearless in San Francisco. You deserve high praise for your truthful article re Markham and the office of police commissioner. Keep on pegging away until San Francisco becomes what she should be. The *Argonaut* is about the only paper published in San Francisco worthy a place in the home. Yours, very truly, W. Y. WRIGHT.

VICTORIA, B. C., January 17, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your number for the fourteenth instant has not reached me. My partner's came, but mine must have been lost. Will you oblige me by mailing another copy?

Your paper is highly valued by me, and I think it is read by more than twelve people besides myself, as I send it where it does good. Yours, very truly, H. F. HEISTERMAN.

PITTSBURG, January 16, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The inclosed communication (clipped from the *Argonaut*) from "Miss C.," asking for a photograph of the editor, expresses my sentiments. I confess to being a victim to the editorial charm of manner, as expressed in print; if I also fall a victim to the editorial charm as it appears in a photograph, you need have no fears of remorse, for I am not a girl, but a man, and I promise that I will do nothing more alarming than to show the photograph to my friends and tell them to behold the man whose articles we enjoy so much. If your editorial modesty prevents you from sending the photograph, perhaps you will be good enough to send me the card of your photographer, so that I may write to him and ask him to beg your permission to sell one of your pictures.

Please find postal order for seven dollars and a half to pay for the *Argonaut* and *North American Review* for one year beginning February 26, 1895, when my present subscription expires. Yours respectfully, H. H. KING.

"The Decline of Matrimony."

SAN FRANCISCO, January 23, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: "Cynicus," as he appears in your issue of the twenty-first instant, is an unreasoning, immoral ass, and the increase of his species is the real cause of the decline in matrimony. His argument, based solely upon his own statements, and these the result of ignorance incident to a want of experience, is absolutely unsound. No good wife—i. e., a companion, a helpmate—will ever object to a husband baving all those things which give him pleasure, including dinners "with the jolly fellows at the club," pipes, cigars, etc.

On the other hand, no good husband will want to hog all the fun in life, and will see to it that his wife has as much of it as he has. BENEDICT.

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASH., January 16, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: "Why is the marriage rate declining?" The limits of a newspaper article not permitting a detailed analysis of the above question, the following brief opinion is submitted:

The more liberal educational advantages enjoyed by women during the past quarter-century, as well as her admission on equal terms with men in many of the professions and other callings, has placed her in a position of comparative independence, in so far as a livelihood is concerned. She is, therefore, not so frequently forced into a hasty and often ill-advised marriage in order to gain a home. She has earned the right to demand many men for husbands or none at all. The better nature of man is awakened by the stand taken by the erstwhile weaker sex; his competitive instincts are aroused, and he is basting to make himself worthy of her whom he has been in the habit of considering his inferior. Both are beginning to realize that the future health and prosperity of their country will be in a great measure furthered by fewer and better advised marriages, the issue of which will naturally be more intelligent, healthier, and in every way better qualified to be representatives of the greater civilization to come. D. C. GRUNOW.

Miss E. V. Askew, of Tampa, Fla., is the champion stenographer and type-writer. She has just finished a hundred-page legal-cap document for the State supreme court, in which there is not one erasure, omission, or mistake in punctuation.

SOCIETY.

The Friday Night Club.

The fourth meeting of the Friday Night Club was held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, and was a success in every way. The hall was decorated with the same degree of taste that always characterizes these affairs, the walls, gallery, and stage being embellished with colored draperies, foliage, and plants. The floor was canvased, and Huber's Hungarian Orchestra occupied the stage. Six figures of the cotillion were danced under the leadership of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, whose partner was Miss Mamie Thomas. The figures were the "Grand Right and Left," "The Serpentine," "The Figure Eight," "The Greek Cross," "Four Circles," and "The Débutantes' March." At midnight an elaborate supper was served in the dining hall under Ludwig's direction, after which there was general dancing until two o'clock. The attendance was very large. Among those who danced in the cotillion were:

Mr. L. S. Adams, Miss Ella Wall, Mr. William Breeze, Miss Schneely, Mr. A. P. Brayton, Miss Amy McKee, Mr. T. D. Boardman, Miss Claire Ralston, Mr. William F. Bowers, Miss Hattie Bowers, Mr. E. L. Brayton, Miss Hattie Watt, Mr. George C. Boardman, Jr., Miss Ethel Smith, Mr. H. C. Breeden, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Miss Pope, Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., Miss Sallie Maynard, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. Rhodes Borden, Miss Juliet Garber, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Mr. Leonard Chenery, Miss Mamie Burling, Mr. E. W. Churchill, Mrs. E. W. Churchill, Mr. W. W. Chapin, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Miss Alice Simpkins, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. George B. de Long, Miss Bessie Younger, Mr. R. M. Duperu, Miss Ella Morgan, Mr. R. M. Eyre, Miss Emma Butler, Mr. Charles Fernald, Miss Jessie Glascock, Mr. Frederick Findley, Miss Campbell, Mr. Greenwood, Miss Ida Gibbons, Mr. Jesse Godley, Miss Mabel de Noon, Dr. Leon F. Garigues, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Miss Mamie Thomas, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. C. A. Hubbard, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. Higgins, Miss Beatrice Bates, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Miss Julia Crocker, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Miss Goodall, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Miss Genevieve Goad, Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Miss Laura Bates, Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Miss Lillian Miles, Mr. Samuel Knight, Miss Alice Hobart, Mr. H. N. Knowles, Miss Chabot, Mr. A. D. Keyes, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. H. L. Landers, Miss Ripley, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Miss Aileen Goad, Lieutenant R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., Miss Belle Hutchinson, Mr. Louis Masten, Miss Alice Ames, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Miss Gertrude Heitshu, Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. Hall McAllister, Miss Laura Henshaw, Mr. A. Macondray, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. F. Magee, Miss Claire Tucker, Mr. Burns Macdonald, Miss Maud Younger, Mr. Addison Mizner, Miss Potter, of Philadelphia, Mr. F. W. McNear, Miss Alice McCutchen, Mr. Hamilton Moulder, Miss Marie Zane, Mr. Latbam McMullin, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Lieutenant Frank McKenna, U. S. A., Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Edward McAfee, Miss E. Clementina Kip, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Mr. Willis Polk, Miss Bertha Smith, Mr. W. B. Pringle, Miss Florence Selby, Mr. W. B. Page, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Miss Fanny Crocker, Lieutenant T. F. Ruhl, U. S. N., Miss McNutt, Mr. C. C. V. Reeve, Miss Celina Tobin, Mr. E. C. Sessions, Miss McNear, Mr. C. E. Schneely, Miss Mary Breeze, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Miss Florence Mills, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Miss Dee Hooper, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Miss A. Clark, Mr. Augustus Waterman, Miss May Hoffman, Mr. Lawrence S. Vassault, Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Dr. Charles Wilcox, U. S. A., Miss Helen Smith, Mr. Jerome L. Watson, Miss Dutton, Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Miss Eleanor Wood, Mr. George H. Wheaton, Jr., Miss Alice Heitshu, Mr. Younger, Miss Helen Woolworth.

Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women.

It is now definitely known that the loan exhibition of portraits of women will be held next month at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. It will be in aid of the Children's Home, which is under the charge of the Salvation Army, and the Children's Hospital, and the management of the affair will rest in the hands of Mrs. A. Chesebrough. There will be fully fifty portraits on exhibition, in addition to a large number of miniatures, both family and historical. Miss Ella Hobart has kindly consented to loan a very interesting collection of original drawings by well-known illustrators for American newspapers, such as Gibson, Vedder, Remington, and Titcomb. There will also be a very interesting collection of artistic photographs of young ladies who are prominent in society circles here. Mrs. F. F. Low has generously offered to loan a very valuable piece of embroidery, which was exhibited at the exposition in Chicago and was originally owned by the Emperor of China. The opening night will be made as fashionable as possible. On Saturday afternoon tea will be served under the direction of Miss May Hoffman, who will have several other ladies to assist her. Some of the artists who will be represented in the exhibition will be Carolus Duran, Bouguereau, Keith, Neal, Richardson, Reichardt, Ludovici, Worces, and Rosenthal.

The regular annual meeting of the Occidental Kindergarten Association took place last Monday, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Abe Stone; first vice-president, Mrs. A. S. Lavenson; second vice-president, Miss Bremer; treasurer, Miss Frapoli; recording secretary, Miss Blum; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Hyman Jacobs. The kindergarten is situated at 214 Second Street, where a hundred little ones are taught and cared for.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Canvassers for another Directory are endeavoring to injure Langley's Directory, representing that it will not be issued. They also reflect on our financial standing. All these statements are deliberate misrepresentations. We are now in the midst of our canvass, and will bring out the best book ever published—new type and other improvements.

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STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE
It is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$200,000.00, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.
By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company. A. ANDREW, Secy.

VANITY FAIR.

Honeymoons are going out of fashion with the European aristocracy (writes the Marquise de Fontenoy), and the *solitude à deux* is no longer de rigueur during the fortnight or three weeks following the celebration of the marriage. Prince and Princess Adolphus of Teck, instead of going off for a trip on the Continent, as would have been the case in former days, went to Saodringham to stay with the Prince and Princess of Wales, whence they went to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and they have since spent a few days with the queen at Osborne. This is quite in keeping with the fashion introduced in the case of many of the aristocratic marriages in France and also with royalty. In none of the royal marriages that have taken place during the past year has there been any honeymoon trip to speak of. This is rather an advantage than otherwise, for the tête-à-tête of a young couple immediately after their marriage is especially trying, and imposes a tax upon the good nature of both as well as a constraint, and, in nine cases out of ten, the young couple is rather relieved than otherwise when the wedding trip comes to an end.

The question of garters versus hose-suspenders is thus discussed by a writer in *Vogue*: "The latter, which have now almost superseded the former, are, in my opinion, neither pleasant to the eye nor agreeable to wear, and cause a stilted motion of the leg; besides, as they hold up the stocking on one side only, the other side is apt to droop and roll itself up to a deplorable fashion. I am therefore an enthusiastic advocate of the simple elastic garter, worn—I need not add—above the knee and fastened with a buckle, which may be extremely costly or perfectly plain, according to the taste of the wearer. One thing, however, must always be kept in mind with regard to garters, and that is—no matter how expensive to renew—they should always be scrupulously fresh and clean, a fringed-out or loag-suffering garter being absolutely disgraceful, even if enriched with the most magnificent gems. Here in America there is a superstition about yellow garters being exceedingly lucky. I do not know how far the truth of this assertion goes, but I confess that primrose garters, clasped with topazes mounted in burnished gold, are a very attractive adjunct to the feminine toilet. In my humble opinion, the prettiest of all garters are the black, ruffled with Chantilly lace, and fastened by a buckle made of tiny brilliants, for wear with black silk hose, and ones of similar shade to match the stockings for the evening. A detail which should never be omitted is to sew a tiny satchet in the inside of each garter. A few months ago, the acme of *chic* consisted in the possession of a pair of garters made of a broad band of soft, pure gold elastic, with the words 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' inscribed thereon in letters of sapphires and brilliants. But this is so costly a *fantaisie* that the fashion could not become general. A very pretty French marquise, who for years has been one of Mme. la Mode's most ardent leaders, secures her stockings with ruches of real flowers—tiny rosebuds, violets, or lilies-of-the-valley—the little blossoms being sewn twice a day by her maid on plain white silk elastic ribbons. This is certainly an exquisitely fragrant and dainty *détail de toilette*, but is far from economical, and nobody but a very rich and *recherché* woman could afford to go in for such refinements."

It is only at the imperial and royal courts of Europe that "the pretty page with the dimpled chin," still survives. Royal and imperial pages range in age from twelve to sixteen years. They are appointed by the sovereign, enjoy pay, prerogatives, and perquisites, much as do the grown-up attendants on royalty, and are ascribed certain definite duties. Gentle birth is the first qualification for the post of royal page. At the courts of Vienna and Munich, an ancestry of no less than sixteen generations, free from any plebeian strain on either father's or mother's side, is required. In Britain and Russia so long an ancestry is not demanded. The pages of honor in the court of Queen Victoria are generally the sons of distinguished officers of the army or of high dignitaries of the royal household. These boys receive five hundred dollars a year each, and when they have served a period of five years, each is presented with a commission in the Guards. On state occasions, they wear gorgeous uniforms of blue and silver. Besides serving on such occasions, they have to devote a certain number of weeks every year to more private service at Windsor or at Osborne. One of their chief functions is to bear the queen's train when she holds a meeting of the privy council. The queen is rigid in her etiquette, and never presides at councils without wearing her long, black silk court-train. At the court of Berlin, the pages figure at all state ceremonies, clad, like those of England, in blue and silver, and at the court banquets they stand behind the chairs of the royal and imperial personages. These personages, on rising from the table, sometimes address a few kindly words to the boys and present them with sweetmeats from the *pergnes*. These pages are chosen from among the best-looking boys of the School of Cadets,

nearly all the members of which are of noble birth. At the court of St. Petersburg, the corps of pages is a sort of imperial school where a number of lads, sons of noblemen and state dignitaries, both civil and military, are educated at the Czar's expense and under his supervision. On attaining their eighteenth year, they usually obtain commissions as officers of the regiment of Chevalier Guards.

There are comparatively few Trilby feet in real life; few which are perfect in form and entirely free from blemish. Nevertheless, Du Maurier's rhapsody over the beauty of Trilby's foot may be to a certain extent responsible for the general note of preparation for the exhibition of feminine feet which is to be made (according to the *Baltimore Sun*) at the seaside next summer. Many women who have read his novel may be anxious to prove that they, too, have something in that line not entirely unworthy of admiration. And why should not a pretty foot inspire the poet and the artist quite as much as a hand or a lady's eyebrow? Great execution has been done with the feminine foot through all the centuries. Even with its charms concealed by shoes and stockings, it has proved one of the most formidable of womanly weapons. With it woman has lured man on, and oo, and on; and with it, when she has wearied of playing with him, she has administered the *coup de grace*. But when it shines forth next summer in all its loveliness, unadorned by anything but its own beauty, it will be simply irresistible.

Vanity furnishes the inspiration for many of the inventions of the Patent Office. One of these is a mask of very thin rubber, designed to be worn on the face at night. It causes profuse perspiration, which washes impurities out of the skin and makes the complexion clearer. Sun tan is quickly removed by it, so it is claimed. Another device, for producing dimples, is a woman's idea. It is a wire mask, likewise to put on when going to bed. By an arrangement of screws, pencils of wood, very blunt, are made to press upon the cheeks and chin at the points where dimples are desired. Uncomfortable? Why, of course. But, as the French say, it is worth while to suffer for beauty's sake. False busts, hips, and calves are made of rubber, to be blown out like balloons, and in many other styles, while the young lady of build hopelessly skeletonesque may procure a complete stuffed jacket, which fills out her form at every point to the extent requisite for counterfeiting desirable *embonpoint*. If one is so unfortunate as to lack a nose, he can obtain a false one of *papier maché*, artfully enameled to imitate the skin. One kind of imitation proboscis is attached to a spectacle frame, so that the owner puts on his counterfeit nasal organ in adjusting his glasses. Masculine vanity is concerned in the genesis of about eighty patents for various kinds of mustache guards. One such is a gold plate with a spring, which may be fastened to any drinking vessel at a moment's notice. Another is specially designed for beer-glasses. A tube connecting with it goes down deep into the beer, so that the mustached drinker is able to avoid the foam. Other guards are destined to be worn like spectacles somewhat, with wires to pass to the back of the ears of the wearer, and hold them on. The shield for the mustache is of gold or silver, or of fine gold wire net.

One of the most striking features with regard to men's dress during 1894 was the abandonment of the struggle to get back to 1845. Up to the close of 1893, and right into the early months of last year, everything tended toward a revival of the fashions of our grandfathers, or fathers, as the case may be. Prints of the days of "Tom and Jerry" were at a premium; old-fashioned seals were displayed in the best shops; and medallions of ladies, whose history and character were a blank to us, were purchased for scarf-pins. Suddenly there was a general shamefaced scuttling. The flowing skirts of the frock-coat began to decrease, the waist lost its narrowness, peg-top trousers gave place to those cut on the "drain-pipe" principle, and the crowning glory of half a century ago—the bell-shaped hat—shrunk back to very mild curves. So that, except for minor details, we are standing pretty much where we did a couple of years ago. Possibly some explanation for the collapse is to be found in the fact that a number of men, who are in the van of fashion leaders, went to such extraordinary lengths that the average well-dressed man fell back appalled. Jerome K. Jerome recalls in *To-Day* the appearance of two young bloods in the Row, in exact reproductions of their grandfathers' clothes, and the pained expression of the crowd, he says, was equal to that of Regent Street when an enterprising lady journalist walked about there in a crinoline.

When the Parisienne is *en peau*—that is the modern expression for décolleté—with the change of covering comes change of bearing, for the perfect Paris woman has a bearing for every gown. Just as the nature of the dress itself indicates its purpose, its meaning, and the hour at which it is to be worn, so does she herself associate her ways with that meaning. The movements of her bare shoulders and bare arms at dinner are not identical with

the movements of the morning or the afternoon in a high corsage and long sleeves. They have another story to relate, another effect to produce, other duties to discharge; her measurement of their value and their functions is quite different. The action of the hands, again, is in full view; their language can be spoken out; their eloquence can exercise its completest force; she talks with them as with her tongue. In pleased consciousness of her delightfulness, she sits in the centre of her table, casts her glances and her words around her, undulates with varied gesture, and is, in thorough meaning and result, the typical Parisienne.

The latest victim of tight lacing (says the *London Daily News*) is the unfortunate actress who died in the midst of the performance at the Elephant and Castle Theatre on Boxing Night. She seems to have been gripped, as in a vise, by the stays of her stage costume, and this, aggravating a natural weakness of the heart, brought on her death. She had just finished a song, and danced off to the wings, when she collapsed, with all the signs of fatal illness. Her husband, who was in the house, was called to her side, and her agonized cry to him to unlace her dress seems to have been the last that left her lips. She was dead in her dressing-room before the doctor came. The circumstances were such as to constitute every possible aggravation of her danger. Her lacing had paralyzed every vital function at a moment when it needed most freedom and play. A dance in loose costume would have been trying enough, amid all the excitement of a first night. An added dance, and both in a garment that fitted like the torture-boots of the Middle Ages, proved too much for the patience of outraged nature.

The Metropolitan Club of New York, which established itself on Fifth Avenue, at the corner of Sixtieth Street, a situation chosen because of its great advantage of overlooking the Central Park and of its nearness to some of the most imposing private residences of the town, has proved to be too far away from the centre of social activity as yet to be convenient for such a club. The men from whom its attendance must come—bachelors chiefly—are not residents of that neighborhood, nor are the living quarters sought by them to be found there. It is too distant to be a convenient resort for its members, so that the club has a somewhat deserted appearance. Moreover, the social engagements and occupations of the men from whose circle its membership is drawn have increased so greatly of recent years that club life generally has been much modified. It is relatively less important, and regular attendance on clubs has decreased, yet, coincidentally, the number of such associations has been multiplied. Usually, except as a casual stopping-place for refreshment, a club is a dull resort as compared with the many and various opportunities for social gratification now obtainable.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Glasgow minister, having observed that one of his congregation was in the habit of gazing about the church during prayers, told him one day that he considered it would be more becoming in a worshiper to keep his eyes decently closed. The man scowled. "Doesn't the Scripture bid us watch as well as pray?" he replied; "and hoo can a body watch wi' their een steekit? Na, na; I'll just stan' and glower aboot as I hae aye dune!"

Joseph Jefferson was playing Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" in Boston some time ago. His version of the play has been arranged in such a way as to give Bob Acres considerable more prominence, perhaps, than the author originally intended, occasionally at the expense of the other characters. William Warren, the old comedian, sat the play out, and at its conclusion was asked: "How do you like Jefferson's Bob Acres?" "Capital, capital," replied Warren; "'and Sheridan twenty miles away.'"

Dupin the elder, who presided over the Chamber of Deputies up to the *coup d'etat*, disliked a prosy, long-winded speaker. One of his bugbears was a deputy of the centre, with the name of Abraham Dubois. One day, Dubois had occupied the rostrum for more than an hour, and his speech was not half finished. Suddenly Dupin rang his bell and got up. "Abraham, Abraham," he exclaimed in a sepulchral tone—"Abraham, Abraham, the hour for the sacrifice has struck!" The poor speaker did not protest, but immediately vacated the rostrum.

Relief, a Russian man of letters, had been implicated in the conspiracy of 1825 and sentenced to be hanged. He was launched from the fatal ladder, when the rope broke and he was thrown to the ground, severely bruised, but conscious. He picked himself up and said, quietly, "They can do nothing in Russia, not even twine a cord properly." It was customary in Russia to pardon the condemned after a similar *fiasco*, but on Relief's words being reported to the late Czar Nicholas and his pleasure demanded, he rejoined, "Prove to him that he is wrong." And they did.

One morning Curran's physician observed that he seemed to "cough with more difficulty." "That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "for I have been practicing all night." While thus lying ill, Curran was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary, who also loved his joke. "I wish, O'Leary," said Curran to him, abruptly, "that you had the keys of heaven." "Why, Curran?" "Because you could let me in," said the facetious counselor. "It would be much better for you, Curran," said the good-humored priest, "if I had the keys of the other place, because then I could let you out."

About the year 1753, a minor canon from the Cathedral of Gloucester offered his services to Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this, he requested leave to sing a solo. This request also was granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience that, to his great mortification, he was violently hissed. When the performance was over, Handel said to him, gravely: "I am sorry, very sorry for you, indeed, my dear sir; but go back to your church in your country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; but dese wicked beoples in London, dey will not forgif you!"

Mrs. Will J. Chalmers, daughter of the late Allan Pinkerton, and herself a notable figure in Chicago, in West Side society at least, has lately added to her retinue of domestics a well-trained English butler, who, being a late importation, was unaware of the existence of the navel orange. The other day Mrs. Chalmers ordered a box of this fruit to be sent home. During dinner, a few intimates being present, the lady of the house, surprised that the oranges did not make their appearance, inquired of the butler what had become of them. "Hif you please, mum," said the butler, "I 'ad to send 'em back. Hevery one of those oranges 'ad 'oles in 'em."

When an attempt was made to "draw" Tennyson on the subject of poetry, he did not launch out into a criticism of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, as the interrogator hoped he would. But he did give this piece of advice, and that most impressively. "Read Milton," he said. Then he began to recite some of his own poetry, standing still in the middle of the road, gesticulating with his staff and fixing his auditor with his glittering eye. Some people used to find this habit of his embarrassing. Indeed, his son Hallam took him to task for it more than once. "Hallam tells me I oughtn't to recite my poetry to people out of doors," Tennyson complained on one occasion; "I think it's very rude of Hallam."

In his "Recollections," published in the October Century, Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet, tells an

amusing anecdote of the learned head of one of the Cambridge colleges. Scholars highly esteemed this master for his learning; but the undergraduates thought him "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." One day two undergraduates, in the college library, were discussing the "dry-as-dust" ways of the venerable head. Their irrelevant criticisms were overheard by a pompous fellow of the college, who said, in his inflated style: "You are probably ignorant, young gentlemen, that the venerable person of whom you have been speaking with such levity is one of the profoundest scholars of our age—indeed, it may be doubted whether any man of our age has bathed more deeply in the sacred fountains of antiquity." "Or come up drier, sir," replied one of the undergraduates.

Paul Lacroix, a French writer and bibliophile, was at one time seriously out of health, and took refuge in Italy. He had taken lodgings in Rome, when, one day, the proprietor of the house mounted the stairs, rapped at the door, and came in. Lacroix was just then in a coughing paroxysm. "Signor," began the householder, "who is responsible for you?" "What do you mean?" asked the astonished Frenchman. "If you should die, who would pay the expenses?" "I hope not to die yet awhile," answered Lacroix; "besides, I am not very ambitious. A modest burial would suit me." "But who will pay me?" "Why, man, I pay you myself every week." "No, no. I am speaking of this bed, this arm-chair, this table, this carpet—everything in the chamber. Everything will have to be burned after the death of a consumptive." "My dear sir," said Lacroix, "I am not rich enough to die in Rome, I will go to Naples." The next day, indeed, he set out for Southern Italy. But he lived for many years to tell the story of his banishment from the Holy City.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton, who was appointed astronomer royal for Ireland at the age of twenty-two, and who discovered quaternions, was walking with Aubrey de Vere one day on a road which was overflowed here and there by a river at its side. They were conversing about the transcendental philosophy, of which Hamilton was a great admirer, and De Vere, feeling sure that the abstracted philosopher would not observe the flood, made no remark on it, but waited to see the result. They walked straight on until the water was half way up to their knees, when suddenly Hamilton exclaimed: "What's this? We seem to be walking through a river. Had we not better return to the dry land?" Sir William kept a headstrong horse, and, on one occasion, mounted him in Dublin just as a mathematical problem had suggested itself to him. The horse took a mean advantage of the rider's abstraction, and ran away. "When I found it impossible to stop him," the philosopher said, "I gave him his head and returned to the problem. He ran for four miles, and stood still at my gate—just as the problem was solved!"

Cluseret, who afterward became the notorious leader of the Paris Commune, was an honored officer of the Union army during the Civil War, and at one time held a commission as colonel on General McClellan's staff, and was consequently the superior officer of the late Count of Paris, who was then serving on McClellan's staff, together with his brother, the Duc de Chartres, accompanied by their uncle, the Prince de Joinville. Cluseret, though circumstances brought him much in company with the young princes, never called them "monseigneur" or "my lord," but plain "monsieur" or "mister." This proved offensive to the young Duc de Chartres, who one day took up the cudgels in what he regarded as his brother's defense. "Colonel Cluseret," he asked, "why do you not call my brother 'my lord'?" "Well, for one reason," answered Cluseret, "because he isn't my lord." "But you call him 'monsieur,' and you know that really 'monsieur' and 'monseigneur' are the same word." "Oh, very well, then," said Cluseret; "perhaps you will call me 'monseigneur'? It won't offend me at all, and since they're the same, I will call you 'monsieur.'"

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Father Time, who "reaps the hearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between," spares for a green and hale old age those who counteract the infirmities incident to increasing years with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For rheumatism, lumbago, poverty of the blood, dyspepsia, neuralgia, and torpidity of the liver, use the great tonic and health preserver methodically.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
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LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.	6:45 A.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Jones, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4:15 P.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vestibuled train through to New Orleans.	1:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	5:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	10:45 A.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	11:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
† 1:30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.	† 7:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 P.
† 7:00 P.	Vallejo.	† 7:45 A.
† 7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	10:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.
† 11:45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.	† 8:05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.	1:45 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.	7:05 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:05 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8:46 A.
5:10 P.	San José and Way Stations.	* 8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	† 7:38 P.

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From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—6:00 7:00
8:00 9:00 10:00 and 11:00 A. M., 12:00 12:30,
2:00 3:00 4:00 and 5:00 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

Paige Theatre-Party and Cotillion.

Mr. Cutler Paige entertained a number of his friends very pleasantly last Tuesday evening by giving a theatre-party at the California, followed by a supper at his residence, 1830 Jackson Street, and a cotillion, which was danced at half-past twelve o'clock. Mr. Paige led with his *fiancée*, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, as his partner, and introduced several novel and pretty figures. It was quite late when the pleasant affair came to an end. The party comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Gertrude Heitshu, Miss Alice Heitshu, Miss Maud Magee, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Ella Hohart, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Bertha Smith, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Ernest Folger, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. Frank B. Peterson, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. George Almer Newhall, and Mr. Louis Montague.

The Blair Supper-Party.

After the party of the Monday Evening Dancing Club, Miss Jennie Blair gave a supper at her home on Van Ness Avenue, to which a few of her friends were invited. The table decorations were in exquisite taste, and the repast was a delicious one. Afterward there was an hour of dancing in the parlors. Those present comprised:

Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Ida Irwin, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Pope, of Boston, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Alice Hohart, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Andrew Martin, Mr. Addison Mizner, Lieutenant Frank McKenna, U. S. A., Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Samuel C. Buckbee, and Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, U. S. A.

The Hager Dinner-Party.

An elaborate dinner-party was given by Mrs. Hager last Tuesday evening at her residence, on Gough Street, the guests being a number of the friends of her daughter, Miss Alice Hager. The round dining-table was resplendent with elegant service and an array of Catherine Mermet roses. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played during the service of the dinner and afterward for a number of dances. Those present were:

Mrs. Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Sara Collier, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. Addison Mizner, Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Frank McKenna, U. S. A.

The Pope Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a most enjoyable dinner-party recently at their residence on Pacific Avenue as a compliment to Miss Anna Head and her *fiancé*, Mr. J. Mountney Jepson. The table was ornate with handsome service of silver and crystal and a large bank of American Beauty roses. Several hours were very pleasantly passed in dining. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Miss Anna Head, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. J. Mountney Jepson, Mr. J. B. Casserly, and Mr. Edgar Mills.

The Dutard Dinner-Party.

The young ladies and gentlemen who are to assist at the wedding of Miss Clarisse Sheldon and Mr. Cutler Paige were entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard at their residence, 1920 Jackson Street. The table decorations were of green and white and the favors were little straw baskets, tied with green ribbons and filled with maiden-hair fern. After a sumptuous repast, a couple of hours were passed in the parlors in the enjoyment of music and conversation. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Gertrude Heitshu, Miss Alice Heitshu, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Maud Magee,

Miss Florence Davis, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Frank B. Peterson, and Mr. Samuel H. Boardman.

The Pond Dinner-Party.

Hon. and Mrs. E. B. Pond gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their home, 1019 California Street. Covers were laid for twelve at a beautifully decorated table, and the menu was elaborate. Those present were:

Hon. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Miss McNeil, Miss Shepard, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, and Mr. Wigmore.

The Sullivan Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan gave an elegant lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence on Van Ness Avenue in honor of Miss Phelan. Very pretty decorative effects were produced by the profuse use of violets, which were arranged in all of the rooms and formed the chief decoration of the dining-table. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played during the service of the choice menu. Mrs. Sullivan's guests were:

Miss Phelan, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Georgie Sullivan, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Alice Hohart, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Marie Voorbies, Miss Small, and Miss Mullins.

The Bouvier Fireside Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier gave what was termed a fireside-party last Wednesday evening at their residence, 2524 Broadway, as a farewell compliment to Miss Laura McKinstry, who has gone East to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith in Washington, D. C. It was quite a novel affair and extremely enjoyable withal. The light afforded by a blazing fire was the only illumination in the room where the guests were assembled, and as they sat before it, they popped corn, roasted chestnuts, partook of well-brewed apple jack, and told ghost stories. Late in the evening, Mr. August Hinrichs, of the Baldwin Theatre orchestra, arrived with eight musicians dressed in the quaint colonial style and carrying lanterns over their shoulders. Supper was then served, after which there were some excellent musical selections and a few dances, which brought the delightful affair to an end. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Detrick, Mr. William B. Collier, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Dorothy Collier, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

The Morris-Livingston Wedding.

There was a pretty wedding in St. Luke's Church last Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Florence Livingston, niece of Mr. James Monroe Livingston, was united in marriage to Mr. Henry Windsor Morris. A large number of their friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at four o'clock by Rev. C. L. Miel, of Sausalito, assisted by Rev. W. H. Moreland. Miss Clara Morris, sister of the groom, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Minnie Rodgers and Miss Katherine Mitchler. They were all prettily gowned in pink moiré antique and carried bouquets of La France roses. Mr. Lawrence Morris, brother of the groom, was the best man, and the ushers comprised Mr. Archibald Bernard, Mr. Everett Ames, Dr. Woolsey, and Mr. Horace Sperry. The bride wore a becoming robe of white moiré antique, made with a court train, and carried Bride roses. There was an informal reception afterward at the residence of the bride's uncle, 2111 Pacific Avenue, which was attended by a few relatives and very intimate friends of the young couple. Refreshments were served, and a couple of hours were very pleasantly passed there. Mr. and Mrs. Morris left on Thursday to make a tour of the Eastern States.

The Carroll Matinée Tea.

Miss Lizzie Carroll gave a *matinée* tea last Sunday at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, 1520 Van Ness Avenue. The hours were from four until six o'clock, and during that time the handsomely decorated parlors were filled with friends of the young hostess. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Ethel Thompson, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Ida Irwin, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Mamie Burling, and Miss Emma Butler.

The Davis Matinée Tea.

Miss Florence Davis entertained many of her friends at a *matinée* tea last Tuesday at the residence of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Henry C. Davis, corner of Jackson and Devisadero Streets. The affair was in honor of the Misses Gertrude and Alice Heitshu, of Portland, Or. Attractive floral decorations brightened the parlors, where from five until seven o'clock the guests were received and entertained.

The hostess was assisted in receiving by the Misses Heitshu, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss

Charlotte Moulder, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Maud Magee, Miss Della Mills, Miss Meda Houghton, Miss Bertha Houghton, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Alice Hooper, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mae Tucker, Miss Claire Tucker, Miss Eloise Davis, and Miss Jessie Glascock.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker are expected here from New York next week. They gave a dinner recently at the Hotel Waldorf in honor of Miss Sibyl Sanderson. Count and Countess Festetics de Tolna, when last heard from, had arrived at Sydney, Australia, on their yacht *Tolna*.

Mr. Gaylord Wilshire, formerly of this city, was in Paris last week.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae are visiting friends in New York city.

When last heard from, Messrs. Will and Harry Babcock were going up the Nile as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Vanderbilt, of New York.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker and her daughter, Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, were at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city recently.

Mr. John W. Mackay, Mr. Richard V. Dey, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Master Hermann Oelrichs, Jr., left New York city last Thursday for this city in a private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood and Miss Jennie Greenwood, of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powning, Mr. William A. Powning, and Miss Harriet Hall, of Oakland, were in Algiers at last advices.

Mrs. W. J. Owen and Miss Alice Owen are visiting relatives in Los Angeles.

Mr. Harris Hammond, son of Mr. John Hays Hammond, recently entered college at Malvern, England.

Miss Laura McKinstry left last Thursday for Washington, D. C., to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith.

Mrs. William Macdonald is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Duke Farnsworth Baxter, in Santa Barbara County.

Mrs. Paul Jarboe has discontinued her afternoons at home for the present, owing to the death of her grandfather.

Mr. N. G. Kittle has returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Hatch, *née* Hawes, returned to Honolulu last Saturday on the steamer *Australia*.

Colonel A. C. Hawes was in New York city last week.

Colonel W. D. Sanborn returned from a month's visit to Chicago and New York last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Hochstadter, *née* Newman, will reside at the Hotel Richelieu when they return from their wedding trip.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright has returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern and Southern States.

Mr. W. H. Snedaker has returned from a visit to Chicago and Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart, *née* Lowenthal, are expected to return from the East early in February, and will reside at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins were in New York city last week.

Mr. A. A. Son arrived in New York city last Saturday.

Miss Adèle Perrin has returned to the city after a prolonged visit to relatives and friends in the Eastern States, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green have returned to the city, and are residing at 2235 Sutter Street.

Mrs. Edward Barron and family went to San José last Wednesday for a few days.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Mabel Yost are at the Grand Hotel, in New York city.

Captain John Birmingham is staying at the Gilsey House, in New York city.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Paymaster William J. Thomson, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Philadelphia*.

Paymaster G. E. Hendee, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia* and ordered home to settle accounts.

Paymaster J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican* and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Passed Assistant Paymaster T. H. Hicks, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Essex* and ordered to the *Mohican*.

Captain George W. Crabb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is acting temporarily as recruiting officer at Fort Mason.

Captain A. S. Barker, U. S. N., is expected at Mare Island on February 11th.

Captain F. J. Higginson, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Captain Louis Kempff, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain Frank Wildes has been ordered to command the *Independence*.

Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent for a month owing to illness.

Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to temporary duty at the San Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. R. C. S., has returned from an Eastern trip.

Lieutenant E. J. Dorn, U. S. N., has been detached from instruction in ordnance and ordered to the *Olympia*.

Ensign George Mallison, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Minneapolis* and ordered to the *Olympia*.

Mrs. Lester A. Beardslee, wife of Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., and Mrs. Percival J. Werlich, wife of Ensign Werlich, U. S. N., left last Saturday on the steamer *Australia* to join their husbands who are on the *Bennington*.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

—HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 681.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.



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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that Mme. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. Mme. Yale personally indorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY Hair Specific. It STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxurious growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Clarisse Sheldon, niece of Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, and Mr. Cutler Paige, son of Mr. Timothy Paige, will take place at St. Luke's Church on Thursday evening, February 14th, and will be followed by a reception at Mrs. Dutard's residence. Miss Alice Heitsbu, of Portland, Or., will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Heitsbu, of Portland, Or., Miss Florence Davis, Miss Isabel O'Connor, and Miss Maud Magee. Mr. Frank B. Peterson will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. George Almer Newball, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. William R. Sherwood, and Mr. William M. Randol.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary D. McNutt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William F. McNutt, to Assistant Naval Constructor Thomas F. Rubm, U. S. N., who is now on duty at the Union Iron Works.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Smith, daughter of Mrs. Russell Smith, of this city, to Mr. Louis Bertschmann, son of Mr. J. Bertschmann, the Swiss Consul at New York. Miss Smith is at present visiting her sister, who is the wife of Dr. Bowditch Morton, at the Hotel St. Marc in New York city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Erminie Prouty, sister of Mrs. F. A. Healy, of Prescott, A. T., to Mr. William Sheldon Moore, son of Mr. George A. Moore of this city.

The wedding of Miss Louise Tisdale, of Oakland, and Rev. J. Cumming Smith, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, of this city, will take place next Tuesday evening in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will give a reception next Monday evening at their residence, corner of Laguna and Washington Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will give a hall in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, February 8th.

The Oakland Cottillion Hall will give a hall next Friday evening at Military Hall, Oakland.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and Miss May Hoffman will receive next Wednesday at their residence, 2509 Pacific Avenue.

The Monday Evening Dancing Club will hold its next meeting on the night of Shrove Tuesday, February 26th.

Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck will give a matinee tea from four until seven o'clock to-day at her residence, 2424 Steiner Street.

The inaugural ball will take place at the State Capitol building in Sacramento on Monday evening, January 28th.

Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee entertained nine of her friends at luncheon last Wednesday at her residence. Her guests were Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Mrs. R. B. Wallace, Mrs. C. E. Green, Mrs. Alfred Holman, Miss Palache, Miss Ida Palache, and Miss Fanny Crocker.

Miss Ella Morgan gave a lunch-party last Wednesday at the University Club. The decorations were very pretty. Her guests were: Miss Louise Breeze, Miss Alice Schussler, Miss Woolworth, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Emilie Carolan, Miss Pope, of Boston, and Mrs. W. P. Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin gave a pleasant dinner-party recently at their residence, 1111 Pine Street, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Miss Jennie Blair, and Mr. Edward H. Seldon.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker was the chaperon recently at a lunch-party that the Misses Mae and Claire Tucker gave at the University Club complimentary to the Misses Heitsbu, of Portland, Or. The others present were Miss Maud Younger, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave a delightful lunch-party last Thursday at her residence on Clay Street, at which she entertained several ladies.

Miss Ella Morgan gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently at her residence, 1451 Franklin Street, in honor of Miss Heitsbu and Miss Alice Heitsbu, of Portland, Or. The others present were Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Mitchler, Miss Spiers, Miss Louise Dutton, Miss Mae Tucker, Miss Claire Tucker, and Miss Charlotte Moulder.

Mrs. J. L. Rathbone gave a matinee tea last Saturday, at her residence on Jones Street, in honor of her niece, Miss Rathbone, of New York, who is visiting her. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. P. W. Selby, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Friedlander, and Miss Mary Eyre. A string orchestra played from four until seven o'clock, and some two hundred guests were pleasantly entertained.

Mrs. George M. Pinckard and Mrs. Richard D. Girvin entertained a large number of their friends at a matinee tea last Friday at their residence, 2312 Clay Street. They were assisted in receiving by

Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Walter McGavin, and Miss Mary Eyre.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave a matinee tea last Wednesday at her residence, 1330 Sutter Street, which was attended by quite a number of her married friends.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class gave another one of its parties last Monday night at Lunt's Hall. The attendance was larger than usual, and the affair was kept up until midnight.

Mrs. S. Bachman and Miss Beatrice Bachman gave an enjoyable dancing-party last Saturday evening at their residence, on Sutter Street. More than two hundred of their friends were present and enjoyed dancing to Ballenberg's music until a late hour. A delicious supper was one of the many pleasant features of the evening.

Mrs. F. L. Whitney gave a pleasant progressive euchre-party last Saturday afternoon at her residence on Laguna Street. The rooms were all handsomely decorated with roses, violets, and vines. There were eight tables, and the prizes were won by Mrs. C. M. Dougherty, Mrs. E. A. Shepard, and Mrs. Albert Gallatin. Light refreshments were served after the contest.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Meyerstein, assisted by their daughter, Miss Cora Meyerstein, gave a card-party and a dance last Wednesday evening at their home, 2518 Octavia Street, in honor of their niece, Miss Stella Meyerstein, and her fiancé, Mr. E. M. Rothchild, of Portland, Or.

The Lenten season will commence on February 27th and end on April 14th.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Beethoven String Quartet.

The Beethoven String Quartet gave its second invitation concert last Tuesday in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association building. Quite a large audience enjoyed the presentation of the following programme:

Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, op. 49, molto allegro ed agitato, andante con moto tranquillo, scherzo-leggiero e vivace, finale-allegro assai appassionato, Mendelssohn, Miss Meta Asher, Messrs. A. A. Solomon and H. Strelitz; songs, "O Thank Me Not," R. Franz, "Synnove's Song," Halldan Kjerfvi, Miss Charlotte Siegel; 'cello solo, andante from concerto, op. 7, Svendsen, Mr. Harry Strelitz; sonata, piano and violin, op. 24, adagio molto espressivo, allegro, Beethoven, Miss Rose Stoltz and Mr. Samuel Savannah; string trio, op. 8, marcia allegro, adagio, minueto-allegretto, allegretto alla polaca, andante quasi allegretto, theme and variations, marcia allegro, Beethoven.

The Philomath Concert.

The last meeting of the Philomath Club was held in the Maple Room of the Palace Hotel, and was largely attended. The following excellent programme was presented:

Vocal solo, "Asthere," H. Trotter, Mrs. A. Brown; two sketches, "A Social Samaritan" and "Fishing Tackle," Miss Harriet Levy; recitation, "Two of Them," James M. Barrie, Miss Theresa Dinkelspiel; piano solo, romance E flat concerto, Chopin, Miss Ruby Lowenberg, second piano accompaniment by Señor S. Arrilaga; paper, "The Passing of the Ideal, A Protest," Miss Emma Wolf; violin solo, fantasie, De Beriot, Miss Adèle Dannenbaum; paper, "A Page from History," Miss Florence Prag.

The Scheel-Wagner Concert.

Mr. Fritz Scheel's orchestra gave a Wagner concert at the Auditorium last Tuesday evening in aid of the Scheel Concert Guarantee Fund, and a comfortable sum was realized. The audience was large and fashionable and very appreciative. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "The Flying Dutchman"; Vennsberg, ballet music from "Tannhäuser" (Parisian version); "Song of the Rhine Nymphs," from "Götterdämmerung"; overture, "Parsifal"; scenes from "The Meistersingers of Nuremberg"; a "Faust" overture; Waldwehen from "Siegfried"; fantasie from "Lohengrin"; Siegfried's "Funeral Dirge," from "Götterdämmerung"; magic fire scene from "The Walkure."

The forty-first Carr-Beel Saturday Pop. Concert will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at 3:15 o'clock at Golden Gate Hall. An interesting programme will be presented by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Beel, Mr. Heine, Miss Ina Griffin, pianist, and Mr. Algernon Aspland, vocalist.

That Coming Art Sale.

We are now informed that the sale of the Gump collection of paintings will take place about the middle of February next.

We must say we are sorry to hear that we are to be deprived of the only free gallery in the city, which heretofore has formed an attraction for foreign and local lovers of good pictures.

Messrs. Gump, who have maintained their gallery since 1871, and have always taken a just pride in it, being ever on the alert to obtain meritorious canvases to add to and keep up the high standard of the collection, with great reluctance have come to the conclusion that the large capital necessarily invested in such an enterprise is not justified by the returns through sales.

Many of the best paintings in the homes of our wealthy and cultured residents have been obtained from the Gump collection, and many of them could not now be purchased at any price from their owners.

The present opportunity offered, in our opinion, should most certainly be taken advantage of to make a selection from the works of prominent artists, as this sale will be a final disposition and scattering of the collection and at prices which times and dullness of trade will compel the owners to accept.

The sale will take place in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter Street, following immediately after the close of the Poly-clinic Loan Exhibition.

DCCXLII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, January 27, 1895.

Clam Chowder.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms. Potato Croquettes.
Oyster-Plant Fritters. String Beans.
Roast Pig, Apple Sauce.
Cress Salad.
Frozen Pudding. Orange Cake.
Coffee.

FROZEN PUDDING.—Fill a mold with different kinds of sweetmeats. Whip to a strong froth as much cream, with a little sugar and flavoring, as will fill your mold; turn into the mold a teacup of brandy; fill it with the cream; put it into a cream freezing-tub with plenty of salt and ice; let it remain six or eight hours.

"Yes," said the Social Philosopher, reflectively knocking the ash from his cigar, "yes, I used to call up there at the Millionheiress's bouse quite frequently. You see, I knew that she was engaged, and she knew that I knew it, so it was all right. Funny sight, I tell you, to see all those fellows sitting around—suitors, you know. They reminded me irresistibly of mourners on the anxious seat. They were mourners, too, although they didn't know it. For she had been engaged for six months to another fellow in another town, and now that the engagement's out, whenever I see any of those fellows walking round town, clothed in gloom as in a garment, I always think of that scriptural phrase, 'And the mourners go about the streets.' Just touch that hell, will you, old man? Thanks."

Governor-elect Morrill, of Kansas, has appointed Miss Kate Adams as his private secretary. Miss Adams has already had clerical experience in the United States Pension Office and in the office of the clerk of the United States Circuit Court.

Mary Fairing, a colored woman of Alabama, has gone out as a missionary worker to the Dark Continent, and has sold her little home to pay the expenses of the trip.

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Who take care of the city trade.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"So the first thing Tom told you about his fiancé was that she was 'awfully sensible'?"
He—"Yes." She—"That settles it. She's plain."
—Puck.

"What's the trouble between Maud and Lily?"
"Why, you see, Maud asked Lily to tell her just what she thought of her." "Yes." "And Lily told her."—Pick-Me-Up.

Tommy—"Paw, what is an intellectual soirée?"
Mr. Figg—"It is generally one where the refreshments do not cost much more than a dime a head."
—Indianapolis Journal.

"I shall expect you," said the justice to the colored culprit, "to tell the whole truth." "De whole truth, sah?" "Yes." "Jedge, jes' gimme six months!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"It strikes me that he has a good deal of assurance to call himself a boy pianist. He must be all of twenty-five." "Guess he is; but he plays like a boy of nine."—Indianapolis Journal.

Magistrate (to witness)—"Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?" Witness—"I didn't know which one of them was going to be the defendant."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Young wife—"When my husband gets cross, I always threaten to go home to my mother." Old wife—"Mercy, child! how simple you are! You should threaten to have your mother come to you."—Judge.

He—"Well, I must be off. Going to the station to meet my wife's eldest sister." She—"But she can find her way to your house." He—"She can. But if I meet her in public I won't have to kiss her."—Life.

Mister—"Does Jobson show any aptitude as a Washington correspondent?" Miss—"Oh, my, yes! When he heard that baby Esther had the colic, he tried to interview the Secretary of Interior about it."—Life.

Mrs. Gossip—"What in the world do you suppose makes Dr. Pillem so popular?" Mrs. Gabber—"That's easily explained. He prescribes plenty of champagne for his male patients and European trips for their wives."—Truth.

A smart husband: Daughter—"Did you find out what it was that papa cut out of the paper?" Mother—"Yes, I bought another copy. I've read it all through, but I can't see anything wrong about it. It's an article on the healthfulness of housework."—New York Weekly.

Michael—"What is the matter with Dr. Thirdly? He looks as though he were panic-stricken." Gabriel—"He is, poor soul. He has just met Dr. Speakpeace, whom he knew on earth as a Unitarian, and no one can convince him now that he is not in the infernal regions."—Puck.

"Merely as a new experience, Wendell," said the Boston young woman, blushing faintly and wiping her lips, "I find it not disagreeable, but do not let it happen again. It is utterly illogical, irrelevant, and recent scientific investigation shows that it is fraught with microbes."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Lightweight (airily, to conductor)—"I wonder what that shabby old codger finds so attractive in this direction. He's been eying me for ten minutes." Conductor (thoughtfully)—"I guess he's wondering how you happen to be traveling on a pass. He's the president of the road."—New York Weekly.

"That's the seventh time this morning," said the shoe merchant, as a customer left the store, "that you told me in a tone of voice that couldn't escape being overheard that a woman reminded you of Trilby." "Yes," replied the new clerk, "and that's the seventh woman that I've sold a pair of shoes to."—Washington Star.

Hostess (with whom little Willy is taking dinner)—"And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willy?" Willy (who has asked for the second piece)—"No, ma'am." Hostess—"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?" Willy (confidently)—"Oh! she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie, you know!"—Puck.

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If Mr. Cleveland and his cuckoo Congress do not take heed, there will be a financial panic in 1895 to which that of 1893 was but a summer zephyr.

The present monetary condition of this country is viewed by conservative men with anxiety and alarm. The policy of the administration—if its weak and vacillating measures of palliation may be dignified by such a term as policy—has complicated the situation instead of relieving it. The most competent observers agree that a serious crisis can be averted only by prompt, energetic, and comprehensive action. It is no longer sufficient to float a block of bonds in Wall Street whenever the government's stock of money runs out, and then, when this new supply is exhausted, to float another block. Constant borrowing to meet current expenses will undermine the credit of a nation as surely as that of an individual. This is the financial policy of the Spanish-Ameri-

can republics of Central and South America, and under its influence they stand in the markets of the world as irresponsible bankrupts.

During the last year, the Secretary of the Treasury has floated two issues of \$50,000,000 each, and the money received, amounting to \$116,000,000, has been exhausted in meeting current expenses. Again the Treasury is depleted, and the administration has no more comprehensive or intelligent plan to offer than the issue of more bonds. Cleveland's message of January 28th urges Congress to give him power to issue three-per-cent. bonds, running fifty years, whenever he pleases, and, further, that national banks be allowed to issue notes to the full par value of their deposited bonds, instead of ninety per cent. of that value. These recommendations are almost identical with the bill proposed by Senator Sherman. It is difficult to see how this would relieve the situation for any length of time. As the President points out in his message, the government is already experiencing difficulty in finding a market for its bonds, and if it is to continue in the market as a chronic borrower to meet current expenses, that difficulty will be increased. This is a large country and a rich country, with unlimited resources and great recuperative power. But no country is so large or so rich that it can withstand the shock of repeated financial blundering such as this. Unless some plan more comprehensive than borrowing money on bonds is adopted, this country will be plunged into a financial crisis that will throw that of 1893 far in the shade. A long season of Republican prosperity had fortified the business world against the Democratic panic of 1893. But the commercial world came out of that panic weakened, and another panic following so closely would send business houses crashing down all over the country. Every business man who reads these lines knows this assertion to be true. Some of them know that it will be true of themselves.

That this danger is not imaginary is proved by the weakening confidence in Europe. Two years ago, the bonds of the United States were eagerly purchased in Europe at prices that yielded considerably less than three per cent. on the investment. The London *Statist* is authority for the statement that a loan could not be floated by this government in the markets of Europe, "except at a higher rate of interest than three per cent." "With the prospect of continuous borrowing," continues the *Statist*, "lenders, of course, will insist upon better terms." The *Standard* and the *Times* discuss the situation in a similar tone. The decreasing confidence in this country is shown by the fact that the last lot of bonds, sold to a syndicate of bankers, is now selling in the market for less than the price the syndicate paid for it.

It has become the fashion to attribute the drain of gold from the Treasury to the outstanding legal-tender notes, or "greenbacks," as they are popularly called. They have been compared to an endless chain of buckets, being presented at the Treasury for redemption in gold, and then reissued by the government, to be presented and redeemed again. In order to put an end to this, it is proposed that a popular loan be floated, bonds to the amount of \$500,000,000 being issued, and the proceeds used to retire the greenbacks. The wisdom of this plan is not apparent. The greenbacks are already a popular loan, and a non-interest-bearing loan at that. To substitute an interest-bearing debt, at the present time, when the government is in pressing need of money, would be the height of folly. Nor is it apparent that the greenback is the guilty thing it is charged with being. It performed its part in business transactions for many years, and ever since specie resumption has not encroached upon the \$100,000,000 reserve. It is only since the Democratic party got into power that unnumbered financial evils have come upon the country. These are all being charged to the greenback. But that form of currency was entirely harmless, under Republican government, for thirty years. We fear the harassed Democrats are making it a scapegoat.

The drain upon the gold of the Treasury is due to the demands for gold to ship abroad. For the week ending

January 26th, the total exports of gold amounted to \$7,200,000. For the four weeks, the exports were \$20,000,000, a greater amount than had been shipped in any previous month since last June. Europe looks upon the United States as a great reservoir from which it may draw gold whenever wanted. During the last year, Austria-Hungary has absorbed \$24,000,000 in United States eagles and half-eagles to assist in the effort to place that country upon a gold basis. The demand still continues, and many millions of American gold will be absorbed by Austria before the process of retiring silver has been completed. England, France, and Germany are all replenishing their stock of gold by drafts upon this country. Our financial life-blood is being drained away, and the administration does nothing to ligate the artery. When gold is drawn out of the United States Treasury to fill European government vaults, Cleveland sends a message to Congress asking for authority to issue more bonds. While the ordinary receipts of the government are steadily falling, he adds an item of \$5,000,000 a year to pay the interest on the bonds already issued, and calmly asks for permission to make the annual interest charge greater. If the shipments of gold to enable Austria to retire its silver circulation and to replenish the stocks of other European countries are embarrassing the Treasury, why does not the administration check the gold shipments? If Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle can not formulate a plan to accomplish this result, they had better abandon governmental functions at Washington.

The Bank of England regulates shipments of gold out of that country by raising or lowering the rate of discount. The shipment of gold coin or gold bars out of this country could be burdened in some such way as to render it unprofitable. There ought to be enough brains in the Democratic Congress to devise such a plan, if Secretary Carlisle lacks the requisite intellectual power. But if the brain-power is lacking in the Democratic Congress, we shall have to wait until the Republican Congress is seated, hoping that in the interim Cleveland will not give us another panic.

These shipments of gold must be diminished, if not checked, and some measure must be formulated to raise the receipts of the government to the level of its expenses. The borrowing of money and the increase of the interest-bearing debt, in order to meet the ordinary expenses of the government, is a suicidal policy. If it is to be continued, the credit of the nation will be wrecked, and the time will not be far distant when even the bonds can not be sold. Secretary Carlisle has proved his utter incapacity as a financier. We suggest that he return to Kentucky, abandon financiering, and engage in the production of that fluid for which his State is so justly famed.

The endeavors of the agrarians in Germany, France, and Belgium to exclude American grain and American provisions in order to protect home-grown foods are not relaxed, but the movers are evidently ashamed of the course they are pursuing. A leader of the German Clericals, Archbechler of Bavaria, himself a large land-owner, is frank enough to say that "the German farmer can not raise stock and grow grain with profit under the present circumstances, and if the Americans insist upon violating their treaty with us, we shall protect ourselves by shutting out American cereals." It would be interesting to know when, how, and where we violated our treaty with Germany. Freiherr von Hammerstein, the agrarian leader, declares that "Germany can not submit to bullying, especially when we have the right on our side. We must retaliate by shutting out American cereals and wools." The fact is, there has been no "bullying" on the American side, nor anything approaching to a dispute. Germany, France, and Belgium have combined to exclude American grain and American provisions in order to reserve their home market for the domestic producer, and thus far the United States has neither taken nor even threatened retaliatory measures. We have been disposed to wait and see how long urban consumers will submit to pay two prices for their food in order to make the worn-out land.

many and France productive. As for the talk of our "violating treaties" or "bullying," it is mere fictitious pretext, without foundation of any kind, a repetition of Bismarck's fraudulent contention that American pork was diseased.

There is no disposition at present to retaliate upon France, or Belgium, or Germany for the exclusion of American products in the interest of European farmers. But it may be expected that if the present policy is adhered to at Berlin, Brussels, and Paris, American grain and pork exporters will call upon Congress to revise the tariff on importations from the countries which boast that they want no American foods. A tariff war is always a foolish war, begotten of selfishness and ignorance; but sometimes it is only by means of such a war that short-sighted statesmen can be brought to their senses.

The consular report for last December contains a summary of our trade with the three countries which are conspicuous in commercial hostility to the United States. The declared exports of each to the United States for the quarter ending September 30, 1894, are given in detail. Beginning with Belgium, it appears that that kingdom, in the quarter referred to, exported to this country \$3,950,707 worth of goods. Of this total, one-fourth, or \$1,057,109, represented fire-arms, which are made just as well and as cheaply in this country or in England as in Belgium. Our importations of glass in various forms for the quarter amounted to about \$650,000; there is no reason why this should not be supplied by the domestic glass factories. It is surprising to find that we take 'half a million dollars' worth of lead from Belgium. Surely the mines of Utah, Colorado, Idaho, and Missouri should supply this. Altogether our importations from Belgium might be reduced from \$4,000,000 a quarter, or \$16,000,000 a year, to one-fourth that amount.

From France, in the same quarter, we took goods worth \$14,277,031. The heaviest item among these was articles of women's apparel, such as dress goods, silk goods, etc., of which the invoice value was \$3,558,000. Of brandy, wines, and liquors we imported nearly a million dollars' worth. Other items for the toilette foot up as follows: \$737,024 for gloves, \$50,000 for hosiery, \$243,155 for perfumery and toilet articles, \$14,231 for fancy soaps—something over a million more in all. Fine leathers for ladies' shoes and bindings figure in the list for \$363,000, and upholstery goods and wall-paper for \$206,995. We imported from France in the quarter under review some six or seven million dollars' worth of articles of luxury, all of which might have been excluded without injury to the country or inconvenience to the people at large. The imposition by this country of a prohibitory duty on these goods would be a serious blow to the manufacturers of France.

From Frankfurt, in Germany, and the consulates thereunder, the goods entered for exportation to the United States during the quarter ending September 30, 1894, were invoiced at \$7,605,219. Of these goods, a sum of \$1,066,100 represented silk goods, ribbons, velvets, and braids, and \$1,315,533 represented chemicals. A large item—\$737,465—stands for fancy goods and toys from Nuremberg. We took \$877,000 worth of braids and bindings, gloves, hatbands, and ribbons, linen, woollen, and cotton goods. Our importation of brandy, beer, wine, and liquors represented \$279,346. Here is over half our total importation from Germany; it might be all barred out.

The agrarian Von Hammerstein boasts that if his countrymen lose the American markets they will conquer others to replace them. He is thinking more of the crops of his fields, which he understands, than about markets for manufactured goods, about which he knows nothing. It is the hardest thing in the world for a commercial nation today to conquer new markets. For such a market as Japan, which is not large, England, France, Germany, and other countries are fighting desperately, and the same struggle is going on in the seaport towns of every one of the South and Central American states. Years ago, Germany got control of the markets of Guatemala. Ever since then England has been striving might and main to drive her out, or at least to divide with her. A nation which loses a market in these times is not going to be able to replace it. If Germany, France, and Belgium compel us to shut out their fancy products, they will find, when the tariff war ends, that the vacuum has been occupied by the English and American manufacturer.

If this tariff war should break out, it would be an excellent thing for California. Among the largest items in our imports from abroad are wines and liquors. If the people of the United States should find their European supplies shut off in this direction, California's output of wines and brandies would immediately be taxed to its utmost. Once familiar with them, the people of this country would not readily relinquish them. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Since the last number of this journal went to press, a movement has begun which means much for San Fran-

cisco. A number of wealthy citizens have started plans for building a railroad south from this city into the San Joaquin Valley. Where it will begin and where end are points not yet determined, but it is probable that for the present it will start at Stockton, where water transportation to San Francisco is unobstructed; that from Stockton it will run to Bakersfield, and perhaps be pushed on as far as Rogers, a station beyond Mojave where the Santa Fé system begins; later, the road may be built from San Francisco to Stockton, although that is not essential at present. The plans of the initiators are by no means settled, but they will probably involve the construction of roads north as well as south—through the Sacramento Valley as well as the San Joaquin.

This plan is by no means new. For several years the Traffic Association has been engaged in an endeavor to put such a project upon its feet, but with very indifferent success. This was probably due to a variety of causes—among others, the most potent probably being the fact that the stockholders were pledged not to sell to the Southern Pacific. This was a mixture of sentiment and business which did not commend itself to capitalists. The new enterprise is based on a ten-year pool plan, which is much more practical. There are few of us who would be willing to put up good hard money in an enterprise wherein we could never sell in case of loss—sell to anybody, the Southern Pacific, or his Satanic Majesty himself. Therefore the Traffic Association enterprise languished, and, languishing, seemed about to die.

But the breath of life was breathed into its moribund body. A new set of men took hold of the proposition—or, rather, let us say a man. The man was Claus Spreckels. It is not flattery when we say that he is the only man in San Francisco who could have put this plan upon its feet. Both his friends and his enemies agree to that. He has a large fortune, is a man of remarkable business judgment, and has behind him a long life unmarred by failure. His business prestige alone would have been sufficient to start a larger enterprise than this one. It was sufficient to bring him an instant following. Before two days had elapsed, the millionaires had fallen into line. On the second day, Claus Spreckels headed the subscription-list with the enormous sum of five hundred thousand dollars, and was followed by his two sons, John D. and Adolph B. Spreckels, with one hundred thousand dollars each. On the fourth day, when these lines are written, the subscriptions had reached the sum of nearly a million and a half of dollars, although no organized effort had as yet been made toward obtaining them. The list as we go to press is as follows:

Claus Spreckels.....	\$ 500,000
John D. Spreckels.....	100,000
A. B. Spreckels.....	100,000
A. Hayward.....	50,000
W. F. Whittier.....	50,000
Daniel Meyer.....	25,000
Louis Sloss & Co.....	25,000
Levi Strauss.....	25,000
James D. Phelan.....	25,000
San Francisco Savings Union.....	50,000
Adam Grant.....	25,000
Antoine Borel.....	25,000
Thomas Magee.....	15,000
E. F. Preston.....	10,000
O. D. Baldwin.....	10,000
A. B. McCreery.....	30,000
Charles Holbrook.....	20,000
Payot, Upham & Co.....	5,000
James B. Stetson.....	10,000
Hobart Estate Company.....	50,000
Mrs. A. M. Parrott.....	50,000
San Francisco and Fresno Land Company.....	25,000
E. A. Bruguere.....	15,000
John T. Doyle.....	10,000
W. H. Martin.....	10,000
I. W. Hellman.....	5,000
T. I. Bergin.....	5,000
L. P. Drexler.....	5,000
Langley & Michaels Company.....	5,000
James C. Jordan.....	5,000
Miscellaneous.....	100,000

This means that the new railroad will be built. It means that San Francisco will no longer be the extreme western station of a single transcontinental road, the Southern Pacific. It means that this city can now look forward to regaining much of the trade that she lost, to the south, the east, and the north of her. It means that San Francisco can again become a distributing point for the State—an entrepot for the coast—that this city will again be a seaport.

Some two years ago, the *Argonaut* printed a series of articles on the great maritime cities of the world. In these it was shown how trade, population, and wealth had been created in many modern seaports, and had been vastly increased in many ancient ones. These articles, which attracted much attention at the time, were published with a purpose—that of pointing out to San Francisco her commercial decay. But however strong the warning, there was no remedy then; for San Francisco's only hope of becoming a great seaport was to provide means of distributing through her territory goods which should come to her by the sea.

This was impossible over the Southern Pacific, a transcontinental system, run in the interest of its owners and not in the interest of this city, its extreme western station. To find a remedy, it was necessary for the citizens of San Francisco to control their own distributing railroad. This is foreshadowed in the inception of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Railroad. And there is also foreshadowed the growth of this seaport city into a great commercial mart.

Already there are three routes by sea to San Francisco from the other side of the continent. These three routes are by the railroad over the Isthmus of Panama, the Mexican railroad over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and by clipper ship around the Horn. To these, there will soon, we hope, be added a fourth—the Nicaragua Canal. Water transportation can always undercut the rail. Two or three years ago, before the opposition of the North American Navigation Company and the quarrel of the Pacific Mail with the Panama Railroad people, it cost one hundred and five dollars per ton to transport dry goods by rail from New York to San Francisco, the time being twenty-two to twenty-six days. It cost the same goods via Panama, part rail and part steamer, eighty-four dollars per ton, the time being about forty-five days. By clipper ship around the Horn, at that time, the same goods were laid down in San Francisco at a cost of twenty dollars per ton, the time being about eighty-five days.

These figures are instructive. When San Francisco is bringing goods to her wharves by ocean transportation, and has the necessary railway system to distribute them within the territory which is rightfully hers, New York and Chicago will no longer be able to sell their goods under the shadow of her merchants' counting-houses. The long haul of three thousand miles by rail across the continent will settle that.

So San Francisco has awakened from her slumber. She is looking out seaward over the vast ocean at whose gates she sits. Let her take heart, and she may again become the Mistress of the Western Seas.

The new Papal encyclical, which was made public on January 27th, is not calculated to soothe the controversies in the Roman Catholic Church. His Holiness urges the American episcopate to put an end to strife in this country, to preach the perpetuity of marriage as opposed to a divorce law, to turn aside labor unions from law-breaking, to teach newspapers respect for religion, to *reprove those which pass judgment on episcopal acts*, and to convert Protestants to Romanism by setting an example of an exemplary life.

To understand these injunctions, it must be remembered that the Roman Catholic body in this country is divided into two factions, which may be distinguished from each other by the names of civic and non-civic. At the head of the former are Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, Father Malone, Regent of the State University of New York, Father Ducey, Father McGlynn, and Bishop Kean, of Washington. They believe that a Roman Catholic does not cease to be a citizen by becoming a priest; that the clerical garb does not relieve him from his civic duties; and that he surrenders none of his rights as a citizen by joining the Papal Church. The anti-civic party believes that the Roman Church in this country is superior to the state; that the commands of a bishop override the sentences of civil tribunals; that the church authorities may suppress freedom of speech; that bishops and archbishops are arbiters of opinion for their congregations; and that there is no appeal from their judgments except at Rome. At the head of this party are Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, and the Irish priests generally. Mgr. Satolli, who was at first disposed to act with the civics, has lately joined the anti-civic party under positive orders from the Propaganda.

The two factions came to a clean-cut issue over Archbishop Ireland. That prelate, finding that the influence of the church was thrown to the side of Tammany at the late election, left his home in Minnesota and raised his voice in New York on behalf of pure politics. He did not stump the State or address public meetings. But to those who visited him, he made no secret of his opinion that the time had come for reform. For this he was arraigned by Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, in the following tirade:

"Every Catholic having respect for his bishops and priests and the honor and good name of his church must have been pained and mortified when he learned, during the late political campaign, that the Archbishop of St. Paul cast to one side the traditions of the past and entered the political arena like any layman. It was disgraceful to his episcopal office and a scandal in the eyes of all right-minded Catholics of both parties. When the Archbishop of St. Paul pays his periodical visits to New York, he manages to annoy the Archbishop of New York, and persists in striving to embroil his grace with his excellency the apostolic delegate."

The underlying meaning of all this is that, in the opinion of this Irish priest, the Roman Catholic priesthood owe no duty of citizenship to the land in which they live, and that their whole allegiance belongs to a foreign potentate who resides at Rome. There could not be a doctrine more sub-

versive of sound principle or more calculated to place the Roman Catholic priests in a position of antagonism to the people at large. Americans hold that every member of the nation, whatever his calling, owes it to his fellow-members to fulfill his duties as a citizen, to shoulder a musket in time of war, and to attend the polls in time of peace. Dr. Parkhurst takes a sounder view when he says that he and the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott can not be good citizens unless they exercise their civic rights.

It is more than probable that if Archbishop Ireland had been on the side of Democracy, Tammany, and Romanism, he would have met the entire approval of Bishop McQuaid. But it seems from the recent Papal encyclical that Bishop McQuaid is in closer harmony with the Pope than his more liberal and more truly American brethren. It is easy to discern in that document the spirit which compelled Father McGlynn to succumb to his ecclesiastical superiors, and which coerced Father Ducey into eating humble pie for the crime of attending the Lexow Committee meetings. His Holiness sets his face against free inquiry by inculcating the duty of unity: in the church, all men are to think alike; that is to say, they are to let the Pope and his priests do their thinking for them. The faithful are not to recognize the law of the land concerning marriage and divorce—a council of Italian cardinals, sitting at Rome, overrides American laws and settles such questions for Roman Catholic American citizens. The constitutions of all the States and of the United States provide for liberty of the press. Yet this foreign potentate, seated in the Vatican, decides that it shall be abridged whenever a newspaper passes judgment on episcopal acts.

Leo the Thirteenth is putting on the Roman Catholic mind a strain which it will not bear. In the ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy there are men who know their rights and will insist upon enjoying them; men who realize that they are living at the end of the nineteenth and not at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The attempt of this venerable and amiable octogenarian to stay the hand of time is certain sooner or later to lead to a second Reformation in the Roman Catholic Church. Symptoms of its outbreak may be noticed on many sides. If the Roman Church in this country possessed the power wielded in the Papal States in 1870, prelates like Archbishop Ireland would find their personal liberty in danger.

An English life insurance company, in conjunction with an English magazine, has started a department of "Marriage Insurance," which is well worth the attention of our life insurance companies. This plan contemplates periodical payments of small sums by parents to secure for their girls a portion or dowry on marriage, or, if they prefer, a regular annuity after they reach a certain age. The payments may be made by the girls themselves out of their savings as wage-earners, with the arrangement that when they reach a certain age, the total sum paid in will be converted into an annuity which will protect them from a poverty-stricken old age. This appears to be an improvement on the German system of matrimonial insurance. In Germany, parents pay a certain sum—sometimes as little as a penny a week—to the credit of their daughters; when the latter marry, they draw out this sum, with the interest that it has earned, by way of dowry. If a girl does not marry, she forfeits her share, and it goes to swell the portions of those who do.

Under the English plan, no girl loses any portion of what she or her parents have subscribed. She may draw it out when she marries, in which case it constitutes her dowry; or she may let it lie, and continue her payments, so that the amount goes on swelling, and presently becomes a little fortune upon which she can live if she loses her husband; or she may, at any time, cease to contribute, and convert the capital to her credit in the company's hands into an annuity, which may support her when she chooses to give up work. It is a beneficent scheme for warding off poverty from women.

This country is full of men in fair circumstances, who are fathers of daughters for whom no provision has been made. They live up to their incomes, and save nothing worth mentioning. If they lived in France, they would have begun to put away small sums for the *dot* of each girl. Being Americans, they think that a dowry is needless and that their girls will marry, whether or no. But a great many girls do not marry; and many who do not, might marry if they had a small pot of money of their own to help start a new household; but they have nothing, and a young man starting in life shrinks from espousing a penniless wife. Her only chance is to find a rich young man, or a man as improvident as her father has been.

When the father of a family of daughters dies, leaving no estate, the girls are plunged into poverty and despair, though the catastrophe which has overwhelmed them is nothing more than they ought to have expected. What are they to do? Their only resource is to secure employment as teach-

ers, saleswomen, or type-writers, and in these professions the avenues which lead to success are crowded. Quite competent young women can be hired to teach the piano for fifty cents an hour. Women type-writers can be hired as low as twenty dollars a month, as well as clerks and bookkeepers.

There are, of course, better paid callings for women. A trained nurse gets three dollars a day, and if she is intelligent and a favorite with the doctors, she is hardly ever out of employment. A competent teacher of cookery commands a high salary, and is in demand at the first-class academies for young women. A few women make a fine living as doctors. There is one female physician in San Francisco whose practice is large, and whose income is reputed to be reckoned in five figures. Exceptionally bright girls find berths as secretaries, and are paid as well as young men if they have the required acquirements. But all these are exceptional cases, and require a special and long training. The great mass of young women who flutter their wings in society, high and low, have no such opportunities of self-support, and when the bread-winner of their family passes away, they are confronted with poverty. The alternative which presents itself to the mind of a good-looking girl who is suddenly left destitute is appalling.

When the father of daughters who are unprovided for is remonstrated with on the profuseness of his expenditures, he answers that he entertains, and lets his womenfolk run up heavy bills at the dry-goods stores, in order that his girls may have a chance of settling in life. He cherishes a wild idea that husbands are to be picked up at cotillions. If he happens to be blessed with a daughter who is a marvel of beauty, she may, indeed, make a conquest at a ball and capture a youth with money, or a veteran who was supposed to be woman-proof. But, as a rule, the young men among whom a young girl is most likely to find husband-material do not go to cotillions.

This subject is not to be whistled down the wind. That marriage is declining in this country, there can be no question. We are rapidly reaching a condition similar to that of Great Britain, where the unmarried women are reckoned by the million. Even in a new and rich country, like California, the number of marriages is declining from year to year instead of increasing, as it should, with the increase of population.

The fault in our present system, however, rests with the parent and not with the child. He is responsible for having brought her into the world. She did not ask to be born. As an honest man, he is bound to see that his offspring does not come to want through his improvidence. In France and Germany, a father who makes no provision for his daughter's *dot* is cut by his acquaintance.

During the last few months the *Argonaut* has printed occasional articles on the revival of gold mining in California. From various causes there has been a marked activity in prospecting the gold-fields of this State—partly due to the low price of silver, and partly to the commercial depression extending throughout not only California but the entire United States. The further fact that the cereal, fruit-growing, and viticultural interests of California have been affected by the general depression, has turned the minds of men toward mining.

We are gratified to see that our articles have attracted much attention in other parts of the world. They have been copied, in whole or in part, by hundreds of newspapers in the Eastern States, and have even been reproduced in Europe as well. In the European edition of the *New York Herald* for January 2, 1895, there was reprinted at length an editorial from the *Argonaut*, discussing the increase in the production of gold throughout the world, as well as the increase in this State particularly, and giving some particulars as to the output of certain famous mines in California, particularly the Utica Mine of Calaveras County, which for more than a year has yielded an average of about seven thousand dollars every day, including Sundays and holidays. This article was not only copied at length in the European edition of the *Herald*, but was commented upon editorially. The article was reproduced in other European papers, reprinted in the *New York edition of the Herald*, and finally came back home, and was copied in the *San Francisco Chronicle* about a week ago. This will serve to give some idea of the extreme interest which this article excited. In several subsequent numbers of the European edition of the *Herald* there were two or three letters commenting upon it. One was written by Mr. W. C. Ralston, of San Francisco, in which he spoke of the *Argonaut's* article, and pointed out the fact that but little was known in Europe of the value of the gold-fields in California. Mr. Ralston stated that "the assertions made in the article of the *Argonaut* were true to the letter," and further says in his letter:

"Such articles do great good. Many prominent financiers here in Paris asked me on Thursday and Friday if I had read in Wednes-

day's *Herald* the *Argonaut* article on California gold mines. One of the gentlemen who asked this question is the head of one of the wealthiest banking houses in Europe. I cite this merely to show what interest is being awakened in gold mining all over the world."

Another gentleman whose views appeared in the *Herald* was Mr. William G. Tiffany, who is well known both in New York and San Francisco. He said:

"In California we only invite capital on the strength of the ore actually in sight after the mine has been opened by drifts and cross-cuts. As to the South African gold-fields, with all due respect to the enormous yield of gold from the Johannesburg mines, I should like to see the same number of stamps working on the old Mariposa lode of California."

Another correspondent of the *Herald*, Mr. A. N. Pollard, commenting on the *Argonaut* article, says:

"I quite agree with Mr. Tiffany in reference to the great and permanent value of California mines. In my opinion, there is no mining region where satisfactory results are so quickly obtained, in proportion to the labor and capital expended, as has been and is now the case in the State of California. I see no reason why capital should go to the distant mines of Africa to the neglect of better and more profitable opportunities in the mines of California."

These various statements have brought about quite a discussion in London and Paris. The trend of promoters there is principally toward South African mines. Apparently leveled at California miners, there appeared in the *Gaulois* of January 4th an article by M. Gaston Jollivet. This gentleman beads it "Ayez l'œil, Parisiens," which might be freely translated "Parisians, keep your eyes peeled." He warns his French compatriots against investing in mines, particularly those of California, and says:

"The heroic period of gold mines is past. Investment in gold mines has come to be somewhat similar to the shaking of dice, as such matters used to be practiced formerly in the hells of San Francisco. There is going to be a smash. Parisians, keep your eyes peeled!"

However much or little of value there may be in the warnings of M. Jollivet, there can be no doubt that investing in South African securities has become a craze in London and Paris. The *London Statist* of January 5th says:

"We understand that one broker on the London Stock Exchange at the last settlement paid for and shipped abroad shares to the aggregate value of upward of four hundred thousand pounds; these shares passing all over the Continent, chiefly in France, in the names of a multitude of small holders. The tide of continental buying has been of such dimensions as has never been witnessed in this department."

These facts are laid before our readers for the purpose of showing them what a keen interest is taken abroad in the question of developing gold mines. We hope European investors will not come to grief from the South African gold-fields, for if such an event should come to pass, mining opportunities all over the world would suffer. But it is to be hoped that those Californians in Europe interested in gold mines may succeed in turning some of the tide of foreign capital this way. Whatever may or may not be the merit of the South African gold mines, there is no question whatever concerning the merit of those of California. The surest proof is that Californians themselves are daily engaged in prospecting for new mines, re-opening old ones, and extending the workings of those already in hand.

During all the excitement which has been caused in the city of San Francisco by the starting of a subscription for the San Joaquin Valley Railroad, there has been a singular oversight. The city has forgotten a certain modest millionaire. We refer to that coy person, Mr. Adolph Sutro. For many moons our mayor has raved against the railroad inquiries. He has so dwelt upon the wickedness of the railroad "octopus" that the people, charmed by the song of Siren Sutro, incontinently turned around and made him mayor. Since his election, worthy Mr. Sutro has not failed to continue his denunciations. The Washington wires have been hot with his dispatches to congressmen, scorching the Reilly funding bill. But now that the opposition to the railroad has assumed the practical and concrete form of a subscription list, Mayor Sutro does not seem to materialize. There has come from him nothing but an eloquent silence—a silence which is becoming painful to his constituents. The mayor is a millionaire. He is rumored to own one-fourteenth—or is it one-fourth?—of the entire city and county of San Francisco. He is certainly a party in interest in this scheme to revive the values of real estate in San Francisco. He is not so rich as Mr. Claus Spreckels, but he is very rich indeed; and as Mr. Spreckels has given five hundred thousand dollars, San Francisco certainly will expect her Sutro to give at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Any small and picayune subscription from our Sutro, such as twenty or thirty thousand dollars, would cause us San Franciscans great pain. But up to date the mayor has not given us even a slight pain. What can the matter be? Does our mayor's opposition to the railroad consist merely of words, and not of deeds? Is our Sutro only stuffed?

A MIRAGE OF MURDER.

The Strange Happenings in No. 4313 Pacific Street.

Pacific Street starts in the slums, and runs across the city. The highest number upon it is 8626, and the house with which this narrative deals is No. 4313. It stands, therefore, exactly half-way between the abodes of poverty and wealth. At the time of the occurrence herein to be related, it was kept as a lodging and boarding-place for men by Mrs. James Prowitt, whose long experience had made her keen and wary. Her guests were of all classes and descriptions, men rising from the lower street frequently meeting at her table those who were descending from the gentility of the avenue.

One October morning a young man applied to her for a room. She set her little gray eyes sharply upon him, as was her habit, but saw nothing out of the commonplace. She always divided her patrons into three classes—those coming up from near the bay, those sioeking from the avenue, and the stationary middle class. She shrewdly placed this one among the second class, but that made little difference to her. He was medium in size, with a frank face and a manner which gave her the impression that he knew what he was about, and was exceedingly wide-awake in doing it. He said he was a traveling man, could furnish good references, and gave his name as Harry Mulford.

"My third-floor front is vacant," Mrs. Prowitt said, "but I usually get fifteen dollars a month for it."

"That is entirely satisfactory," Mulford replied. "The price is nothing to me, although I shall not occupy the room more than one night a month. But I shall want it kept ready for me, though you are at liberty to use it any night, provided you do not receive word of my coming before six o'clock. I shall pay you in advance, sending you your money by mail on the last of each month." He drew out his purse, counted fifteen dollars upon his knee, and added, "Here is the first month's rent, provided you will let me have the room."

Mrs. Prowitt was too keen to let such a chance slip, and she quickly closed the transaction. Her requirement of references had always been a mere form—often a ruse to get rid of an unpromising applicant. She did not, therefore, ask Mulford for his, considering his money sufficient indorsement.

"It is probable," said Mulford, as he delivered the money and rose to leave, "that I shall not reappear for several months, and if you do not receive fifteen dollars from me near the first of any month, you will be at liberty to rent the room. It is likely that I may send some one occasionally to occupy the room, but he will always bring a note from me."

This piece of luck was too good for Mrs. Prowitt to keep to herself, and it was soon a matter for general discussion around her tables. A man who could afford to pay for a room without occupying it was a rarity at No. 4313, and Mulford became a mystery. The first month passed, and the third-floor front was unoccupied, except when Mrs. Prowitt quartered a transient. On the last day of this month, a registered letter was delivered to her, from which she drew three crisp five-dollar bills and a note from Mulford, stating that he would soon send a friend to take possession of the room. But when this and several more months passed without other sign or representative of Mulford than the regular letters inclosing the bills, the rental of the upper chamber became a sensation.

At last, however, one early December afternoon a little old man appeared, bringing from Mulford a note which stated his wish that Mrs. Prowitt would place in his room the article that the bearer would deliver, and to have the apartment kept ready for occupancy. The little old man was quite odd. He was much bent and very gray. His left eye was blind; but the right, restless and twinkling, together with his whole countenance, made Mrs. Prowitt think he could tell a great deal, if so minded. He was not so minded, however, and her questions elicited only amusement, to which his blindness lent the appearance of continual winking.

The article he brought was a large, three-fold, Japanese screen, highly decorated with gilt birds, reptiles, and animals disporting themselves on a sable ground. After the little old man had gone, and Mrs. Prowitt had set the screen in Mulford's room, she went down to the tables to express her opinion that a Japanese screen was a queer article for a young man to send, and the boarders agreed with her so strongly as to repair to the apartment to inspect it. The screen was ordinary, yet extraordinary, and curiosity played about the bamboo frame as whimsically as the golden decorations within it. A satchel, or a trunk, or even a chair would have aroused simple expectation; but a Japanese screen, though not uncommon in a bedroom, suggested something so decidedly out of the commonplace that Mulford's advent was awaited with lively interest. A week passed, however; and, though Mrs. Prowitt kept gas burning in the evenings, had fresh water put daily into the pitcher, and hung clean towels upon the rack, neither Mulford nor his friend appeared.

For twelve days she had these preparations made; but upon the thirteenth Mulford's friend came. It was half-past eight when the maid admitted him to the parlor. At this hour all the lodgers were out pursuing their various evening pastimes, except John Baylor, who was practicing upon his clarinet in his second-floor room. Mrs. Prowitt went to the parlor, expecting to find a young man of about Mulford's age, but she was surprised to see a gentleman of probably sixty. He was, however, well preserved and active, and was dressed very much better than any one she had ever lodged. There was an unmistakable air of the avenue about him that set Mrs. Prowitt to thinking she had seen him before, and to wondering where it had been. He carried a bulging blue bag of heavy material, and his whole bearing and appearance were those of a busy lawyer. Mrs.

Prowitt made these observations distinctly, as was her habit; but later occurrences indented them in her mind. In relating exactly how the old lawyer entered the parlor, how he talked, and in describing him, she always had difficulty putting one fact into words.

"Somehow," she always said, "he made me creep. He sat right in front of me and he seemed to be there like any other man, but there was something or other about him that made him seem unreal, a kind of a strange shadow of a rich old man I had seen upon the avenue. His voice, too, sounded kind of unnatural; something like an echo of a real voice speaking away off somewhere. I thought at first that he was only absent-minded, but the more I looked at him, the more plainly I saw that there was something about him I could not explain, and can't now."

He gave her a note in Mulford's hand, merely introducing him as the friend who desired to occupy his room for the night, and he would consider it a favor if Mrs. Prowitt would make him comfortable and let him have all he might wish.

"Is there anything you want me particularly to do?" Mrs. Prowitt asked him. She has always laid great stress upon the fact that she observed everything that occurred that night accurately and has been unvarying in her narrative.

"Is there a table in the room?" the lawyer asked, absently.

"Yes; Mr. Mulford requested me to put one in for him."

"That is well. Then all I wish is to be entirely undisturbed. I have many papers to examine to-night," he said, tapping the blue bag. "I am engaged on a matter of vast importance to a wealthy estate, and I shall ask you to see that no one is admitted to the room. I am ready to go to work now, if you please."

Mrs. Prowitt showed him to the third-floor front, turned up the light, and before leaving, saw him take from the bag a large bundle of papers, tied with pink tape, and lay them hushly upon the table. He then pulled up a chair and sat down. She noticed particularly that the Japanese screen stood about three feet from the back of his chair and about two feet from the windows. The weather being cold, the sashes were down and locked, and the lower inside shutters drawn and latched. There was a sheer descent from the windows to the pavement, with no outside ledge below them, so that it was impossible for any one to have entered the room through them. Mrs. Prowitt has been unwavering in this statement, as well as in declaring that no one was hidden behind the screen or elsewhere in the room when she admitted the lawyer.

It was only a few minutes after nine when she left the old man intently engaged over his papers. On her way downstairs, she stopped in Mr. Baylor's room to tell him that Mulford's friend had come. She did so, she has said, not because they had all looked for him so long, but because the man had given her a queer feeling of dread that she could not throw off. She naturally wondered what could have brought so rich a lawyer to her house; but it was not this query that made her uneasy. She told Baylor of this strange impression, and of the fact that, while with the old lawyer in the room, she had had a creepy notion that she was entirely alone, although he had been plain to her eyes. She had noticed that he had walked vigorously, but his steps had been surprisingly faint, and the papers had not rattled when he took them from the bag. She was very nervous. She did not believe in ghosts, she declared, but certainly this was the strangest lodger she had ever had in her house. She was afraid something dreadful might happen, and she asked Baylor to keep his door open and to walk up the stairway occasionally and listen. He promised to do so, and she left him.

At eleven o'clock she hurried back and said:

"Would you mind going with me to Mr. Mulford's room and listen outside the door? I want to know whether that old man is sleeping. I see from the pavement outside that he has turned the gas out."

"That can not be," Baylor answered, excitedly. "I walked up the stairs not more than five minutes ago and saw his light shining through the transom."

"Saw his light?" echoed Mrs. Prowitt, in an awed whisper. "It was just about five minutes ago that I looked from the pavement outside and his windows were dark. Are you sure you saw the light?"

"Yes; but I could not hear a sound inside the room."

"Mr. Baylor, there is something terrible in the air to-night, and I can't tell what it is. Let us go up there and listen."

They ascended to Mulford's room. Bright light was shining through the transom. Mrs. Prowitt knocked three times, but received no answer. Then she called, but the room remained perfectly silent.

"I would like you to look over the transom, Mr. Baylor," she said. "There is something mysterious here."

Baylor brought to the door two chairs that were standing in the hall, and, stepping upon one, looked through the transom. He started, and asked Mrs. Prowitt to get upon the other and look. They saw the old lawyer still sitting at the table with bundles of legal papers before him. He was too deeply engaged to notice that his long gray hair had slipped down over his forehead and almost overhung his eyes. As they looked from his peaceful face to the documents before him, Mrs. Prowitt started violently, caught Baylor's arm, and said:

"Look at his hands. He is making the motions of writing, but there is no pen in his hand. He is——"

She faltered from fright, and Baylor said:

"He is a madman, Mrs. Prowitt."

"No, he is worse than that. He is not a real man. Something awful is going to happen to-night. I did not quite trust that man Mulford from the start. Why should he have rented this room and not occupied it, if everything had been right? This is terrible. Look there. Did you see the screen move?"

"No, I did not, but——"

He stopped abruptly, for two hands rose from behind the screen, and, catching its extreme ends, lifted it from the

floor and carried it stealthily toward the old man. They were large and muscular, ugly and grimy—such hands as would delve in the slime and vice of the lower street. With the exception of his hands, the person behind the screen was hidden until he had carried it, noiselessly and stealthily, until it almost touched the old man's chair. There the bands stopped it and stood it securely, and instantly a bead rose from behind it. The terrible face held the two outside watchers motionless. The wiliness and wickedness of the slums was ground into each blotched and bloated feature. The terrible creature looked for some minutes upon the old lawyer with a leer of murderous triumph. Then, with a horrible smile of satisfaction, the man raised his right arm high over the screen, his dirty, talon-like hand clutching a dagger.

Mrs. Prowitt shrank with a scream from the sight, and fell to a sitting posture upon her chair; while Baylor, aroused to action, pounded upon the glass of the transom and kicked upon the door, but the old lawyer continued peacefully writing at the table, and the assassin was not stayed in his purpose. With a swift, skillful stroke, the knife fell, and Baylor saw it sink into the lawyer's breast, saw him writhe upon the chair and fall to the floor. He leaped from the chair and threw himself against the door, but it withstood his force.

"Help me here, Mrs. Prowitt," he cried. "The lawyer has been murdered. The door is locked upon the inside. Help me break it in."

Their united strength at last broke the lock, and the door swung in. Baylor took one rapid step forward, but stopped upon the sill with a startled cry. The room was dark and silent. No moan or sound of death-struggling came from the murdered man under the table.

"A match, Mrs. Prowitt," he said; "for the love of heaven, let us have a light here!"

"There is a match-safe over the wash-stand in the corner," gasped the landlady.

For a few moments Baylor groped in the blackness for a match. At last he struck one, and the gas puffed up. He shrank back against the wall by the door. The room was entirely deserted; the table was bare of legal papers; the screen stood in its place near the window; and there was no body of a murdered man upon the floor, nor any blood or other trace of him. The room was precisely as it had been before the lawyer came.

In the midst of an animated discussion, at Mrs. Prowitt's table next morning, of the strange crime, one of the boarders, who had already breakfasted and gone out, rushed back with a paper, which, under display head-locks, told of the brutal murder of Abel Christiansea, one of the city's noted lawyers. It detailed how he had been sitting in the study at his home on the avenue, going over some valuable papers in the matter of a vast estate in litigation. The murderer had entered through a window, had crept upon Mr. Christiansea under cover of a Japanese screen that stood behind his chair, and had struck him to the heart with a dagger. The assassin, who had escaped with all the papers, was supposed to be one of the heirs to the property and one of the most dangerous criminals of the slums.

About ten o'clock on this same morning, the little old man who had brought the Japanese screen appeared at No. 4313, saying that Mr. Mulford had sent him for it.

"I don't know that I ought to let you have it," said Mrs. Prowitt.

"Why not?" asked the little old man, with a queer twinkle of his unblinded eye.

"There was a terrible murder on the avenue last night by a man who stabbed a lawyer from behind a Japanese screen, and I and one of my lodgers saw the vision of a man come from behind Mr. Mulford's screen and kill a strange old man who had come as Mr. Mulford's friend."

"It is certainly remarkable," said the little old man, winking his blind eye; "but you certainly won't keep Mr. Mulford's screen just because you saw a vision?"

"Go up for it, then, for I won't touch it," said Mrs. Prowitt. "I will be glad to have the terrible thing out of my house. If I wasn't afraid of it, I would not let you have it."

When the little old man reappeared, carrying the screen, she said:

"If I could see how there could be any connection between this screen and the one on the avenue, I would keep you here and send for the police."

"I don't see what possible connection there could be," said the little old man, ducking his head sideways, and squinting at her quizzically. "If I could, I wouldn't ask you for the screen. But I will ask Mr. Mulford, and if there is, of course I'll come around and tell you. By the way, he says you need not keep the room for him any longer."

And picking up the screen, he briskly walked away.

HOWARD MARKLE HOKE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1895.

Berlin and Vienna were connected by telephone hardly six weeks ago, and already there is business enough to need another line. The line has been connected with Trieste at one end and Hamburg at the other, making a total length of nearly nine hundred miles. It is expected that Hamburg will soon be connected with Copenhagen, which is joined to the Swedish system, extending eight hundred and fifty miles north, when it will be possible for Northern Sweden and Southern Austria to communicate by telephone.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn asked in different classes of his Japanese school for written answers to the question: "What is your dearest wish?" Twenty per cent. wished to gain glory by dying for the emperor. Others stated a similar wish in less definite language. Patriotism is, in Japan, devotion to the ruler personally rather than to the country.

John J. Ingalls describes a woman who wants to vote as "an opalescent phantasy."

YANKEE-BAITING IN LONDON.

Unsuccessful Plays by Oscar Wilde, Henry James, and Sydney Grundy—James is Called Out before the Curtain and Hissed—Wilde's Extraordinary Speech.

Three dramatists, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Sydney Grundy, and Mr. Oscar Wilde, have just produced new plays in London. A sensation has been caused by the fact that all three have made failures, and that Mr. Henry James was called before the curtain at the end of his play, together with his manager, and roundly hissed.

Mr. James's play is called "Guy Domville." The time is in the middle of the last century. In the play is told the story of Guy Domville's contemplated entrance into holy orders as a Roman Catholic priest, of his friend Frank Hummer's love for a beautiful widow, Mrs. Peverel, of Guy's unexpectedly falling heir to a fortune, and of his sudden determination to abandon the career of a priest for the delights of London life. The next scene is in the metropolis, where Guy is discovered as a London spark, about to marry his pretty cousin, Mary Brasier. But he finds that Mary loves George Round, her cousin; that her mother has deceived him as to the daughter's feelings; that Lord Devenish, her mother's friend, is her guilty lover and the father of Mary, and has the grossest motives for causing the marriage; and that George Round, instead of telling the truth to him, is dishonestly silent. He feels that he is in a maze of deceit, and he flees from the city and returns to his rural home. He meets Mrs. Peverel, who has loved him all along, but who is in turn loved by his friend Frank Hummer. Then comes a scene between the two men, each striving to renounce the loved one for the other. But Guy prevails, leaves his sweetheart to his friend, and enters the church.

This is a most unsatisfactory conclusion, it is true, and may have had something to do with the reception of the play. It was admirably mounted; the last-century stage-setting, furniture, and costumes were very beautiful, and it was played by such finished artists as Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Waring, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Evelyn Millard, and Miss Irene Vanhugh. But popular as were the actors and the manager, the piece met with failure. The last act was listened to amid hoots and jeers. It is true that the lower part of the house received it with applause; but from the gallery came cat-calls and hisses. At the end there were prolonged cries for the author, and Mr. Henry James came forward with Mr. Alexander; but as soon as they appeared a perfect chorus of hooting broke out, and Mr. Alexander howled his head and frankly admitted the failure of the play. Most people will sympathize with Mr. Henry James when they think of him howling in humility before a storm of derision hurled at him from an audience which he had tried to please. But there is a certain poetic justice in Mr. James being placed in the pillory by an English audience, for he has apparently cut loose from America, burned his bridges behind him, and cast his all upon the hazard of the British die. Therefore, if there is any feeling for him, it will be on this side of the ocean. I think there will be scant sympathy expressed on the American side.

On the same night as Mr. James's first production at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Oscar Wilde produced a new piece called "An Ideal Husband" at the Haymarket Theatre. In this piece Mr. Wilde has abandoned the methods of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and has written a play modeled on the French lines of Eugène Sciehe. Briefly, the story is this: Sir Robert Chiltern, of the British diplomatic service, was in his youth poor and ambitious. He wanted money, so he sold a state secret—the deal in Suez Canal shares—to an eminent financier for eighty-five thousand pounds. His wealth grows, he becomes famous, he marries a beautiful woman, he enjoys a spotless reputation. There comes from Vienna a had lady to get his support for a wicked scheme of government juggling with Argentine securities. She proposes it to him with perfect frankness, and says that she will pay him well. "Madam," he retorts, "I am an English gentleman." "Tut, tut," says the had lady, "here is a letter in which you betrayed state secrets regarding the Suez Canal." Chiltern collapses. He becomes her abject slave. His wife discovers that something is wrong, but does not understand what. She only knows that the had Vienna lady, Mrs. Cheveley, has some strange influence over her husband, and, of course, woman-like, misunderstands it. However, Mr. Oscar Wilde outwits Mrs. Cheveley. The incriminating letter is secured from her, Sir Robert is made sure of his standing, social, political, and moral, his wife forgives him, and he obtains a seat in the cabinet. The moral of Mr. Wilde's play seems to be, "Honesty is not the best policy."

This piece was also very well placed upon the stage, and magnificently costumed. In this, also, the author was called before the curtain. Nothing so unpleasant, however, occurred as in the case of Mr. Henry James. On the contrary, Oscar was received warmly, and made this speech: "I thank you for the kind attention you have given my play. I have spent a very pleasant evening." The critics next day, Clement Scott particularly, received this speech with every shade of disgust. But they need not have been surprised—such a procedure is only part of Oscar's advertising methods. At a supper which was given after the performance, Oscar remarked that he was "greatly pleased with the audience." He always liked to be present on first-nights, "simply to see whether the audience was a success." "This first-night," he said, "I was really so delighted with their performance that I was sorry I had not called them behind the curtain." One of our critics, Mr. William Archer, says that there is in Oscar a strange mixture of the mountebank and the artist.

Mr. Sydney Grundy produced his play, "Slaves of the Ring," at the Garrick Theatre. This was also a failure. In fact, although much has been said and done to save the feelings of these three gentlemen, there is no doubt whatever

that all three plays will be withdrawn. Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known critic, has been particularly severe on Mr. Wilde's play. Therefore, in an interview in one of the papers yesterday, Mr. Wilde, when asked what he thought of journalists, said: "The journalist is always reminding the public of the existence of the artist. That is unnecessary of him. He is always reminding the artist of the existence of the public. That is indecent of him." When further interrogated as to his plays, Mr. Wilde said: "My nervousness ends at the last dress rehearsal. I feel secretly envious of the audience, for they have such wonderful fresh emotions in store for them. I do not hold to the opinion that the public is the patron of the dramatist. The artist is the munificent patron of the public. I am very fond of the public, and personally I always patronize the public very much." It is, however, to be feared that in the case of "The Ideal Husband" the public will not reciprocate.

When one reflects how many people attempt to write plays, it is significant to note the failure on the same night of three plays in three theatres, admirably mounted and staged, played by excellent actors, and written by three men of acknowledged prominence in the literary and dramatic world. I do not suppose that these gentlemen care for my advice, but I may say to them that there is food for reflection in the four words of Hamlet, "The play's the thing." In all these three plays, it is not a question of the play, but of the lines. The duty of the actor is to act, and if the playwright permits him only to talk, the result is that both must come to grief. The "School for Scandal" has lived, not because of the wit of Mr. Sheridan, but on account of the vivid interest attaching to the attempts of a crafty villain to involve an innocent lady. Sir Giles Overreach has held the stage for years, not because of Massinger's feeble blank verse, but because of the net-work of evil which Sir Giles weaves around his victims, which web the playwright unwinds. "The Lady of Lyons" is still played to-day, not because of Bulwer's mellifluous prose, but because of the strong story of the passion of the gardener's son for the lady of rank. I would recommend to these unsuccessful dramatists a study of the dramas of Victorien Sardou. There is no superfluous talk in his plays. Further than that, he is never guilty of stopping to admire the wit of his own dialogue, and this, I fear, is a fault common to both Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. Henry James.

LONDON, January 9, 1895. PICCADILLY.

INDECENT LITERATURE.

Pornographic Prints and Obscene Photographs at Paris—The Vile Journals Hawked on the Boulevards—The Decline of the Sense of Shame among the French.

An English journalist who visited Paris in 1814 was astonished at the extreme profligacy and filthiness of the books and prints that were exposed for sale. "The vilest publications," he writes, "lie about everywhere, throwing in your face a grossness which amounts rather to brutality than mere sensuality. It is a proof how deep and general is the viciousness of manners which causes this, that they run through all the degrees necessary to adapt them to every class of purchasers. Some are as elegant as art can make them, others mere villainous deformities."

These lines were written at a time when the Palais Royal was a vast gambling-hell, and when the low state of public morality was testified to, among other things, by the state lotteries that were organized to eke out the finances of the country.

Nevertheless, it might be applied word for word to the Paris of to-day; perhaps even the colors of the picture would need heightening. Indeed, the profligacy and filthiness of the books and prints that are sold all over the town has at length reached such a pitch that the government has interfered. We refer more especially to that literature to which the name of "pornographic" has been given, while at the same time recording the fact that for the amateur of scatology and for the eroto-heliophile Paris offers unrivaled opportunities.

But whatever may be thought of the taste of collectors of this stamp, it remains a fact that their numbers are few and their ideas are, perhaps, equally divided between the purely artistic and the merely wanton intentions of the objects of their admiration.

About engravings and lithographs we will say nothing for the moment; but in passing it may be remarked that photographs are sold openly in Paris to-day whose nudity would not have been tolerated under the Empire. As for the number of pornographic journals which are sold on the boulevards, and which penetrate to the uttermost corners of the town and even to the provinces, they would not have been tolerated for a single day under the Empire; not that the fact does any particular credit to that government, but simply because, strange as it may seem, the standard of public morality, or rather, perhaps, the sense of shame, has been gradually becoming lower and lower for the past twenty years.

The eminent dramatic critic, M. Francisque Sarcey, who has followed the movement of the French stage with singular attention for more than thirty-five years, has frequently remarked this phenomenon in his *feuilleton* in *Le Temps*, and in a certain lecture given at the Salle des Conférences he endeavored to trace its causes in connection with this pornographic literature we are now considering.

The French public has developed a secret inclination to delight in very highly spiced pleasantries, coarse words, and equivocal situations. Its mind is worked up to an almost morbid degree of sensitiveness as regards the matters which concern modesty. The public is always ready with an equivocal laugh whenever a word even suggests a double meaning.

M. Sarcey considers this decadence of public modesty to have had two causes. First of all, *La Vie Parisienne*, a

journal founded by a man of infinite *esprit* for the purpose of narrating sprightly stories, or what in French are called *histoires égrillardes*. The early numbers of this journal were marvels, and About, Meilhac, and Gustave Droz were among the first writers in it. The style of its stories is, we presume, known to our readers; if they read Freoch it must be, for, outside France, the journals and reviews most read are *La Vie Parisienne*, *Le Figaro*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, all three of which are supposed, wrongly, to give a truthful reflection of the social and literary movement of Paris.

These *histoires égrillardes* are quite in the tradition of French literature; the *Vie Parisienne* has also generally remained faithful to that tradition in putting a wonderful amount of cleverness and wit into them. The disadvantage of stories of this kind is that being obliged to go forward, the writers of them tend to pass from sprightliness to licentiousness. The *Vie Parisienne* has rarely gone beyond the limits assigned by tradition, and, on the other hand, it appeals to a more or less leisured and lettered public.

The second cause M. Sarcey states is Zola, or, at least, Zola's school, which has habituated the public to the description of violent and abominable scenes made in violent and coarse terms, which have long been banished from polite society. The *Vie Parisienne* appeals to elegant society; the works of the school of Zola to the great mass of the public.

It is easy even for a foreigner to conceive how the public mind has been prepared. It would, indeed, seem impossible to go further in filth and hestiality than writers like Huysmans, Vast-Ricouard, Céard, and even Zola himself, have gone, in the name of literature and morality.

The journal *Le Gil Blas* had the honor of crossing the Rubicon of obscenity. Its success led to the foundation of several filthy sheets, which were hawked along the boulevards of Paris for some time. But public indignation at last broke out and the editor of one of them was arrested, but the fact that two of these journals should have attained a circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand each is to be noted by the future historian of French manners and morals in the last decade.

And here let not American or English readers draw themselves up with a consciousness of the moral superiority of their own countrymen. One of the few American journals sold on the Boulevard des Capucines is the *New York Police Gazette*, the pictures in which equal in coarseness and profligacy of intention anything that has yet appeared in any of the Parisian pornographic journals.

In the course of the lecture to which we have alluded, M. Sarcey explained a theory of modesty. "The sense of shame," he said, "is not natural or essential to man." According to the biblical legend, the sense of shame is due to the sentiment of nudity. M. Sarcey suggested that it might have been horn of coquetry. In short, it will be generally admitted that modesty is an artificial sentiment—the result of education and Christianity. It changes, however, from age to age, from nation to nation, and from individual to individual. There is obviously a wide difference between the sense of shame of the inhabitants of Otaheite and that of those ultra-refined Anglo-Saxon ladies who will only speak of their legs as their limbs.

The sense of shame is an artificial sentiment founded on certain conventions, the first of which is that the sentiment of nudity produces the sense of shame. In order to show how fictitious the sense of shame is, M. Sarcey quoted a number of circumstances in every-day life where it is counterbalanced by another convention. A woman, for instance, allows herself to be examined by a doctor; an artist's model will pose, like Trihy, nude for "the altogether" before a dozen men, and hide herself when a stranger enters, because the dozen painters see only the beauty of the form, while the stranger sees only the nudity of the woman; a lady at her toilet would not allow a man to see her shoulders; the same lady at a hall will be flattered by the admiring glances attracted by the beauty of them.

So in sculpture, painting, and literature, it is easy to distinguish a chaste from an offensive work. The sense of shame, being the result of the sentiment of nudity, will always appear when the latter sentiment is not counterbalanced by some other, when the convention of modesty is not canceled by some other convention. We must always seek the intention of the artist, and it will be found that if in his study of the nude he has sought the realization of some æsthetic conception, if he has sought to reproduce beauty, his intention covers his work as with a veil, and prevents us from seeing the nudity of it.

The case of literature is exactly analogous. Baudelaire in his "Fleurs du Mal," Flaubert in "Madame Bovary," Zola in the "Assommoir," wrote in good faith, and not with the intention of shocking the modesty of their readers. Those whose sense of shame is offended by "Madame Bovary" are not artists enough to appreciate it. It is only just in art as in literature to follow the direction which the artist or the author gives to our attention—in short, to observe his intention.

The intention of the pornographic journals is to describe nudity for nudity's sake, with a wealth of foul details that are chosen for no other reason than their foulness. Such productions have nothing to do with literature, and their suppression in no way affects the liberty of the press. In a country of absolute liberty, they would be abolished as one abolishes a nuisance, and as the police takes charge of a man who is guilty of indecency in the public highway. That such journals were allowed to disgrace Paris for so long a time is only another proof of the indifference of the French in matters of public interest, and of the singular slowness of public opinion to express itself. DORSEY.

PARIS, January 4, 1895.

A Home of Rest for horses has been started in England. Its object is to take care of horses suffering from lameness, sores, or overwork until they are fit to work again, the owner being supplied with a sound horse in the interval.

THE KING OF CONJURERS.

Anecdotes from the Life of Robert-Houdin, the First of Prestidigitateurs—His Century-Dead Confederate, Count Cagliostro—A Performance before the Pope.

The presence in San Francisco of Herrmann, the magician, has set every one to talking about conjuring, sleight-of-hand, and "White Magic." Some extracts, therefore, from the life of the first of modern conjurers will not be untimely, and, we think, will prove interesting. The man to whom we refer is Robert-Houdin, who in his autobiography, "Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur," has given many interesting anecdotes. Although the book is not a new one, it will never grow old. Those who have not read it will find much to interest them in these extracts; those who have read it will be glad to read these fragments of it again.

Much of the book is taken up with Robert-Houdin's description of ingenious automata made by him, and he also describes some of the famous automata of history, such as the mechanical duck of Vaucanson, the automatic flute-player, and the celebrated automatic chess-player of Kempelen, afterward Maelzel's, which was so ingeniously dissected by Edgar Poe.

In this book Houdin does not devote much space to explaining how his conjuring tricks were performed, which is, we think, a rather unsatisfactory kind of literature; but it is given up principally to the relation of the striking experiences which happened to him in the course of his professional travels. One of the stories told in the book is concerning another conjurer, the Chevalier de Torrini. He tells of his experiences when traveling through Italy, and of a certain famous performance that he gave before the Pope:

In Rome, my performances created a great sensation. His Holiness himself, on hearing of me, did me the signal honor of requesting a performance, at which, I was advised, all the dignitaries of the church would form my audience.

You can fancy with what eagerness I acquiesced in his wish, and what care I devoted to my preparations. After selecting all my best tricks I ransacked my brains to invent one worthy of my illustrious spectators. But I had no need to search long, for chance, that most ingenious of inventors, came to my aid.

On the day prior to the performance, I was in the shop of one of the finest watchmakers of Rome, when a servant came in to ask if his eminence the Cardinal de *de*'s watch was repaired.

"It will not be ready till this evening," the watchmaker replied, "and I will do myself the honor of carrying it to your master myself." When the servant had retired, the tradesman said to me:

"This is a handsome and costly watch. The cardinal to whom it belongs values it at more than ten thousand francs, for, as he ordered it himself of the celebrated Breguet, he fancies it must be unique of its kind. Strangely enough, though, only two days ago, a young scamp belonging to the city offered me a precisely similar watch, made by the same artist, for one thousand francs."

"Do you think," I said to him, "that this person is still inclined to dispose of his watch?"

"Certainly," the watchmaker replied. "This young prodigal, who has spent all his fortune, is now reduced to sell his family jewels." "Well, I am anxious to purchase the watch, but it must be to-day. Have the kindness, then, to buy it for me. After that, you will engrave on it his eminence's arms, so that the two watches may be perfectly similar, and, to your discretion the profit you make by the transaction will depend."

The watchmaker knew me. He said:

"I only require a quarter of an hour to find him, and I am confident your offer will be accepted."

That same evening, the watchmaker brought me the two chronometers, and handed me one. On comparing them, it was impossible to detect the slightest difference. It cost me dear, but I was now certain of performing a trick which must produce a decided effect.

The next day I proceeded to the Pontiff's palace, and, at six o'clock, upon a signal given by the Holy Father, I stepped on the stage. I never had appeared before such an imposing assembly. Pius the Seventh, seated in a large arm-chair on a dais, occupied the foreground; near him were seated the cardinals, and behind them were the different prelates and dignitaries of the church.

I could not describe to you all the pleasure I felt on this evening; and the spectators seemed to take such lively interest in all they saw, that I felt myself in unusual spirits. The Pope himself was delighted.

"But M. Torrini," he continually said, with charming simplicity, "how can you do that? I shall be quite ill with merely trying to guess your secrets."

The "blind man's game of piquet," which literally astounded the audience, I performed the trick of the "hunted writing," in which I received an autograph I set great store by. This is how the trick is done:

A person writes a sentence or two; he is then requested to turn the paper, which must be found afterward intact in a sealed envelope. I begged His Holiness to write a sentence; he consented, and wrote as follows:

"I have much pleasure in stating that M. Torrini is an amiable sorcerer."

The paper was burned, and nothing could depict the Pope's astonishment on finding it in the centre of a large number of sealed envelopes. I received his permission to keep this autograph.

To end my performance and set the crown on my exploits, I now proceeded to the trick I had invented for the occasion.

Here I had several difficulties to contend with; the greatest was certainly to induce Cardinal de *de* to lend me his watch, and that without asking him directly for it, and to succeed, I must have recourse to a ruse. At my request, several watches were offered me, but I returned them with the excuse, more or less true, that as they had no peculiarity of shape, it would be difficult to prove the identity of the one I chose.

"If any gentleman among you," I added, "has a watch of rather large size (this was the peculiarity of the cardinal's) and would kindly lend it to me, I should prefer it as better suited for the experiment. I need not say I will take the greatest care of it. I only wish to prove its superiority if it really possess it, or, on the other hand, to marvelously improve it."

All eyes were naturally turned on the cardinal, who, it was known, set great value on the exaggerated size of his chronometer. He assented, with some show of reason, perhaps, that the works acted more freely in a large case. However, he hesitated to lend me his beloved watch till Pius the Seventh said to him:

"Cardinal, I fancy your watch will suit exactly; oblige me by handing it to M. Torrini."

His eminence assented, though not without numberless precautions, and when I had the chronometer in my hands, I drew the attention of the Pope and the cardinals to it, while pretending to admire the works and handsome chasing.

"Is your watch a repeater?" I then said to the cardinal.

"No, sir, it is a chronometer, and watches of that degree of accuracy are not usually incumbered with unnecessary machinery."

"Indeed it is a chronometer; then it must be English?" I said, with apparent simplicity.

"What, sir?" the cardinal replied, as if stung by my remark, "do you think chronometers are made only in England? On the contrary, the best specimens have always been made in France. What English maker can be compared with Pierre Leroy, Ferdinand Berthoud, or Breguet, above all, who made that chronometer for me?"

The Pope began to smile at the cardinal's energy.

"Well, then, we will select this chronometer," I said, putting a

stop to the conversation I had purposely started. "I have then, gentlemen, to prove to you its solidity and excellent qualities. Now for the first trial."

And I let the watch fall to the floor. A cry of terror rose on all sides, while the cardinal, pale and trembling, hounded from his seat, saying, with ill-suppressed wrath:

"You are playing a very sorry jest, sir."

"But, monseigneur," I said, with the greatest calmness, "you have no occasion to be frightened; I merely wish to prove to these gentlemen the perfection of your watch. I beg you not to be alarmed; it will escape scatheless from all the trials I subject it to."

With these words, I stamped on the case, which broke, flattened, and soon presented but a shapeless mass. At first I really fancied the cardinal was going into a fit; he could scarcely restrain his passion; but the Pope then turned to him:

"Come, cardinal, have you no confidence in our sorcerer? For my part, I laugh like a child at it, being convinced there has been some clever substitution."

"Will your Holiness permit me to remark," I said, respectfully, "that there has been no substitution? I appeal to his eminence, who will recognize his own watch."

And I offered the cardinal the shapeless relics of his watch. He examined them anxiously, and finding his arms engraved inside the case, said, with a deep sigh:

"Yes, that is certainly my watch. But," he added, dryly, "I know not how you will escape, sir; at any rate, you should have played this unjustifiable trick on some object that might be replaced, for my chronometer is unique."

"Well, your excellency, I am enchanted at that circumstance, for it must enhance the credit of my experiment."

The identity of the cardinal's watch thus proved, I wished to pass into the Pope's pocket the remaining one of the pair. But I could not dream of this so long as His Holiness remained seated. Hence I sought some pretext to make him rise, and soon found one.

A brass mortar, with an enormous pestle, was now brought in. I placed it on the table, threw in the fragments of the chronometer, and began pounding furiously. Suddenly a slight detonation was heard, and a vivid light came from the vessel, which cast a ruddy hue over the spectators, and produced a magical appearance. All this while, bending over the mortar, I pretended to see something that filled me with the liveliest astonishment.

Through respect for the Pope, no one ventured to rise, but the Pontiff, yielding to his curiosity, approached the table, followed by a portion of the audience. They might look and look; nothing was to be seen but flame.

"I know not whether I must attribute it to the dazed state of my brain," said His Holiness, passing his hand over his eyes, "but I can distinguish nothing."

I, too, had much the same idea; but far from confessing it, I begged the Pope to come round the table and choose a more favorable spot. During this time I slipped my reserve watch into the Pope's pocket. The experiment was certain, and the "cardinal's watch" was by this time reduced to a small ingot, which I held up to the spectators.

"Now," I said, "I will restore this ingot to its original shape, and the transformation shall be performed during its passage to the pocket of a person who can not be suspected of complicity."

"Aha!" the Pope said, in a jocular tone, "that is becoming a little too strong. But what would you do, my good sorcerer, if I asked you to choose my pocket?"

"Your Holiness need only order for me to obey."

"Well, M. Torrini, let it be so."

I took the ingot in my fingers, showed it to the company, and it disappeared on my uttering the word "Pass."

The Pope, with manifestations of utter incredulity, thrust his hand in his pocket. I soon saw him blush with confusion and draw out the watch, which he handed to the cardinal as if afraid of burning his fingers.

When my audience were assured that I had fulfilled my promise, I received the applause so successful a trick deserved.

The next day the Pope sent me a rich diamond snuff-box, while thanking me for all the pleasure I had occasioned him.

This performance created a great sensation in Rome, and every one flocked to see my marvels. Perhaps they hoped to witness the famous trick of the "Broken Watch," which I had performed at the Vatican. But, though I was then very extravagant, I was not so mad as to spend twelve hundred francs a night in a trick.

Robert-Houdin, as will be seen by the foregoing, was by no means jealous of the fame of other conjurers. He narrated not only the experiences of Torrini, but of other famous prestidigitateurs as well. But an anecdote is told in the book of which he was the hero, and the scene took place before King Louis Philippe of France. But we will let Robert-Houdin speak in person:

At four o'clock precisely, when the royal family and the numerous guests were assembled, the curtains that concealed me opened, and I appeared on the stage.

I horrowed from my noble spectators several handkerchiefs, which I made into a parcel and laid on the table. Then, at my request, different persons wrote on the cards the names of places whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported.

When this had been done, I begged the king to take three of the cards at hazard, and choose from them the place he might consider most suitable.

"Let us see," Louis Philippe said, "what this one says: 'I desire the handkerchief to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantel-piece.' That is too easy for a sorcerer; so we will pass to the next card: 'The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides.' That would suit me, but it is much too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah, ah!" the king added, looking at the last card, "I am afraid, M. Robert-Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?"

"Will your majesty deign to inform me?"

"It is desired that you should send the handkerchiefs into the chest of the last orange-tree on the right of the avenue."

"Only that, sire? Deign to order, and I will obey."

"Very good, then; I should like to see such a magic act; I therefore choose the orange-tree chest."

The king gave some orders in a low voice, and directly I saw several persons run to the orange-tree, in order to watch it.

I had now to send the handkerchiefs on their travels, so I placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and, taking my wand, I ordered my invisible travelers to proceed to the spot the king had chosen.

I raised the bell; the little parcel was no longer there, and a white turtle-dove had taken its place.

The king then walked to the door quickly, whence he looked in the direction of the orange-tree, to assure himself that the guards were at their post; when this was done, he began to smile.

"Ah! M. Robert-Houdin," he said, somewhat ironically, "I much fear for the virtue of your magic wand." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room, where servants were standing: "Tell William to open immediately the last chest at the end of the avenue, and bring what he finds there—if he does find anything."

William soon proceeded to the orange-tree, and though much astonished at the orders given him, he began to carry them out.

He carefully removed one of the sides of the chest, thrust his hand in, and almost touched the roots of the tree before he found anything. All at once he uttered a cry of surprise as he drew out a small iron coffer eaten by rust.

This curious "find," after having been cleaned from the mold, was brought in and placed on a small ottoman by the king's side.

"Well, M. Robert-Houdin," Louis Philippe said to me, with a movement of impatient curiosity, "here is a box; am I to conclude that it contains the handkerchiefs?"

"Yes, sire," I replied, with assurance; "and they have been there, too, for a long period."

"How can that be? The handkerchiefs were lent you scarce a quarter of an hour ago."

"I can not deny it, sire; but what would my magic powers avail me if I could not perform incomprehensible tricks? Your majesty will doubtless be still more surprised when I prove to your satisfaction that this coffer, as well as its contents, was deposited in the chest of the orange-tree sixty years ago."

"I should like to believe your statement," the king replied, with a smile; "but that is impossible."

"It only depends on yourself, sire, to prove it. Deign to remove the key from the neck of this turtle-dove, which has just brought it to you."

Louis Philippe unfastened a ribbon that held a small, rusty key, with which he hastened to unlock the coffer.

The first thing that caught the king's eye was a parchment, on which he read the following statement:

THIS DAY, THE SIXTH JUNE, 1786, THIS IRON BOX, CONTAINING SIX HANDKERCHIEFS, WAS PLACED AMONG THE ROOTS OF AN ORANGE-TREE BY ME, BALSAMO, COUNT OF CAGLIOSTRO, TO SERVE IN PERFORMING AN ACT OF MAGIC, WHICH WILL BE EXECUTED ON THE SAME DAY, SIXTY YEARS HENCE, BEFORE LOUIS PHILIPPE OF ORLEANS AND HIS FAMILY.

"There is decidedly witchcraft about this," the king said, more and more amazed. "Nothing is wanting, for the seal and signature of the celebrated sorcerer are placed at the foot of this statement, which, heaven pardon me, smells strongly of sulphur."

At this jest the audience began to laugh.

"But," the king added, taking out of the box a carefully sealed packet, "can the handkerchiefs by possibility be in this?"

"Indeed, sire, they are; but, before opening the parcel, I would request your majesty to notice that it also bears the impression of Cagliostro's seal."

This seal, once rendered so famous by being placed on the celebrated alchemist's bottles of elixir and liquid gold, I had obtained from Torrini, who had been an old friend of Cagliostro's.

"It is certainly the same," my royal spectator answered, after comparing the two seals. Still, in his impatience to learn the contents of the parcel, the king quickly tore open the envelope and soon displayed before the astonished spectators the six handkerchiefs which, a few moments before, were still on the table.

The performance before the royal family closed with an exhibition of "second sight," which amazed them even more than the foregoing.

Such was the favor with which Houdin was regarded by the French Government, that they sent him to Algeria shortly after the conquest of that country by the French armies. His mission was peculiar. The Dervishes, or Marabouts, had great influence over the natives by reason of certain simple tricks which they performed, and which the natives believed hetokened supernatural powers. The influence which they possessed over the natives was used for the purpose of stirring them up to revolt. Hence the French Government concluded that if a prestidigitateur like Houdin should perform all the tricks that they did, and others still more startling, it would remove the belief of the natives in the superiority of the Dervishes. Houdin, therefore, gave such a performance. But let him tell the story:

I felt, I confess, rather inclined to laugh at myself and my Moorish audience, for I stepped forth, wand in hand, with all the gravity of a real sorcerer. Still, I did not give way, for I was enacting the part of a French Marabout.

Compared with the simple tricks of their pretended sorcerers, my experiments must appear perfect miracles to the Arabs.

I commenced my performance in the most profound, I might almost say religious, silence, and the attention of the spectators was so great that they seemed petrified. Their fingers alone, moving nervously, played with the beads of their rosaries, while they were doubtlessly invoking the protection of the Most High. But they soon gave way to noisy outbreaks.

This was especially the case when I produced cannon-halls from a hat, for my spectators, laying aside their gravity, expressed their delighted admiration by the strangest and most energetic gestures.

Then came—greeted by the same success—the bouquet of flowers, produced instantaneously from a hat; the cornucopia, supplying a multitude of objects, which I distributed, though unable to satisfy the repeated demands made on all sides, and still more, by those who had their hands full already; the five-franc pieces, sent across the theatre in a crystal box suspended above the spectators.

One trick I should much have liked to perform was the inexhaustible bottle, but the Moors drink no fermented liquor—at least not publicly. Hence I substituted the following:

I took a silver cup, like those called "punch-bowls" in the Parisian cafs, I unscrewed the foot, and, passing my wand through it, showed that the vessel contained nothing; then, having refilled the two parts, I went to the centre of the pit, when, at my command, the bowl was magically filled with sweetmeats.

The sweetmeats exhausted, I turned the bowl over, and proposed to fill it with excellent coffee; so, gravely passing my hand thrice over the bowl, a dense vapor immediately issued from it, and announced the presence of the precious liquid. The bowl was full of boiling coffee, which I poured into cups and offered to my astounded spectators.

The first cups were only accepted, so to speak, under protest; for not an Arab would consent to moisten his lips with a beverage which he thought came straight from Shaitan's kitchen; but, insensibly seduced by the perfume of their favorite liquor, and urged by the interpreters, some of the boldest decided on tasting the magic liquor, and all soon followed their example.

The vessel, rapidly emptied, was repeatedly filled again with equal rapidity; and it satisfied all demands, like my inexhaustible bottle.

But it was not enough to amuse my spectators; I must also, in order to fulfill the object of my mission, startle and even terrify them.

Many of my readers will remember having seen at my performances a small but solidly built box, which, being handed to the spectators, became very heavy or light at my order; a child might raise it with ease, and yet the most powerful man could not move it.

I advanced, with my box in my hand, to the centre of the "practicable" communicating from the stage to the pit; then, addressing the Arabs, I said to them:

"From what you have witnessed, you will attribute a supernatural power to me, and you are right. I will give you a new proof of my marvelous authority by showing that I can deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at my will. Any one who thinks himself strong enough to try the experiment may draw near me." (I spoke slowly in order to give the interpreter time to translate my words.)

An Arab of middle height, but well built and muscular, like many of the Arabs are, came to my side with sufficient assurance.

"Are you strong?" I said, measuring him from head to foot.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, carelessly.

"Are you sure you will always remain so?"

"Quite sure."

"You are mistaken, for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a child."

The Arab smiled disdainfully as a sign of his incredulity.

"Stay," I continued; "lift up this box."

The Arab stooped, lifted up the box, and said to me, coldly: "Is that all?"

"Wait!" I replied.

Then, with all possible gravity, I made an imposing gesture and solemnly pronounced the words:

"Behold! you are weaker than a woman; now, try to lift the box."

The Hercules, quite cool as to my conjuration, seized the box again by the handle and gave it a violent tug; but this time the box resisted, and, spite of his most vigorous attacks, would not budge.

The Arab vainly expended on this unlucky box a strength which would have raised an enormous weight, until, at length, exhausted, panting, and red with anger, he was on the point of withdrawing; but that would be admitting his weakness, and that he, hitherto respected for his vigor, had become as a child. This thought rendered him almost mad.

He bent once again over the box; his nervous hands twined round the handle, and his legs, placed on either side like two bronze columns, served as a support for the final effort.

But, wonder of wonders! this Hercules, a moment since so strong and proud, now bows his head; his arms, riveted to the box, undergo a violent muscular contraction; his legs give way, and he falls on his knees with a yell of agony.

An electric shock had been passed on a signal from me from the farther end of the stage into the handle of the box. Hence the contortions of the poor Arah.

It would have been cruelty to prolong this scene.

I gave a second signal, and the electric current was immediately intercepted. My athlete, disengaged from his terrible bondage, raised his hands over his head.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed, full of terror; then wrapping himself up quickly in the folds of his burnous, as if to hide his disgrace, he rushed through the ranks of the spectators and gained the front entrance.

With the exception of my stage-boxes and the privileged spectators who appeared to take great pleasure in this experiment, my audience had become grave and silent, and I heard the words "Shaitan!" "Djennoun!" passing in a murmur round the circle.

I allowed my public a few moments to recover from the emotion produced by my experiment and the flight of the Herculean Arah.

One of the means employed by the Marabouts to gain influence in the eyes of the Arabs is by causing a belief in their invulnerability.

One of them, for instance, ordered a gun to be loaded and fired at him from a short distance, but in vain did the flint produce a shower of sparks; the Marabout pronounced some cabalistic words, and the gun did not explode.

The mystery was simple enough; the gun did not go off because the Marabout had skillfully stopped up the vent.

Colonel de Neven explained to me the importance of discrediting such a miracle by opposing to it a sleight-of-hand trick far superior to it, and I had the very article.

I informed the Arahs that I possessed a talisman rendering me invulnerable, and I defied the best marksman in Algeria to hit me.

I had hardly uttered the word, when an Arah, who had attracted my notice by the attention he had paid to my tricks, jumped over four rows of seats, and disdaining the use of the "practicable," crossed the orchestra, upsetting flutes, clarionets, and violins, escalated the stage, while burning himself at the footlights, and then said, in excellent French:

"I will kill you!"

An immense burst of laughter greeted both the Arah's picturesque ascent and his murderous intentions, while an interpreter who stood near told me I had to deal with a Marabout.

"You wish to kill me!" I replied, imitating his accent and the inflection of his voice. "Well, I reply, that though you are a sorcerer, I am still a greater one, and you will not kill me."

I held a cavalry pistol in my hand, which I presented to him. "Here, take this weapon and assure yourself it has undergone no preparation."

The Arah breathed several times down the barrel, then through the nipple, to assure himself there was a communication between them, and, after carefully examining the pistol, said:

"The weapon is good, and I will kill you."

"As you are determined, and for more certainty, put in a double charge of powder and a wad on top."

"It is done."

"Now here is a leaden ball; mark it with your knife, so as to be able to recognize it, and put it in the pistol, with a second wad."

"It is done."

"Now that you are quite sure your pistol is loaded, and that it will explode, tell me, do you feel no remorse, no scruple, about killing me thus, although I authorize you to do so?"

"No, for I wish to kill you," the Arah repeated, coldly.

Without replying, I put an apple on the point of a knife, and, standing a few yards from the Marabout, ordered him to fire.

"Aim straight at the heart," I said to him.

My opponent aimed immediately, without the slightest hesitation.

The pistol exploded, and the bullet lodged in the centre of the apple.

I carried the talisman to the Marabout, who recognized the hall he had marked.

I could not say that this trick produced any greater stupefaction than the one preceding it; at any rate, my spectators, palsied by surprise and terror, looked round in silence.

But the Marabout, though stupefied by his defeat, had not lost his wits; so, profiting by the moment when he returned me the pistol, he seized the apple, thrust it into his waist-belt, and could not be induced to return it, persuaded that he possessed an incomparable talisman.

For the last trick in my performance, I required the assistance of an Arah.

At the request of several interpreters, a young Moor, about twenty years of age, tall, well built, and richly dressed, consented to come on the stage. Bolder and more civilized, doubtless, than his comrades of the plains, he walked firmly up to me.

I drew him toward the table that was in the centre of the stage, and pointed out to him and to the other spectators that it was slightly built and perfectly isolated. After which, without further preface, I told him to mount upon it, and covered him with an enormous cloth cone, open at the top.

Then, drawing the cone and its contents out to a plank, the ends of which were held by my servant and myself, we walked to the footlights with our heavy burden, and upset it. The Moor had disappeared—the cone was perfectly empty!

Immediately there began a spectacle which I shall never forget.

The Arahs were so affected by this last trick that, impelled by an irresistible feeling of terror, they rose in all parts of the house and yielded to the influence of a general panic. To tell the truth, the crowd of fugitives was denser at the door of the dress-circle, and it could be seen, from the agility and confusion of these high dignitaries, that they were the first to wish to leave the house.

Vainly did one of them, the Cadi Beni-Salah, more courageous than his colleagues, try to restrain them by his words:

"Stay! stay! we can not thus lose one of our co-religionists. Surely we must know what has become of him. Stay! stay!"

But the co-religionists only fled the faster, and soon the courageous cadi, led away by their example, fled also.

They little knew what awaited them at the door of the theatre; but they had scarce gone down the steps when they found themselves face to face with the Moor who had just disappeared from the stage.

Numberless are the anecdotes told in this curious book, several of them relating to the genesis of the famous mystification known as "second sight," of which Houdin was the originator. But we have not space for more, and must content ourselves with saying that those who are interested in "White Magic" can not do better than to read the memoirs of that King of Conjurers, Robert-Houdin.

Ostend to Constantinople, without change of carriage, is what the International Sleeping Car Company will do for you now. The new through-train began running last week, leaving Charing Cross, London, at ten in the morning and was due to reach Constantinople on the fourth day. The old gentleman of the nonsense rhyme, who "went with one prance from Turkey to France," will have his record broken soon if he is not careful.

A noticeable feature in the recent launch of the new British battle-ship *Magnificent* was that when she slipped into the water, and thereupon received her name, a bottle of claret was broken over her bows instead of the customary bottle of champagne.

THE FOUR HUNDRED DIVIDED.

New York Society Rent in Twain—Mrs. Ogden Mills has Organized a Two Hundred—What will the Tabooed Two Hundred Do?

New York is aghast. Mrs. Ogden Mills, the society leader, says she cares nothing at all about the McAllister Four Hundred.

Mrs. Ogden Mills belongs to an old New York family. She is married to a son of one of America's greatest millionaires. She has a fine town house, a country house on the Hudson, and a Newport "cottage." She was one of the famous Livingston twins, daughters of Maturin Livingston, and hence belongs to the old Knickerbockers, and she has begun to gather around her what remains of the Knickerbocker set, ignoring many of the wealthy new set who have been admitted of late years. One of the most striking incidents, as tending to show that Mrs. Ogden Mills's warfare, if it can be so called, is going to have some effect, is the decline in the Patriarch's ball. Of the last Patriarch ball, which took place on Monday, January 14th, it is said guardedly, by those who attended, that it was "not overcrowded," that the attendance "was not so large as the last ball," and that "there was plenty of room to dance." But the fact remains that there were about one hundred and fifty less people at the last Patriarch's ball than there was at the one given a month or two ago.

Mr. McAllister, who writes regularly for the *World*, a more or less important New York daily, is dumb upon this topic. In its place he discusses, in his letter of this week, what he calls "the plea for social patriotism." People who have not the good fortune to live in New York would be much flattered by Mr. McAllister's kindly words regarding them. "I do not mean to say," he remarks, "that there is not a certain sort of fashionable life in every large American city, but I do maintain that, comparing it with that of New York, it is more or less provincial."

However, let us see what Mr. McAllister says of Boston. Of the famous Hub city he remarks: "The very conceit of the people there preserves much of their originality, for certainly they are an original people, especially in thinking that Boston contains all that is really desirable in life. New Yorkers feel, however, that they are in this respect provincial. It could hardly be expected that a class of persons who robe themselves so carefully in the mantle of their own conceit should absorb those broad-minded views essential to cosmopolitan education and refinement." By this Mr. McAllister doubtless means the broad-minded ideas which pervade New York society. The general diffusion of those ideas throughout New York is readily apparent to the meanest intelligence. But we will continue with Mr. McAllister's broad-minded ideas: "No society is really deserving of the name when it is satisfied with the few advantages and opportunities for mutual intercourse limited to its own sphere. It may be safely said, therefore, that until Boston enlarges its range of social observation and intercourse, until it comprehends the excellent opportunities for improvement to be had by contact with the fashionable life in the city of New York, it will continue to occupy its present social position."

It will be difficult to conceive of the indignation and rage which will possess the minds of Bostonians on reading the above. Boston patronized by New York! It is calculated to throw Beacon Hill into an apoplectic coma.

Mr. McAllister does not discuss other cities of the country beyond Boston and Philadelphia, of which latter town he says: "It is a collection of provincial communities containing many educated persons, but wanting that contact with the world which makes New York what it is." Those Philadelphians whose families have dwelt in the city of William Penn for many generations will doubtless feel grateful for these kind words. If they acquire the habit of visiting New York frequently, they will doubtless improve.

As I have said before, Mr. McAllister does not go far afield. He confines his remarks to the cities of Boston and Philadelphia. He very kindly, however, says of the other cities of the United States: "I would earnestly suggest to the society persons of these various cities that they come to New York as frequently as possible, and absorb the fashionable ideas and practices of our society people." It would not be a bad idea for the people of Western cities to follow the New Yorker's advice. If they "absorb the fashionable ideas and practices of New York society people," as typified in the domestic scandals of the Astor and Vanderbilt families, they will at once proceed to quarrel, and husbands and wives will set about obtaining divorces. According to "the fashionable ideas and practices of New York society people," if deaths occur, those members of the family who have quarreled with the immediate relatives of the deceased will carefully abstain from going to the funeral, will not wear mourning, and will give ostentatious dinners on the day of the death.

Mr. McAllister disapproves of Americans living for a length of time in Europe. He says: "On visiting London and Paris they soon discover that they are out of place and in no sense truly acceptable to the fashion of those cities, as they are rarely noticed by the society people there. New York is the exponent of all that is desirable in fashion in this country, and I therefore hold that our fellow-countrymen of other cities should come to us rather than go abroad for social improvement and education."

I spoke but now of the Astor and Vanderbilt troubles. They have excited a vast amount of gossip in New York. Willie K. Vanderbilt and William Waldorf Astor both sailed for Europe on the same day and on the same steamer—by accident, probably. They sailed on the *Teutonic*, on the seventeenth of January. The visits of these two gentlemen to the United States were on very different errands. Mr. Astor came to bury his wife. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt apparently came to divorce his. He has been settling up his affairs prior to a long stay in Europe. He was entertained much by men while here, and was at the opera nearly every night,

occupying the omnibus box frequented by the bachelors. On more than one occasion Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and her daughter, Consuela Vanderbilt, occupied the Vanderbilt box, but it was not observed that the husband and father paid them any calls. He has sailed for Europe, giving out, before he left, that he would take a long yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, accompanied by three of his friends. Rumor says, however, that just before he left, a cablegram came, saying that Nellie Neustetter had just given birth to a child in Paris. This is the lady whose associations with Vanderbilt have led to all the talk of a divorce. Last summer, in Paris, he was seen with her in the most public places. He drove with her in the Bois, and was often seen dining and breakfasting with her at such well-known restaurants as Voisin's, Paillard's, and the Café Durand. It was this which caused Mrs. Vanderbilt's anger, their separation, and her return to the United States. It is whispered in New York that the papers are prepared for the divorce-suit, and that it will at once be brought. In the other divorce-suit, that of James Coleman Drayton against Caroline Astor Drayton, the community is looking forward to a toothsome scandal with much anticipation. Most people remember the charges which Mr. Drayton brought against his wife, accusing her of a *liaison* with Hallett Alsop Borrowe, the young man who was mixed up in the duel affair with "Ed" Fox and Harry Vane Milbank. Mrs. Drayton of course denies these allegations; but her husband avers that he has a letter in her handwriting in which she admits her guilt. The case comes up in a few days. Mrs. Drayton returned from Europe last week.

To turn to lighter themes. The success of the Michaux Bicycle Club has brought about a revival of roller-skating, and a club has been formed which has secured large and commodious quarters. It has not, however, detracted in any degree from the success of the bicycle club. Bicycling among the swells in New York may be said to have dated from the bicycle meet gotten up by James J. Van Alen at Newport last summer. Mr. Van Alen is an enthusiastic bicyclist, and last year he planned a lantern ride at Newport which created quite a sensation. The riders hung Japanese lanterns from the ends of their bicycle handle-bars, and this unique procession was followed by those who could not "bike" in carriages, coupés, and in every kind of a trap. The trip over the smooth roads of Newport was a great success, and every woman who followed the cyclers in carriages vowed that she would learn to ride. So when the season was over at Newport, Mr. Elisha Dyer was importuned to form a club, which he did. The place chosen was on the corner of Fifty-Third Street and Broadway, and two hundred members were at once secured, each of whom paid twenty-five dollars for six months' membership. Already there is a tremendously long list of applicants on the waiting list. Once a week they have tea served in the club-house, and every day the hall is filled with whirling wheelmen and wheelwomen. Already the ladies have taken to racing; not endurance races, however, but simply measured by the cyclometer on their machines, the test being the one who has ridden the greatest number of miles. Mrs. J. C. Minor rode two hundred and eighty-nine and one-half miles in fifteen days. It is remarkable to see how persistently the ladies of the club have tabooed the bloomer rig. They all seem to unite on an ordinary walking-length skirt. Naturally, it is to be supposed that underneath they wear knickerbockers, riding-breeches, riding-tights, leggings, or high boots, according to taste; but they all seem to cling to the skirt and to boycott the bloomers. Considering the extremely giddy costumes worn in Paris, whence womankind is prone to take her fashions, it is odd that our ladies should be so strict in their ideas; but, none the less, the fact remains. If in New York you want to see women in bloomers on bicycles, you will have to go up Seventh Avenue, the Boulevard, and other places frequented by young women of the lower middle class.

NEW YORK, January 28, 1895.

FLANEUR.

Frau Cosima Wagner, widow of the great composer, has made a Bayreuth editor pay the penalty of ridiculing her. Some time ago she gave her pet dog a birthday-party. All the dogs of the household were attired in white collars and were set in chairs, where they were held "at attention," while Siegfried Wagner read to them an original birthday poem in three stanzas. Johannes Boever printed this poem in his *Beyreuther Abend-Zeitung*, adding a few lines of doubtful blank verse on the general subject of dogs' birthdays and dog poetry. Upon Frau Wagner's complaint, he has been fined twenty-five marks (five dollars and ninety-five cents) by the city court.

King Humbert does not spare himself in the economies forced upon Italy; one hundred and sixty-four posts at court were abolished last year, including those of minister of the royal household, prefect of the royal palaces, and master of the ceremonies. The first act of the king's reign was to give twenty millions of francs of his private fortune toward paying his father's debts.

At the Argentina Theatre in Rome, as the government has cut down expenses, opera is being given for the first time without a subsidy. A woman, Mme. Stolzman, has undertaken the management. She began with Verdi's "Otello." Her first novelty will be Giulio Cottrau's "Griselda."

A committee has been appointed by the Pope to examine the question of bicycles for priests in Italy from the hygienic and from the moral standpoint. Many bishops object to their use by priests because the clerical gowns can not be worn while riding.

Hearne, the well-known Lords' professional, has been retained by the Maharajah of Patiala, who is up-to-date in all his notions, to teach the natives cricket.

LITERARY NOTES.

Marion Crawford's New Story.

In "The Ralstons," the second of his series of novels of New York life, Marion Crawford sets forth the further fortunes of Katharine Lauderdale and her husband, Jack Ralston. Though a year has elapsed since the period of "Katharine Lauderdale," their marriage is still a secret known only to themselves and the multi-millionaire uncle, Robert Lauderdale, and it is not divulged during the course of the book. When the story opens, Katharine's parents are trying their best to marry her off to every eligible man in their set. This constitutes one element in the drama, and another is the death of Robert Lauderdale and the disposition of his wealth. He has made a will, as Katharine knows, by which he makes Katharine and John the recipients of the bulk of his fortune, and the efforts of Katharine's father, Alexander Lauderdale, Jr., to wrest this secret from her, results in a scene in which his passion for gold overmasters him and he strikes her in the mouth; and later, he pushed her so that she fell and broke her arm, whereat John Ralston promptly knocked his father-in-law down. In the end a will, not the one Katharine was told about, is found, and we are left in doubt as to whether it is the right one.

We have room here to make only two extracts, the first of which, a description of Paul Griggs, who figures in so many of Crawford's stories, is interesting for the reason that many readers have endeavored to identify Griggs with Crawford himself. Here it is:

"Outwardly he was a man of letters who had met with considerable success in his career—about as much as justifies good-natured people in making a lion of an author or an artist, but no more. He had written many books, and had learned his business in the bitter struggles which attend the commencement of an average literary man's life, when the fight for bare existence forces the slender talent to bear burdens too heavy for its narrow shoulders along paths not easy to tread for those most sure of foot.

"He had some valuable gifts, however, which had stood him in good stead. He possessed almost incredible physical strength in certain ways, without the heavy, sanguine temperament which requires regular exercise and perpetual nourishment. His endurance was beyond all comparison greater than that of men usually considered very strong, and he had been able to bear the strain of excessive labor which would have killed or paralyzed most people. That was one of the secrets of his success.

"Secondly, he had acquired an unusual mechanical facility in the handling of language and the arrangement of the matter he produced, so as to give it the most favorable appearance possible. His imagination was not abundant, but he did the best he could with it under all circumstances, and answered all critics with the unassailable statement that he wrote for a living, and did the best he could, and sincerely regretted that he was not Walter Scott, nor Goethe, nor Thackeray, nor any of the great ones. That was his misfortune and not his fault. People flattered him, he said, by telling him that he could do better if he tried. It was not true. He could not do better."

The other, a scene between Mrs. Lauderdale and her daughter, reminds one of Balzac. The once beautiful mother thus confesses her passionate jealousy of her beautiful daughter:

"I'm losing my beauty, Katharine," she said, and every word of the acknowledgment cut her; "it's going, day by day, little by little. You don't know—it's as though my life-blood were being drained—it's worse—sometimes. I'd rather die than grow old and faded. You see, it's all I had. I know now how much I've cared for it—now that it's so hopeless to try and get it back. And one evening last winter—Crowdie was there—he kept looking at you while I was talking to him, and then I caught sight of my face in the little glass that hangs from the mantel-shelf. I shan't forget how I looked. I knew then."

"Her face grew suddenly weary and half-desperate now, as she told the little story of the hardest moment in her life. Katharine listened in wondering silence, knowing that she was learning one of the secrets of the human heart. Mrs. Lauderdale paused a moment, and shivered a little, perhaps with the last after-sob of her convulsive weeping.

"Yes—I knew then," she continued, in a low voice and still looking down, "I knew how much it had all meant. And I began to hate you. Don't be horrified, child. I loved you just as much, but I hated you, too. How funny that sounds! But I can't say it any other way. It wasn't you I hated—at least, it wasn't the same you that I loved. It was your face, and your freshness, and your youth—and that walk of yours. I wanted you to be all covered up, so that no one could see you—then I should have loved you just as much and in just the same way as ever."

"Do you understand? I want you to understand. You must, or I shall never be a happy woman again. What I suffered! So I made you suffer, too. Do you know what I thought? You must know everything now. I thought that if I could separate you and Jack, and make you marry some one else—since you couldn't marry him—why, then you'd have been away somewhere else, and I could feel again that I was quite beautiful. Only for a month—one month! If I could only have that feeling of being perfectly beautiful again—just for one month."

"She bowed her head again and hid her face in the pillow, for she was blushing with shame—the good red shame that honest blood brings from a sinful heart. The sight of the bluish painted Katharine far more than the thought of what caused it.

"Mother, dear—she stroked the golden hair—'it's all over now. What does it matter? You don't hate me now!'"

"Hate you! Ah, Katharine—I never hated you without loving you just as much. I never said those hateful things but the loving ones fought them and came out when I was all alone. The moment you were gone, it was all different. The moment I didn't have to look at you—and think of myself, and the little wrinkles. Oh, the vile, horrid little wrinkles—what they've cost me! And what they've made me do! And they're growing deeper—to punish me—pity me, dear, if you can't forgive me."

"Ah—don't talk like that! I never guessed it, and now—why, I shall never think of it again. Unless I have a daughter some day—and then I daresay I shall feel just

as you've felt. It seems so natural, somehow—now that you've explained it."

"Does it? Does it seem natural to you? Are you sure you understand?"

"Mrs. Lauderdale looked up anxiously. 'Of course I understand!' answered Katharine, reassuring her."

In ending the story, Mr. Crawford speaks of the evil that had come into Katharine's life, and adds:

"For the good, she had love—good love, pure love, honest love—the sort of love that may last a life-time. And if love can weather life, it need not fear the whirlpool of death, nor the quicksands of the uncertain shore beyond. It is life that kills love—not death."

"Therefore, as the chronicler closes his book and offers it to his single, long-suffering reader, he says that more remains to be told of Katharine and of the men and women among whom she lived, namely, the consequences of her girlhood in her married life."

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, for the two volumes, \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's books will probably pay his widow thirty thousand dollars. This for one edition of a set of books that has already paid the author handsomely.

The table of contents of the February *Harper's* is as follows:

"New York Colonial Privateers," by Thomas A. Janvier; "John Sanders, Laborer," a story, by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Hearts Insurgent (The Simpletons)," a novel—Part III., by Thomas Hardy; "French Fighters in Africa," by Poultnery Bigelow; "The Merry Maid of Arcady," a story, by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Down the West Coast," by Charles F. Lummis; "The H'yakusho's Summer Pleasures," by Sen Katayama; "A Domestic Interior," a story, by Grace King; "Art in Glasgow," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "People we Pass. Love in the Big Barracks," by Julian Ralph; "Music in America," by Antonin Dvorak; "Oudeypore, the City of the Sunrise," by Edwin Lord Weeks; "The Princess Aline," a story—Part II., by Richard Harding Davis; "What is Gambling?" by John Bigelow; and verses by John B. Tabb, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others.

Henry B. Fuller, who had not chosen a name for his new novel when it was first announced in these columns, has now decided to call it "With the Procession." It is a realistic novel of Chicago life, on the lines of "The Cliff-Dwellers," its theme being the upheaval of a sober Chicago commercial family, rich and fossilized, by the ambitions of the just-fledged younger son and daughter.

Apropos of "George Egerton's" story, "Virgin Soil," which was quoted at length in our last issue, one signing himself "An Unmitigated Ruffian" writes to an English paper as follows:

"The Anti-Man style of authoresses like 'George Egerton' talk arrant nonsense in such diatribes as 'Virgin Soil.' Nine hundred and ninety-nine girls out of a thousand know the common facts of nature. If brides are Christian martyrs, how is it that a bride is always the life and soul of every party of which she is a member? All sensible, healthy girls who think out their future aspire to marriage. They know that little children are a source of supreme happiness to a mother; that grown-up children revive our waning interests in life; and that the care and reverence of our descendants are among the few consolations of old age. That a marriage between us men and the suffering saints might be, and ought to be, a union of souls, is an impossibility, because we never have any souls (in the problem novel). And as it is not a union of persons, it seems to me that we should take our meals in the kitchen, sleep in the garret, and confine ourselves to paying the bills incurred by the heroine in her boudoir. Nature originally endowed young women with much the same feelings as young men, and although in past times, and in other countries, these feelings may have decayed or become perverted, the large-limbed, broad-chested maiden, who cycles or plays tennis, is rapidly returning to the condition of women in the Golden Age."

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, the novelist, practiced in London as a barrister for about ten years, and with fair success. He never really liked his profession, however, and was a poor speaker. Mr. Weyman writes slowly. He considers a thousand words a day sufficient. He hunts once a week during the season, is an unmarried man, and lives with his mother and sister.

In reference to a complaint that American authors are not making much money out of the new international copyright, while their British brethren are making "a pile," an Englishman writes:

"Let me assure my American friends that if a vote could be taken throughout Great Britain of the people interested in the production of books, an overwhelming majority would prefer to see the abandonment of international copyright. A handful of popular authors have made some additional money, but as against this, the poor author has gained nothing, and the poor printer has suffered infinitely. Book after book comes to me which has obviously been set up in America in order to secure American copyright. I wonder how long the British workman will stand this!"

It is reported that in Paris at present the Napoleonic literature does not seem to interest the public so much as pictorial revivals dealing with the First Emperor. A work which is having a prodigious success is "Napoléon Raconté par l'Image," or a collection in album-form of copies of portraits, historical paintings, caricatures, miniatures, bronzes, coins, medals, etc., representing Napoleon and his actions. This album contains five hundred reproductions.

Lucas Malet, author of "The Wages of Sin," has just completed a new novel, which will soon be brought out in England, both serially and in book-form. She has also another work under way.

Stevenson's account of his passage from Glasgow to New York as an emigrant in 1879 fills about one hundred pages of the second volume of the new Edinburgh Edition of his writings. The title

of this piece is "From the Clyde to Sandy Hook." Originally it was intended to serve as the first part of a work called "The Amateur Emigrant," of which the second part was to be the already published "Across the Plains."

Apropos of the insertion of a loose leaf in the English edition of the January *Harper's*, conveying a new apology to James McN. Whistler, L. F. Austin pokes fun at the American publishers in this wise:

"It may be taken for granted that in that year—the year 3000—the descendants of Messrs. Harper Brothers will be apologizing to the descendants of Mr. Whistler. In the current number of *Harper's*, on a conspicuous fly-sheet, appears again the grief of the proprietors for the original passage about Mr. Whistler in 'Trilby.' May I venture to suggest to 'Old Moore' that he should make a point of predicting this in every issue of his Almanack? I hope that, for the sake of the gayety of nations, Mr. Whistler keeps a diary; if so, many entries may run something like this: 'January 1st. Began portrait which wipes out Velasquez. Cabled New York for apology from Harpers. April 1st. People still believe in Velasquez. Made Harpers paste apology on Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. July 1st. That beggar Velasquez still alive. Harpers's apology all over Rocky Mountains with advertisements of pills and sarsaparilla. October 1st. Made my will, leaving Velasquez to perdition and Harpers's apology to National Gallery.'

Victor Hugo used to write at all times of the day, often jotting down a few lines while dressing himself in the morning. When he died, more than ten thousand pieces of verse, written on little slips of paper, were found scattered about his room.

In a letter to Richard Le Gallienne, whom he had never seen, and to whom he wrote after reading an article by the younger man, Robert Louis Stevenson said:

"Lastly, let me apologize for the crucifixion that I am inflicting on you (*bien à contre-cœur*) by my handwriting. I was once the best of writers; landladies, puzzled as to my 'trade,' used to have their honest bosoms set at rest by a sight of a page of manuscript—'Ah, they would cry, 'no wonder they pay you for that!'—and when I sent it in to the printers, it was given to the boys! I was about thirty-six, I think, when I had a turn of scrivener's palsy; my hand got worse; and for the first time, I received clean proofs. But it has gone beyond that now. I know I am, like my old friend James Payn, a terror to correspondents; and you would not believe the care with which this has been written."

The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton heartily acknowledged the benefit of wifely influence. "Indeed," he said upon one occasion, "my belief is that without such influence I should never have become known." Mrs. Hamerton's name before her marriage was Eugénie Gindriez. She was the daughter of a French legislator. Hamerton was only twenty-four when they were married, and both were poor.

Mrs. Deland on Marriage and Divorce.

The problems Mrs. Margaret Deland discusses in "Philip and His Wife" are old as the hills; but it is a modern development to argue them in novels and still more *fin de siècle* that the author of "John Ward, Preacher," should turn from the spiritual yearnings of man to those of the flesh. We have already told in brief the story of "Philip and His Wife," but the growing interest in the hook warrants the quotation of a few striking extracts:

"Marriage without love is as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal.

"Perhaps love, like art, needs mystery, for it does not always thrive in the unreserve of realism.

"Cecil had come to feel with a dull sense of disappointment that love, by its very nature, was a temporary and passing experience; but she was much too philosophical to be unhappy.

"The child of unloving parents, illegitimate in a deep and terrible sense (for love is the fulfilling of the law), suffers, as whatever is in opposition to law, human or divine, must always suffer.

"He was following—farber sleeve was of some sheer muslin—the line of her arm from the shoulder to the finger-tip; he saw the exquisite curves unmarred by any ornament; he saw the faint color of her relaxed palm; and it came into his mind with that primitive ferocity which lurks below the product of civilization which is named the gentleman, that a man might grasp the satin smoothness of the round flesh above and below the elbow, and kiss the blue vein on that warm curve of the inner arm—kiss it and kiss it until—

"A young man with no special income has no right to have any special purpose in regard to a nice girl.

"The moment and the moonlight were too much for him. He felt his heart beating fast as he looked at her. Dear little soul, how sweet she is! Robert Carey was experiencing religion.

"Lyssie looked up, and though the tears stood in her eyes, she cried gaily:

'Always to woo and never to wed
Is the happiest life that ever was led.'

"The indignity done to marriage by urging the continuance of a relation from which love and respect and tenderness had fled, leaving in their place brutality and lust, had never been considered.

"It seems to me as shameful for a man and woman to live within the law, hating and despising each other, as to live outside the law with love.

"Divorce seems to me like suicide, not inherently or specifically wrong, but socially vicious; both lower just a little the moral tone of society.

"When a woman marries she shuts the door of her possibilities, but when she quarrels with her husband she opens it a little and archly peers out again into men's faces.

"It is only when they are husband and wife that two human souls can achieve absolutely cruelty.

"The Lord's way of driving Mrs. Drayton closer to Him for companionship opened up interesting questions as to the propriety of the Lord's methods.

"If it was expedient for one man to die for the people, it is conceivable that it may be expedient to be damned for the people."

As "Nym Crinkle" says, "nothing is so interesting as the intellectual prude trying to do the skirt-dance in literature. Her very abandonment creaks and her axioms are scrawny."

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; Told for the Children's Library," comprising only the "First Adventures," has been reprinted, with Cruikshank's quaint illustrations, by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Jerome A. Anderson holds the opinion that all men are alike in essence and that "therefore all have the poetic faculty, either actually or potentially," and he has proceeded to demonstrate this by "striking a few chords to which the humblest and lowliest heart can respond." These he has gathered into a book entitled "Driftings in Dreamland." Published by the Lotus Publishing Company, San Francisco.

"Les Historiens Français du Dix-neuvième Siècle," with notes by C. Fontaine; "La Conversation des Enfants," by Charles P. du Croquet; "El Final de Norma," by Pedro A. de Alarcón, with English notes by R. D. de la Cortina; "Preliminary French Drill," by "Veteran"; and "L'Art d'Intéresser en Classe," by Victor F. Bernard, are the latest foreign publications of William R. Jenkins, New York; prices, \$1.25, 75, 75, 50, and 30 cents, respectively.

An unusual and interesting development is the series of little publications of which the first is "George Eliot." They are entitled "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great: By Elbert Hubbard," and are pamphlets of about twenty-five or thirty pages, printed in a fashion to delight a book-lover. Their subject-matter is recent visits Mr. Hubbard has made to the homes and haunts of various eminent persons, and one is to be issued each month through the year. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents each.

"Tales of the Punjab," by Flora Annie Steel, is a collection of some two score folk-tales of the Indian peasantry. Mrs. Steel gathered them together from the mouths of native story-tellers during winter tours through the various districts of which her husband has been Chief Magistrate, and has set them forth in simple language such as befits the folk-lore of any country, so that they have little of the conventional Oriental magnificence about them. Children will find them very entertaining, and their value to students of folk-lore is notably increased by the notes by Major R. C. Temple. The illustrations are by J. Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Harvard College by an Oxonian," by George Birkbeck Hill, an honorary fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, is a pleasant study of the oldest of American universities, written by a man who, though he came from "the most beautiful and the most venerable of all universities," found much to admire at the American Cambridge. Among the topics he touches on are the history of the institution, the ancient customs, odd characters, the association of the alumni, class day, the dormitories and dining clubs, poor students, the study of Greek, the Law School, Lawrence Scientific School, and Radcliffe College, the library, the government of the institution, and post-graduate study. All this is interspersed with personal reminiscences and anecdotes of noted Harvardians, and a portrait of President Eliot and views of the college buildings illustrate the book. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.25.

The latest volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series is "Prince Henry the Navigator," by C. Raymond Beazley. The prince who is its subject was the third son of King John the First of Portugal, and brought the movement of European expansion within sight of its greatest successes. But the story of his life does not fill the book: it is preceded by six introductory chapters on "The Greek and Arabic Ideas of the World" (the chief inheritance of the Christian Middle Ages in geographical knowledge), "Early Christian Pilgrims" (333-867), "Vikings or Northmen" (787-1066), "The Crusades and Land Travel" (1100-1300), "Maritime Exploration" (1250-1410), "Geographical Science in Christendom from the First Crusades" (1100-1460), and "Portugal to 1400"; and thereafter fourteen chapters are devoted to Henry's achievements. The illustrations include portraits of Prince Henry and his contemporaries, and the reproductions of old maps constitute a very interesting exhibition of ancient cartography. The volume is indexed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Much interest was manifested by the public in the "Carlin Hunting Party," which was supposed to be lost in the mountains of Idaho last fall, and the interest was kept alive by frequent accounts of the searching parties that went in quest of the remains of the unfortunate George Colgate. Our readers will, no doubt, be glad to learn that a book has been published containing an accurate and detailed account of the hunting party and also of the relief and searching expeditions later. It is entitled "In the Heart of the Bitter Root Mountains," and purports to be from the pen of "Heclawa"—a pseudonym which may conceal the identity of

one or more members of the hunting party. In addition to its historical value, the book is a breezy account of out-of-door life, and its illustrations, which are taken from photographs, are many and excellent. The map which accompanies the volume is entirely new: the geography of the region (Central Idaho) has been only vaguely guessed at in maps hitherto published, and this map enables one for the first time to trace Lewis and Clark's route across the country from their published narrative, portions of which are reprinted in the book under consideration, their track being shown on the map in a dotted line. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Those who read Dr. Albert Shaw's papers on municipal government in Glasgow and London in recent numbers of the *Century*, will be glad to learn that he has now written a book on "Municipal Government in Great Britain," in which those two studies, modified and expanded, and an earlier contribution to the *Political Science Quarterly*, are included, together with much new matter. Dr. Shaw does not hold these foreign institutions up as models for Americans to follow, but simply seeks "to give such an account of the workings of municipal institutions in Great Britain as would supply the information that American readers might find most suggestive and useful for their purposes." The scope of the work is indicated by the chapter-heads: "Introductory: The Growth and Problems of Modern Cities," "The Rise of British Towns, the Reform Acts, and the Municipal Code," "The British System in Operation," "A Study of Glasgow," "Manchester's Municipal Activities," "Birmingham: Its Civic Life and Expansion," "Social Activities of British Towns," "The Government of London," and "Metropolitan Tasks and Problems." To these are added three appendices—"The English Municipal Code," "The London (Progressive) Platform," and "The Unification of London"—and an index. Glasgow—second of British cities in point of population and first as "a distinct and complete municipal organization"—is taken as the concrete example from which the methods and results of British municipal government may best be studied. It is a city six or seven miles long by three or four wide, covering less than fifteen thousand acres, and has a population of nearly eight hundred thousand—a density that soon made necessary municipal provision against the dangers of a tenement-house system. Nature had done little for it, and its present importance it owes to the energy and public spirit of its inhabitants: little more than a hundred years ago, Glasgow was an unimportant town situated on the bank of a slough, and to-day, through its development of its shipping interests and of the iron and coal mines in the Clyde valley, it is the second city of the British Empire. How the citizens compacted their village into an integral community and how they conduct their municipal housekeeping this paper tells, and, in the words of a well-known writer, it is mighty interesting reading. Published by the Century Publishing Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Ad Leones.

Chained to the dungeon wall, she slept.
Rome, moonlit, revealed overhead;
She heard not. She had prayed and wept,
Haggard with anguish, wild with dread.

She was too fair, too young, to die;
Life was too sweet, and home too dear.
God touched her with his sleep: a sigh—
And she had ceased to weep or fear.

She slept, yet, sleeping, seemed awake:
A fair Child held her virgin hand;
They walked by an enchanted lake;
They walked in a celestial land.

One thing she saw, and one she heard.
There were a thousand rose-red trees;
Each red-rose leaf sang like a bird.
"What trees, dear Child," she asked, "are these?"

"These," said the Child, "are called Love's Bower:
They fade not; constantly they sing;
Each flower appears more fire than flower.
Now, see the roots from which they spring."

She looked; she saw, far down the night,
The earth, the city whence she came,
And Nero's gardens red with light—
The light of martyrs wrapped in flame.

She woke with heaven still in her eyes.
Rome, moonlit, revealed overhead.
She feared no more the lion's cries;
Flames were hnt flowers, and death was dead.
—William Canton in February Atlantic.

Accidents.

A vision seen by Plato the divine:
Two shuddering souls come forward, waiting doom
From Rhadamanthus in the nether gloom.
One is a slave—hunger has made him pine;
One is a king—his arms and jewels shine,
Making strange splendor in the dismal room.
"Hence!" cries the judge, "and strip them! Let them come
With naught to show if they be coarse or fine."
Of garb and body they are swift heretofore:
Such is Hell's law—nothing but soul is left.
The slave, in virtue glorious, is held fit

For those hlest isles of peace where just kings go.
The king, by vice deformed, is sent below
To herd with hase slaves in the waiting pit.
—John Hay in February Century.

The Dancer.

Skin creamy as the furred magnolia bud
That stabs the dusky shadows of her hair;
Great startled eyes, and sudden-pulsing blood
Staining her cheek, and throat, and shoulder bare.

(Ah! Manuelita,
Peñita mia,
List the cachucha!
Dance! dance!)

Swaying she stands, the while one rounded arm
Draws her mantilla's folds in shy disguise,
Till in the music's subtle, quick'ning charm
Her tranced soul forgets the alien eyes.

Fades the swift flash, save from the rose-soft mouth,
And all the glamour'd memories of Spain
Fling wide her veil; the vintage of the South
Leaps in her heart, and laughs through ev'ry vein!

(Ah! Manuelita,
Star of Cordova,
Passion and innocence,
Dance! dance!)

Gone from her gaze the stage, the mimicry.
Yon painted scene? 'Tis Cordova's walls!
The eager trumpets ring to revelry—
The handeriller cries—the toro falls!

The vision thrills to heart, to eyes, to lips;
Her castanets click out in conscious pride;
Curved throat, arched foot, and lissome-swaying hips,
The music sweeps her in its swirling tide.

Love and denial, mockery and desire,
A fountain tossing in its moody play,
Tempest of sunshine, cloud, and dew, and fire,
Dancing in joyance to the jocund day!

(Ah! Manuelita,
Till the moon swoons in mist,
Till the stars dim and die,
Dance! dance!)

Soft! through the music steals a yearning strain—
Now distant viols grieve down the drowsy night—
Her fluttering feet are poised; then drit again,
Luring in languor, dreamy with delight.

(Ah! Manuelita,
Witch of the winged feet,
Lead on to dream or death!
Dance! dance!)

Hushed in her heart are raptures and alarms;
Falling, as water falleth, to her knees,
She spreads the drifted foam-wreath of her arms;
The music dies in whispered ecstasies.
—Ednah Proctor Clarke in February Atlantic.

Nottingham Hunt.

(AUGUST 22, 1642.)

Oh, the dawn is all about us and the dew is in our faces,
Dashed from off the rushing branches as we ride and
riding, sing:

"Yorks! The hunt is up, the hounds are out, the heaters
in their places;
'Tis a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles
the King!"

Hi! the chase is well-nigh over, for the game has broken
cover,
Scudding out into the open, while the moors and
meadows ring
With the yell of horns, the hay of hounds, the shout of
lord and lover:

'Tis a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles
the King.

Count the rascals as they scamper! If there's one,
there's one-and-twenty;

There's the gray old fox Noll Cromwell, crafty Pym,
and coward Byng,

Hampden, Hollis, Vane, and Essex—Lord! there's
sport enough in plenty;

'Tis a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles
the King.

Now, for God, for Charles, for England! as we close
upon the vermin;

The dogs shall tear the many, save old Cromwell;
he shall swing.

Aye, we'll hang him high as Haman, give him hempen
rope to squirm in;

'Tis a gallant day for hunting in the name of Charles
the King.

Soon the sun will be behind us, and the night wind in
our faces,

Blowing gayly from the uplands as we ride and, rid-
ing, sing:

"Oh, the hunt is done, the horsemen home, the trail has
left no traces,
And we ride to lay the brushes at the feet of Charles
the King."

—Ralph Adams Cram in February Century.



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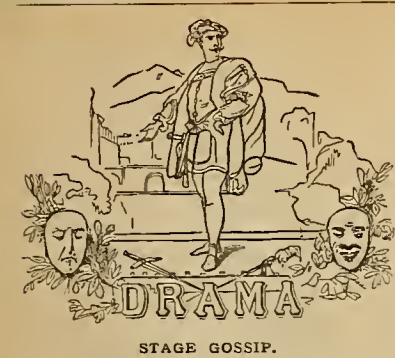
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Nellie McHenry will be the successor of Herrmann at the California Theatre, in a lively play entitled "A Country Circus."

Mrs. Pacheco's comedy, "Incog," in which Charles Dickson has the leading rôle, recently celebrated its one thousandth performance in Chicago.

There is a rumor that Thomas Hardy is to dramatize "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." Years ago, "Far from the Madding Crowd" was made into a rather dull play, and it is said that Pinero made use of portions of the same novel for his play, "The Squire."

Mrs. Langtry is in America—in Brooklyn, we believe—but she is attracting very little attention here. Nor is the erstwhile professional beauty a personage on the other side. When she left London, there were not twenty lines to chronicle her departure in the metropolitan press.

Professor Herrmann will bring out a lot of new illusions next week, which concludes his engagement at the California Theatre. Among them are "The Escape from Sing-Sing," Mme. Blavatsky's cabinet, and "The Caliph of Bagdad." Mme. Herrmann, too, will vary her performance by introducing some new dances.

Agnes Miller, in "The Bauble Shop," has inspired a contributor to that intensely American paper, *Judge*, to indite the following:
"The Bauble Shop" 's a British play—
I'm Yankee through and through.
And yet, if girls out London way
Were all as chic as you,
I'd take my declaration back,
And be an anglomaniac."

Fanny Davenport's ambition to manage a theatre of her own seems to be on the point of being gratified, for it is probable that she will secure a lease of the New York Casino. She has long managed her own tours, and with such success that she is reckoned among the wealthiest women on the stage. Emma Abbott left nearly a million of dollars, Lotta has more than that, and Miss Davenport is generally accorded the third place.

George Kennan, the American journalist whose lectures and *Century* papers on the Siberian atrocities have made him well known throughout the country, is in San Francisco again, and is to deliver a course of lectures at Golden Gate Hall on the evenings of January 4th, 6th, 9th, and 12th, his subjects being "Mountains and Mountaineers of the Caucasus," "Vagabond Life in Eastern Europe," "Sketches of Personal Adventure in Siberia," and "Russian Political Exiles."

Jakobowski's pretty comic opera, "Paola," which has not been heard in this city for several years, will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening and through the week. The cast will be as follows:
Sapolo, Ferris Hartman; Lucien Caroli, John J. Raffael; Braggadocio, George Olmi; Griffo, Phil Branson; Gruello, John P. Wilson; Bruno, Ed Torpi; Guglielmo, Fred Kavanaugh; Paola, Belle Thorne; Chulina, Gracie Plaisted; Margarine, Alice Gaillard; Martino, Alice Neilson; Officer, Belle Emmett.

The Daly Company, with Ada Rehan, James Lewis, Mrs. Gilbert, and other popular members still in its ranks, is reviving former successes—just at present "The Railroad of Love." In a few weeks they will be seen in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The only previous production of the comedy in America was that by Modjeska in Boston some years ago. Ada Rehan will be the Viola, and James Lewis and Henry E. Dixey the clownish servants of Valentine and Proteus.

Mme. Réjane and the rest of the Vaudeville company will leave Paris for the United States on February 16th, and will present Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the following cities and dates:
New York, February 26th, March 2d, 4th, 9th, 11th, 18th, 19th, 23d, 25th, and 30th; April 1st and 6th; Baltimore, April 8th; Washington, April 13th; New Orleans, April 15th and 20th; St. Louis, April 22d and 27th; Chicago, April 29th and May 4th; Philadelphia, May 6th and 11th; Boston, May 13th, 18th, 20th, 25th, and 27th; and, finally, Montreal on June 1st.

Mme. Réjane will then go to London, where she will play "Madame Sans-Gêne" during the month of July.

sion will undoubtedly be a success in every way. The price of tickets has been set at one dollar, and seats may be reserved without extra charge at Sherman & Clay's on the two days preceding the event.

A graphic little picture of the De Reszkés off the stage is this from the New York *Sun* :

"Jean de Reszké, who with a number of other operatic stars lives at the Gilsey House, is seen on Fifth Avenue every clear day, walking along with an air of solemnity and dignity. His inseparable companion is his big brother, Edouard de Reszké. Both men invariably wear high hats and long coats, lined with astrakhan, which fall almost to their heels, and they are well wrapped up about the throat. Yesterday a lady, who is very prominent socially, stepped directly in the path of the two De Reszkés as they were proceeding majestically down Fifth Avenue. It is well known that neither of the two De Reszkés likes to talk to people in the street, as they are perpetually worried about their throats; but they burst into bland and welcoming smiles, bowed with elaborate politeness, placed the New York society leader between them, and escorted her as far as Delmonico's. She was a picture of overwhelming and agitated delight during the entire trip. Jean de Reszké is not often recognized by people who have seen him only on the stage. His face is heavily lined, and he has a deeply saturnine and dejected expression, though his intimates claim that he has the sunniest disposition imaginable."

They have a realistic set of melodramas in New York just now. In "The Fatal Card," interest centres in lynching, robbery, murder, and an infernal machine; in "The Cotton King," the thrilling moment comes when a factory elevator descends; in "Down in Dixie," the villain shuts the hero up in a cotton compress; "Shaft No. 2" shows a mine, a workshop, and the electrical execution chamber of a prison; and in "The Man Without a Country," a man falls from a church steeple.

We find the following extraordinary paragraph in *Vanity Fair*, a new paper just established in Chicago:

"All London is laughing at the reception of that lovely singer and actress, Zélie de Lussan, by the New York press. The idea of comparing her with poor Calvé, who sang to half-empty houses at Covent Garden last season when she appeared in Carmen, seems preposterous. You might as well compare black and white. Zélie de Lussan as Carmen saved Augustus Harris's season five years ago and set London wild. Calvé is a great artist in her line, but she makes Carmen a wanton of the lowest order. The queen adores Zélie de Lussan in the character of *Merimée's* heroine. Poor Zélie, we are all very sorry that nature has not given her more generous proportions akin to those of Calvé, in the way of hip, bust, and—well, generally, you know; but she might have appealed more successfully to the voluptuous taste of the New York critics."

This is one of the most preposterous misstatements we have seen in a long time. Calvé is unquestionably a great artist, while Zélie de Lussan is nothing more than mediocre, either as a singer or as an actress. The bare statement that "the queen adores Zélie de Lussan in the character of *Merimée's* heroine" ought to settle her status for any doubter. The fact is that Miss de Lussan has a most ingenious press agent, and *Vanity Fair* has, in the vernacular, "had its leg pulled."

Eleanor Calhoun has had a wide experience on the stage since she left her Californian home. She spent two years at the Haymarket in London with the Bancrofts, appearing in "Diplomacy" and almost all of their productions. Then she went over to Paris and played with Coquelin at the Odéon, being the only actress of other than French birth who has ever played on that stage, with the single exception of a Russian girl. She made a brief appearance in London as Vashti in "Judah" during this period, but her permanent residence was Paris. Her best successes were as *Hermione* in Racine's "Andromache" and as Katherine in the *Petruchio* of Coquelin in "La Mégère Apprivoisée." Now she is in London, a member of Manager Hare's company at the Garrick, and it is her intention to remain on the English stage.

Here is an interesting bit of gossip from the *Sun* about two of the great singers in New York:

"Nobody would suppose that the two prima donnas of the Metropolitan Opera Company who live at the St. James Hotel are American women. Both Emma Eames and Sibyl Sanderson talk French continually, and so do the members of their little households. Each one has brought with her to this country a little colony of her own; and nobody but the guests of the hotel has any idea of the number of people necessary nowadays for the comfort of a prima donna of the first rank. The number of callers upon one subject or another is so great that there is a constant running to and fro in the corridor given up to the two prima donnas. Each one has her own personal manager. So has Melba, for that matter, and a secretary as well. The secretaries and personal managers appear to be busy helping on the general confusion and excitement. Whenever the prima donna is to appear at the opera, the hotel is in a state of suppressed excitement until she finally gets to the opera-house. There is a scurrying about the hotel, the carriage is filled with robes and maid-servants, with foot-warmers, extra robes, and innumerable bundles and parcels of costumes, make frequent trips between the carriage door and the hotel entrance. Finally the hour arrives, the elevator door is thrown open, and an animated bundle of rich furs and laces rushes out, with innumerable attendants preceding and following her. Finally the prima donna is tucked away carefully in the carriage, the door is slammed shut, and the driver takes his way carefully uptown, while the maids and other attendants follow in the next cable car."

An event of interest in Paris recently was the thousandth representation of Gounod's "Faust." It is now more than five-and-thirty years since the opera was first played. Germany set the seal on M. Gounod's greatness, and, as a modern French critic has the candor to own, "Faust" came back from Germany a great work. Choudens, the musical publisher, risked his entire fortune on the copyright. His investment was ten thousand francs, and in thirty years he must have made about a thousand per cent. on his money. At the Grand Opéra, in twenty-five years, there have been twenty-eight Marguerites, eighteen Fausts, and fourteen Mephistopheles. A list of the singers who have successfully represented Marguerite under the Académie's or Théâtre Lyrique's auspices descends as follows:

1859, Mme. Carvalho; Mme. Vandenheuvel, Mme. Marie Schroeder, Mlle. Christine Nilsson; 1869, Mmes. Julia Hissou and Marie Ponsin-Roze; 1870, Mlle. Berthe Thibaut, Mme. Adler (Mlle. de Vries); 1873, Mlle. Marie Derivis; 1874, Mlle. Jeanne Fouquet, Mlle. Adeline Patti, and Mme. Fursch-Madi; 1875, Mme. Carvalho (again) and Mlle. Josephine de Reszké; 1877, Mlle. Daram; 1879, Mlle. Marie Heilbronn and Mlle. Vachot; 1880, Mlle. Van Zaanwode; 1881, Miss Gertrude Griswold; 1882, Mlle. Gabrielle Kraus; 1883, Miss Lillian Norton (now Mme. Nordica); 1883, Mlle. Marie Lureau (Mme. Escalais) and Mme. Adèle Isaac; 1886, Mmes. Bosman and Rose Caron, both now so efficient in the opera's repertory; 1887, Mlle. Leisinger, of Berlin, lately retired from that stage; 1887, Mlle. Lureau (again); 1888, Mlle. Hartulsky (Darclee); 1889, Mme. Frederic Nesbitt-Armstrong (before her marriage Miss Helen Porter, of Melbourne, and now Mme. Nellie Melba); 1892, Mmes. Marcy and Garrère; 1893, '94, '95, the usual exponent, Mlle. Berthet.

The Warde and James engagement at the Baldwin commences on Monday night with a performance of "Julius Caesar." Frederick Warde will play Caius Cassius, Louis James will play Brutus, and the Caesar will be Guy Lindsay. The same play will be repeated on Wednesday evening.

"King Henry IV.," with James as Falstaff and Warde as Prince Hal, will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinée, and on Saturday night the play will be "Othello," with James as Othello, Warde as Iago, Eddythe Chapman as Desdemona, and Florence Everett as Emilia. During the second week, in addition to the three plays already mentioned, "Francesca da Rimini," "Richelieu," "The Lion's Mouth," and "Richard III." will be produced.

Mrs. Kendal has been making some interesting confidences to a reporter for *Frank Leslie's*, the following among others:

"We are never interviewed—at least, not on this tour. The only approach to it (on this trip) was at San Francisco. A well-dressed woman applied, through our manager, to be allowed to ask me one question. Several of us were in our drawing-room when I received her. Her question was: 'Would you allow your own daughter to witness "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"?' I laughed and asked her to sit down while I explained my views. This woman was treated like any friend who should call upon me. She seemed bright and affectionate. She asked for my photograph. We parted on very good terms, and I felt glad that I had been nice to her, because she seemed so grateful. Judge, then, of my horror when I found she had printed several columns which were filled with slanders and malicious misstatements. I avoid the newspapers just now, naturally enough, but Willie showed me this one, and she made it appear that I said very unpleasant things about the Americans. Now, you know, as every one knows, the people I meet here. They are my old life-long stand-bys, and continually increasing numbers of new friends who come to see me with kindness in their hearts and a generous welcome in both open hands. So it was really impossible that I could ever think such things—let alone speak of them to a stranger."

"We have not thought it necessary to publicly refute this," added Mr. Kendal, mildly. "It first appeared in a small evening sheet. Afterward the editor of a larger paper reprinted it. This man has for two years held a personal grudge against Mr. Al. Hayman, and violently attacks everything he produces at his theatres. As you say, our own feelings 'did not count.' We were merely the innocent instruments which his hate utilized. Copies were sent to the New York papers, which, in part, reprinted, as I am told. I regret this. Because the huge general public of America, which cares nothing for personal spites, and which has for many years made us glad with its warm-hearted generosity, should not be allowed to think we could be ungrateful."

"I can see how the times pass one," said Pauline Markham, pathetically, to a reporter a few days ago; "people don't know me any more. They know my name, but not me. Not long ago I sat in a car and heard two middle-aged men discuss me. Both had seen me in the gala days of the old 'Black Crook.' One insisted that I was dead, while the other maintained that I had left the stage and was living in a country place in England which I had bought." As a matter of fact, she is dependent on her friends for support. She was awarded four thousand dollars in her suit against the city of Louisville for ten thousand dollars damages for a broken leg, but the case was appealed and she can not get her money. Yet there was a time, soon after she came to this country as one of Lydia Thompson's British blondes, when she went on the stage of Niblo's as Stalacta in "The Black Crook" with her fingers and thumbs so crusted with gems that the action of her hands was impeded till she could scarcely hold her wand. Those rings, as well as a handsome collection of other jewels, she acquired during the five years or so that she queened it over New York. Richard Grant White was one of her friends, and he made her famous with a phrase: "She has a voice of vocal velvet and the lost arms of the Venus de Milo," he wrote. Yet she is unknown, though her name is familiar as a household word.

The Art Sale

Of the Gump gallery of paintings will take place in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter Street, on Thursday, February 14th, immediately after the close of the Polyclinic Loan Exhibition.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edison, the electrician, wears no overcoat, however cold the weather may be.

It is said that the income of Justin McCarthy from literary work has shrunk from fifteen to three thousand dollars since he began to devote himself so closely to politics.

Governor Morton, of New York, is determined to have some time to himself, so one of his new rules is that all persons will be shut out of the executive chamber at Albany from ten o'clock until one P. M. daily.

Colonel John Jacob Astor, of Governor Morton's personal staff, is not the first of the family to bear the title of colonel. His late uncle, John Jacob Astor, was in the field with the army of the Potomac for a time, serving with the rank of colonel.

Henri Rochefort's life of exile in London is not without its compensations. Having an income of thirty thousand dollars a year to spend, he is able to maintain a handsome home in Regent Park and to indulge in works of art and fine horses. He is very hospitable, and he is extremely popular in London.

Dr. Talmage was sixty-three years old the other day, and he declared that he had never felt better in his life. The secret of his good health, he said, was proper care. Since eighteen he has never missed a cold bath in the morning, a run in the parks, and a walk in the sun, except when circumstances absolutely prevented.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, President of the Royal Academy of Music, who received knighthood on New Year's Day, is the sixteenth musician whom the queen has knighted. The first was Sir Henry Bishop, in 1842; then came Sir Michael Costa, in 1868; Sir Sterndale Bennett and Sir Julius Benedict were knighted in 1871; Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir George Grove, and Sir G. A. Macfarren in 1883.

While he stayed at the Antchhoff Palace, before taking up his residence in the Winter Palace, the young Russian Czar had only two small rooms, and was obliged to ask the governor-general to give up two of his own rooms, one to be used as a dressing-room for the empress and the other for her maid. In the Winter Palace the empress will have for life the superb apartments occupied by the Czar's grandmother.

The Count of Flanders, the only brother of King Leopold of Belgium and heir to his throne, is the richest prince in Europe. He was the favorite son of his father, who left him the major part of his money, which the count has since vastly increased by judicious investment and thrift. Yet he has applied to the Belgian Government for an increase of his allowance from forty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year.

Alexandre Dumas says that he has outlived the taste for most things that money can procure. The chief pleasure of his life now is meditation, which he indulges by taking long walks in the forest of Marly. M. Dumas is now a white-haired old man, but vigorous. He lives, with his invalid wife, at his country-place near Marly. Over one hundred thousand dollars he realized by the sale of his collection of pictures last year.

Edward Wilmot Blyden, who represented Liberia at the Court of St. James, is said to be the most finished negro scholar in the world. He is a valued contributor to many English magazines, is a linguist of pronounced ability, and is one of the most profound thinkers the negro race has yet produced. He is the author of a work entitled "Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race," which has had two editions in London. Dr. Blyden is a pure negro, without a trace of white blood in his veins.

The richest man in Wisconsin is Captain Frederick Pahst, of Milwaukee, who made it all by brewing beer. Captain Pahst reached there a poor German boy about forty years ago, and made his first money washing dishes in a little German hotel. He became a captain on a lake sailing vessel (from which he derived his title). He had the good fortune to marry a Miss Best, whose father owned a little brewery, making a few barrels of beer a day. The big Pahst plant is the successor of this small brewery. The Pahsts live in great style.

Richard Croker, the ex-Tammany boss, is a perfect counterfeit of his former chief, John Kelly. Like Kelly's, his face has a bulldog expression, he is grim and taciturn, and loyal to his friends. Croker, however, is more of a diplomat than Kelly was, a quality for the cultivation of which his wife, a woman of refinement and education, is responsible. His children, six in number, have all been taught at home by private governesses, and are not permitted to go even to a public dancing-school. The eldest, Frank, is a handsome hoy who towers head and shoulders over his father, but is only seventeen years old. Flossie, aged seven, is a bright little girl who inherits her father's diplomatic taciturnity and love for horses.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Why Women are Knock-Kneed.

PORT APACHE, ARIZ., January 17, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have just received my *Argonaut* of the fourteenth, and find two things in it that I may help clear up.

First. In "Vanity Fair" is a layman's—or woman's—"explanation" of why women are "knock-kneed." It is not from sitting with their knees together, neither is it from a lack of exercise. It is "native," and purely mechanical. Get a work on anatomy—Gray or Quain—and you will find the explanation. Proportionately, the heads of the female femurs are further apart than the male—for mechanical reasons and physiological purposes. The heads being further apart, the articular ends at the knees having, like the male, to come close together, the shafts of the bones are at an "acute" angle with the horizontal plane of the pelvis. You will also find, on examining a dry specimen, that the internal condyles of the knee are more prominent on the articular surface than the external, the leg proper from the knee to the ground being nearly vertical—as in the male. The pose of the civilized female when sitting down—in any other, for that matter, "the knees drawn together"—is, in my opinion, a result of the congenital native modesty of women. Our civilized sisters and savage cousins, in the female line, always keep their knees together. Fact is, the savage keeps her closer in walking and sitting than the civilized. That is why the savage cousin does not walk as gracefully as the civilized sister aforesaid. I would refer you to my old class-mate and friend, Dr. Samuel O. L. Potter, whose name I found in this number, for corroboration of my "explanation."

Second. In "Storyettes"—in *re* the "Swamp Angel's" present "occupation." It is not an ornament to a fountain of any kind anywhere. It hurls, as you know, while in use in its emplacement before Charleston, S. C. Trophy Point, at the United States Military Academy, West Point, is its appropriate resting-place. I have seen its three or four fragments there nearly every time I passed the flag-staff during my fourteen months' station there. That gun, and a lot of others, were objects of great interest to me, and I have frequently gone over there to show the relics to friends, and I confess to a bit of "moonin'" over them.

Now I earnestly ask that you will not print my name. Why? Because, although a young man, I am an old-fashioned physician, and honestly do not want any advertising—free or otherwise, and have always tried to keep my name out of print—except in purely professional journals. Hoping the information will be useful—it is sent in good faith—and that you will honor my request,

I remain, very sincerely yours,
Captain Medical Department, U. S. A.

"The Decline of Matrimony."

SAN FRANCISCO, January 23, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the *Argonaut* of the fourteenth instant, you ask: "Why is the marriage rate declining?"

The fault lies chiefly with the women themselves. The "New Woman" and the girl of the period—the *feminist* maiden—are the feeble products of a false civilization. They are incapable of love, still less of friendship. They are false from the paint on their faces to the words in their mouths.

That "the development of culture is rendering women more attractive than they ever were and men more capable of appreciating them," is fallacious. It is making them more artificial. This so-called culture is simply a nineteenth-century veneer—a shallow coating that hides the base metal beneath. A lacquered woman is no better, all else being equal, than a lacquered man; and the man is shrewd enough to see it.

All men how before the shrine of beauty. Even so sensible a woman as Mme. de Staël said she would cheerfully have given up her intellectual distinction for the single charm of beauty. But the highest order of beauty is grace and sweetness of expression. The mind and heart are the chief attraction; and unless the soul shines through the features, the prettiest face may cease to give pleasure.

If more time were given to the development of Christian graces instead of society manners, to the study of household economy instead of insane fads, perhaps the alarming decrease in the marriage rate would be obviated, and some of these rollicking bachelors under woman's control. But women are only human, after all; and even Eugénie de Guérin said that at the bottom of every human soul is "un peu de limon"—some sediment of evil.

It is an open question whether the marriage state or that of celibacy is the most conducive to happiness. Chamfort said, "Were man to consult only his reason, who would marry?" The majority of men follow their natural instincts, and marry, while others hold their feelings under control, and are mainly influenced by judgment. Many of the greatest men of genius were celibates, their passion for knowledge absorbing all others. Most of the great historians were single men—Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, Thirlwall, Buckle, Camden, and others. Among the great artists who remained single were Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Reynolds, Turner, and Ety. Handel, Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer were among the bachelors in music. Neither Pitt nor Fox, the political rivals, ever married. Conspicuous among others were Voltaire, Locke, Galileo, Bishop Butler, Charles Lamb, Cavendish, Gay, Goldsmith, Descartes, and many more. So it is only natural to infer that intellectuality is not conducive to matrimony, and as we advance in civilization, it suffers.

But there are other relevant points to be considered. The "New Woman," whose pernicious influence is already being felt, is occupying a very large place in the public mind. She has become discontented with the hounded horizon of married life, and is seeking to uproot the very foundation of the social structure. She is bent on a career, and incidentally her own destruction. Her moral perception is so obtuse that she can not see wherein her own interests lie. Man is guided by reason and calculation; but woman, with an overweening belief in the infallibility of her own judgment, rises superior to such a secondary consideration as reason, and jumps at conclusions. She is rushing blindly into every avenue of industry, little realizing what it portends, and that she is already suffering from the reflex action. Many young men who would marry are deterred by this competition, because they can not afford what young ladies are pleased to call "the necessities of life."

Competition between the sexes is developing masculine rudeness, too, and the deference and respect that were formerly shown her in public places are now in many instances grudgingly given. The struggle for existence will bring about an antagonism between the sexes that will culminate in bitterness and hatred. By way of illustration, permit me to quote M. le Roux, the French novelist. A young man and a young woman present themselves in the outside room of an office as applicants for a vacant post. "Let me pass first," says the woman. "Why?" asks the man. "Because I am a woman." "I thought," comes the answer, "that there was no

longer such a distinction as man and woman!" "Then you forget your good manners," she replies, without answering his argument. "Pardon me," he says, "if woman demands absolute equality, we can no longer be deferential without becoming dupes. Therefore, I profit by superior force by pushing you aside, and so I pass before you."

"There is one species of homicide," says Blackstone, "where the party slain is equally innocent as he who occasions his death—where one of them must inevitably perish; as where two persons, being shipwrecked, get on the same plank, but finding it not able to save them both, the stronger thrusts the weaker from it, whereby he is drowned. This is excusable through unavoidable necessity and the principle of self-preservation."

The women of this country seem to be inviting a somewhat similar fate. As the struggle for existence becomes fiercer, man's latent savagery will manifest itself, and woman, being the weaker vessel, will go down. This may sound brutal, but saintliness is not a masculine attribute, and we may as well look the facts in the face.

Another growing evil that is tending to demoralize things, all specious arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, is the laxity of the divorce laws. The home is the foundation of the state. The holiness of the matrimonial union and the solemnities required by law at its inception are the fundamental principles upon which depend the strength, prosperity, and greatness of the nation. And yet how few married people realize the moral obligation thus imposed upon them.

The facility of obtaining divorces is the greatest menace to American society. This has been ably commented on by a recent writer, who says: "When the family goes, the nation goes, too, or ceases to be worth preserving." P. M. O.

A NEW POEM BY BRET HARTE.

Truthful James Reports a Question of Privilege.

It was Andrew Jackson Sutter, who despising Mr. Cutter for remarks he heard him utter in debate upon the floor,

Swung him up into the skylight, in the peaceful, pensive twilight, and then keener proceeded, makin' no account what we did—To wipe up with his person casual dust upon the floor.

Now a square fight never frets me, nor unpleasantness upsets me, but the simple thing that gets me—now the job is done and gone,

And we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, leavin' Cutter there with Sutter—that mehhee just a stutter

On the part of Mr. Cutter caused the loss we deeply mourn.

Some bashful hesitation, just like spellin' punctuation—might have worked an aggravation onto Sutter's mournful mind.

For the witnesses all vary ez to wot was said, and nary a galoot will toot his horn except the way he is inclined.

But they all allow that Sutter had begun a kind of mutter, when uprose Mr. Cutter with a sickening kind of ease,

And proceeded then to wade in to the subject then pervadin': "Is Profanity degradin'?" in words like unto these:

"Unlike the previous speaker, Mr. Cutter of Yreka, he was but a humble seeker—and not like him—a cuss—"

It was here that Mr. Sutter softly reached for Mr. Cutter, when the latter with a stutter said: "accus-tomed to discuss."

Then Sutter he rose grimly, and sorter smilin' dimly, bowed onto the Chairman primly—(just like Cutter ez could be!)

Drawled "He guessed he must fall back as—Mr. Cutter owned the pack as—he just had played the Jack as—"(here Cutter's gun went crack! as Mr. Sutter gasped and ended) "every man can see!"

But William Henry Pryor—just in range of Sutter's fire—he evinced a wild desire to do somebody harm—

And in the general scrimmage no one thought if Sutter's "image" was a misplaced punctuation—like the hole in Pryor's arm.

For we all waltzed in together, never carin' to ask whether it was Sutter or was Cutter we woz tryin' to ahate.

But we couldn't help perceivin', when we took to instand heavin', that the process was reliev'in' to the sharpness of debate.

So we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, and I make no commentary on these simple childish games,

Things is various and human—and the man ain't born of woman who has got enough acumen to say wot's another's aims!

—January Scribner's.

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STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE
is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11,30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000.00, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent, per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.
By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company.
A. ANDREW, Secretary.

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VANITY FAIR.

Newspapers from Rome give a rather curious view of the Crispi-Linguaglossa wedding in Naples. It was intended to be a great social function, at which the lights of Italy's aristocracy should shine with full splendor, but the intention was not realized. To be sure, the Church of the Ascension was crowded with figures of state, which had been imported from the ministries and departments of Rome for the occasion, the priests looked down on serried rows of breasts bespangled with royal decorations, and the black-eyed, shapely Miss Peppina walked to the altar in diamonds enough to support an army corps for a year, but the thing desired above all others by the premier was lacking. Excepting the Linguaglossas, the big nobility of Italy was conspicuous by its absence. The Borghese and other princely families are as hostile to the premier as to King Humbert. They boycott the court and they boycott the court's ministers. They are not even appeased by the social prostrations of the premier at their feet, nor by his sudden elevation as father-in-law of a prince. This is a sad blow to Crispi, who, in his effort to placate them, has had both civil and ecclesiastical courts declare that he is not a bigamist. It will cost Crispi some \$15,440 a year to pose as the father-in-law of a prince. The Naples newspapers say he guaranteed Linguaglossa an annual cash income of \$7,720, besides giving him a country place near his own Villa Lina, an estate which yields annual profits of \$2,835 more, and stocks and bonds enough to make up the remainder. Under these circumstances the prince was able to spend \$6,755 on a bridal necklace. Among the other presents were diamond ear-rings and bracelets, valued at \$5,790, from King Humbert, a watch set in diamonds from the queen, and some \$7,720 worth of gems from the bridegroom's family. Archbishop San Felice of Naples sent a diamond-set crucifix. The Pope gave nothing except a special dispensation, by which some weeks ago Crispi was allowed to marry his wife in church—a condition *sine qua non* made by the Linguaglossas when the prince and Miss Peppina were betrothed.

The linings of carriages have been for many years a question of much moment. Whether light or dark materials are best suited to the complexion of the lady who rides therein is something on which time and thought are spent, no less than money. When a carriage is sent home from the carriage-makers, there are many mysterious little hooks and places which to the uninitiated seem quite inexplicable, but each and every one has its mission to fulfill. There is a little round place at one side in which the umbrella must fit. Of course there is a mirror—this is hidden under the padded side of the carriage, and quite invisible by reason of the lining falling down over it, and only to be lifted by a loop. And a case to fit on the front of the brougham, just below the front window, contains a remarkable collection of articles. It contains two cut-glass bottles with silver tops—one with some strong toilet-water; the other with camphor or ammonia. There is also a vinaigrette, a card-case, a note-book, a place for the social register, a pin-cushion, a hair-pin box, and, in the centre, a small clock. The clock is not of necessity an expensive one, nor, indeed, are any of the trappings expensive, but all are dainty. The bandsome of the cases are made of the finest leather, and are so arranged that everything fits into a very small space. They bear the crest and monogram in silver. Some broughams have these various fittings made with the carriage, but in that case they are not nearly so elaborate, and consist generally of a series of flat boxes covered with the same material as the lining of the carriage. The various things which are put therein do not match in the same manner as when an adjustable case is used. With all these different things, the interior of a carriage is extremely pretty, and with the three little ivory bells, which are to be pushed when one wishes to go to right or left, or to stop or go ahead, makes a very cozy little boudoir on wheels. With everything at hand in this way, it is much easier to attend all the receptions that it is now necessary to go to in one afternoon.

There is something wanting in the English language (says the *Bazar*) which becomes more apparent when we contrast our customs with those of continental Europe. We have no slight but respectful title to use in greeting others, and its absence very often causes embarrassment or awkwardness in addressing strangers of either sex. We may borrow "Madame" from the French, and make shift to say "Sir" upon occasion, but it would be ineffably ill-bred to use "Miss" in unsupported simplicity. In the days when courtly traditions still held sway over the young republic, which had freed itself from other monarchical bonds, "Sir" and "Madame" were used with ceremonious courtesy. If these could only be revived and brought again into favor, the sensitive ear would be gratified, and the old-time mode of address might exercise a salutary influence over what is so often termed the slipshod manners of this degenerate age. With such distinction and stateliness was "Madame" once invested that under the *ancien régime* the

great ladies of the French court addressed women of slightly inferior birth and station as "Mademoiselle," quite regardless of the position which the latter might hold as wives and mothers, and this singular custom lingered in a few instances until the Revolution leveled all pretensions. It may be that the present too liberal use of the word *lady* in season and out of season arises from the uncomfortable fact that there is no ready title; yet one is always conscious of its absurdity as she hears it applied by all sorts and conditions of people to the most varied specimens of her own sex. In truth, many prefer to ignore the once choice and always beautiful word, so tired have they become of being addressed as "Lady," although it is quite certain that they would resent being called "Woman" when they are implored to move up in crowded cars, or solicited to examine some rare bargain, or to buy the toys and flowers of the sidewalk vendors. The vulgarizing of the word is to be deplored, as *lady* has so much to recommend it, and has many sweet associations. One adjective only has power to render it unacceptable, while it makes most beautiful the humbler word. No one would care to be called "a fine lady," while to be deemed worthy of the rare designation of "a fine woman" makes every feminine heart beat more quickly with the best sort of gratified pride. Yet when Felix Holt sneeringly asserts that "one sort of fine ladyism is as good as another," Esther makes a spirited reply which furnishes a compact and delightful definition and takes all the odium from the term. "Pardon me," she says; "a real fine lady does not wear clothes that flare in people's eyes, or use importunate scents, or make a noise as she moves; she is something refined, and graceful, and charming, and never obtrusive."

That black is the latest fashionable tint for *cheveux teints* is the last word from Paris. A noted American beauty who, since the days when her childish head was crowned with the curly brown locks with which nature endowed her, has been successively a blonde *dorée*, a blonde *cendrée*, and a Titian beauty, has now the blue-black tresses that in a pure Irish type of beauty are so effective with blue eyes and a fair skin. It is a most refined-looking conjunction if the hair is arranged simply and without refined "crimps." Where the face can stand it, the *coiffure à l'ingénue* is the favorite style of hair-dressing in Paris. This means brushing the hair straight back from the face all around; it should then be slightly rippled and loosely twisted into an artistic knot *à la Grecque*.

No German officer can marry without the consent of his colonel (according to Poulteney Bigelow in "The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser"), and this consent can be obtained only after a careful inquiry into all the circumstances surrounding the proposed alliance. First, is the young lady suitable for association with the wives of the other officers? Second, will the bridegroom be able to live respectably and bring up his family? Third, are his means, or those of his wife, invested in proper securities, so that he is not liable to be expelled by reason of bankruptcy? . . . The extraordinary social advantages enjoyed by the German officer, and the pecuniary responsibility growing naturally from such advantage, make his small pay, which amounts only to about a dollar a day in the case of a first lieutenant, appear even smaller than it is. An American lady, who had been spending a winter in Dresden, told Mr. Bigelow that all the bachelors of the garrison were furnished with a list of marriageable women, each name ornamented with the property she might be expected to inherit. This, no doubt, was a mistake on her part, but it is a very common one. German officers stationed in desirable towns are very apt to get into debt, and have to choose between leaving the army in disgrace or marrying a rich girl. Mr. Bigelow adds: "From my own experience in Germany, the officers would appear to have married for love, and to be very happy in consequence"; and yet "the number of those who get into debt and fail to secure a rich wife is considerable, although it makes no particular ripple on the surface; such men simply disappear, and turn up sooner or later in America, where they take employment as coachmen, waiters, teachers, or instructors in riding-schools. The change of life is very violent, and is adopted only as preferable to suicide."

In the new edition of "Debrett's Peerage" there is, as we noted last week, a note by the editor which curiously illustrates a well-known weakness of the female mind. He has been attempting, it seems, an innovation in publishing the ages of ladies of high degree as well as the gentlemen, and has been thus reproved by a countess: "The Countess of — begs to inform Debrett, as long as he puts the dates of ladies' births in his 'Peerage,' she will never allow a copy of his work in her house, and this fact was also stated by a large number of her friends, who asserted at her table last evening that as soon as the proof-sheet is sent for correction, it is committed to the fire." This sort of denunciation (comments James Payn) does not, it is clear, emanate from "the New Woman," but from the

old one—or, rather, the middle-aged; and bow very foolish it is! "A woman," we are told, "is as 'old as she looks,' and men are very well content to judge her by that standard. It is scarcely conceivable that any male person would have the curiosity to inquire further; and as to those of her own sex, it is only too probable that they would estimate the lady's age even higher than it really was, in which case Debrett's unimpeachable statement would be an advantage to her. What persons do these ladies of title wish to deceive, and for what purpose? What difference can a year or two—and we can all guess within a year or two—in their ages make to their friends or (what is more in their minds, perhaps) to their enemies? It would be rude to say 'Who cares?'—whether they are thirty-two or thirty-four, for instance—but who inquires? Not the women who assert without mercy 'She will never see forty again,' and most certainly not the men. When the ladies are still older, curiosity is even less keen as to how old they are; while if they are obviously still young, no one wants to have any further corroboration on the matter."

A newspaper paragraph avers good manners are hard to find among the women one meets in horse-cars, at the opera, theatre, concerts, shops, and such familiar hunting-grounds dear to the sex. Good manners are supposed to typify unselfish consideration, and it is that exact quality the average woman lacks. She is sharp and peremptory with the girl who serves her across the counter or fits her to a bonnet; she glares at the conductor who stops his car the fewest feet beyond the crossing-stones; and calmly continues to hold her place at a crowded counter, though she is only waiting for change, and knows there are dozens of women behind her eager to examine the goods of which she has long finished her inspection. She refuses to cling to any strap in a cable-car, but stumbles over people's feet in the aisle until some tired man in despair gives her his seat to be rid of the annoyance. She gossips and laughs cheerfully through the overture to the opera, because it does not interest her. For the reason that her new hat is becoming, and because her own seat at the play is good, she continues to wear a feather-piled abomination to the theatre, and lets her husband or brother go out between every act if he likes, provided he does not crush her gown or toes in his awkward, inconvenient passage. Yet in general estimation, and according to her own lights, she is a well-mannered woman who holds with the majority of her class that shop-girls and horse-car conductors are to be kept in subjection only by an insolence equal to their own; that having paid for a seat at any public gathering, her rights are supreme; and that really good manners, gentle, unselfish consideration of thought and action, are meant only for bestowal on friends and superiors, and not to be wasted on strangers and inferiors.

Figuring It Out.

The journey was long, and the old lady with the plaid shawl thought to beguile the time by a conversation with the tailor-made girl who sat with her.

"Live in the city?" asked the old lady.

"Yes; work there," answered the girl, and said nothing more.

"Might I ask what you work at?"

"Figures."

This seemed discouraging, but the old lady plucked up her nerve and asked:

"Figures? Livin' picters, or book-keepin'?"—*Washington Star*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Very many people are of Labiche's opinion about pianists. The celebrated laugh-provoking dramatist, after having listened with much attention to a young professional, could find nothing more complimentary to say to him than: "Oh, you noisy little fellow!" at the same time giving the musician a patronizing tap on the shoulder.

The late George M. Stearns, during a recent Vermont State campaign, received this telegram from a prominent Democrat in Mootpelier: "Will you address the Democracy of Vermont at this place?" His characteristic reply was: "To save car-fare, send the Democracy of Vermont to my back-yard, and I'll address them there."

On one occasion, when Von Moltke was in a South German town, the news leaked out that the great general had arrived. Sitting in the dining-room of a hotel, somebody addressed him, saying that he had heard that Moltke had arrived and that he wondered what he looked like. To which Moltke ingeniously replied: "What should he look like? Why, like one of us."

A glimpse of Ruskin's whimsicality is to be found in a friend's reminiscences. "One morning," he notes, "as we were coming out of chapel, he said to us, 'I ought not to have come to chapel this morning.' We asked him, in some astonishment, why. 'I am going to write a critique on —'s picture in the Academy,' he replied, 'and I want to be in a perfectly diabolical temper.'"

Catalani, like most prima donnas, had a great weakness for showing off her jewelry. "You see dis hrooch?" she would say; "de Emperor of Austria gave me dis. You see dese ear-rings? De Emperor of Russia gave me dese. You see dis ring? De Emperor Napoleoo gave me dis," and so oo. Braham, the tenor, in imitation of this, would say, pointing to his umbrella: "You see dis? De Emperor of China gave me dis." Then, pointing to his teeth, "de Emperor of Tuscany gave me dese."

Even in days of peace, the cavalry and the infantry must have their little jokes at each other's expense. The *Detroit Free Press* says that the wife of a cavalry officer was talking with a lieutenant of infantry. She seemed inclined to be witty. "I suppose you have often been chased by the Indians oo the plains?" she remarked. "Never," said the lieutenant. "No?" The word had a significant inflection. "No," said the lieutenant; "you see, the Indians are so husy chasiog the cavalry that they don't have any time for us."

John Templeton, the Scottish tenor, was probably never so miserable as when he was cast to sing with Malihran. One evening she whispered to him: "You are not acting properly; make love to me better." To which Templeton innocently replied: "Don't you know I am a married man?" Not long afterward, when "Sonnambula" she was on her knees to Templeton as Elvino, she succeeded in making the tenor scream with suppressed laughter, when he should have been singing, by tickling him vigorously under the arms.

What is known as the West Side in the San Joaquin Valley suffers more than any other grain-raising section of the State from lack of rains, and, as the saying goes, only one year in three produces a crop. Not long since, a celebrated case came up for trial in Fresno, and the lawyers were examining jurors. One, whom we shall call George Jones, was in the box being questioned before being permitted to serve on the jury. Among other questions, the lawyer asked Mr. Jones where he lived. "On the West Side, about six or seven miles from Firebaugh," was the response. "Yes," said the lawyer; "farmer, I suppose?" "I duooo," answered Jones; "I plow and sow."

One very hot day the late Dr. George E. Ellis, the historian, going to an informal dinner with a friend, wore a very comfortable but unfashionable thin coat and manilla hat. A notoriously orthodox clergymen began to hanker the Unitarian divine regarding his big straw hat, whereupon Dr. Ellis replied that he would not have a word said against that article of apparel, inasmuch as it had been a good friend of his for four years. "Why," exclaimed his friend, "how could it have lasted so long?" "Because it has been Calvinized," responded Dr. Ellis. The host, misunderstanding the word, inquired with amazement how the hat could be galvanized. But Dr. Ellis, with a sly twinkle in his eye, looked straight at the orthodox minister as he replied: "I did not say 'galvanized.' I said the hat had been Calvinized—dipped in hrimstone."

On one occasion, Mr. Balfour, when chief secretary, said to Father James Healy, parish priest of

Killiney in Ireland: "Is it true, Father Healy, that the people hate me as much as the Nationalist papers say they do?" "Hate you!" exclaimed the priest; "if the people hated the devil as much as they hate you, Mr. Balfour, my occupation would be gone." At a dinner, several priests began to twit him on the fact that he was out a more active Nationalist. "It is all very well for you young men," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye; "but one ought with my double-barreled gun in a damp ditch would be the death of me." The owner of a great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical accomplishments of his daughter, when Father Healy, with hearty sympathy, said she would be "a regular oyster Patti."

While General Cavaignac was chief of the executive power in Paris, under the Second Republic, he one day invited to dinner an old comrade, Commandant X. The commandant never went into society, and took his meals at a restaurant; but he could not refuse an invitation from his old friend. The guests were no sooner at table than the commandant began to wipe his knife and fork with his napkin. The general, who had his eye on him, beckoned to a servant, and told him to bring another knife and fork. Again the commandant proceeded to wipe them, and again the servant took them away. This little comedy was repeated seven times. Then the commandant became suspicious, or perhaps lost his patience. "Look here!" he exclaimed; "what does all this mean? Have you invited me here to polish up all your plate and crockery?" Every one laughed, explanations were made, and the dinner came on.

Lord Chancellor Camden of England, in consequence of the interest which he took on behalf of Wilkes, became so popular that the parishioners of Chiselhurst, where he resided, made him a present of ten acres of common. His lordship, who was a very early riser, was the first to discover, in one of his morning walks, that a poor widow who resided on the common had all her geese stolen during the previous night. He chanced to meet a laborer going to work, and thinking from being wrapped up in his great-coat that he was unknown to the man, he inquired of him respecting the geese, and asked him if he knew what punishment would be inflicted on the offender who stole the geese from the common. The man answered, "No." "Well, then," said his lordship, "he would be transported for seven years." "If that is the case," replied the laborer, "I will thank your lordship to tell me what punishment the law would inflict on the man who stole the common from the geese."

A lady who shared the late Kensington panic was going home one afternoon (writes James Payn in the *Illustrated London News*), when in a lonely part of her road a woman respectfully dressed asked her the way to the very square in which she lived. Thinking this a certain prelude to the usual stah with a knife, the lady, with great presence of mind, hit her interrogator two violent blows in the face with the handle of her umbrella, which put her to flight, and ran home at the top of her speed. It was an adventure of which she thought she had some reason to be proud, though it rather upset her. She had advertised for a cook, and at five o'clock she was expecting a person to call upon her for the situation. She did not arrive, however, till nearly six, and then not in a very presentable condition. A handbag was on her forehead and some sticking-plaster over her nose. "I am sorry," she said, "to be late, ma'am, but I have had a frightful adventure. I asked my way to your house of a person who almost looked like a lady, and she up with her umbrella and knocked me about most dreadful; however, I am glad to have escaped, for I have no doubt it was the Kensington Ripper."

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6.45 A.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.....	† 1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	† 11.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.30 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	† 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.00 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.38 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
"7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.30, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00 P. M."
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—"6.00 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.00, 12.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00 P. M."

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City of Peking.....Thursday, March 14, at 3 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Adams-Wheaton Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, 154 Lake Street, Oakland. The bride was their daughter, Miss Bessie Wheaton, and the groom was Mr. Edson Adams, both of whom are prominent in society circles. Only relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Bishop W. F. Nichols, assisted by Rev. Robert Ritchie. Miss Ella Sterett acted as maid of honor. A supper was enjoyed after the wedding. The presents were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Adams left on Thursday for a Southern trip, and will reside in Oakland when they return.

The Crocker Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave a brilliant reception last Monday evening at their residence, on the corner of Laguna and Washington Streets, which was attended by some two hundred of their friends. They were assisted in receiving by Miss Ives. The rooms were all tastefully decorated with flowers and potted plants, which, in combination with the elegant furnishings, made the scene a most attractive one. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played during the evening, and, after eleven o'clock, the younger element enjoyed a few dances. An elaborate supper was provided under Ludwig's direction. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Camillo Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. de Marville, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Chabuncy R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Wells, Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Hattie Bowers, Miss Alice Burling, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Breeze, Miss Dorothy Collier, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Fanny Grant, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Gertrude Heitshu, Miss Alice Heitshu, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Fanny Danforth, Miss Mabel Este, Miss Belle Hutchinson, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ives, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Miss Alice Masten, Miss Ella W. Morgan, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Mamie McMullin, Miss Adelle Perrin, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Shepard, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Julia Tompkins, Miss Van Winkle, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Marie Zane, Mr. L. S. Adams, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. W. F. Breeze, Mr. W. S. Carrigan, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. George F. Davidson, Mr. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Morton R. Gibbons, Mr. Jesse E. Godley, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Harry Durbrow, Dr. Ellinwood, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. C. A. Fernald, Mr. Frank Findley, Mr. W. F. Goad, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Dr. R. Lorini, Mr. C. E. Mackey, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. Hamilton Moulder, Mr. Louis C. Masten, Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Judge Joseph McKenna, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh,

Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Cutler Paige, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, and Mr. Frederick R. Webster.

The Smith Lunch-Party.

Miss Florence V. Smith, of Philadelphia, who is here on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. William F. Bowers, gave a lunch-party at the residence of the latter, 2610 Pacific Avenue, last Wednesday. The table was decorated with pussy-willow, daffodils, and little receptacles of birch-bark, and the name-cards were quite unique. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played during the service of the menu, which was an elaborate one. Those present were:

Mrs. William F. Bowers, Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. H. C. Minton, Miss Florence V. Smith, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss Norwood, Miss Nichols, Miss Grace Nichols, Miss Crosby, Miss Josephine Crosby, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Peterson, Miss Gertrude Heitshu, Miss Alice Heitshu, Miss Dutton, Miss Florence Weihe, Miss Hyde, Miss Maud Magee, Miss Rambo, Miss Hooper, Miss Alice Hooper, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Palmer, Miss Shepard, Miss Coleman, Miss Merry, Miss Osmond, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Drown, Miss Field, Miss Landers, Miss Forbes, Miss Woods, and Miss Bruce.

The Assembly in Oakland.

The principal affair that has taken place in society circles in Oakland this winter was the ball given by the members of The Assembly on Friday evening. It was held in Military Hall, on Twelfth Street, which was gayly decorated with colored draperies, evergreens, and flowers. Dancing commenced soon after nine o'clock to Huber's music, and an elaborate supper was served at midnight. The attendance was quite large and the display of gowns was elegant. It was fully three o'clock before the affair came to an end, and it was an unqualified success. The patronesses were:

Mrs. Harrison Clay, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Paxton Howard, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. Robert Watt, Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Mrs. J. R. Hutchinson, Mrs. J. N. Knowles, Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mrs. Le Grand Canon Tibbets, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. John W. Coleman, Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson, and Mrs. C. D. Haven.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will give a ball next Friday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel.

The fifth meeting of the Friday Night Club will be held on the evening of February 15th. It will be an assembly.

Mrs. William S. Tevis will give a matinee tea next Friday at her residence, 2548 Jackson Street.

Mrs. George C. Boardman will receive on Tuesdays in March at her residence on Franklin Street.

The Vaudeville Club will give its first entertainment at the residence of Mrs. Henry T. Scott on Thursday evening, February 14th. Three meetings will be held before the close of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave an enjoyable dinner-party on Friday evening, at their residence on Laguna Street, and entertained Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn.

A pleasant dinner-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Percy P. Moore last Wednesday evening at their residence, 2605 California Street. The table was prettily decorated with La France roses, and an elaborate menu was served. The others present were Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. W. D. Page, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. Atherton Maconrady, and Mr. Louis J. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Eells gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence, 2524 Washington Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Nowland, *vide* Heath. The others present were Miss Eells, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Miss McNutt, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a theatre-party on Thursday evening at the California, followed by a supper. Her guests were Mrs. Peter Donahue, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Ida Irwin, Mr. Andrew Martin, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. Henry Simpkins.

Miss Minnie Houghton entertained a few friends pleasantly with charades last Thursday evening at her home, 1900 Washington Street. Among the participants were: Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Karl Howard, and Mr. Milton S. Latham.

Mrs. A. J. Bowie gave a tea last Sunday afternoon at her residence, 1913 Clay Street, in honor of Miss Rathbone and Miss Harris, who are visiting here from New York. It was a very pleasant affair, and was quite largely attended.

Quite a number of people went across the bay on Friday to attend the ball of The Assembly, prior to which dinner-parties were enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor entertained Miss Ella Goad, Miss Aileen Goad, Mr. William R. Heath, and Mr. N. G. Kittle. Mrs. John W.

Coleman's guests were Misses Alice and Ella Hobart, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Mr. E. M. Greenway. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle were Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, and Miss Sara Collier.

Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 2424 Steiner Street. The rooms were beautifully decorated with violets, roses, and potted plants. An orchestra played concert selections during the afternoon, and about four hundred friends of the hostess were hospitably entertained. Mrs. Van Wyck was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. F. L. Wilkins, Mrs. H. J. Campbell, Mrs. Boyd, Miss Laura Marshutz, Miss Bessie Cole, Miss Bruce, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, and Miss Edna Van Wyck.

Mrs. Edwin Danforth gave a lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence, 2027 Broadway, and pleasantly entertained several of her friends.

Mrs. Webster Jones gave a very pleasant matinee tea last Tuesday at her residence, 2000 Gough Street, and hospitably entertained many of her friends from four until seven o'clock. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft, Mrs. Charles B. Stone, Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Anna Hobbs, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Florence Green, Miss Miller, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Lillian O'Connor, and Miss Eleanor Wood.

Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry entertained a large number of her friends last Wednesday afternoon at a tea at her residence, 2519 Pacific Avenue. Huber's orchestra played concert selections during the afternoon, and refreshments were served bounteously. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mrs. A. M. Grimm, Mrs. George R. Sanderson, Mrs. Frederick M. Pickering, Miss Grant, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Belle Grant, Miss Welch, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mamie Burling, and Miss Manie McMullin.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a most enjoyable matinee tea last Thursday at her residence, 1750 Franklin Street, as a compliment to Mrs. E. W. Candee, of New York, who is here on a visit. The ladies who assisted in receiving were Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Alfred B. Ford. The hours of the reception were from four until six o'clock, and during that time the handsomely decorated parlors were thronged with friends of the hostess.

A matinee tea was given by Mrs. Horace L. Hill last Thursday at her residence, 1812 Van Ness Avenue. Many of her friends called, and were delightfully entertained.

Mrs. William S. Tevis gave an informal matinee tea on Friday, to a number of lady friends, at her residence, 2548 Jackson Street. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Friedlander, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Sara Collier. The residence was handsomely decorated with flowers and plants, and refreshments were served during the hours of the reception.

Under the auspices of Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. William Mintzner, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, and Miss Bourn, a reception was held on Friday afternoon from two until five o'clock, at the studio of Mr. Frederic Marie Vermorcken, 231 Post Street. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen called, inspected the paintings on exhibition, and were pleasantly entertained.

The Dancing Club held its fourth meeting at Golden Gate Hall on Friday evening. It was informal but very enjoyable. There were about one hundred young people present, and the hall was neatly decorated. Miss Ayres, Miss Della Mills, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Everett received the guests, being assisted by Mrs. Frank Sumner, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. Grove P. Ayres, and Mrs. William H. Mills. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played for the dancing, and several figures of the cotillion were given under the direction of Mr. Leonard Everett and Miss Carrie Ayres.

The Art Loan Exhibition at 232 Sutter Street is still occupying the attention of the public, and has been made still more attractive by the addition of several interesting paintings. The exhibition will be open this evening and will close next Thursday. The Maria Kip Orphanage is the charity that will receive the proceeds.

The Gump Gallery

Of fine oil paintings will be sold at public auction commencing on Thursday, February 14th. It will be a fine opportunity to secure some very valuable pictures at very low prices, and should not be missed.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Crema Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.



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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker arrived here last Sunday, and will remain here several months.
Miss Laura McKinstry has arrived in Washington, D. C., where she is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at their residence on California Street.

Mr. Oelrichs, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Isabel O'Connor, and Master Hermann Oelrichs, Jr., have arrived here from New York city.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin is the guest of Mrs. William T. Coleman.

Miss Laura Bates has been at Sacramento during the past week visiting Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld.

Colonel Samuel D. Meyer, who has been confined to his rooms in the California Hotel during the past month through illness, has entirely recovered his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Miss Elsie Hecht have left for Southern California, and will remain away several weeks.

Mr. Bert Hecht went East last Sunday, and will be away about two months.

Mrs. Isadore Burns will receive on Thursdays in February at her residence, 404 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. Samuel Adelstein arrived in Cairo on January 7th. He then took a trip up the Nile, and, after visiting the Holy Land, expects to arrive in Italy early in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillig, Mr. Frank L. Unger, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham, according to a cablegram, arrived safely at Singapore on January 25th, on their voyage around the world. They intend to sail for Yokohama, being due to arrive there February 20th.

Miss Furb, of Seattle, is visiting Mrs. Luke Robinson.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel John G. Chandler, Assistant Quartermaster General, U. S. A., was placed on the retired list on December 31st, 1894.

Colonel Robert E. A. Crofton, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who is the commandant at Fort Sheridan, Ill., is here on a visit to his son, Lieutenant William M. Crofton, First Infantry, U. S. A., at Angel Island.

Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall I. Ludington, U. S. A., has been appointed assistant quartermaster general, with the rank of colonel.

Major Amos S. Kimball, U. S. A., has been appointed deputy quartermaster-general with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Major David H. Kinzie, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at Fort Canby, Wash.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., is away on a three months' leave of absence.

Commander Frank Wilde, U. S. N., has been ordered to command the *Independence*.

Captain J. J. Read, U. S. N., Lieutenant T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. W. Buchanan, U. S. N., Lieutenant F. H. Sherman, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. D. Rose, U. S. N., Ensign A. C. Dieffenbach, U. S. N., Assistant-Engineer R. E. Carney, U. S. N., Assistant-Engineer J. K. Robson, U. S. N., Surgeon J. G. Ayres, U. S. N., Passed Assistant-Surgeon M. R. Pigott, U. S. N., and Pay Inspector R. W. Allen, U. S. N., have been ordered to duty on the *Olympia*.

On Wednesday, the first of John Bonner's course of "Word Pictures on Napoleonics" was given at the residence of Mrs. M. H. de Young, at 1919 California Street. The other readings will be as follows: "Napoleon the Third," on Wednesday, February 6th; "Napoleonic Women," on Wednesday, February 13th; "Three Fair Women," on Wednesday, February 20th—all at half-past three p. m. Tickets for sale at Sherman & Clay's.

Society people are gradually commencing to become interested in the great bicycle tournament that will be held in the Mechanics' Pavilion from February 18th to 22d, inclusive. Mr. Robert A. Irving, the manager, has secured entries from all over the country of the best cyclists obtainable, who will compete for the many valuable prizes that are offered. Up to the present time there have been many applications made for choice seats for the first night, and a fashionable audience may be expected.

The February issue of the *Traveler* is one of which its publishers may well be proud. The *Traveler* has always been a very handsome paper, copiously illustrated with excellent half-tone plates, printed in a manner to delight the eye, and full of good letter-press. But the colored half-tone frontispiece of the February issue is a distinct artistic achievement, and excels any work of the kind we have ever seen outside of New York.

The most important of recent sales of real estate in this city was that of the Ryer property, conducted by G. A. Umben & Co. Mr. Umben opened the sale with an excellent statement of the present values of real estate, and throughout the management of the sale was marked by a high order of ability. The prices obtained indicate a better feeling in the realty market that promises well for the future.

At Public Auction

On Thursday, February 14th, the Gump art-gallery will be offered at public auction without reserve. Here is the opportunity of a life-time to secure some original gems of modern oil paintings. It will be the last sale of paintings at auction held by Messrs. S. & G. Gump, as they propose to close out their art-gallery entirely.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Casimir-Périer's mother, a well-preserved lady of eighty years of age, takes a very active interest in French politics. She has been closely connected with the leading events in France for several generations, and her mind is stored with facts and incidents of great value to the historian. She disapproved of her son's resignation.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of London, can not retire into private life. Since the Empire affair she has been the most written about social reformer in England, and now her toy image is being sold about the streets. The toy consists of a bladder, with a woman's face, which, when blown out, flourishes a little red umbrella, shrieks and shakes its head, and finally collapses.

Lady Arthur Hill, the composer of the popular ballad, "In the Gloaming," whose husband is one of the Conservative whips, has composed an opera, "The Ferry Girl," with a libretto written by her sister-in-law, the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire. The family of these ladies belongs to the Irish peerage. The plot is Irish, and when the opera was brought out in Dublin lately it was at once successful.

Princess Edmond de Polignac, formerly the wife of Prince Seey-Montbelliard, and best known to her American countrymen by the name of Miss Winneretta Singer, is about to open a shop in Paris, not so much with the object of making money—she is enormously rich—as for the purpose of making Frenchwomen acquainted with all those little knickknacks of the household which one finds to such perfection in England and in the United States, but of which the Parisiennes know very little.

Miss Nellie M. Horton is the originator of the idea of combining pepsin with chewing gum, and she is reaping the profits of her ingenuity. Says the *Fourth Estate*:

"When the Beman Chemical Company was organized, Miss Horton was made assistant-secretary of the company. As the business grew from a very small beginning, in February, 1890, when pepsin gum was wholly unknown, to the present time, when its sales for the past year amounted to nearly one million dollars, the whole management of the business has been in her hands, and the success she has obtained is shown by the company's enormous sales. Miss Horton is but little more than twenty years of age. Keen and alert to the best interests of the company in which she is a stockholder, she exhibits an ability of which any business man would be proud."

Mme. Dreyfus, with the faith that women invariably display under similar circumstances, refuses for a moment to believe in her husband's guilt, and has expressed her intention to follow him to his place of exile. The French law, while conceding this privilege, appears to sanction a most arbitrary exercise of tyranny as regards other members of the family. Two brothers of Captain Dreyfus, residing at Mulhouse, have been ordered to withdraw their sons from the public school at Belfort, where they were being educated.

Mrs. Bloomer is dead, full of years and much respected, after a long and well-spent life. The *Bazar* says:

"The Bloomer costume was named after her not so much because she was its inventor and chief advocate as because she was the most distinguished of a number of women who adopted it and tried to make it popular. It would not go, and in time they all abandoned it, and it is likely that they all outlived any regret they might have felt that they could not carry out the radical reform in women's clothes that they had planned. Women nowadays wear without much compunction whatever costume seems to them fittest for the business they have in hand. They ride horses man-fashion in divided skirts, and some of them ride bicycles in knickerbockers without exciting much attention or any appreciable amount of comment. Doubtless they have more practical freedom in dress than they had thirty years ago, but as a rule they do not use it to the disparagement of the skirt. That still hangs on, and even the bicycle seems very unlikely to weaken its hold on women's waists and public favor."

The four daughters of the Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse, who were all brought up in the most straitened circumstances, have all made wealthy marriages. The youngest, Princess Alix, the bride of the Czar, has probably made the most brilliant match; but Princess Irene, the wife of Prince Henry of Prussia, and Princess Elizabeth, who married Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, have done well, even for princesses, while Prince Louis of Battenberg, the husband of Princess Victoria, is charming and handsome, and has an excellent fortune besides.

—THE LURLINE BATHS, ON THE CORNER OF Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. The water is heated to a pleasant temperature, so the pleasures of a plunge in salt water may be had in winter as well as in summer. The concerts by Casassa's band, which are given every evening, form a feature that is fully appreciated, and many who do not desire to bathe come to hear the music; the concert continuing from 8 to 10 p. m.

—MAN KNOW THYSELF. SEND TEN LINES OF handwriting, with fee of fifty cents, to "Chiro," this office, and receive full written delineation of character and vocation.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The forty-first Saturday Popular Concert was held in Golden Gate Hall last Saturday afternoon, and was very interesting. The programme was as follows:

String quartet, op. 96, (1) allegro ma non troppo, (2) lento, (3) molto vivace, (4) vivace ma non troppo (first time), Dvorak, the Saturday Popular Quartet; "In Native Worth" (from "The Creation"), Haydn, Mr. Algernon Aspland; piano soli, (a) allegro, Scarlatti, (b) intermezzo, Brahms, (c) tarantella, Chopin, Miss Ina Griffin; song, "Love's Temple," Hope Temple, Mr. Algernon Aspland; quartet for piano and strings, op. 38, (1) allegro non troppo, (2) adagio, (3) minuetto, (4) allegro, Rheinberger, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel, Jaulus, and Heine.

The Philharmonic Society will give its second concert of the sixteenth season next Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. Mr. Theodore Vogt will act as director and the vocalist will be Miss Adler. Mendelssohn's symphony No. 4 in A will be the feature of the programme.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, who will leave for London on February 18th, will give a concert next Tuesday evening. She will present an excellent programme with the assistance of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Mr. Albert Keessing, and the Plymouth Quartet.

DCCXLIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 3, 1895.

Clear Soup.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Veal Croquettes. Green Peas.
Stuffed Potatoes. Cauliflower au Gratin.
Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Banana Ice-Cream. Gâteau Madeline à l'Orange.
Coffee.

GATEAU MADELAINE A L'ORANGE.—Put in a bowl half a pound of powdered sugar, the same of flour, four eggs, the grated peel of an orange, beat well together. Put half a pound of butter near the fire, so as to make it soft without melting it quite liquid, and add it to your other ingredients. Butter ten little tin molds, fill them three-quarters full with the mixture, and set them in a gentle oven for about twenty minutes, or until thoroughly done, which you can tell by passing the point of a knife through one, and if it comes out dry, your cake is sufficiently baked. Instead of the orange-peel, you may flavor with vanilla, adding some currants and citron cut in very small pieces.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Astronomy"—discussing Mars, his continents, oceans, and canals, his atmosphere and snow-caps—at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium on Mason and Ellis Streets, next Saturday evening, February 9th. Tickets will cost fifty cents, the proceeds going to the lecture fund of the Hawthorne Society, under whose auspices the lecture is given.

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He—"I saw several persons take off their hats in the theatre this evening." She—"Of the gentler sex?" He—"Yes; they were meo."—*New York Sun.*

Old Mr. Goodfello—"Little boy, can you tell me the way to the ferry?" Gamin—"Yassir; jus' follow the street along where you hear the teamsters usin' the wust laogwidge."—*Bazar.*

Mrs. Youngsport—"What a fine delivery the new minister has!" Mr. Youngsport—"Yes, he ought to have. He was crack pitcher in the university ball team for three years."—*Truth.*

Mr. Lunnon—"They say—aw—that is this country—aw—an Englishmao cao marry aoy—aw—girl he pleases." Miss Knickerbocker—"Right you are. But the trouble is to please."—*Judge.*

"I want to introduce you to Mrs. Belladonna. She is one of the 'New Women,' you know." "Ah! Which kiod—the womao with a past or the ooe with a future?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"In de case ob de trusted employee," said Uncle Ebco, "you kain't allus jedge by appearances. But yoh is sometimes 'bliged ter fohm bery positive coo-clusions by disappearances."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Enpec—"I cao't understand how a man cao love a woman who has a physical deformity. Cao you?" Enpec—"Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't thiok less of a womao who was toogue-tied."—*Bulletin.*

"What are you writiog, Hawley?" "A story. I'm going in for fiction." "Really? For a maga-zioe?" "No; for my tailor. He waots his mooe, and I'm telliog him I'll send him a check next week."—*Bazar.*

Nurse (to doctor, who has just been called in)—"It appears to be a very complicated case, doctor. Cao you make aoythiog out of it?" Doctor—"Well, between you and me, I thiok I can make a couple of hundred out of it."—*Puck.*

Burglar—"There goes a detective. Pick his pocket and briog me his koife." Pickpocket—"Wot d'yeh waot his koife fer?" Burglar—"The oex' time I'm attacked, I'll defeod myself with it, ao' then leave it behiod fer him to fiid when he's huntio' fer clews."—*New York Weekly.*

The Esquimaux housewife was shouting up the back-stars. "Mary!" she cried; "it's time you were getting breakfast." The hired girl soorted petulantly. "You make me weary!" she ex-claimed; "calliog me before February every mornio'." Such is life io 86 degrees, 35 mioutes oorth latitude.—*Puck.*

"Well," said Miss Roodo, as she opeoed a package which the postman had just brought her, "I was sure I couldn't sell that poem. Here it is back agoa for the fourth time." "What made you so sure?" "Well, I tied it with a purple ribbon, because I hadn't a blue ooe haody, and purple is my unlucky color."—*Puck.*

Flyer—"Frogs' legs briog a good price io mar- ket, doo't they?" Friend—"I believe so." Flyer—"Theo I suppose mooe might be made io raising frogs?" Friend—"Possibly; but why do you ask?" Flyer—"Oh, nothing; ooly some time ago I bought a corner lot in Boom City, and I've just been out to see it."—*New York Weekly.*

"Dinny," said Mr. Dolan, "phwat do yez mane to do woid all yer schoolio' after yez get to be a moo?" "I'd like to be a congressmao," replied the youogster. "Well, bear in moiod phwat Oi tell yez. Goio' to Coogress ao' wurrukio'g success-ful oo a job av bricklayio' ginerally depioids oo wan t'ing; ao' that's moiodio' the boss."—*Washington Star.*

Irate landlady—"I want you to take back that folding-bed you sold me, and I want my mooe, y back. Ooe of my boarders smothered to death io it, and he owed me a week's board." Furniture dealer—"Madam, you have oo busioess seose. If you were io the habit of making your boarders pay a mooth io advance you would have beeo away ahead."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Little brother (io awful whisper)—"Say, pop, I just peeped io the parlor, and sister Mary was sittio' on the music-stool before the piaao, and her young mao was kneellog dowa in froot of her and holdiog her haods." Father—"By jingo's! I al-ways did say that was a sensible youog man, mother. I guess he doo't like to hear her play the piaao aoy'more thao I do."—*Puck.*

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The extraordinary set of Democratic "statesmen" whom Divine Providence, for inscrutable reasons, permitted to be placed in power in the United States, seem to be rapidly winding up their feet in their own lariat.

Mr. Cleveland, Secretary Carlisle, and the Democratic Cuckoo Congress are at their wits' end. They know not which way to turn. Unfortunately for them, the country sees their predicament, and is watching them with mingled feelings of anger and alarm. Their record in two years' time may be summed up thus: They repealed the pur-

chasing clause of the Sherman silver act; they repealed a tariff law which paid the country's running expenses; they precipitated a wild financial panic upon the country—the worst for twenty years; they have reduced the gold reserve in the Treasury from one hundred millions to forty millions; they are allowing the free gold to leave the country in giant streams; their new-fangled tariff does not pay the ordinary running expenses of the government; they have twice been forced to issue bonds and borrow money in Europe to maintain the shrinking gold reserve and to pay the government's bills; their mixture of blindness and folly has aroused the distrust of European financiers and excited the alarm of the American people. If this Democratic carnival of folly is not stopped, a financial panic is impending which will be worse than that of 1893.

What was the financial condition of the United States in 1892, when Mr. Cleveland's administration came into power? The entire interest-bearing debt of the country at that time was \$585,000,000. In 1879, the interest-bearing debt was \$1,797,000,000. Under successive Republican administrations it had been steadily decreased, year after year. Between 1879 and 1892 two-thirds of the interest-bearing debt of the United States had been redeemed. This is a recapitulation of what was done when the Republicans were in power.

What has been done since the Democrats came into power—since they came into entire possession of the various branches of the government? In one year, Mr. Cleveland's administration has increased the interest-bearing public debt by over one hundred millions of dollars, or about seventeen per cent., and the President and Mr. Carlisle are now on the point of increasing the public debt five hundred millions more. In his message of last week to Congress, Mr. Cleveland recommends that the five hundred millions of outstanding legal-tender notes be retired and canceled by the sale of an equal amount of fifty-year three-per-cent. bonds, payable in gold, principal and interest, and receivable at the Treasury as security at their par value for national bank circulation. This proposition of Mr. Cleveland's means that the country shall add to its present annual deficit fifteen millions more, to be paid in interest every year for fifty years. And for what? In order that the national banks shall get seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars for supplying us with five hundred millions of dollars of paper money which we now get for nothing.

This is a plain, simple, and uncolored statement of the monstrous proposition that Cleveland has submitted to the country. But he has not even submitted it to the country—he has gone on in his stubborn course, and by what is, if not illegal, at least a perversion of law, he has made two bond issues. But borrowing a hundred millions to meet the Treasury shortage caused by Democratic incompetency, and borrowing five hundred millions to retire the non-interest-bearing greenback in favor of interest-bearing bonds held by European financiers, Mr. Cleveland will find to be two very different things. The retirement of the legal-tender notes, or greenbacks, has been tried before. And it has always failed.

The first time the retirement of the greenbacks was attempted was immediately after the war. The cry "The greenbacks must go!" was raised. Congress, believing that such was the popular demand, passed a law providing for their retirement at the rate of four millions a month. But there was a popular outcry, and the process of retirement was stopped, almost as soon as it had begun, by an almost unanimous vote of Congress. Again, some ten or twelve years after the war, the retirement of the greenbacks was ordered by the Resumption Act, and again it was stopped. Since the act of February, 1878, no administration has had the hardihood to attempt to retire the greenbacks. It is a vast, non-interest-bearing loan to the government held by the people. And it is this non-interest-bearing loan held by the people which Grover Cleveland wishes to retire in favor of an interest-bearing loan held by foreign and domestic usurers.

It would almost seem as if President Cleveland, Secretary

Carlisle, and the Democratic leaders in Congress were ignorant of the most rudimentary laws of finance. Mr. Wilson, the author of the remarkable tariff law which has more to do with the present Democratic troubles than they are willing to admit, arose in the House the other day to defend the administration, and particularly the distressed Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Carlisle. "I arise," said Mr. Wilson, "to dispel the prevalent idea that there is distress so far as the revenue of the government is concerned." Amid scornful laughter from all over the House, Mr. Wilson then went on with the utmost solemnity to assert that the Treasury was well provided with funds, and made this astonishing remark: "Even now, we are steadily moving to a surplus." When asked by Mr. Dingley, of Maine, if the government deficit from September 1, 1894, to January 19, 1895, was not forty-five millions of dollars, Mr. Wilson at once replied that "if it was, it was not the fault of the new tariff bill." When asked if last year's government receipts had not fallen short of the expenditures by at least seventy millions of dollars, Mr. Wilson replied that the deficit was "apparent rather than real," as there had been, to use his own words, "an addition to the available cash from the sale of bonds." The Cleveland administration horrified altogether one hundred and sixteen millions of dollars last year and this year, and hence, according to Mr. Wilson, "the available cash in the Treasury, aside from the gold reserve, is more than eighty millions of dollars."

These are the remarks of the Hon. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means and author of the Democratic Sugar-Trust Tariff Bill. These are the remarks of one of Cleveland's favorite henchmen, one who is looked upon as the spokesman of the administration. And this West Virginia pedagogue thinks that "cash from the sale of bonds" can be classed as a government receipt legitimately offsetting a deficiency. This is the man whom the Democracy allowed to draw up a tariff bill regulating the commerce of a great nation. This is the man to whom President Cleveland addresses letters on legislation, to be read on the floor of the American Congress. This is the man who believes that when you owe seventy millions of dollars for current bills, borrowing one hundred millions more puts you out of debt!

In view of the extraordinary ideas that apparently prevail in the Democratic administration and among the Democratic leaders, we suggest to that party that they abandon the complicated method of raising revenue by tariffs. Raising it by bonds, according to the plan of President Cleveland, Secretary Carlisle, and Mr. Wilson, is much simpler. And while they are about it, the Democracy might as well change their party slogan. Instead of "Tariff for revenue only," make it "Revenue only from bonds."

The discourse delivered before the Gridiron Club of Washington, on January 20th, by Dr. Rooker, secretary of Mgr. Satolli, speaking in the name and in the words of his master, is very remarkable indeed, and is calculated to strengthen the notion that, after his arrival here, Ahlegate Satolli changed his views so as to make them accord with the reactionary policy of the Propaganda. When Mgr. Satolli landed in this country as the personal representative of the Pope, the Irish priesthood soon ascertained that he belonged to the advanced wing of the church, and that his instincts were liberal, which was revolting to prelates of the Corrigan stamp. They protested to the Propaganda about his views on the public schools. The protest reached the Vatican just at a time when the reactionary wave was in full sweep, and the ahlegate was cautioned. The Italian prelate meekly accepted the rebuke, and reversed his policy, taking his Catholicism from the lips of Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop McQuaid.

Once in a way the old spirit breaks forth, and one of the occasions was when he spoke to the Gridiron Club. His address is a recognition of the power of the press, and might have been delivered by Charles A. Dana. He describes the newspaper press as the lungs of society and the conscience of the people. He says that the mass of the

people think, speak, and act under the influence of impressions received from the daily papers. He declares that the conductors of the press merit the good will and esteem of the people, and consecrate their lives to high and noble work, to the enlightenment and betterment of mankind, winning thereby a reward richer than the mere accumulation of wealth, in the consciousness that they are factors in the onward progress of humanity.

We do not entirely agree with Mgr. Satolli in his high estimate of the American press, as our readers know, but as we doubtless differ with him on many other points, we will let that pass. But how does Mgr. Satolli's impassioned eulogy of the press compare with the encyclical of last month, or with the dealings of the Bishops of Cincinnati and Montreal? In the encyclical the Pope distinctly says that newspapers are not to criticise bishops of the church, and in Ohio and Quebec bishops gave practical vitality to the rescript by crushing out Roman Catholic newspapers which commented critically upon their acts. It is evident that Ahlegate Satolli is at issue, on this important question of the press, with the head of his church and with the bishops who, under his appointment, administer dioceses. Which of the two speaks for the church? Which professes the true faith?

The conflict of opinion is a fresh illustration of the divided councils which prevail in the church, and to which attention was drawn in the last number of this journal. The two factions in the Roman Catholic community—the faction which holds that the church ought to be brought into touch with modern thought and the faction which insists that it shall adhere to mediæval doctrine—are drawing wider and wider apart. The leading minds in the church are disgusted with the miracle impostures at Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and demand that Roman Catholicism shall not continue to be the only faith which shuts its eyes to the march of science; but the great body of communicants, being ignorant and deficient in reasoning power, are easily persuaded by priests as ignorant as themselves to oppose any innovation as a menace to religion. Between these two factions an irrepressible conflict impends.

The faction which may be called the reforming faction, and the faction which represents reactionary ideas, are exhibited in sharp contrast in certain countries in Europe. Rome, Vienna, and Paris are all practically Roman Catholic cities; but they sustain a bold, free, liberal, intelligent press, such as Mgr. Satolli extols. On the other hand, the rural parts of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Ireland are inhabited by Roman Catholics of the Corrigan pattern, who believe that the command of a bishop is the word of God, not on any account to be questioned by secular authority. These regions, when they support newspapers at all, affect ignorant, narrow-minded journals, such as might have been published under Leo the Tenth, if there had been any newspapers in his time, or any expression of public opinion except Pasquinades. A single glance at the newspapers in a Roman Catholic town reveals the quality of the people, and shows which faction they belong to.

When Ablegate Satolli penned his address to the Gridiron Club, he may have reflected, with pain and sorrow, that if his church had been—as the Pope says it is—the same old church which flourished in the days of Hildebrand and Fighting Julius, he could not have uttered that address with impunity. For uttering sentiments less liberal than his, Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Company of Jesuits, was repeatedly imprisoned by the Holy Inquisition, was forbidden to preach or speak on religious themes, and might have perished in a dungeon but for the common sense of Pius the Third. The monsigneur may have remembered, for he is a man of learning, that the chief victims of the Spanish Inquisition were as good Roman Catholics as the inquisitors themselves. They differed from the members of the holy office on minor points of doctrine and conduct, just as Bishop McQuaid and Archbishop Ireland have now differed. The greatest man in the church in those days, next to the Pope, was the Archbishop of Toledo, who was almost always a cardinal; yet one of the archbishops languished for ten years in the dungeon of the Inquisition in his own town.

If the church has been, as the Pope says it is, the same old church which flourished in the Middle Ages, Archbishop Corrigan would long ago have locked up Father Ducey in a cell in an ecclesiastical jail.

The crowd which assembled at Metropolitan Hall last Sunday to hear the Rev. Mr. Haweis discourse on marriage shows that the subject lies close to many minds. It looks as though we were in a transition period, between the old times when the aim of every well-trained girl was to capture a husband, and the new era, when a substantial proportion of marriageable women hold, with Mona Caird, that marriage is a failure. The end-of-the-century girls are divided into two classes: girls who complain that man is a skulking creature, who, from habits of luxury and selfishness contracted at clubs, exhibits a distinct and disastrous weakening

of the matrimonial impulse; and girls who abjure marriage, on the ground that they will never mate until they find a man of honor with no horrid past. Members of both classes do marry, but not so often as they did, and the decline in the marriage rate in the "upper circles" is a social phenomenon which must be reckoned with.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said that the only thing which reconciled her to being a woman was that she could never marry one. All literature, from Horace to Zola, has taken delight in pointing out the weakness, and the frivolity, and the falseness of women; he who wants to remain unmarried can justify his celibacy with a hundred texts.

On the other hand, the modern psychological school of female novelists abounds in such venomous denunciation of men that it is no wonder girls are growing to eschew them. According to these writers, man is a vile, degraded being, enfeebled, as a rule, both in mind and body, a creature whom no decent-minded girl should love. Mrs. Sarah Grand says that the gentleman of the day is a common creature with no ideals, deficient in breadth and depth, and uniformly vicious.

There is no question that the women's literature of the day, which is so queer that the father of a family has to ask his daughters whether a book is fit for his perusal before he opens it, is calculated to plant in girls' minds notions which are antagonistic to marriage. The self-reliance which results from the enlargement of woman's sphere of activity is accompanied by a proud negation of the old-fashioned theory of female dependence, which was one of the most attractive traits in the female character. The girl of the period, when she marries, says that she wants to lead her own life, which means practically that she wants to be absolutely free from marital restraint. But the man, when he marries, has to surrender his own habits and to keep shady about many of his opinions; the girl refuses to yield that which the force of circumstances compels him to yield without discussion.

In all this argument, no place has been left for love. Yet there are people of both sexes who do love to-day, though the passion is not so overpoweringly irresistible as it used to be. Old men of the present period are amused to observe the lukewarmness with which their sons prosecute their love affairs; and as to a girl eloping, in the present age of reason, such a thing is never heard of. The youthful heart is undergoing a refrigerating process which preserves the tissues at the cost of the pulse. It is, perhaps, for the best. Society would probably flourish if marriages were regulated as they were in Sparta by the ephors; but life would lose a fragrance which has been grateful to the senses. In the days of our fathers, love delighted not in self-assertion, but in self-surrender. Now, the struggle between the two is as to which shall give up the least to the other. Engaged couples are frequently like greedy Jewish traders, who, when they make a bargain, always try to get ahead of each other. Such a frame of mind is not conducive to the growth of matrimony.

What, then, shall we expect in the future? Is marriage going to die out? That is for ladies to consider. It concerns them far more than it concerns men. There have been periods when men have dispensed with wives almost altogether. According to the Rev. George Borrowe, the wedding-fees were so high in Wales, thirty years ago, that hardly any girls in the peasant class got married; when Sidney Godolphin Osborne took a parish in a southern shire in England, he could only revive the institution of marriage by presenting each newly married couple with a piece of money. In France, at the present day, girls rarely marry unless they have a dowry. In this country, the custom of equipping girls with dowries has never taken root. This is unfortunate—for the girls. It may have something to do with the decline of matrimony.

Social revolutions move in a circle. If the philosophy of Mona Caird and Sarah Grand is to prevail, marriage will gradually decay, and, after a period of disorder and irregular associations between the sexes, the Oriental system of polygamy, which is far older and has lasted longer than our monogamous system, will probably succeed. Such has been the history of the decline of monogamous marriage in other lands and other times.

For many years, San Francisco has been sitting weeping by her Golden Gate. But she has not been a tragic figure, like Niobe all tears. Rather has she presented the spectacle of a lachrymose middle-aged "widow woman" of the lower orders, bathed in tears and gin.

The reason San Francisco did not present an heroic figure was because she was not weeping over her psychical ills, but her material ones; she was not lamenting the decay of art and letters within her precincts, but the decay of trade; she did not wail over her undisputed preëminence in murder, but she wept because she did not have a competing railroad. San Francisco's noisy sorrow was like that of the clamorous mendicants who clog the doorways of Italian churches; between her tear-dimmed eyelids she shot sharp glances ever and anon, watching to see if, perchance, some passing cap-

italist would not give her the railroad she so much desired. But her beggary was bootless—she has been forced to wipe the sham tears from her face, stop her sniveling, and begin building her railroad herself. It is time that she did so. When other cities considered the few millions that such an enterprise required, and contrasted it with the dreadful clamor that San Francisco was making about its need, they began to think that this city was nothing but a Cave of the Winds—that it was inhabited entirely by windy persons, such as newspaper editors and stump-speakers, and that we had here no money and no men.

But San Francisco has apparently recovered from her folly, and is now going to work to raise the money and build the railroad herself—which is what she should have done years ago. Her citizens in past years have poured into the pockets of swindling stock speculators enough money to build a railroad from here to New York and back again. However, that is neither here nor there. Under the leadership of Claus Spreckels, San Francisco is subscribing liberally for the San Joaquin Valley Railroad. She has rolled up the sum of nearly two millions of dollars in two weeks.

Two striking facts are noticeable about this subscription list. One is the large number of voluntary subscriptions which have been made, without solicitation by the committee. Another is that the women are evidently taking a deep interest in the project. Looking over the list, we note these names: Mrs. Annie Donahue, Mrs. Augusta K. Gibbs, Mrs. Alice Phelan Sullivan, Miss Mary J. Phelan, Miss Maria Wagner, Donna W. H. Dominguez, Miss Frances J. Murphy, Miss May M. I. Murphy, Mrs. G. W. Bowers, Mrs. Ellen M. Colton, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mrs. Emma L. Durbrow, Mrs. Antoinette Fowler, Mrs. S. P. Dinkelspiel, Mrs. Fanny Lent, Mrs. Frances E. Lent, Mrs. E. L. Mangels, Miss Agnes Mangels, and Mrs. L. Greenewald. These ladies have thus shown in the most convincing manner—by their money—the faith that is in them. Let those faint-hearted men who are hanging back look at these stout-hearted ladies and take courage.

An innovation that is destined to have important results has been introduced into one of the public schools of New York. Upon the suggestion of Lafayette Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, the boys attending this school were organized into military companies and trained in the manual of arms. The post urges that the same plan should be adopted in the public schools throughout the country, and the idea is one that should recommend itself to the judgment of the people, both for its effect upon the students and upon the community at large. The military training is one that develops both the physical and the moral constitution; the general familiarity with military drill insures a large potential army that could be effectively thrown into the field on the shortest possible notice.

The scheme of Lafayette Post is both new and not new; in its essential principle it has been practiced throughout Continental Europe for many years; in its application it is distinctly an innovation. When the foundations of the military power of Prussia were being laid, the army was limited in numbers by the neighboring German states, who were both jealous and fearful of the rising power of Prussia. It was then that the short term of military service, with frequent rotation in the personnel of the army, was adopted. The result was that the whole male population capable of bearing arms received a military training, and was able to take the field upon a moment's notice. This plan, improved and perfected, has made formidable the military organization of Germany, and made possible the victories over Austria and France, which were won with such comparative ease as to seem like triumphal marches. The perfection of the system has enforced its adoption upon the other European countries, until now Europe resembles a vast military camp.

The military systems of Europe are peculiarly suited to the peoples and governments of Europe. But the extreme paternalism of the governments, regulating and controlling what in this country are considered the private intercourse of the citizen, would be extremely repugnant in the United States. The military system that approaches perfection there would be impossible here. The enforced military service severs for the time all social ties, and withdraws from commercial activity the male population at the very time of life when that activity would be most effective. The enormous expense of the military organization is supplemented by this loss of production in sapping the vitality of the nation.

The plan proposed by Lafayette Post avoids all these dangers while securing the advantages of universal military training. Production is not decreased, because the military instruction is given to youths before they enter the ranks of the producers; social ties are not broken; in fact, the discipline of the ordinary school instruction and the discipline of the home supplement that of the military training, and each

renders the other more effective; the expense of maintenance would be reduced to a minimum, for after the first outlay there would be practically nothing to pay out.

The effect upon the students could not but be beneficial. The drill offers a physical training that is desirable. The moral effect would be even more desirable. The habits of obedience to orders, of strict discipline, of self-control and respect for authority, are all developed to the highest degree by military training. The turbulence in our social and industrial systems, fostered and directed by foreigners who have left their native countries before being subjected to this training, would cease, for their children would learn in the public schools those virtues in which their parents are deficient. They would learn how essential to prosperity are social order and obedience to constituted authority; they would learn the first duty of a citizen under a popular government—the habit of self-control.

Upon the country itself the beneficial effect of the general adoption of this system would be incalculable. Not only would the pupils of the public schools grow up to be better and more useful citizens, but they would form a force for defense against foreign aggressions that would be irresistible. There are enrolled in the public schools of this country thirteen and one-half millions of pupils (13,484,572). Of these more than one-half are boys, and of the boys about one-third are of an age suitable for such training. There would thus be a force of two and a quarter millions continually in training. This force would be changed in part every year, but, after the system was once fairly in operation, each pupil would receive about three years of military training, and the whole force would be renewed every three years. The total enrollment of the State militia throughout the country is slightly in excess of one hundred thousand (102,598); the public schools would turn out each year a force equal to three-quarters of this total enrollment, and one which, because of greater regularity in attendance, would be at least as thoroughly drilled. Every six years a potential army would be turned out equal in numbers to the standing army of any European country except Russia. And at the end of twelve years, there would be a trained body of soldiery in the prime of life greater in numbers than the combined standing armies of Great Britain, Italy, and Austria, and just about equal to the standing armies of the Triple Alliance. With such a force, the United States would be absolutely invulnerable.

The "woman suffrage" question, which crops up biennially in California, has this year been brought before the legislature now in session with more vigor than usual. A number of the leading "woman suffragists" of California have repaired to the State capital, and have been using their persuasive powers to induce the legislators to vote for giving them the ballot. It has been vigorously urged by such able advocates as Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon, Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn, and others. As we write, the matter has not yet come to a vote, but it looks as if it would be decided adversely to the ladies. To our thinking, there is an unanswerable objection to giving the ballot to women. The duties of citizenship are not confined to the casting of votes. There are other duties fully as important. One of these is the hearing of arms. Behind every penalty there should be a law; behind every law there should be a ballot; behind every ballot there should be a man. All governments are based primarily upon force. A law without a penalty would be a mockery. Those who make the laws must be prepared to enforce them—with their bodies, if necessary. As we write, the law has been persistently violated in the city of Brooklyn for some weeks. As a result, the voters who make the laws have been called out in their capacity of citizen soldiers to enforce the laws. In a republic like ours, every citizen is subject to such duties when the contingency arises. The maintenance of the laws can only be insured, in the last resort, by physical force. Women are not the physical equals of men. Therefore, in a republic, they are not the equals of men. Until they can assume all the duties of a citizen, those of enforcing as well as making laws, they can not logically claim the right to cast ballots in making laws which they are physiologically unable to enforce.

Our new governor, James H. Budd, seems to be panning out pretty well. The *Argonaut* did not support him, because he was a Democrat. But we did not oppose him, and no one can accuse us of having supported Mr. Estee very vigorously. Therefore, it was by no means a shock to us when Mr. Budd was elected, and we resolved to hear up under the incumbency of a Democratic governor with Christian resignation.

But Governor Budd has surprised us. He really seems to believe that his prelection pledges are to be carried out. He seems to be trying to carry them out. He is pruning down in every direction. He seems to be endeavoring to head off steals and grahs wherever they exist. The curi-

ous spectacle was presented in San Francisco, the other morning, of the governor of the State being rowed around under the wharves in a small boat, chipping pieces with a hatchet from the concrete foundations of the building to be erected by the State Harbor Commissioners. The governor had an expert with him, and briefly declined the proffered company of the Harbor Commissioners. Those discomfited gentlemen stood like storks around on the wharves, while their executive chief was at work with his hatchet below. Governor Budd is going to have the samples of concrete tested. In order to have no "funny business" with the samples, he chopped them out himself. The governor is like the veteran mining expert, who always goes down into the mine, digs out his own ore samples, and generally sleeps with them to be certain that they are not tampered with. Even then, sometimes, the honest miner will blow gold-dust through quills into the ore-sacks of the expert, while that gentleman is sleeping soundly upon the sacks aforesaid.

The concrete piers may be all right, and they may not. But whether they are or not, Governor Budd is going to find out. We admire his direct methods. He is making a good beginning to his administration. Let us hope that he will so conduct it that the Republicans will never have occasion to regret that they did not contest his election.

Apropos of that, there is a sharp contrast between the conduct of the Republicans in California and the conduct of the Democrats in Tennessee. In the latter State, Mr. Henry Clay Evans, a Republican, was elected governor by the Republican tidal wave that swept over the entire country last November. But the Democrats, who hold the registering and returning machinery in their hands, have refused to permit him to take his seat. Their plea is a bald fraud—that some of the men who voted for him had not paid their poll-tax. But twenty-one Democratic members of the legislature were elected in the same districts where the Democrats claim that these poll-tax irregularities occurred. Yet no objection has been made to them. These very legislators have elected Harris to the United States Senate.

This is low and contemptible politics. How much more honorable was the course of the Republicans of California in allowing Budd to take his seat. Everybody in California believed that he was honestly elected. Everybody in Tennessee believes that Henry Clay Evans was honestly elected governor of that State. If the Tennessee Democrats persist in refusing to let him take his seat, we hope that the next Congress, which will be overwhelmingly Republican, will refuse to admit from Tennessee senators and representatives who do not bear on their certificates the name of Henry Clay Evans, Governor of Tennessee.

The *Argonaut* remarked last week that the following facts were most peculiar: That Mr. Adolph Sutro had been the most heated opponent of the Southern Pacific Railroad in the State of California; that he had repeatedly denounced the "octopus" in public speeches and in the press; that he was the owner of one-tenth of the land in the City and County of San Francisco; that the construction of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad would add largely to the value of real estate in San Francisco; that hence it would add largely to the value of the real estate owned by Mr. Sutro; that the Scriptural phrase, "by their fruits ye shall know them," ought to apply to Mr. Sutro, even if it is in the New Testament, and not in his; that Mr. Sutro is a millionaire; that Mr. Claus Spreckels, who is also a millionaire, has put up five hundred thousand dollars; that if Mr. Sutro knew there was a subscription for an opposition road under way, he had made no sign; that in view of Mr. Sutro's loudly mouthed opposition to the Southern Pacific, he had better put up or shut up. Considering all these facts, and Mr. Sutro's silence, we came to the conclusion that our anti-railroad Sutro was only stuffed.

But we are informed that we were misinformed. We are told that Mr. Sutro is now wavering between half a million and a million. We are assured that he intends to see Mr. Spreckels's half-million, and go him one better, making a round million. We are glad to hear this. San Francisco would not be satisfied with anything less from Mr. Sutro, considering his well-known generosity. Every one is familiar with the fact that he has purchased a magnificent job-lot library, and adorned the rocks of Sutro Heights with beautiful pieces of cement statuary, all of which he has presented to Mr. Sutro. Knowing these facts, San Francisco expects much from him. Knowing his almost princely liberality, she has the right to expect much. Therefore, when Mr. Spreckels has been made to blush for shame by the size of the Sutro subscription to the competing railroad, San Francisco will cease to believe that our Sutro is only stuffed.

But not before.

By the news from Hawaii, it seems that the moribund monarchy has at last yielded up the ghost. The native re-

volt of some weeks ago has been crushed by the authorities; the leaders of the insurrection have been imprisoned and are now undergoing trial by court-martial; and Liliuokalani has "abdicated" her shadowy throne. At her residence there was found a large quantity of rifles, pistols, swords, and dynamite bombs. On this discovery, the government officials at once arrested her, and her abdication followed. This is the end of the "royal line" of Kamehameha, the "Kanaka Napoleon." There are a number of British subjects under arrest, as well as some American citizens, for complicity in the recent conspiracy. These persons are now appealing to the ministers of their respective countries for protection. They deserve none. It is the duty of this country to protect its citizens when they are unjustly treated in foreign countries. But when they mix themselves up in the domestic broils of foreign governments with which this country is at peace, they are entitled to no shelter under the protecting folds of the American flag.

Among the many strange stories which are coming from the ends of the earth since some hundreds of human beings went down in the North German Lloyd liner *Elbe*, not the least strange is the fate of a young couple who belonged in San Francisco. A number of years ago, a German gentleman took to himself an American wife in this city, and died not long ago, leaving to his widow a daughter. He also left the information that he was of a noble German family, and that his daughter was justly named and titled Baroness von Barnekow; that by following a certain indicated procedure, she could obtain her title and enter into the possession of her estates in Germany. Some months ago, the daughter married a young man named J. M. Brunson, who was captain of a troop of cavalry. They left here for Germany last autumn, intending to do what they could toward obtaining the young bride's title and estates. Letters have come from them to their friends so recently that it was with a shock that their relatives read in the published list of names of those lost on the *Elbe*: "J. M. Brunson, Ida Brunson." They were not expected to return so soon, so, hoping against hope, the relatives refused to believe that their loved ones were lost. They cabled the European agents of the North German Lloyd Company, but obtained no further information than was given by these two names upon the passenger list. To confirm their belief that the young couple were not lost, there came a dispatch from William Rodman, editor of the *New Haven Register*, which stated that the couple drowned upon the *Elbe* were J. M. Brunson and his sister Ida, of Bridgeport, Conn.

It is certainly a curious coincidence that two young people, a man and a woman, of exactly the same name and same initials, should have been presumably traveling toward America at the same time as this young couple from San Francisco. But although the Bridgeport dispatch was apparently sent in good faith, the friends and relatives still remained uncertain. To clear up all doubt, the cavalry troop of which young Brunson had been commander determined to settle the matter by cabling to Emperor William of Germany. This most unusual procedure they carried out, and sent the following dispatch:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 3, 1895.

KAISER WILLIAM OF GERMANY: Were Captain J. M. Brunson and wife (Baroness von Barnekow) on the steamer *Elbe*?

LIEUTENANT J. L. WALLER.

All of this story is odd, and not the least odd thing about it is that this dispatch was answered. It is not probable that Emperor William's personal suite are in the habit of paying attention to telegrams of any kind from strangers, particularly when it would involve looking up names in a list of drowned in whom they took no interest. But in this case it was done. Whether the dispatch fell under the emperor's eye—whether the military titles attracted his attention—whether he never saw it, and the answer through the Foreign Office was merely the act of some kindly court official—all of these things can only be guessed at. Suffice it to say that an answer came the second day after the dispatch was sent, reading, as translated, thus:

BERLIN, February 5, 1895.

LIEUTENANT WALLER, San Francisco: J. M. Brunson, twenty-three years old, Ida Brunson, eighteen years old, both of San Francisco, sailed on the steamer *Elbe*; both were lost.

FOREIGN OFFICE.

Who, familiar with European formalism, would ever have imagined that an answer would come to the cablegram of the young comrades of the lost trooper, addressed simply "Emperor William of Germany"? But an answer came. It was a kindly act, whoever inspired it. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." And a kaiser, a king, or a courtier is but a man after all, and no man could fail to be moved by the story of this pair of lovers whose life has been so short—this young trooper who fared forth lightly-hearted over lands and oceans to win a fortune and a title for his girlish bride—this boy and girl, whose dreams of fame and fortune, of love and war, lie buried fathoms deep beneath the icy waters of the storm-swept German Sea.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP.

A Tale of the Sargasso Sea.

I always had trouble with the compasses in the *Sarah Jane* (said the skipper). I could never find out what was the matter with the old drain-pipe, and no one else could. My private opinion is that if she'd been swung for adjustment every morning at eight bells you would have found her from three to six points out before the afternoon watch was over. I can tell you it's no joke snorting along for three thousand miles, not knowing whether you are to allow two and a quarter or ten and a quarter. It was all right in fine weather, when I could sight a star and get my bearings that way; but in thick weather, you may guess, it used to make my flesh creep when we were getting into soundings, or ought to be, and I couldn't for the life of me say exactly where we were.

Anyhow, we cleared at San José all right, and the old hooker got her blunt nose laying her course as near as I could guess, with an allowance for the usual extra deviation. We were running fairly light, very different from the trip out, when I thought those beastly rails would drag her bottom out at every lift of the sea. If it hadn't been for the compass, we should have been as fit as a fiddle.

I gave orders to regulate the binnacle card by the standard which was half-way up the mizen-mast, thinking that that was the most trustworthy compass we had aboard, and even then I tried to get an average of deviation for every day from observations. But, as it happened, we made more easting than we should have done, and gradually worked south of our true course.

Still we should have fetched our proper course in the end if it hadn't been that, ten days out, we got into a regular snorter of a gale, west-nor-west, with a sea running up that would have swamped us if we had been on the trip out. I'm not the skipper of a big ocean liner, so I didn't let her take her own position, head to sea, and ride it out. The old *Sarah Jane* hadn't enough flare and rise forward for that, and I didn't want to have her decks swept at every sea. So I just ran for it, working through the smother like a locomotive, and even then getting some nasty ones over the taffrail that nearly pooped her.

To cut this part of my yarn short, we drove before the sea for two days and nights, and the third day, though the teeth of the gale seemed to be drawn, it suddenly came on as black as pitch after noon, and kept so right up to night-fall. We could do nothing but snort through it for all we were worth; and you may guess my feelings, with engines at full speed ahead and a following gale in weather that you could cut with a knife.

It would be some time in the first dog-watch that there was a sudden jar, and the engines stopped. I went for the engine-room tube, but there was too much noise to do any speaking. Then up came the engineer to the bridge, and bellowed in my ear that something was amiss. He guessed the propeller was fouled. I hadn't fairly taken in his words before the second mate was at my other ear.

"We are in about the biggest mess going," he yelled. "There's wreckage all round us. Seems to be a whole fleet gone wrong. We've been in it for hours, and no nearer the end than we were." I jumped for the rail and looked over the side. It was still pitch-dark, but the water was phosphorescent, and I could just make out whole masses of tangled cordage and canvas floating by and scraping up against our sides. We were still moving, but without steerage-way, and what would happen next, I didn't like to guess.

"We shall be into something soon," I called back to the two men, and they gave an answering yell. The sea was going down in lumps at a time, and we seemed to be losing our way, for which I was glad, because the old *Sarah Jane* wasn't in trim for running down the hulks to which all this stuff belonged, and the engines being stopped, we had no further control over her. Every minute I expected to hear the sickening crash, and find our bows stove in against a timber-ship or a cargo of iron rails.

All this time the wreckage was going by like a procession, and we were buffeting about in it like a drunken man against lamp-posts. Then, at once as it seemed, the sea dropped to a light swell, though the wind was still whistling overhead. I couldn't make it out at all. It was for all the world as if some one had flattened it out by hand. Our way was quite stopped, and we simply rolled lumpy on a bit of a swell, with scarcely a sound except the scraping of the mess all round our sides, and the gurgling of water under the bows and counter, and a shrill whistling wind through our top hamper.

Just then the lookout at the bows bailed me.

"Steamer right ahead, sir!"

"Can you sight her?" I called back.

"No, sir; but she's coming up fast!"

We listened, and the sound was distinct enough now.

"She's got paddles," said my first officer, with an oath. "What the devil is it?" And, sure enough, we could bear the flap-flap-flap of floats. There were no lights showing, though. Then we all jumped, for there was another boat somewhere abaft the port beam.

"Christchurch!" I said, "we're in for a holy mess. What is it?" I moved for the steam siren, and gave out a fine old yell at a hundred and twenty pound pressure.

Then we listened. The *Thiog* ahead took it up first and tooted back, then one to starboard, then another, then our friend to port, then the one ahead again. But their paddles seemed to work just the same, and they were getting nearer. We could bear the coughing of the engines and the escape of steam quite plainly.

I broke out into a cold sweat.

"This beats me," I said. "Here, some one, fetch a flare, while I work up the horn." And I began to play fantasias and what-all on the siren. At intervals I could hear the others replying, blaring like hundred horse-power hulls.

They seemed to be all round us. The *Sarah Jane* began to rock in the wash they made.

What the watch on deck thought they didn't afterwards explain; but we on the bridge were in a blue funk, with sweat pouring down us in streams. The first officer was groping about with a match, swearing under his breath as he fumbled at the chest which held the flare-lights.

At last he got what he wanted, and jumped back up the bridge-companion with half a dozen under his arm. I extracted one more wild screech from the siren at the head of the funnel and bore a hand to help him get a light. It was a second or two before we could make a flare, what with dampness and excitement, and, meanwhile, there was a regular row going on over the side, and *Tbiogs* kept running into us and shaking the old hooker from stem to stern.

We got our flare going at last, and then looked over the side, expecting to see anything. And we saw it, too. At first our eyes were too dazzled to make out a single object, for we had been—at least, I had—for nigh on twelve hours in absolute darkness. The others must have got their sight first, and I heard them swearing and muttering in their beads like men possessed. And by aod hie I joined io.

Within the range of the flare-light there wasn't a single ship to be seen, though there were sounds of paddles and panting engines and fog-horns all around. I guessed we were in the land of spooks, and, I can tell you, my teeth chattered and my knees were knocking with a noise like a mill-hopper. Then for the first time I became aware of an overpowering stench. The others told me afterwards that they had nosed it for hours back, and why I didn't find it out sooner I don't know, unless it was that all my other senses were so active that they didn't give my smelling faculties a chance. You've smelt seaweed, and ozone baths, and rotten eggs, and fish manure, I suppose. So have I. Well, they seemed to be here in tons and cargo-loads, with a few mountains of them thrown in, and I began to feel very sick.

But the sickoess was a lark compared with the funk I was in, looking over the side and seeing nothing, while all the time there were *Things* moving about working paddles and blowing off steam. By and bye, however, my eyesight came back, and I clutched hold of the rails like a madman. The flare lit up a pretty wide circle of water, and as far as one could see it was like a great swamp covered over with floating sea-weed, which accounted in part for the overpowering stench. Mixed up in the raffle were trunks of trees and what-all in the way of debris and rubbish, and in between the patches of this stuff was a dark, unwholesome-looking sea, stagnant and stinking, with scum, and froth, and spawn on top of it. It did not need much wisdom to know where I was. I had never been there before, and I never want to go again.

But the spooks—what were they? Whales, I suppose. You can call them that, if you like. I'm not well enough up to tell you their scientific names. If whales are like double-sized alligators, or turtles with a snake runniog through them fore and aft, and with four great flappers that churn up the water like paddle-wheels, perhaps they were whales. I'd always understood that these beasts died ages ago, aod, I tell you, it gave me a nasty jar to see them swimming about in that dead water, and every now and again giving out a booming roar for all the world like a fog-horn. Size? Well, I don't know. The alligator things might be anything from thirty to sixty feet long or more, and the others about half the size. There were dozens of them, and every now and again they would scrape their bony sides or their fins up alongside our iron plates. Of course, we weren't actually afraid of them, because they couldn't reach us; but, I can tell you, we were devilish disturbed for all that. It was like taking a peep into hack ages to find ourselves in that dead sea, overgrown with rank vegetation, and to see those survivals of antediluvian times knocking about. I've seen skeletons and made-up corpses of the beasts in museums, at least, of most of them, also in books; but I never expected to come across them in the flesh.

Well, the flare died out, and we all stayed on the bridge until day-break, listening to the *Tbings* moving about. And I may tell you that a night like that needn't happen more than once to any man.

At last day broke fine, and with the water as smooth as a floor, though a light breeze was playing about up aloft. It was a queer sight I cast eyes on. As far as the horizon, and God knows how much further, nothing but that blessed tangle of sea-weed, in some places thick and piled up, and elsewhere with patches of ditch-water showing. The old *Sarah Jane* was in a pretty tight fix, with her propeller jammed up in the midst of this infernal stuff. It was no use to think of clearing the screw, for no mariner on earth could navigate her out of the mess she was in. A cyclone had brought her there, and not even a cyclone could get her out again. What did I do? Well, I piped all bands aod put it to them. There was nothing for it but to abandon the old gas-tank and try to get through with the boats. I must tell you that with daylight the *Tbiogs* bad gone under, so that the men weren't so scared of trusting to the boats, and you may be sure I didn't suggest that we might have to spend several nights in them before we got free. I was sicker of the idea of staying there than of getting away, monsters or no monsters.

In the course of the forenoon, then, we got a couple of boats over the side, provisioned and all the rest. I won't spin the yarn any longer, or I might enlarge on our experiences during the six nights before we found the open sea, with moving *Tbings* all about us and threatening to swamp us any minute. Three of the nights we spent in derelicts that had got into much the same mess as ourselves. We passed a lot of them—awful queer craft mostly, some perhaps two hundred years old, but still afloat. One or two had skeletons on them. However, to cut it short, we got out at last and drifted or sailed westward, trying to fetch the regular tack. Then we were picked up by the *Maranhao*.

A man in London cut his throat, the other day, because a Salvation Army band playing outside his house would not stop.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.

How our Compatriots in Paris Keep the Ball Rolling—Social Innovations from this Side the Water—Some American Vocal Stars.

Parisians are beginning to understand how much they owe to cosmopolitan society. The early part of the winter would have been dull indeed had it not been for the "foreign" residents—more especially for that big fraction of it that rejoices in American nationality; it was the American hostesses who helped so materially to keep the ball going during the Christmas holidays, and it is to them that Paris looks forward to give the necessary impulse after Easter on the return of the gay world from the south. The Americans, English, and Russians did a great deal toward bringing the Riviera into fashion, and the French aristocracy and leisure classes generally were very willing to follow suit. So the official world is left almost alone to bear the burden of winter festivities—for, of course, it must give its allotted number of dinners and balls in the usual season, whatever betide; while French fashionables who have nothing to do with official coteries find it more convenient, and above all more economical, not to open their salons during the interval between their return from the country and their departure for the south.

As I said, the holiday weeks would have been drear, indeed, but for American hospitalities. Mrs. Frank Singer, one of the most indefatigable members of the colony, has given several informal dances of, say, a dozen couples each. Moreover, I am told, she intends to introduce the American fashion of joint entertainments into Paris after Easter, the expenses of which are to be shared by twelve of her intimate friends, each of whom would, of course, have the right of inviting a certain number of guests on her own account. This is considered a most "daring innovation" by this lady's French acquaintance, but, nevertheless, they are quite ready to become partners in the concern.

The "dancing class" is another importation. In point of fact it is only a new name for a small dance, and Mrs. Alexander Greger is the innovatress. On New-Year's Eve, Mrs. W. T. Moore, who had just arrived from London, went to spend the evening at the Opéra, and, meeting there a number of friends, carried them all off to supper at her house. The affair was got up on the spur of the moment, but Mrs. Moore's household is kept up on such a footing that she was enabled to lay before her guests a most gorgeous feast.

Both Mrs. Eustis and Mrs. Morse are quite ready to do their part by official society. The title of ambassador borne by Mr. Eustis gave to his wife the position of second lady at the big diplomatic dinner, given last night at the Elysée, and she sat on the left hand of the president, who had Lady Dufferin on his right. It was a brilliant symposium, there being ninety-five covers about the board, which was decked with rare flowers and still rarer Sèvres porcelain.

America scored, too, heavily at the Conservatoire this week. If there is an institution which prides itself on its exclusiveness, national prejudices, and the like, it is this same Conservatory, the French nursery of prima donnas, tragedians, comedians, and instrumentalists—though somehow the Parisian public has the bad taste to prefer foreign talent to home-bred mediocrity.

Its machinery—I am speaking of the Conservatoire—is complicated, as, indeed, is that of most French institutions, and above and beyond the Academy (itself divided into schools and classes often in half-concealed rivalry to each other) there is the Société des Concerts, which organizes the concerts that take place almost every week during the season in the stuffy little theatre adjoining. To be a subscriber to these concerts is sufficient to give any one a reputation for dilettanteism. Stalls and boxes are handed down from generation to generation of melomaniacs, and you may be sure old traditions are respected and innovations scorned by these folk. In their eyes the admission of a singer not French, even into the chorus, is something akin to sacrilege, and the news that an American lady had actually been invited to sing the contralto solo part in Bach's Mass in C minor was as astonishing as it was unprecedented.

That under these circumstances Mrs. Kinen should have scored a triumph is not the least wonderful part of the matter. At the Conservatoire there is no packing of the house possible, and a singer must trust entirely to her own merits. In this instance there was no doubt about the merit, and the appreciation of it was thorough. Ambroise Thomas wagged his head in approval many times, and was most complimentary in his remarks to the Ambassador and Mrs. Eustis, who had accepted seats in his box. Anita Kinen is a niece of Mr. Eustis, and was born in New Orleans. Her marriage with Mr. George Kinen has made her a resident of Paris. When she came here for the first time it was on a visit to Mrs. Johnston, her aunt; she was sweet sixteen then, but already her voice had been trained in the best Italian methods. Gounod heard her and was delighted with her, and it was he who suggested her studying under Mme. Trélat, who gave the finishing touches to her musical education. Hitherto Mrs. Kinen has contented herself with the applause of friends in private drawing-rooms, but her success of Sunday places her on a higher altitude than a mere amateur.

But lo! since Sunday another star has arisen, and she, too, was born in the States. Miss Adams made her début on Wednesday at the Opéra in the part of Juliet. Her voice, her beauty, her acting, took the audience by storm. It has been given to few singers to make such a hit, and in one of the most difficult characters. The whole of the American colony was there leading the applause, in which the most crabbed of French critics was fain to join. But this representation of "Romeo and Juliette" was its last appearance for a while. The time has come for it to spread its wings and fly away to other scenes.

PARISIANA.

PARIS, January 11, 1895.

NEW YORK THEATRICALS.

The Two Cissies of the Stage—Miss Loftus and Miss Fitzgerald—
Beerbohm Tree's American Début—Eddie Foy's
new Piece, "Off the Earth."

There are at present in New York two Cissies who are the adored of the Johnnies. One is Cissy Fitzgerald, late of the Gaiety girls, and the other is Cissy Loftus, now at Koster & Bial's. Of these two, Cissy Fitzgerald has recently got into the courts. She broke her contract, left the Gaiety girls, and was enjoined by the management from appearing at the Bijou Theatre. It was then that the supreme court decided that Miss Fitzgerald could not leave the Bijou, on the ground that she was "a performer of unusual merit and had become a special attraction by reason of her grace, beauty, and artistic methods." It is thus *res adjudicata* that Cissy Fitzgerald is artistic, beautiful, and graceful.

As to Cissy Loftus, she has not yet come before the supreme court; but before the bar of the people she has been decided to be a most sparkling little artist. Every one remembers the romantic story of the elopement and marriage of Cissy Loftus. Cissy is the daughter of Marie Loftus, a well-known music-hall performer in London, and who is now engaged in playing Robinson Crusoe, or Dick Whittington, or some other "boy" in tights and trunks in one of the Christmas pantomimes in London. Marie Loftus had the usual succession of husbands that most theatrical ladies have, and no one remembers who was the father of Cissy. But she is certainly the daughter of her mother. At a very early age she appeared in some child part at the Gaiety Theatre, and it is only about two years ago that she made an enormous hit in London by her very clever imitations. It was, I think, at the Empire, and it was when Yvette Guilbert made her first appearance in London. Guilbert was the talk of the town, and when little Cissy Loftus appeared, attired in the same yellow silk gown, the same black, elbow-length kid gloves, and with even the same expression of face, and sang in Yvette's curious drawing voice her equally curious French songs, she made an enormous hit. She followed it up with imitations of other London favorites, among them Letty Lind, the dancer. Another was that of Eugene Stratton, a negro singer, who is the man who popularized "The Whistling Coon" in England. Another subject for Cissy's imitations was Florence St. John, who will be remembered as having come to the United States some years ago under the management of Marcus Mayer; she was very much surprised to find that the Americans pronounced her name "Saint John" instead of "Sinjun," which is the correct Cockneyese. Last year, Miss Cissy added to her repertoire an imitation of Sarah Bernhardt, who was then playing in London in "Yzeul." All of these she has presented to American audiences; but the most successful has been that of Ada Rehan, who is, of course, better known to Americans than any of the foreign artists.

Gossip said that Augustine Daly had forbidden Cissy to imitate Ada Rehan. His power to do so, according to rumor, was based on the fact that Cissy's husband was in his employ. Her husband, by the way, is Justin Huntley McCarthy. He has been employed by Augustine Daly in adapting several new plays, but both he and his wife deny that Mr. Daly forbade Cissy to imitate Ada Rehan. There is no reason why he should do so, because her imitation was entirely inoffensive, bringing out only the agreeable mannerisms of Miss Rehan.

When the marriage of Miss Loftus and Mr. McCarthy occurred, she was only seventeen years old, while he was thirty-nine. Mr. McCarthy is a son of the historian of the same name, and is known in London as an author of several works of fiction and one or two small historical pamphlets. He won his future wife through having written a highly eulogistic criticism upon her performance in one of the London weeklies. Miss Loftus at that time was all the rage in London. She was sent for by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sarah Bernhardt, Ada Rehan, and many other leading people connected with the stage, with art, and with literature, delighted to do her honor. It was at one of these gatherings that Mr. McCarthy met his fate in the person of the pretty singer, and only a few days afterward they eloped to Edinburgh and got married, very much to the discomfiture of Marie Loftus, the mother of the child bride. It is probable that the mother's vexation was not due to any objection to the bridegroom, but rather to the fact that she was losing the services of her daughter, who is becoming more of a star than herself. Cissy Loftus says that her most successful imitation in the United States, next to Ada Rehan, is that of May Yohe. Everybody remembers May Yohe, she of the brilliant black eyes and foghorn voice, the lady with only four notes in her lower register and none at all in her upper. Miss Yohe has played engagements with managers and millionaires' sons all over the United States. She is well known in New York, and, therefore, Cissy's imitation of her has been received with much appreciation. As for the others, the imitation of Sarah Bernhardt is probably the next most successful.

When Cissy Loftus appeared at Koster and Bial's, she followed Mme. de Brezvenski, the beautiful Hungarian with the shapely underpinning, as well as Professor Levy with his hrazen cornet, and she seemed rather a faint figure on the stage in which musical mokes continually knock each other about and stage Irishmen continually slug each other under the jaw. She was very nervous, and her voice at times hardly reached the audience. The unfamiliarity of the persons whom she was imitating also detracted much from the effect of her work, but she has decided to present such well-known persons to her audiences as Denman Thompson, Tony Pastor, Henry Miller, and Herbert Kelcey, and it is believed that she will then make more of a hit than she has done with the peculiar audience that goes to Koster and Bial's.

At the other theatres there are a number of novelties. In fact, last week there were ten plays produced for the first time in New York. This week there will be but two novelties, the most important being the appearance of H. Beerbohm Tree, the London actor, who made his first American appearance last night. His first production was "The Ballad Monger" and "The Red Lamp." "The Ballad Monger" has been seen frequently in the United States in both French and English. Beerbohm Tree plays the same version as that used by the late Lawrence Barrett. It was translated from the French of Théodore de Banville by Walter Besant and Walter Herries Pollock. It contains a very striking *ballade*, called "In the Orchard of the King," which Tree recites with much effect. When Coquelin was here last with Jane Hading, he played the piece under the name of "Gringoire." It is a very striking bit of dramatic art, and, as the name implies, it is an incident from the life of Pierre Gringoire, the French poet, who lived so many centuries ago. The other part of the bill was "The Red Lamp," a Russian nihilist piece, by Outram Tristram. The rest of the week Mr. Tree will give a play called "A Bunch of Violets." He had a very fine audience on his first night, but they did not relish "The Red Lamp," and showed plainly that it bored them.

Fanny Davenport is still at the Fifth Avenue, and will appear in "Gismonda" for some time yet. This shows conclusively how successful the piece has been. Another Sardou success. Miss Davenport is thinking of taking the Casino and managing it herself. If that house is not turned over to the vaudeville syndicate, she will take it, and I have no doubt that she will be very successful as a manager.

Kathryn Kidder, of whom I wrote last week, is still playing to crowded houses in "Madame Sans-Gêne," the Paris and London success. "The Case of Rebellious Susan" has just begun its fifth week at the Lyceum. At Palmer's, "The Fatal Card" is still drawing good houses. It is to be followed by Paul Potter's dramatization of "Trilby," which is now in rehearsal. Manager Palmer has been inundated with applications from young ladies all over the country to play Trilby. Their qualifications seem to consist of almost everything, from the lack of a singing voice to high feet. The enormous amount of advertising that the novel has received will make the dramatic presentation quite an event. There is no doubt that it will draw, whether the play is good or not. I shall endeavor to keep you informed concerning the rehearsal and production of "Trilby." At Daly's, the Japanese play, "Heart of Ruby," has been a failure and has been withdrawn. For a stop-gap Daly put on the old piece entitled "The Railroad of Love." He has a new piece, called "The Orient Express"; it is not quite ready, but it will soon follow "The Railroad of Love." Manager Hoyt is still running "The Milk-White Flag" at his Twenty-Fifth Street Theatre, while his play, "A Trip to Chinatown," is running at the Columbus Theatre, away up town in Harlem. He has a new piece on the stocks, entitled "A Black Sheep," which will probably not be put on until the autumn season. The comic opera of "Roh Roy" is still running to good houses at the Herald Square Theatre.

Turning aside from more important productions like that of "The Twentieth Century Girl" at the Bijou, and "The District Attorney" at the American Theatre, probably the attraction which has most hit the fancy of the New Yorkers is Eddie Foy's show, called "Off the Earth." I call it a "show" because it is difficult to classify; it is not a play, nor is it a comic opera, nor is it a vaudeville, nor is it a burlesque. In fact, from the beginning it is almost incomprehensible, but none the less funny. Even the opening chorus is entirely unmeaning. Eddie Foy seems to excite the risibilities of the audience whenever he comes upon the stage. There is no question but that he is enormously funny and, in his way, original. For example, he introduces that venerable stage-gag, the professional strong man. But instead of going around with large wooden dumb-bells or inflated rubber cannon-halls, Foy's strong man is an animal-tamer. It goes without saying that he comes on clad in tights with enormous lumps of muscle on the wrong side of his legs and arms; but instead of imitating the heavy-weight lifters, he is a lion-tamer. He has a property lion which is made of a most life-like lion's head, skin, and tail, and which is lined with a lively acrobat. This beast crouches in a property cage with pasteboard bars, and there is only one side to the cage, the one which faces the audience. Eddie Foy, with the utmost fearlessness, enters the cage and forces the king of beasts to crouch at his feet, sit up, turn somersaults, and to obey the word of command. Finally the beast refuses to obey the tamer, and a violent struggle takes place, in which Eddie Foy finally completely vanquishes his adversary. He has a number of other curious gags and tricks. In one, he comes in on a bicycle, the front wheel of which is the ordinary rubber-tired affair, while the rear wheel is something like a steamer screw. At a given signal, Foy suddenly rises in the air, with the screw rapidly revolving, and disappears in the flies. He is, of course, hoisted by an invisible wire. Another trick of his which causes much laughter is this: while Louise Montague is on the stage singing with a circle of chorus-girls behind her, a false box, made of wood and canvas, is placed next to the proscenium arch so that it matches the stage-boxes. In this Eddie Foy suddenly appears, and apparently takes a keen interest in the performance. He applauds most lavishly. Finally he throws a bouquet to Louise, and, when she stoops to pick it up, he rapidly withdraws it by means of a string, whereupon the stage attendants hurl themselves upon Mr. Foy, and throw him, his seat, and his stage-box off at the wings. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 29, 1895.

Drawings executed in London were recently successfully transmitted by telegraph to Paris by means of the Gray telautograph.

OVER THE VERGE.

A Cavalryman's Perilous Adventure on a Mountain Trail.

During the fall of 1877, just after the expedition which had resulted in the running down and capturing of Chief Joseph and his band of warriors, my troop was detached to make a scout from Camp Brown down through the Rattlesnake Range to the Platte River, and from there to the Yellowstone by way of the Goose Creek trail.

When we went into camp on Clear Creek, a comrade, named Lee, and I started off for a day's hunting among the high peaks of the Big Horn Mountains, expecting to get a few sheep. Lee was a man of extraordinary strength, and was noted in the regiment for his feats of muscular ability.

We ascended the mountain by a deer trail, Lee riding in advance. The trail led up a "hog-back" until it ran out against the side of the mountain, when we had to pick our way over the side-hill until we struck another trail winding in a zig-zag manner toward the summit. We dismounted and led our horses, for the trail ran dangerously close to the edge of a cliff that formed one side of an immense cañon, whose depth we could only guess. Narrower and narrower grew the trail as we advanced, until it seemed to terminate at a point only a short distance in front of us. We moved forward cautiously, for on one side the mountain appeared to rise from under our very feet into a wall of solid rock; on the other side, we looked into the depths of the great cañon, which would prove an eternal grave to either of us should he lose his footing and topple into it.

The apparent termination of the trail was due to a curve at that point, to round which required steady nerves. We passed it safely, but had not gone twenty yards when both horses hent their ears forward, snorted, and showed evidences of the greatest fear. Before I could ascertain the cause of it, being in rear of Lee's horse and unable to see beyond it, a shot was fired that awoke ten thousand echoes.

What followed the sound of the shot happened so quickly that I did not realize danger until I found myself hanging between life and death. My horse, unable to see what was in the path ahead of us, but whose instinct warned him of the presence of some dreaded wild beast, bad stopped in terror, and, when the shot was fired, suddenly threw up his head and began hacking. I had pulled the reins over his head when I dismounted, and held them in my right hand, to which fact I owed my escape from instant death. The rapid backward movement of the horse and the sudden tossing of his head threw me off my balance, and before I could recover I was falling over the cliff.

Instinctively I tightened my hold on the reins and endeavored to grasp the edge of the cliff with my left hand as I was rolling over. I did succeed in checking the shock of my fall somewhat, but could not secure a hold sufficient to sustain my weight. For a moment I hung suspended over the terrible abyss, my whole weight resting upon my right arm. Quick as a flash I grasped the reins with my left, also, and there I hung, expecting death every instant, for I knew that my horse would not stand long in the position he then held.

I could see him standing above me, and the beauty of his pose and the rigidity of his position, as he stood braced against the weight dangling at the end of his bridle-rein, made an impression upon my memory that will never be eradicated.

I asked myself how much longer it was possible to hang by so frail a support as a bit of leather. The grip of my hands was so tight that my finger-ends were tingling and burning as though touched with a hot iron.

Suddenly another shot rang out, awakening a myriad of echoes that seemed to mock me with shrill laughter. Again that backward movement of my horse, and as I felt the reins drag along the edge of the precipice, I thought I must surely let go and fall. Strange thoughts began to flash through my brain, mental pictures of loved ones long since dead appeared to whisper prayers for me, there was a singing in my ears, and I realized that my strength was giving out.

Just then I heard my name spoken. At first I thought it was but the voice of one of the visions my excited brain had conjured up. But no, there it sounded again. It was Lee's voice, calm, collected, and inspiring. He was whispering words of caution.

Opening my eyes, I saw his face above me—what a white, scared face it was, I thought. Slowly, oh, so slowly, his hand stole down the reins until it rested upon my wrist; then there was a quick grip of powerful fingers, an exertion of wonderful strength, and—I was in safety. Lee told me afterward that I was unconscious when he stretched me out on the trail.

The first shot had been fired at a mountain lion that crouched in the trail a short distance ahead, and had sent it crashing into the depths of the cañon. Hearing my cry of fear as I toppled over the brink of the cliff, he had shot his horse to clear a path to get back to where I was, and had been in time to rescue me.

W. P. COULTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1895.

The Pope's encyclical, consisting of several hooks, each about one foot square in size, inclosed in a wooden box covered with canvas, was in the office of the Adams Express Company in New York, a fortnight ago, having arrived from Havre on the steamer *La Bourgogne*. It had a quick passage through the customs, most packages of its character—"printed matter"—taking about ten days before they are released. The box was appraised at five dollars, and the duty amounted to one dollar and a quarter. The total charge from Paris to Washington, exclusive of the duty, but including the express charges from New York to Washington (sixty cents), is three dollars and sixty cents.

THE LIFE OF THE TOWN.

How It Robbed a Simple Peasant Lad of his Affianced Bride.

Jean Feret's face shone with pleasure as he took his place in a third-class carriage of the Paris train. He was in his Sunday best: his blue blouse was stiff and clean, his leather belt was brightly polished, he wore shoes. The occasion was too great for *sabots*. He was going to Paris.

He waved a cheery "good-bye" to the bent old peasant, his father, who stood on the platform.

"God keep you, my son," murmured the old man, as the train moved off.

Jean sighed happily, for in three short hours he would be at Paris. And Paris to Jean meant seeing his beloved Suzette, who had gone there two years before to be a milliner's apprentice.

Suzette and Jean were betrothed. She had gone to Paris to earn some money of her own to go toward the home which was to be theirs as soon as Jean made money enough to build a cottage on his little plot of ground. He had worked hard and been very saving. Now the house was in readiness. He was going to fetch Suzette. How delighted she would be with the pretty thatched cottage that was to be all their own, thought Jean; and how glad she would be to leave the bustling, crowded city for the pure, clean air of the country.

He had written her frequently while the little house was being built, telling of all its perfections; but there was so much more than he could well describe on paper! How happy she would be to see it all for herself, and how her big, black eyes would snap with joy!

Jean smiled dreamily as he thought how she looked two years ago when they had said "good-bye."

"It will not be long, you know," she had whispered, seeing his eyes fill with tears.

Jean raised the paper from a pot of field violets he held carefully on his knee. Suzette loved the violet above all flowers, and he wanted these to be fresh for her as a present.

At Rouen he got off to sprinkle them with cool water.

Just before the train rolled into the Gare St. Lazare, Jean opened his wallet and took from it a map of Paris. Then, with a straw, he carefully traced over it the way to Suzette's house.

The noise and confusion of the great streets were so bewildering to Jean, in Paris for the first time, that he was forced to consult his map several times before he reached the Rue Bleue.

Suzette was not in, and he was told she would not be at home until six.

Jean stood staring stupidly at the *concierge* who gave him this information. Surely there was some mistake. He had written her would come.

"Mademoiselle will not be home till six," repeated the woman.

Jean turned away. His heart was heavy. Such a disappointment! Suzette had not received his letter; else she certainly would have been there to receive him. And now he must wait so long!—for it was barely eleven o'clock.

He wandered aimlessly about. The gay streets and the many shops did not attract him.

At one o'clock he sat down on a bench in the Champs-Elysées and ate a roll he had bought at one of the booths. He was very tired. The *gendarmes* had pushed him roughly across the streets. Doubtless he had been awkward to get in the way of the carriages; but everything was so confusing.

He thought once more of the peaceful little home shaded by the poplar-trees. How nice it would be to go back to it. And with Suzette!

A man on the next seat went away and left his newspaper. Jean picked it up. It was open at the amusement column. What a lot of theatres there were in Paris, thought Jean, as he read over the long list.

Finally he read something which interested him: the announcement of the Salon. The Salon—he knew about that, for an artist had come to St. Valéry once, when Jean was a little boy, and had painted his picture, and told him it would be put in the Salon. Jean had always been sorry he had been barefoot that morning; for the painter wouldn't give him time to run home for his shoes.

He took out his map and studied the way to the Salon, which he found to be unaccountably short. If he went to see the pictures, the time of waiting would not seem so long. That was a comfort.

The beautiful rooms, lined with pictures, took his breath away. He had never seen anything so wonderful. He forgot Suzette—he forgot everything. He met many old friends. Here was the old Château Silléron, with the gardens, to the life. There was the beach at St. Aubin. And when he came upon the church at Sotteville, it looked so natural Jean bowed his head and made the sign of the cross.

Then there were some horrid pictures of surgical operations, the details rendered with an exactitude that made Jean shudder.

He went into one room, where a group of men were excitedly discussing one of the pictures. He caught scraps of their conversation.

"It is she in the flesh!"

"Ah, you know her that way, old man?"

"Marvelous! Look at those eyes, that arm, that coloring! Superb! Marcelin's fortune is made. All the swell *cocottes* will want him to paint them now."

Jean pushed nearer. He wanted to see this wonderful picture. Suddenly he stopped, his face colorless, his eyes riveted on the canvas from which Suzette looked out at him.

Her golden hair was piled on top of her head and caught by a diamond arrow; her black eyes were half-closed; her red lips were parted. She leaned against an azure velvet curtain—an excellent setting for the slender form and wonderful white skin. In her hand was a violet satin mask.

At her feet lay a fading bouquet of Russian violets. Such was the picture which made Marcelin famous throughout Europe.

Jean stood like a statue, his eyes fastened on her who had been *his* Suzette. Two smartly dressed men who saw him nudged each other and grinned.

At last Jean turned away. He went out into the noisy, glittering streets.

That evening, when the St. Valéry train left the Gare St. Lazare, Jean sat in one of the third-class carriages. His head was bent forward on his breast. On his knee he still held the pot of violets. They were faded. But what did it matter now?—*Adapted from the French for the Argonaut by Richard Burr March.*

OLD FAVORITES.

A Letter of Advice.

FROM MISS MEDORA TREVILIAN, AT PADUA, TO MISS ARAMINTA VAVASOUR, IN LONDON.

"Enfin, Monsieur, un homme aimable; Voilà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer."—SCRIBE.

You tell me you're promised a lover,

My own Araminta, next week;

Why can not my fancy discover

The hue of his coat and his cheek?

Alas! if he look like another,

A vicar, a hanker, a beau,

Be deaf to your father and mother,

My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,

Taught us both how to sing and to speak,

And we loved one another with passion

Before we had been there a week;

You gave me a ring for a token,

I wear it wherever I go;

I gave you a chain—is it broken?

My own Araminta, say "No!"

Oh! I think of our favorite cottage,

And think of our dear Lalla Rookh;

How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,

And drank of the stream from the brook;

How fondly our loving lips faltered—

"What further can grandeur bestow?"

My heart is the same—is yours altered?

My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances

We read on the bank in the glen;

Remember the suitors our fancies

Would picture for both of us then;

They wore the red cross on their shoulder,

They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—

Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?

My own Araminta, say "No!"

You know, when Lord Rigmorole's carriage

Drove off with your cousin Justine,

You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,

And whispered, "How base she has been!"

You said you were sure it would kill you

If ever your husband looked so;

And you will not apostatize, will you?

My own Araminta, say "No!"

When I heard I was going abroad, Love,

I thought I was going to die;

We walked arm-in-arm in the road, Love,

We looked arm-in-arm to the sky;

And I said, "When a foreign postilion

Has hurried me off to the Po,

Forget not Medora Trevilian."

My own Araminta, say "No!"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters

Reach far over valley and hill;

I muse o'er your exquisite letters,

And feel that your heart is mine still;

And he who would share it with me, Love—

The richest of treasures below—

If he's not what Orlando should be, Love,

My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-hoot in his wooing,

If he comes to you riding a cob,

If he talks of his haking or brewing,

If he puts up his feet on the hob,

If he ever drinks port after dinner,

If his brow or his breeding is low,

If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"

My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers

While you are preparing the tea,

If he talks of the damps or the vapors

While moonlight lies soft on the sea,

If he's sleepy, while you are capricious,

If he has not a musical "Oh!"

If he does not call Werther delicious—

My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the City

Among the stock-brokers and Jews,

If he has not a heart full of pity,

If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,

If his lips are not redder than roses,

If his hands are not whiter than snow,

If he has not the model of noses—

My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,

If he does not look grand on his knees,

If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,

Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,

If he dotes not on desolate towers,

If he likes not to hear the blast blow,

If he knows not the language of flowers—

My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story

Come down from the home of his rest;

He must smile—like the sun in his glory

On the huds he loves ever the best;

And, oh! from its ivory portal

Like music his soft speech must flow!

If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,

My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,

Don't hear what they say of his birth,

Don't look at his seat in the county,

Don't calculate what he is worth;

But give him a theme to write verse on,

And see if he turns out his toe;

If he's only an excellent person—

My own Araminta, say "No!"

—Winthrop M. Praed.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

A New Book of Reminiscences by Mme. Ducrest, a Lady-in-Waiting—Anecdotes of the Court of Malmaison—The Empress's Interview with "Madame Sans-Gêne."

There has been so much Napoleonic literature lately that it is to be feared that people are growing rather tired of the "Little Corporal." But, none the less, his first wife, Josephine, whatever may have been her faults, never ceases to be an object of interest to both women and to men. Therefore these two volumes of reminiscences, written by one of her ladies-in-waiting, will be read by all who take any interest in the actors of the stirring times of the French Revolution and the First Empire. Among those who figure in the book, aside from Josephine and Napoleon, one finds such names as Talleyrand, Fouché, Mme. Récamier, Mme. de Staël, Humboldt, Benjamin Constant, and Chateaubriand. Not only are there stories told of famous beauties, statesmen, and wits, but there are numerous anecdotes of the great composers of the day, such as Cherubini, Spontini, Grétry, Cimarosa, Mehul, Clementi, and Dussek. One of the best stories in the book is that told of Maréchale Lefebvre, Duchess of Dantzic, she who was once a washer-woman and married a sergeant, who subsequently became a marshal of the empire. There have been several letters and articles in this paper lately concerning the success of the play "Madame Sans-Gêne" in Paris, London, and New York. The following anecdote is told by Mme. Ducrest about the heroine of this play:

She came one day to breakfast with the empress, who was at the Tuilleries, and was surrounded by the ladies of her court. Her majesty found the maréchale in an agitated state, which was not usual with her; and with that graceful manner so natural to Josephine, she kindly inquired what was the cause of her uneasiness and distress of mind.

"Oh, madam, 'tis a long story, which I have no objection to tell your majesty; but you must first pack off those women [the ladies of honor] who are looking at me, giggling all the while."

"Ladies, will you be kind enough to step into the adjoining saloon?" said Josephine to them, under the impression that the case in point was some family secret. "Now, then, duchess, relate to me your troubles."

"I haven't any more troubles, madam; but you see I am still flurried all over with a misfortune that happened to me this morning."

"How is this? Has your son been fighting?"

"He is not such a fool."

"The marshal, then?"

"'Tis nothing about him; I thought I had lost my large diamond."

I was certain I had left it in my room; when I came home it was gone. I asked those who was there; they told me as how none but the scrubber of my floors was in it. He was in the saloon which he was just finishing; I makes him come in, and I tells him: 'Scoundrel,' I says, 'you have my large diamond; I must have it, because I values it; 'tis the first that Lefebvre gave me; come, out with it, and I sha'n't do anything.' My lad says he hasn't got it. He was a black; I couldn't see if he blushed; but I still says to him that I wants my large diamond; and I orders him to empty his pockets.

"Nothing in my hands, nothing in my pockets," says he. 'Well then, scoundrel, strip.' He hesitates; but I am not to be led in this manner, not I, indeed. 'Strip, you rogue; stark naked I desire, or I calls my servants to kill you.' At last he strips as naked as a worm, and I found my diamond. Here it is. A fine lady, howsoever, would have lost it."

The following trait does honor to her character, and inspires a friendly feeling for a woman who has been such a source of mirth to others far less deserving of regard.

Mme. de Walsh-Sérent was on duty near her majesty; she was suddenly startled by a slap on the shoulder and a hoarse voice crying out to her: "Good-morrow, gossip."

Astonished at this familiar tone, to which she was so little accustomed, Mme. de Sérent turned round and recognized the maréchale.

"Madame, I—"

"Pooh! pooh! no fine speeches for me! Come, now, don't you know me? Before I was a great lady, I was a plain nurse."

I nursed your good man; you was kind to me and godmother to one of my babes; how shouldn't I recollect it! Give us a hug."

Few remember that Napoleon the Third had an elder brother. He was, of course, a son of Queen Hortense of Holland. Nobody knows who his father was. That lady was of so extremely accommodating a disposition that it was said at the time that she did not even know who any of the fathers of any of her children were. No one suspected her husband, King Louis—the himself least of all. This story is told of that one of Queen Hortense's sons who died in childhood:

The child was seated near the window, looking toward the park, and appeared to view with indifference the crowd of presents that were spread before him; his looks were constantly directed toward the grand avenue in front of the palace. Feeling impatient at his appearing less delighted than she expected, the queen asked him if he was not grateful for his grandmamma's attention in procuring every object that might contribute to his amusement.

"Indeed I am, mamma; but I am not surprised at her kindness, she is always so good to me that I am quite accustomed to it."

"Do you find no enjoyment in those pretty toys?"

"Yes, mamma; but—"

"What then?"

"I am very anxious for something else."

"Mention it, my child; rely upon my giving it you."

"Oh! mamma, you will refuse me."

"Is it money for the poor?"

"Papa gave me some this morning—it is already distributed; what I want is—"

"Tell me, my dearest child; you know how I love you; rest assured, then, that I wish to begin the year by doing whatever may be most agreeable to you; what is your wish?"

"My dear mamma, I want you to permit me to walk in the *heap of mud* in that avenue; that will amuse me more than anything else."

We have spoken above of the anecdotes regarding the great composers of the time of Josephine. There is one of Steibelt, who was one of the most famous pianists of the day. He had accepted an invitation to dine at the house of Mme. Ducrest, and had promised to play for the company afterward:

During the whole time of dinner, Steibelt was cheerful, agreeable, and talked of the pleasure he should have in playing to Mme. Scherer and her friends. However, just as he was about to take his seat at the piano, Mme. de B— was announced. She was a tall, upright, elderly lady, who in her youth had enjoyed an established reputation for beauty, a circumstance which might be readily suspected from her dignified air, which she no doubt imagined to be a convincing proof of her acknowledged superiority. Her face exhibited one complete daub of white, touched on the cheeks with rouge. She was dressed in deep mourning, which served to heighten the lustre of her artificial complexion. This majestic personage, whose every motion displayed the most studied formality, seated herself in an arm-chair by the fire; and on learning that Steibelt was going to play, she prepared to listen with due attention. Steibelt had by this time with-

drawn from the piano, and the cloud that overspread his countenance sufficiently denoted that his good temper had forsaken him. M. Scherer, seeing that he had taken offense at something, stepped forward and requested him to resume the seat which no one else was so competent to fill.

"I can not, sir," was the reply.

"But why? You said just now that you were exactly in the right humor for playing."

"So I was, but I am not in the habit of playing for family pictures. While she is here" (pointing to Mme. de B—), "my fingers are motionless. Stay till the black lady goes away" (alluding to Mme. de B—'s mourning-dress), "and I will do anything you wish."

"Now, really, Steibelt," resumed M. Scherer, "this vexes me exceedingly. The black lady, as you call her, is, I assure you, a very estimable woman, my wife's friend. She has merely dropped in by chance; but having been informed that you are going to play, she will certainly stay."

"So much the worse for her and for us, and I say again I will not play till she is gone."

Nothing could induce him to alter his determination. The ladies exerted their persuasive powers, one after another, but in vain. But when she left, he played until two o'clock in the morning.

In the abundance of material in this book it is difficult to choose. Perhaps it would be well to close with an anecdote told to the author of the book by Horace Vernet, the famous painter. The anecdote was told by him of his father, who was the hero of the tale:

He was traveling from Marseilles by what was called the *voiturin*, a clumsy vehicle, so very slow in its motions that I believe the journey to Paris took twenty-two days. Among the passengers, who were closely packed together, Vernet observed a fat, red-faced man, who seemed to be as dull in intellect as he was heavy in person. With the view of amusing himself a little at the expense of this comical figure, he began to address him in a strain of polite compliment, to which the other replied with awkward good-nature. The travelers alighted to walk up a steep hill in order to relieve the horses. On their way they encountered a ditch of some width, and Vernet, who was a famous leaper, wagered that he would jump clean over it.

"You jump over it?" exclaimed the stout gentleman, with astonishment.

"Certainly, it is narrow enough."

"Narrow as it is, I should like to see you do it."

"Here I go then," said Vernet, as he bounded lightly over the ditch.

"That's well done, indeed," said the person whom Vernet had singled out as his victim; "but it strikes me that I could do it myself; your example has wound up my courage, and I'll try."

"You!" exclaimed the painter, bursting into a fit of laughter; "I should like, indeed, to see you do it; I wager a dinner you will fall into the water."

"Don't frighten me beforehand. Let us see, a dinner. How much will that cost?"

"About a crown, I suppose."

"That's a good deal; but no matter, I'll try my luck." After a thousand wry faces, the fat gentleman leaped, and fell like a heavy load about a foot beyond the point which Vernet had reached.

"I will have my revenge," said the latter, a little piqued; "you will not refuse me that, I hope."

"Oh, certainly not. What has happened by chance may not perhaps happen again, and to-morrow we will decide who shall pay for the dinner."

Accordingly, next day they had a new trial of agility. The fat gentleman was again the winner, and he congratulated himself on the good fortune that favored him. Vernet, who was deeply mortified at the triumph of his adversary, repeatedly renewed the wager, and always lost it. At length they reached the last relay, and the *patrouille*, as Vernet jeeringly called him, said: "Sir, I return a thousand thanks for the handsome way in which you have paid for my dinners almost all the way from Marseilles. I am anxious to offer some little proof of my gratitude. If a few tickets for Nicolet's would be acceptable, I shall feel much pleasure in offering them. I am engaged there as clown, and am to make my first appearance in a day or two. This, perhaps, may console you for having lost your wagers. You are a good leaper; but had you leaped fifty times better, you would still have lost, for I have a strong reserve of talent, which I should have called into exercise had I found it necessary."

It is to be regretted that we have not space for other extracts from this most entertaining volume of reminiscences. It abounds in excellent anecdotes, all of them interesting and many of them witty.

In manufacturing nitro-glycerine, one of the processes is the straining of it through felt, usually through the crowns of old felt hats. After these crowns have served their purpose as strainers of the liquid explosive, they are burned to place their saturation with the nitro-glycerine beyond the possible doing of damage in the possession of careless and thoughtless persons. At a nitro-glycerine factory in the Bradford oil-field once (says the New York *Sun*), an employee thought he would put the life and vigor of the explosive to a test. He took a hat-crown that had been used as a strainer, washed it thoroughly, and then treated it with strong alkalis. He placed the felt away on a shelf out of reach and knowledge of any one else in the factory to dry. Then he forgot about it for two years, but one day happened to recall the circumstance and took the felt crown to complete his test. Workmen in nitro-glycerine factories and in handling the dangerous stuff about wells are notoriously reckless, but the most careful and timid man would scarcely have had any fear of this two-year-old strainer that had been so thoroughly cleansed. The workman who had taken it upon himself to make the test had no idea that there could possibly remain in the felt even the slightest suspicion of danger, and, to show how the stuff had been annihilated by the treatment, he put the felt on the iron arm of the tinner's bench, where the cans for holding the nitro-glycerine are soldered, and struck it with a hammer. The result was a surprise in that factory. An explosion followed the blow that broke both of the man's arms, stunned three other men, buried the heavy iron arm through a two-foot brick wall, and wrecked the tinning shop.

A highwayman on a bicycle came upon a young lady who was watching the sunset on the Cornice Road, near Mentone, lately, took her purse, and demanded her watch and chain. While she was removing the chain from her neck, he walked off from the bicycle to light a cigarette, whereupon the young woman jumped on the machine and tore down-hill to Mentone. From there a telegram was sent to Ventimiglia, and the robber was caught in a trap, for the perpendicular cliff on the one side and the precipice on the other make it impossible to get out of the Cornice Road.

An asylum for incurables of all creeds is being erected by the Sultan of Turkey not far from his palace. It will contain a synagogue, a mosque, and a church.

HENRY IRVING'S NEW PLAY.

"King Arthur"—Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and Genevieve Ward in the Cast—Arthur Sullivan for the Music, and Burne-Jones for the Scenery and Costumes.

The event of the dramatic week in London has been the production of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum Theatre by Henry Irving. The performance had been in preparation for many weeks, and the audience which assembled was indeed a brilliant one. Royalty was represented in the person of the Duke and Duchess of York, and the best of London's leaders in art, in letters, and in society was assembled there. The play is by Mr. Comyns Carr. It does not follow the Tennysonian poems, and those who have read "The Idylls of the King" will perhaps not relish that fact. Mr. Carr has apparently gone to the text of Sir Thomas Mallory for the material of his play. The result has been rather a disappointment to his audience. The King Arthur and the Queen Guinevere of Tennyson are not the Arthur and Guinevere of Mr. Comyns Carr.

Mr. Comyns Carr was assisted in his efforts by two famous men—Sir Arthur Sullivan for the music and Sir Edward Burne-Jones for the costumes and scenery. The music of Sir Arthur Sullivan does not seem to have made much of an impression. The most ambitious effort is probably the solemn "Chant of the Holy Grail." The other most notable numbers were "The Chorus of the Lake Spirits," "The May Song," and "The Imperial March." In the overture, Sir Arthur Sullivan has produced an exquisite piece of work.

The curtain rises, for the prologue, on the scene of the Magic Mere. This lakelet, far in the forest, is the hidden spot that holds Excalibur, the magic sword. Its blade has been fashioned by the elves and fays, and it is written in the book of fate that the owner of Excalibur shall be invulnerable except to a man born in the month of May. Here to this remote spot come Merlin and King Arthur. It is there that Arthur is told by Merlin that he is the son of Pendragon. He is to receive the magic sword Excalibur from the bosom of the lake. From the placid water there rises a mailed hand, bearing the jeweled sword, which flashes with an unearthly light. The king sees in the Mere the vision of Guinevere, the woman who is to be his wife.

It is in the first act that there comes the temptation of Lancelot. He is, although a man of profound religious bent, tormented with an unholy love for Queen Guinevere, the wife of his bosom friend, Arthur. The struggle in Lancelot's soul is vividly portrayed by Mr. Forbes Robertson. Lancelot longs to go in quest of the Holy Grail. He sees the Holy Grail in a vision, and on his knees prays for power to resist the temptation of the beautiful Guinevere. It is here that Miss Ellen Terry makes her entrance as the queen in a costume of exceeding beauty. The struggle then begins—whether Lancelot shall or shall not go in quest of the Holy Grail. If he goes, he will save his soul; if he stays, he will win a beautiful woman. The queen, like Lancelot, is wavering, but at last she confesses her guilty love, and the two are locked in an embrace. Yet conscience struggles with both, and the queen decides that her lover, Lancelot, must leave her, and go upon his holy mission in quest of the Holy Grail. But the blinded husband, King Arthur, helps her to break her resolution by commanding his favorite knight to remain. So, with clashing armor, and shouting soldiers, and glinting lances, and waving pennants, the Knights of the Table Round, followed by their men-at-arms, go forth upon their quest, while Lancelot, the guilty lover of his queen, remains.

In the second act, the love-sick queen is seen in a beautiful woodland glade, girt by forest-trees. Her white-robed attendants, garlanded with flowers, go through a scene of exquisite beauty, called "The Queen's Maying." Soon Lancelot, her lover, comes. The lovers hide themselves in a bower for shelter from a passing storm, and Lancelot folds his queen in his arms and kisses her passionately upon the lips again and again. But they are watched by the traitor, Mordred, and his mother, Morgan le Fay. The lovers' guilty secret is not long in coming to light. The crafty Mordred betrays Lancelot to the queen, but the secret of their loves is doubly proved by means of the dead Elaine, who has died for love of Lancelot. The lily maid of Astolat is borne on her bier to the castle; clenching in her cold hand is a letter sealed and addressed to the queen. This letter brings home the guilt of Guinevere and Lancelot, and it forces the queen to make open confession. The wronged King Arthur rushes upon his treacherous friend, Lancelot, but the magic sword Excalibur drops from his hand. He can not kill the friend whom he has loved so much, although that friend has wronged him. So Lancelot steals away like a guilty thing. The act closes with a threatened siege of Caerleon, the departure of the king for the battle-field, and the charge to the guilty Mordred of the betrayed and abandoned queen.

The last act has to do with the usurpation of the kingdom by the traitor Mordred, the charge of treason against the queen, her condemnation before the assembled people, and her deliverance by an unknown knight who wears his visor down. Her champion turns out to be King Arthur, and he is slain—as was predicted by Merlin at the Magic Mere—by Mordred, "born in May."

Miss Ellen Terry plays the difficult part of Queen Guinevere with her usual skill. Mr. Henry Irving's rôle of King Arthur is not a strong one, and the actor does not fit the part. There is at times something grotesque about Mr. Irving, and the rôle of the "cold, high, self-contained, and passionless Arthur" of the legend does not suit him. Miss Genevieve Ward, who is herself an artiste known all over the world, plays the part of Mordred's mother, Morgan le Fay. It is a most peculiar character, and in any other hands would have been a failure, but in hers it was one of the successes of the piece.

As I have said, it is almost impossible for a Tennyson

lover to witness the play without a sense of disappointment. There is so much in the Tennysonian idylls that we miss. Sir Mordred, the villain, is very much more in evidence in the play than in the poem, as is his wicked mother, Morgan le Fay. We miss the meeting of Lancelot and Guinevere, when he came to fetch the maiden from her home as ambassador of the king; we miss the story of Elaine, the tournament, and the death of the love-sick maiden; we miss the parting of Guinevere and Arthur, the holy house of Amesbury, the reception of the queen into the convent, and the supreme farewell; finally, we miss the picture of the casting of the sword by Sir Bedivere into the lake at the command of the dying king:

"Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whir'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

It is rarely that there has been seen on the stage a play where an artist of such high rank as Sir Burne-Jones has designed the costumes and the scenes. The first robe worn by Miss Ellen Terry as Queen Guinevere is one of the loveliest ever worn by a great actress or ever designed by a great artist. Those who are familiar with the works of Burne-Jones can readily imagine how his fancy would run riot in the garb of the girls in that beautiful woodland forest scene, "The Queen's Maying." But Mr. Irving makes his first appearance in a suit of black armor, unrelieved by color or drapery. This has been received with much disapproval, despite the weighty name of Burne-Jones. It has been compared to tin, to blacking-boxes, to segments of stove-pipes, and to almost everything that is unroyal. Many of the critics say that if King Arthur should appear like Lohengrin or Parsifal, with flowing fair hair and floating drapery, there would be more of an air of royal dignity given to the part than there is in Mr. Irving's tight-fitting black armor.

On the whole, the performance may be looked upon as a success, although there is an air of realism which detracts from the pre-mediaeval mist of romance which throws a glamour around the poem. All the members of the company were called before the curtain again and again. Mr. Irving made a short speech expressing his delight that his old friend, Comyns Carr, should have been so successful, and that he and his company should have pleased his old friends in front. He gave his thanks and theirs for the hearty greeting, and he wished all his guests a happy New Year. So began the seventeenth season at the Lyceum under Mr. Irving's management.

For the first time, London has had a natural-ice skating-rink. Although Paris, Brussels, Munich, and other continental cities have all had their ice-rinks, this is the first for London. The rink has been opened in the Niagara Hall, which gives it an area of ten thousand square feet. The ice is only an inch or two in thickness, and is surrounded with two promenades, one being on a level with the rink, and the other fitted as a smoking-lounge, with a band-stand. There are also club-rooms, reading-rooms, a café, and a restaurant. The background is a panorama of Niagara Falls in winter, so that one may imagine one's self skating at the foot of the Horseshoe Falls. Most of the men wear frock-coats and tall hats. The women are mostly in dark costumes, many of them wearing the bolero. Some wear seal, others caracul, others braided cloth over bright-colored skirts. Most of them wear toques with black wings, one on each side of the hat, to match the bolero; but there are also a great many Spanish "bull-fighters' hats," with twists of colored velvet under the rim. These Spanish hats are very becoming.

It is odd that just as the artificial ice rink should have been completed, the ice in the parks of London, which had hitherto obstinately refused to become thick enough for skating, in spite of the cold weather, suddenly hardened sufficiently to bear crowds. And the crowds took advantage of it. Numbers of accidents have taken place in and around London, and several lives have been lost. Yesterday the ice in Regent's Park was only two inches in thickness; but, despite the vigilance of the force of policemen who endeavored to keep the people from getting on the ice, large numbers succeeded in doing so. Several succeeded in getting through as well as upon the ice, and before noon several half-drowned and partly frozen skaters had been dragged out by the police. In St. James's Park, yesterday afternoon, the whole of the ice between the bridge and the island gave way, and a large number of people were immersed, including several young women. In the lakes on Clapham Common, day before yesterday, two lives were reported lost from drowning in the Mount Pond. A lady and gentleman were rescued with much difficulty in the Long Pond. The Serpentine is not yet regarded as safe, and the police will not allow skaters upon the ice.

A compatriot of yours, Mr. Harry Dam, has written a very successful play, called "The Shop Girl," concerning which I wrote you some two weeks ago. It is still running to packed houses at the Gaiety. Seats are sold there for two months ahead. Last week the Prince of Wales was seen in a box enjoying the performance, very quietly, it is true, but none the less heartily.

Another note about a Californian. Miss Eleanor Calhoun, who hails from San Francisco, has been playing in Mr. Sidney Grundy's new play, called "Slaves of the Ring." The piece, I regret to say, is not a success; but, none the less, Miss Calhoun has won considerable appreciation for her rendering of the rather lachrymose rôle assigned to her in Mr. Grundy's piece.

LONDON, January 14, 1895.

Members of the Australian legislature are phenomenal reformers. They have reduced their own salaries.

PICCADILLY.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The New York *Herald* will award a prize of \$10,000 for the best serial story of between 50,000 and 75,000 words by an American writer, whether professional or amateur. The conditions of this contest are as follows:

Manuscripts must be submitted anonymously, and must bear only the initials of their authors, or other private identification marks. Three examiners will select the three stories of the greatest merit. The readers of the *Herald* will be asked to decide by ballot which story they like the best, and the prize of \$10,000 will be awarded accordingly. All manuscripts for this competition must be submitted before July 1, 1895.

The *Herald* also offers three other prizes: First, \$3,000 for the best novelette of between 15,000 and 25,000 words; second, \$2,000 for the best story of between 6,000 and 10,000 words; and third, \$1,000 dollars for the best epic poem, based on some event of American history that has occurred since the beginning of the War of the Revolution. The conditions that will govern the competition for the prize of \$10,000 will be published in the *Herald* upon the conclusion of the serials. All manuscripts for these latter competitions must be submitted before September 1, 1895.

The Appletons will publish immediately in the Town and Country Library "Némi," an historical romance, by S. Bariog-Gould, in which he traces a love-story through the dramatic environments furnished by Aquitaine in the stormy days of the raids of the Free Companies and the reprisals of the oppressed. In the same series may shortly be expected "The Good Ship *Mohock*," an ocean romance of the sea, by W. Clark Russell.

Part of the scene of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel will be laid in Rome, it is said. Mrs. Ward will spend the remaining months of winter and the coming spring in Italy.

Three sets of memoirs to be published in the future are being passed around in Paris: those of Marshal Canrobert, of Thiers, and of Marshal McMahon. Thiers's memoirs are short, and contain a bitter attack on McMahon. McMahon's first three volumes deal with his campaigns; the last shows strong anti-republican feelings.

The table of contents of the February *Century* is as follows:

"The Supper of Beaucaire," frontispiece; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William M. Sloane; "Oliver Wendell Holmes. Personal Recollections and Unpublished Letters," by Mrs. James T. Fields; "An Errand of Willing," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Luka Filipov. Paraphrased from the Serbian of Zmai Iovan Iovanovich, after literal translation by Nikola Tesla," by Robert Underwood Johnson; "Characteristics of George Inness," by George William Sheldon; "People in New York," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Kate Negley's Leadings," by Lucy S. Furman; "Casa Braccio," by F. Marion Crawford; "New Weapons of the United States Army," by Victor Louis Mason; "The Death of Emin Pasha," by the United States Agent in the Congo Free State, by R. Dorsey Mohun; "He Would A-Woing Go," by Frank Pope Humphrey; "Lincoln, Chase, and Grant," by Noah Brooks; "In the Gray Cabins of New England," by Rebecca Harding Davis; "The Boy," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "A Plan to Save the Forests," by several writers; verses by Sir Edwin Arnold, John Hay, Kenyon Cox, and others; and the departments.

Two editions of Smollett's writings are about to come out in London. One is in Bohn's Library. The other is to be edited by George Saintsbury. "Roderick Random" will soon be ready, in three volumes.

D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish in their Anthropological Series "The Pygmies," the last work of the distinguished French scientist, A. de Quatrefages. In this volume, which has been translated by Professor Frederick Starr, the author has gathered the results of careful studies of the small black races of Africa, and he shows what the pygmies of antiquity really were.

An item of interest in the first number of the *London Home Monthly*, a new English periodical, will be a version by Hall Caine, whose brother, Ralph Caine, edits the new magazine, of a Maori ballad. "Grah my Chree" ("Love of My Heart"), as it is called, is not known ever to have been written, and Mr. Caine has picked it up from the fishermen of Peel. It relates the history of a phantom ship. It is about twelve years since Hall Caine last appeared as a poet.

Who among recent writers has had the largest sale? Dickens, of course, is first, but Mrs. Henry Wood must be a very good second. "East Lyones" is stated to have sold three hundred and

fifty thousand, and "She" one hundred thousand. It is strange to compare these figures with those of authors with the very highest reputations.

Professor Sloane's Napoleonic chapters in the February *Century* relate to the siege of Toulon, the Reign of Terror, the fall of Robespierre, and the arrest of Napoleon.

The *Critic* corroborates the statement that the Harpers are, unsolicited, paying a royalty to Du Maurier on both "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson," after having bought the books for a lump sum, which we printed last week, and adds another story just the opposite of this:

"When the translation of Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal was offered to the Cassell Publishing Company, Mr. O. M. Dunham, then its president, had so little faith in the success of the book that he declined to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for the translation, and said that he would rather pay a ten per cent. royalty. 'If the translator has any faith in the book, she ought to be satisfied with that arrangement,' said he. She did have the necessary faith, and it was well for her that she had. Every one knows what a success the book was. The cloth and paper editions together reached about one hundred and eighty thousand copies."

A translation of Georg Ebers's new romance, "Im Schmiedefeuer: ein Romäus aus dem alten Nürnberg," is in the Appleton press.

All short stories and poems by Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle, and other popular writers are now carefully copyrighted in this country, and their unauthorized republication involves liability for violation of copyright, which would be a serious matter in the case of a newspaper with a large circulation.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer has a series of sketches of "People in New York," with illustrations by C. D. Gibson, in the February *Century*.

The Chicago *Tribune* affects to believe that England, jealous of American progress, and hopeless of doing us any harm in an open fight, seeks to cripple us by a literary invasion aimed at "the Gibraltar of our greatness—our morality." Says *Harper's Weekly*:

"Evidence of this sinister purpose seems to the *Tribune* to appear in the success of 'Trilby,' of which, it says, one hundred thousand copies have been sold in the United States, while three thousand were being sold in Great Britain. It fears that the influence of 'Trilby' is favorable to the practice of a radical Christianity, which is to be distinguished from a conservative Christianity, the religion of all successful individuals and nations." It also holds that the picture drawn by Mr. du Maurier of the life of Bohemian artists in Paris, though delightful to read about, may prove demoralizing to practical Americans, and may work injury by tempting our artisans, our Board of Trade men, our aristocratic plumbers, and rising politicians to become artists, to the neglect of the respectable pursuits in which they have thus far helped to uphold our national greatness."

Mr. Crawford's new novel, "The Ralstons," which is the continuation of "Katharine Lauderdale," has gone into a second edition only a week after its publication. It is said that there were twelve thousand advance orders for it on the day of its publication.

Mistral will publish in February his new poem, "Le Rhône."

Gustav Geffroy will publish next month a history of Blanqui, "L'Enfermé." The writer has been at work on this book for seven years. He visited all the prisons wherein Blanqui was closeted.

The Messrs. Appleton have in press a novel by Louis Couperus, called "Majesty," which is said to be an extraordinarily vivid romance of autocratic imperialism. The resemblance between the leading characters of the story and those of more than one reigning imperial house will attract readers to the look-out for sensationalism, but the real merit of the story is entirely independent of this fictitious interest.

The Independent Academy which is to be founded at the death of Edmund de Goncourt, and the proceeds of his magnificent collections, and the two members of which are to receive an indemnity of twelve hundred dollars a year, was at first composed of writers who are now dead or members of the French Academy.

It is understood that Colonel Sheridan, brother of General Philip H. Sheridan, is to write a biography of the general.

Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who is ninety years of age, will soon publish two thick octavo volumes on Victor Cousin's philosophy. The celebrated translator of Aristotle is out-of-doors every morning at five.

VALENTINE VERSE.

February XIV.

Is there a lonely bachelor,
Ere twenty-nine,
Or thereabouts, who longs for love,
And wants a Valentine?
O Cupid, in your rounds to-day,
If any such you see,
I wish you could, somehow, contrive
To let him hear of me!

For of those billets-doux, all lace
And rosy wreaths, to trail
Across the verses that unfold
Love's old delicious tale,
Not one has ever come to me—
No swain has fondly signed
In prose or poetry, a hope
To win me for his bride.

But yet if any word of truth
Lie in the jest that Fate
For every mortal on this earth
Has set apart a mate,
There must be somewhere in the world,
A heart that's meant for mine,
And this shall let the owner know
That I'm his Valentine!

—M. E. W. in Life.

A Valentine Villanelle.

On this St. Valentine his day
The feathered songster wooes his mate,
And each true lover chants his lay.
The lilting birds trill clear and gay,
And strive with song to pierce heaven's gate,
On this St. Valentine his day.

The swelling buds show green to-day,
For tardy spring they scarce can wait,
And each true lover chants his lay.

The coyest maid yields to love's sway
(As troubadours' old tales relate)
On this St. Valentine his day.

How easy "Yes" it were to say!
Let those sweet eyes consent to fate
While thy true lover chants his lay.

A word of cruel scorn like "Nay"
Should fall not from the lips of Kate
On this St. Valentine his day,
When each true lover chants his lay.

—Mary C. Hungerford in the *Century*.

A Valentine.

Jack in New York writes to Edith at Newport.

Wilt thou not be my Valentine
(I hope that stocks won't more decline,
Or if they do, at least not mine.)

O haughty maiden?
Wilt thou not deign to smile on me,
(Wonder how much she's worth—Pardie!
That I her father's books might see.)
With charms so laden!

We'll now revive the good old days
I don't believe her when she says
She hates that millionaire, Jim Hayes.)
Of song and story;
St. Valentine's a dear old saint
[I'm told that she is known to paint—
If I should ask her, would she faint?]
And all was glory.

I know I'm far below thy wish,
[I fear she'll take that for a fish;
And if she does, my hopes she'll dish.]
But, humbly pleading,
Let me but worship thee afar,
[I wonder who her family are,
I don't quite like her "Pa" and "Ma."]
Thy favor needing?

So let me be thy Valentine,
[I hear that she has brothers nine;
But I'm resolved she shall be mine.]
O maiden fairer
Than were those sung in days of yore,
[I really think she must have more,
Than I was told on Newport's shore.]
Thy charms are rarer.—E.R.

"The American Newspaper Annual" for 1895, published by N. W. Ayer & Sons, of Philadelphia, is a book of nearly fifteen hundred pages, including those devoted to advertisements. It is a carefully prepared list of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, Territories, and Dominion of Canada, with valuable information regarding their circulation, issue, date of establishment, political or other distinctive features, names of editors and publishers, and street addresses in cities of fifty thousand inhabitants and more, together with the population of the counties and places in which the papers are published. To this are added descriptions of the railroad, telegraph, express, and banking facilities of every place in the United States and Canada in which a newspaper is published, and other matter of interest and value.

The Century Company have just issued a black-and-white reproduction of the Napoleon poster by Eugene Grasset, originally made as an advertisement of the *Century Magazine*. The picture may be called an apotheosis of Napoleon—Napoleon the unreal hero among unreal surroundings—his weird white horse standing beside a precipice whence the smoke of battle arises, and the sun ("the Sun of Austerlitz") shining down upon him. The print is in size 7½x9, and it has been reproduced in a way to preserve, as far as possible in black and white, the character of the original design. The retail price has been placed at fifty cents.

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Vernon's Aunt.

By Mrs. EVERARD COTES (Sara Jeannette DuCanon), author of "A Social Departure," "An American Girl in London," "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," and "A Daughter of To-day." With many illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

After her strong and absorbing novel "A Daughter of To-day," Mrs. Cotes again demonstrates her elasticity by a return to the vivacious humor which gained her first laurels. "Vernon's Aunt" is a delicious story of contrasting types and absurd misadventures. The sparkling descriptions of the author are accompanied by most felicitous illustrations.

Dust and Laurels.

A Study in Nineteenth-Century Womanhood. By MARY L. PENDERED. No. 158, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"An exceedingly clever character sketch—everything by turns, and nothing long. She poses, and despises herself for posing; flirts, and abhors herself; uses her liberty and abuses it, and exposes herself to being taken for worse than she is. This study stands out from the usual portraits of such types, through its clever indication of the effects of the limits of nineteenth-century civilization upon such unrestrained natures."—*London Spectator*.

"Though Miss Pendered's name is unknown to us, we can hardly imagine her to be a novice to novel-writing, when she shows such rare choice of incident and character as she does in 'Dust and Laurels.'"—*London Athenaeum*.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Sala's Memoirs.

Two portly volumes have been issued from the press bearing the somewhat rococo title of "Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala." Mr. Sala remarks that such titles as "Reminiscences," "Memories of the Past," "Fifty Years of My Life," "Looking Back," etc., have slightly palled upon the public, and hence he has changed the form. The style and title which he has chosen is reminiscent of buccaners rather than of travelers, but Mr. Sala has certainly been a great traveler, although not even a literary buccaneer. His recollections run back for many years, for he was born in London in 1828. His father was also English-born, although his grandfather was a Roman citizen who came to England in 1776. The mother of Mr. Sala was a singer and an actress, for in those days actresses had to be singers, and most singers were actresses. She used to appear in such roles as Mrs. Peacham in "The Beggar's Opera" and the Princess Hunca-Munca in Fielding's burlesque of "Tom Thumb." Therefore the earlier days of Sala, his childhood and his youth, were passed amid theatrical people. He has many curious anecdotes in these volumes of the footlight favorites of sixty years ago. Among them are anecdotes of Miss Helen Faucit, the beautiful actress who married Sir Theodore Martin, author of "The Life of the Prince Consort." There are many stories told of Donizetti, Bellini, Cherubini, and other musical celebrities. One of Mr. Sala's childish recollections of his mother is in the character of Gambia in the piece called "The Slave," of which he says that "the costume consisted of a full suit of black tights with white calico trunks, and with blackened bands and face." Few men can say of their mothers that they have recollections such as this. The reminiscences run down through the years to the time when Mr. Sala went to Paris as a school-boy. From there they go back to London, and he takes up his apprenticeship in the journalistic world; for, although Mr. Sala began as an illustrator, he has always been connected with newspapers. He tells the anecdote of his first appearance in print immediately after he learned to etch, when he became the editor of a paper called *Chat*. Much space is given to journalists of the past and to journals of the past as well, for these volumes are filled with the names of dead and gone reviews and magazines. His many journeys began with a trip to Russia, and next, when he became a member of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, he made many excursions for that famous journal. Among others is one upon the *Great Eastern* when the explosion took place aboard that luckless ship. His next journalistic exploit is a description of the Prince of Wales's wedding, told *ex arcanis*. Then he was sent across the Atlantic to write up the War of the Rebellion. Mr. Sala skims lightly over this subject, for he did himself no credit at the time, having persistently taken the wrong side and warped the facts to fit his private views. Next he went to Italy when Garibaldi was fighting for freedom, and he tells of the liberation of Venice and contrasts Rome in 1866 with Rome in 1894. The next chapter of his life is at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Then follows the famous trial of Pierre Bonaparte, the killing of Victor Noir, and the advance scenes of the great Franco-Prussian War of 1870. In this part of the book Mr. Sala has some adventures which justify the title which he has chosen for his book, for in the midst of the spy-panic in Paris he was arrested, mobbed, and narrowly escaped being killed. Following this, he takes up the famous Tichborne case. Then follows the Carlist War. He gives an account of the coronation of Alexander the Third, which he witnessed, and then describes his trip around the world by way of Australia, taking in, incidentally, the city of San Francisco. Upon San Francisco Mr. Sala touches lightly. The historic banquet which was given him at the Bohemian Club, and at which certain wars, civil and international, were fought over again, he does not dwell upon. But he speaks of the seals, Seal Rocks, the Cliff House, and he describes minutely the numerous electric tram-cars he saw here—of which, by the way, there were none at that time. Mr. Sala is always amusing, if not accurate. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, for the two volumes, \$5.00.

New Publications.

"The Currency and the Banking Law of the Dominion of Canada; Considered with Reference to Currency Reform in the United States," by William C. Cornwell, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"A Romance of Dijon," by M. Bentham-Edwards, a tale of the French Revolution, in which love, religion, and the course of public events are combined to make an interesting story, has been published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Judicial Murder of Mary E. Surratt," by David Miller de Witt, is a complete account of the trial, sentence, and execution of Mrs. Surratt for complicity in the assassination of President Lin-

coln. After two preliminary chapters on "The Reign of Terror" and "The Bureau of Military (In) Justice," the book describes minutely the trial and verdict, and follows this with an elaborate vindication of the accused woman. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore; price, \$1.25.

"Doctor Judas," by William Rosser Cobbe, is a portrayal of the opium habit by a Chicago newspaper man, who was for nine years its slave. The author aims to enlighten the public as to the mental, moral, and physical effects of the drug by narrating his own experience and those of other morphine-maniacs he has known; incidentally he reviews De Quincy's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," and points out inconsistencies and misstatements. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

An historical sketch of "The Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System," by George H. Martin, supervisor of the Boston Public Schools, is the latest volume in the International Education Series. The subject is an important one, for the experience of Massachusetts in adopting new methods of instruction and abandoning old ones is more comprehensive than that of any other State, and its history is therefore typical of that of the American public-school system. The author names the steps of progress in Massachusetts as follows: Compulsory education, compulsory schools, compulsory certifying of teachers, compulsory supervision, and compulsory school attendance, and adds this list of important mile-stones: The admission of girls to schools above the primary grades, the establishment of English high-schools (for boys, 1,821; for girls, 1,825), evening schools, normal schools, industrial art education and State Normal Art School, free text-books, written examinations, and the adoption of single class-rooms for assistant teachers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Richard Harding Davis has been showing us in "The Princess Aline," in *Harper's*, how distinguished and delightful guide-book literature may be made by the infusion of a little romance and a few of the socially elect, and the same impression—with less of the author's personality—is to be derived from "The Land of the Sun," by Christian Reid. In the latter are narrated the experiences of a father and two daughters, one a fascinating widow, who travel to Mexico to see an engineer son and to rescue a susceptible brother from the lures of Mexican beauties. The son and brother is in a position to show them much of the social life inaccessible to the casual traveler, and the old hacienda, which has been in one Mexican family ever since the Spanish Conquest, furnishes one of the pleasantest chapters in the book. The romantic interest is well sustained, and as a record of customs and scenes that are rapidly fading away before the invasion of pushing gringos, "The Land of the Sun" is heartily to be welcomed. The score or so of illustrations are from excellent photographs. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

The wine-colored linen covers, heavy, uncut paper, and handsome typography of "A Book of English Prose: Character and Incident, 1387-1649," selected by William Ernest Henley and Charles Whibley, arouse a pleasurable anticipation that is fully satisfied by the contents. The compilers' purpose has been to select from the prose of adventure and romance a series of extracts chosen, not to show the development of the language, nor as examples of glowing diction, but on these two principles: that each passage should be complete in itself, and that each should relate a single incident or unfold a single character. The selections begin with "A Character of Irishmen," by John Trevisa (1387), which is followed by "The Court of the Great Chan," by Sir John Maundeville (1410), after which come William Caxton, Sir Thomas Malory, Sir Thomas More, Roger Ascham, Hugh Latimer, John Foxe, John Knox, John Lyly, Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, and half a hundred others less known to the present generation. It may be added that the spelling has been modernized, or anglicized, and the few places where editing was found necessary are indicated by dots of omission. The book concludes with a bibliography showing the source from which each extract has been taken. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

Mrs. Everard Cotes—who was Sara Jeannette Duncan—has written a third book on Indian life. Her "American Girl in London" was most amusing in its witty descriptions and satire on English institutions; "A Daughter of To-Day" was a clever account of a young woman's travels; "The Simple Adventures of a Mensahib" was an entertaining narrative of the experiences of an Englishwoman who went out to India to live; and "Vernon's Aunt," her latest book, is a story of a lady who goes to India to look after a nephew whom she brought up but whom she has not seen for eleven years. The tone of the book may be imagined from the fact that she delays her start from England to have her new silk fitted—she has it tried on seven times—to see that her resignation from the Dorcas Society is

properly received and that her dearest friend is not appointed to her place, to get the December *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home*, and for other equally trivial reasons. On her arrival at Bombay, she has a ludicrous misadventure with a man whom she takes to be her nephew, but who proves to be another man who was expecting a demented wife, whom she strongly resembles. There is much of this rather broad humor in the story, but the greater part is made up of clever comment on the peculiarities of Anglo-Indian life. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Dust and Laurels," by Mary L. Pendered, is dubbed by its author "a study in nineteenth-century womanhood." If the study be faithful, one need not wonder at the decline of matrimony. No sensible man would care to marry Vera Grace, the heroine, or, indeed, to marry any woman who would not cut her acquaintance. She is near her thirtieth year—how she ever survived in respectability so long is matter to marvel at—and, having a pretty fair assortment of knowledge for even an "advanced" woman, she hungers for sensations and continually puts herself in the way of temptation; when it is added that "when a man touched her she weakened," one can not but admire the skill of the author in deferring the end of the story to the two hundred and sixty-sixth page. Vera is at one time madly in love with Garriek Maitland, but that does not deter her from throwing herself at Captain Dalton, a married man, and, after a sufficiently indiscreet tête-à-tête, he kisses her. His wife, who has seen the caress, dies of jealousy, and, in the end, Vera marries still another man, who is some ten years her junior. It will be inferred that "Dust and Laurels" is a startling story; it is also notable as a comprehensive study in the *argot* of the class of London men and women to which Vera belongs. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

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The Midwinter Number of

The Century Magazine

FEBRUARY - - - - - CONTAINS

Napoleon.

Napoleon at Toulon,—The Supper of Beaucaire,—The Reign of Terror,—Napoleon in Prison,—The Fall of Robespierre, etc.—chapters in Prof. Wm. M. Sloane's great history, now universally considered "the best history of Napoleon," as interesting as a novel. With eight full-page and other illustrations.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Personal Recollections and Unpublished Letters," contributed by Dr. Holmes's intimate friend of many years, Mrs. James T. Fields.

Serial Novels by Marion Crawford and Mrs. Burton Harrison.

Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio" reaches a climax of interest. In Mrs. Harrison's "Errant Wooing" is described the voyage from New York to Gibraltar, with interesting experiences in Tangier.

People in New York.

A delightful paper by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with characteristic illustrations by Gibson.

New Weapons of the U. S. Army.

By Victor Louis Mason, confidential attaché of the Bureau of Ordnance and Fortification. With eighteen pictures.

A Dramatic Poem by Sir Edwin Arnold.

"The Passing of Muhammad, Prophet of Arabia." Illustrated.

The Death of Emin Pasha.

A remarkable contribution by the United States Agent in the Congo Free State, containing the full confession of the murderers of Emin, never before published.

Lincoln, Chase and Grant.

Reminiscences by Noah Brooks,—Lincoln and Chase, and their political friends,—The Resignation of Chase,—Enter Lieutenant-General Grant.

A Plan to Save the Forests.

A Symposium by the leading experts of this country, including Frederick Law Olmsted, the chief of the Division of Forestry of the Dept. of Agriculture, the President of the Penn. State Forest Commission, the Supt. of the Adirondack Survey, Captain Anderson (in charge of Yellowstone Park), John Muir, Theodore Roosevelt, and others.

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The revival of "Henry the Fourth" by Warde and James is an event. Owing to the large number of parts which require ability in the actor, it is seldom put on the stage; few of those who saw it on Tuesday had ever seen it before. And yet, the two parts of "Henry the Fourth" and "Henry the Fifth" constitute a trilogy which shows the poet-dramatist at his best, and is unsurpassed by any other work of his in variety, humor, vigor, and poetry.

The historical situation is so dramatic that it needs only to be accurately described to make a good play. Henry the Fourth was growing old, and was peevish and jealous of his son. He had spent ten years in warring with the enemies of the House of Lancaster, and, though victorious, was worn out. His last feat was the capture and execution of Scrope, Archbishop of York, to avenge whose death the Pope laid the kingdom under an interdict. With a humor not common in those days, Henry sent the fighting priest's coat of mail to the Pope, quoting, sarcastically, the words of Joseph's brethren: "Lo! this we have found; see, now, whether it be thy son's coat or no."

What foundation there was for the king's suspicion of the loyalty of his son can only now be matter of conjecture. Prince Hal had been noted for "early petulance and riot"; he had lost his

"Princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye
But was aware of his common sight;
He was but as the cuckoo in June,
Heard, not regarded."

But no well-established facts justify King Henry's suspicious outburst:

"Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy,
Thou that art like enough through vassal fear
To fight against me under Percy's pay?"

The prince's contrition, as depicted in Shakespeare, is of the Sunday-school be-good-and-you-will-be-happy kind; there is more semblance of reality in Stowe's account, which describes him as entering the royal hall at the head of a party of noblemen and gentlemen whom he will not suffer to advance beyond the fire in the hall, and declaring that his life is not so desirable to him that he could wish to live one day under his father's displeasure. There was in that a rough manliness which was racy of the time.

Grouped round the king and his son, Shakespeare found more dramatic material ready to his hand in Hotspur, and the "great magician damned Glendower, at whose birth the earth did shake." In the whole range of Shakespeare's characters, it is hard to find one more complete and artistic than Hotspur. He outdoes Cassius. His spurts of fury and gall are so natural that it seems he could not possibly have spoken otherwise than he did; it is only when the reader closes the book and tries to put in Hotspur's mouth words which befit the occasion, that he realizes Shakespeare's genius. What fire in his spurts!

"Why! what a curdy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Or,

"My prisoners? I'll keep them all,
He shall not have a Scot of them."

Or,

"I am whipped and scourged,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician Bolingbroke."

In the plays as first put on the stage, the leading parts were Hotspur, Glendower, Prince Hal, the king, Northumberland, and Mortimer; Falstaff—Or Oldcastle, as he was originally called—was a farce part thrown in to amuse the pit. But gradually this became the leading part of all, especially when Queen Elizabeth deigned to express her commendation of it and to request that, as there were living members of the Oldcastle family, the burly knight's name might be changed. Thus Falstaff was born, and it seems that the author of his being, with parental pride, fell in love with him himself. In the epilogue to the second part of "Henry the Fourth," he says:

"One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France, where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless he be already killed with your hard opinions. For Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

For reasons which are not explained, Falstaff does not figure in "Henry the Fifth." Pistol explains that "Falstaff is dead, and we must yearn therefore," and the Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap tells how

"A made a fine end, and went away as it had been any christom child; a parted even just between twelve and one; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets

and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a habbled of green fields. How now, Sir John, quoth I; what man! he of good cheer. So I cried out God! God! God! three or four times, till I to comfort him hid him 'a should not think of God."

It seems that the queen mourned for Sir John, and was pleased to require of Shakespeare that he should bring him to life again and exhibit him in love; to which royal fantasy the world owes "The Merry Wives of Windsor." With the London public, Falstaff was a favorite from the first. His "humorous conceits" were mentioned in the first edition of "Henry the Fourth" as a special feature of the piece, and he became so well known that, seven years afterward, Inigo Jones directed that a figure in a masque should be "dressed like a Sir John Falstaff, in a robe of russet, quite low, with a great belly like a swollen man, long mustachios, the shoes short, and out of them great toes, buskins, to show a great, swollen leg." He was a clown conceived in the taste of the London public; but he was also a wit and a philosopher in the fashion of the court fools, and in all his acts and speeches he exhibits the same selfish craft, and careless jollity, and lazy luxury. His speech about honor is worthy of Diogenes:

"Honor pricks me on; yea, but if honor pricks me off when I come on, how then? Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word 'honor'? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yes, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."

In all Falstaff's drollery, there lurks a method—low, hase, mean, if you will, but still a method. The fellow is contemptible in lying, cowardice, thieving, gormandizing; but the contempt he arouses is mingled with admiration for his wit. The audience shriek at the expansion of his two assailants into "nine men in buckram"; but when he explains his cowardice with the prompt excuse, "Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn on the true prince?" the readiness of the rascal's wit wins his pardon.

One reason why "Henry the Fourth" has been so seldom seen on the stage is the difficulty of finding an actor who could play Falstaff suitably. In the records of the old stage, there is an occasional mention of attempts to portray the burly knight, but none of them seem to have made an impression on theatre-goers. The first actor who identified himself with the part was James H. Hackett, of New York, who has been the model for all subsequent Falstaffs. He was followed closely by Burton and Ben de Bar, and less closely by other performers, who departed from tradition by making the knight a *bon-vivant* and a witty philosopher, instead of a type of coarse sensuality and gross living. Careful reading of Shakespeare condemns the innovation. There can be no doubt that the playwright intended to create a man of low life and brutal instincts, with the single redeeming quality of a nimble humor. A year or two since, Crane attempted to portray him as a compromise between the two conceptions; the public did not like it. Mr. James's Falstaff is rather a sketch than a finished portrait. He does not seem to have quite made up his mind what Falstaff should be. In some scenes he is a roystering sot, while in others he inclines to the cunning knave who is perfectly well aware what he is about and puts on airs of dissoluteness for the purpose of living well without working. Falstaff's speech, when he assumes to speak for Prince Hal, is quite inconsistent with his character generally; it implies that the knight knows perfectly what a blackguard he is, that he is capable of behaving like a gentleman, but that he prefers to live otherwise for the sake of lewd company and quantities of sack. This is not Mr. James's fault, but Shakespeare's, and the same remark will apply to the gubbing pardon which Prince Hal bestows on the knight. A prince who could pardon so quickly the bery of the robbery, and could clasp the band of the knavish coward with such effusion, was very little better than the knight himself.

Mr. Warde, who is the kindest man on the stage, took the part of Prince Hal, when he ought by rights to have played Hotspur. This was in order to give a chance to the promising young actor, Guy Lindsay. Hotspur is really a fine part, a sort of English Achilles who is always boiling with rage and mad to imhure his hands in some one's blood. A good deal could be made of the part by an actor who could tear a passion into tatters without ranting. As to Prince Hal, he is so very absurd that it is difficult to keep from laughing at him. If the real prince was anything like the personage whom Shakespeare puts on the stage, it is wonderful that he ever succeeded his father on the throne.

Theatre-lovers, and especially young people, should not neglect the opportunity now offered them of seeing good tragedy fairly well played. Messrs Warde and James deserve support. Their company is not ideal; but ideal companies are not to be found nowadays. They have talent enough in their troupe to produce any first-class drama or tragedy in a suitable manner; and they are two hosts in themselves. Young men will find that there is an education in their production of "Henry the Fourth," "Julius Caesar," "Othello," "Richard the Third," and "Richelieu"; they should not neglect it.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Jakobowski's "Paola" has met with a flattering reception at the Tivoli Opera House, and is to be continued for another week.

Nellie McHenry, who has not lost her vivacity since she was here some time ago with Salsbury's Troubadours, will appear at the California Theatre next week in "A Night at the Circus."

"Henry the Fourth" has proved so popular at the Baldwin that Warde and James have decided to give it twice next week—on Thursday, as originally intended, and on Saturday night, in place of "Richard the Third."

"The Lights o' London," which ranks with "The Silver King" among the most powerful melodramas of the past twenty years, is to be done at the Alcazar next week, with George Osbourne and Miss Catherine Cogswell in the leading rôles.

Frederick Warde is to deliver a lecture on "Shakespeare" at Metropolitan Hall on Thursday, February 21, at half-past three in the afternoon. It will be given for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Fund, admission being twenty-five cents.

Musical people in the East are just now making much of two young musicians, Bernard Stavenhagen and Jean Gerardy. The former was a pupil of Liszt, traveling with the famous *abbe* during his last tours, and has built up a European reputation in later years. Gerardy is a phenomenal 'cellist, and is now in his seventeenth year. They are now giving concerts under the management of Marcus Mayer, and will probably come to San Francisco.

Strauss's "Prince Methusalem" will follow "Paola" at the Tivoli on February 18th, and the same evening will see the reappearance of a well-known Tivoli favorite, Miss Fanny Liddiard, who will assume the rôle of the prince. Miss Irma Fitch, who is favorably known in concert circles, will also make her appearance. February 20th will be "Yachtman's Night," the California Yacht Club attending in a body. "Blue Beard, Jr." and "Princess Nicotine" are announced for production in the near future.

For the second and last week of their engagement at the Baldwin, Frederick Warde and Louis James will have a change of hill nightly. Monday they will present for the only time "Francesca da Rimini"; Tuesday we are to see Bulwer's "Richelieu," with Warde as the cardinal and James as the Count de Baradas; only one production of "The Lion's Mouth" is to be given, and that on Wednesday evening; Thursday night "Henry the Fourth" will be repeated; on Friday night "Othello" will be given; for the Saturday matinee "Julius Caesar" will be the bill, with Mr. Warde as Marc Antony; and for the last performance of the engagement, on Saturday night, the two stars will be seen in "Henry the Fourth" again. William Greer Harrison's new play, "Runnymede," is to be presented by Warde and James at the California Theatre, following their engagement at the Baldwin.

The Pure Food Exposition in the Mechanics' Pavilion continues to prove a popular place of resort. Mrs. Lincoln's afternoon lectures on cookery are always well attended, and Professor Lord's "Living Pictures" and the concerts by Casassa's Band in the evening add much to the pleasures of the exhibition. One of the most interesting of the displays is that of the Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Mr. Knox is managing the exposition, and much of its success is due to him. Next week one-quarter of the evening receipts at the exposition will go to the various orphan asylums of the city.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla creates an appetite and gives tone to the digestive organs.

An Art Sale.

At the Young Men's Christian Association Building on Sutter Street, Messrs. Easton, Eldridge & Company will soon sell the valuable art collection of Messrs. S. & G. Gump. The collection includes some of the best work of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish masters. The sale will commence on Thursday evening next, and continue on Friday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. Lovers of fine art will undoubtedly embrace this favorable opportunity to add to their collections.

The Lurline Baths.

Situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. The fresh salt water is brought from the ocean in a continuous stream, and as it is artificially heated, the pleasure of a plunge in salt water may be enjoyed in winter as well as in summer. The baths are open from early morning until ten o'clock in the evening.

— SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Creme Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grauge Batelière, Paris; druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

— THE STEAMSHIP "ALAMEDA" WILL SAIL ON Saturday, February 9th, at two o'clock P. M., instead of Thursday as advertised. This change is made in order to adjust mail connections.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.



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-- PAOLA --
In Preparation.....Blue Beard, Jr.
Look Out For.....Princess Nicotine
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

BALDWIN THEATRE.
AL. HAYMAN & CO., (INCORPORATED), PROPRIETORS
Beginning Monday, February 11th. Second Week of
FREDERICK WARDE and LOUIS JAMES
Monday, "Francesca da Rimini"; Tuesday, "Richelieu"; Wednesday, "The Lion's Mouth"; Thursday, "King Henry IV."; Friday, "Othello"; Saturday Matinee, "Julius Caesar"; Saturday Night, "Richard III."
Monday, February 18th.....A Gaiety Girl

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
AL. HAYMAN & CO., (INCORPORATED), PROPRIETORS
S. H. FRIEDLANDER, MANAGER
Monday, February 11th. Engagement For One Week
Only. The Jolly Comedienne,
-- NELLIE McHENRY --
In the Brilliant Blaze of Comic Novelties,
A NIGHT AT THE CIRCUS!
New Songs, New Acts, New Situations, Etc.
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ALCAZAR THEATRE.
J. P. HOWE, MANAGER
Saturday and Sunday Evenings. Last Nights of the
Great Success, **THE AMERICAN GIRL.**
Monday, February 11th. A Grand Production of the
-- LIGHTS O' LONDON --
Mr. George Osbourne and Miss Catherine Cogswell,
Supported by a Strong Cast.
Prices: Orchestra, 75c; Dress Circle, 50c; Balcony, 25c
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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Villard has announced his intention of residing in Berlin in future. Lately he has been living in Munich.

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is one of the few men in public life who can not and will not be interviewed.

Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, is said to look more like a clergyman than an actor. He is more than six feet high, straight as a soldier, with auburn hair and large but well-molded features.

Signor Cavallotti, the Opposition leader in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, has received nearly a dozen challenges from aggrieved ministerial journalists. He has referred all the would-be duelists to the law courts.

James D. Tillman, of Fayetteville, Tenn., the new United States Minister to Ecuador, was said to be the youngest colonel in the Confederate service. His father and all the other members of his family were strong Union men.

Dr. Parkhurst, when a young theological student, was sent abroad for several years to study. When he returned, he preached in the little town of Clinton, Mass., where he was born, and where his father had been minister for seventeen years.

Mr. Reed's prominence as a possible candidate for the Presidency has stimulated his correspondence to a point where it has become a burden. He receives hundreds of letters every day, most of them assuring him of success, and it takes the greater part of his time to attend to them.

General James N. Bethune, of Georgia, lies critically ill in Washington. He is nearly ninety-two years old. He was the first editor in the South openly to advocate secession. At one time he was attorney-general of Georgia. He was the original owner of "Blind Tom," the negro musical prodigy.

Whitelaw Reid, after spending some time in Morocco and Algeria, reached Cairo the day after New-Year's. His health has been so much benefited by his short stay in North Africa that the bronchial and asthmatic troubles have all disappeared, and he is now in as good health as he has been at any time during the last five years.

Dr. M. N. Keim, Sr., who rode 18,538 miles on his bicycle last season, is fifty years old, and is one of the most enthusiastic wheelmen in the Quaker City. He began riding in 1883, and has always been noted as a long-distance rider. Last year he rode on an average 59 1/2 miles a day. During August, with favorable weather, he ran up his largest monthly record 2,036 miles.

Baron Albert Blanc, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who may possibly succeed M. Resman as Italian Ambassador at Paris, is married to Miss Terry of the New York and Cuban family of which Miss Sibyl Sanderson's affianced husband, Antonio Terry, is a member. She "enjoys the distinction of being one of the only two ladies of rank at Rome who cared to associate on terms of intimacy with Signor Crispi's wife."

Archdeacon Farrar made over forty thousand dollars out of his three books, "The Life of Christ," "The Life of St. Paul," and "The Early Days of Christianity." He was only a comparatively unknown curate when one of his sermons attracted the attention of a publisher, who immediately commissioned him to visit Palestine in order to write a biography of Christ. This was how his gift for writing was first discovered.

M. Cail, son of the great ironmaster of Grenelle, is emulous of winning the kind of notoriety which Max Lebaudy, "Le Petit Sucrier," enjoys. M. Cail is known in Paris as "Le Petit Fondeur." His family have just set him up with a *conseil judiciaire*. One of the foolish deeds alleged against him was a Christmas-eve supper to fast club men and pretty actresses. As midnight struck, an old Christmas carol was sung, and then the company sat down to table. Each lady was provided with a costly bouquet. That of Mme. Liane de Pougy was held together by a bracelet valued at thirty thousand dollars. The "Petit Fondeur" is in a cavalry regiment stationed at Tours. The war minister has obliged his family by canceling a long furlough.

Félix Faure is a wealthy man, the result of his own labor. He was born in Paris, January 30, 1847, but he is generally considered a Normand, since he spent most of his life at Havre, where he was commission and shipping merchant, and at one time president of the Chamber of Commerce. During the Franco-German War, he organized a battalion of mobile guards, and went afterward to Paris with the Havre firemen to assist in stopping the incendiary fires started by the communists. The new French President is a thorough English scholar, and well versed, also, in the study of economical questions. He has published important works and reports on the colonial, the shipping, and the commercial interests of France at home and abroad, as well as remarkable essays upon the budgets of the different nations.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The "Golden Butterfly" Again.

EDITORIAL ROOMS, BROOKLYN TIMES, BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 30, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am sure that you are the efficient agent in my commission from Mr. Besant to find the "Golden Butterfly," permit me to thank you for your kind efforts in this matter, and to renew the assurances of the high regard in which I hold the model of all that a literary weekly should be: an ocolored record of passing events, an unfeigned expression of well-digested opinion thereof. Yours very truly,

WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

Changing One's Vocal Register.

SPOKANE, WASH., January 21, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In one of your valuable numbers—last September or thereabouts—mention was made of a recipe used by some singer to raise the tone of the voice, so as to enable the user thereof to sing from one to three tones higher than before; and also, in the same article, mention was made of another recipe used to lower the register of the human voice—I think it was by inhaling some kind of tar vapor, but, at any rate, the undersigned—who is a constant reader of your paper and a native-born Californian, and only reckons time from *Argonaut* to the next—would like to get a copy of the issue containing this recipe.

Four to six people read my paper regularly. Thanking you in advance,

Yours very truly, MARK E. DAVIS.

The paragraph to which our correspondent refers read as follows:

"A scientific journal gives the results of some recent experiments upon the vocal cords which will prove interesting to singers. A baritone who wished to become a tenor succeeded by taking a course of inhalations, hemoing with henzoine, going on to caffeine and chloroform, and ending with curacao; while the voice was deepened by taking volatilized Norwegian tar."

The foregoing was reprinted from an Eastern journal. We regret that we can give no further particulars as to proportions and methods.—Eds.

An Appeal for Help.

GOTHENBURG, DAWSON COUNTY, NEB.,

February 2, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you please insert the following in your valuable paper:

We are here in German Precinct, the north-west part of Dawson County, Neb., suffering badly for want of everything—provisions, feed, fuel, grain, seeds, clothing, and so on. If any of your readers are willing to lend us a helping hand in time of need and distress, brought upon us by the drought of the past two seasons, we would be very thankful for the same, and would make acknowledgment through our relief committee in and for German Precinct.

Two years of total drought will be sufficient explanation of our appeal.

L. G. FIEKENSCHER, Chairman,
ED. BRINKHOUS,
WM. LANG,
MARTIN KRANBERGER,
Committee.

What the United States Receives.

SANTA CRUZ, February 4, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the fourth instant, in your editorial relative to the depletion of the United States Treasury, you speak of Austria as absorbing twenty-four millions of dollars, which is undoubtedly correct. Will you kindly inform myself and a number of your readers here what the United States receives in return for such exportation of gold. By answering you will greatly oblige Yours respectfully,

F. L. STEVENS.

We receive from Austro-Hungary artificial flowers, buttons, cloths, wooleo goods, dresses, drugs, chemicals, fans, furniture, glassware, gloves, hats and caps, jet trimmings, leather and skins, linen goods, musical instruments, oils and paints, paper goods, pottery, shoes and boots, toys, umbrellas, wooden-ware, and other things—nearly all of which we can supply and ought to supply ourselves.—Eds.

A Captious Caviar.

NELSON, B. C., January 28, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: For some years I have been in the habit of deriving a large amount of literary enjoyment from your excellent paper, which I afterward read to friends across the Atlantic. Where all is so uniformly good, it is rare to find anything to cavil at; but I notice in your issue of twenty-first instant that the name of Mr. ——— does not appear in your "Society" column. I have also searched "Movements and Whereabouts" without success.

I think your attention should be called to this as being a circumstance which demands some explanation. I observe that Mr. and Mrs. ——— do not seem to be in reasonably good health, judging from the fact that they are unable to give a matinee tea until late in the afternoon. This is to be regretted. However, our old stock favorites—Miss ———, Miss ———, Miss ———, cum multis aliis—are going strong, and that is some consolation. At the same time, Mr. and Mrs. ———, Mr. and Mrs. ———, né ———, and Mr. and Mrs. ———, né ———, are unchronicled.

Even in this knuckle-end of creation, these magnolious and scóorous names command a certain amount of respect and attention, and we feel there is something wanting when they do not appear or others equally uninspiring are not forthcoming. I can assure you that your "Society" column is read with as much, if not more, interest as that devoted to "The Alleged Humorists" by Your obedient servant,

GEORGE R. G. O'DRISCOLL.

P. S.—I have noticed in the *Argonaut* lately, on one or two occasions, that reference has been made to Earl Powlett and Viscount Hinton. As you may possibly be unaware of the reason why the latter does not appear in the "Peerage," as he to the former, I will give you the story as I heard it: At one period of his life, Earl Powlett served in the English navy, and, coming off a long cruise, was speeding an evening coquivially at Portsmouth with some of his comrades. The conversation turned on matrimony, and the earl offered to hack himself for a considerable sum that the first woman he met on the street he would ask to marry him, and she would consent. Unfortunately for himself, he won his bet, and, in an incredibly short space of time (somewhere under three months, I think), the individual who plays the piano-organ and styles himself Viscount Hinton made his appearance. What has become of the Countess Powlett deponent knoweth not. The "Peerage" may help you out here. O'D.

We have omitted the names in our correspondent's

note. It is to be borne in mind that seering at people whose names appear in the "society column," as *Life* is in the habit of doing weekly, is most unjust. They are not instrumental to the printing of their names. It is a matter which is entirely beyond their control, and to lampoon people for matters concerning which they can have no responsibility, is, in our opinion, entirely indefensible from any point of view.—Eos.

The Whipping-Post and its Correlative.

SEATTLE, WASH., January 27, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In yours of the twenty-first instant appears a suggestion to establish the whipping-post for wife-beaters. I believe in your idea. You evidently want justice, and, as justice is impartial and knows no sex, I would suggest as an amendment (in order to strengthen the hands of the fair goddess) that the natural adjunct of the whipping-post for wife-beaters—the ducking-stool for common scolds—should also be established; and I venture the opinion that if eternal justice prevailed, the ducking-stool would be in operation ten times to the whipping-post once.

Yours, for justice, E. CLAVSON.

"The Decline of Matrimony."

WHATCOM, WASH., January 26, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In reply to your question, "Why is marriage decreasing?" we should state as our opinion that the system of co-education is one of the prime and fundamental causes.

With the earliest school-days, there begins a competition between the sexes which continues, with more or less intensity, to the time of graduation. At an age when the youth of other countries are idealizing the opposite sex and beginning to experience love's young dream, ours are parting, with a friendly tolerance at best, to carry the struggle into the business world—a state of mind which may be and is conducive to charming friendships between the sexes, but hardly to the cultivation of the tender passion.

In rural districts, where, from force of circumstances, the school-days close at a much earlier age, the boys going to the field and the girls to housework, marrying and giving in marriage goes on with the commendable frequency of olden days, and that unmarried woman is a rarity indeed who, between the age of twenty-five and thirty, can still sign herself

SPINSTER.

The Hawaiian Revolution.

HONOLULU, January 30, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You will have Hawaiian affairs ad nauseam by this mail. But I hope, as an American citizen and the editor of a powerful journal, you will hitlerly oppose every move that is made toward annexing these islands to the United States. I have been here through three revolutions, taking part in one of them, and an on-looker sees most of the game. I saw enough to know that neither the white or dark-skinned Kaosakas will ever make good American citizens. The *Argonaut* and other American papers made a great howl when the ex-queen here wanted to head Dole, Thurston & Co., and cited our own government's treatment of ex-Coo-federates. But now Dole, Thurston & Co. propose to shoot Kanaka rebels, so I hope the *Argonaut* will be consistent. It is impossible for the native rebels to get a fair trial, for the American League here (composed of Irishmen, Dutchmen, and everything else except Americans) have sent in a petition to the court-martial to give them the extreme penalty for treason, and if the court did not, they would take the law in their own hands. And the government here is very much afraid of its own hirelings. I am not a Democrat, nor an admirer of President Cleveland; but his policy to treat this as an independent country, letting the people here tend to their own affairs, is a good one.

ARGONAUT SUBSCRIBER.

Throughout all this Hawaiian imbroglio, the *Argonaut* has been opposed to annexation or intervention, and in favor of letting the Hawaiian people "tend to their own affairs." President Cleveland, on the other hand, attempted to use the United States forces to restore the fallen monarchy. We believe in no American intervention in the islands, except to protect American life and property when endangered.—Eos.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Wood Concert.

Miss Anna Miller, who leaves for London soon to pursue her musical studies, gave a concert last Tuesday evening at Golden Gate Hall. The following excellent programme was presented before an appreciative audience:

Quartet, "To a Garden," Boel, Messrs. Frank Coffin, George A. Rice, Daniel M. Ward, Charles L. Pareot, Jr.; "Air de Pygmalion" ("Galahtée"), Victor Massé, Miss Wood; (a) piano solo, octurne in F sharp major, (b) etude, op. 25, No. 9, Chopin, Miss Weigel; cavatita, "Il Barbiere de Siviglia," Rossini, Mr. Keeslog; violin solo, caprice, op. 45, Rehfeld, Mr. Rosewald; songs, (a) "Oh, That We Two," Nevin, (b) "Morning Dew," Grieg, (c) "Is't True?" Schumann, Miss Wood; duo, violin and piano, (a) morceau, op. 11, No. 1, Rubinstein, (b) tarantelle, Raff, Miss Weigel, Mr. Rosewald; "Stanzas de Flegier," Mr. Keeslog; song, "Protestations" (with violin obligato), by request, Homer Norris, Miss Wood; quartet, "Serenade," Monti, Messrs. Coffin, Rice, Ward, and Parent.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its second concert of the sixteenth season last Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. The society was assisted by Miss Rose Adier, soprano, and Mr. Theodor Vogt acted as musical director. The programme presented was as follows:

March from Suite, Lachner; waltz song, "Romeo and Juliet," Gounod, Miss Adier; Symphony No. 4, in A, allegro vivace, aodaote coo moto, coo moto moderato, saltarello, presto, Mendelssohn; overture, "Stradella," Flotow; "Alhumbleaf," (for strings only), Hermann Brandt; air, "The Belle of Che Foo," Theodore Vogt; waltz, "Wine, Woman, and Song," Strauss; Hungarian Dance, Keler-Bela.

The forty-second Saturday Popular Concert will be given at Golden Gate Hall this afternoon. Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder will be the vocalist, and Mr. Sigmund Beel will play a violin solo by Tortini. Schumann's quartet for piano and strings and Beethoven's trio for strings and flute will be special features of the programme.

There are so many points about BYRON HOT SPRINGS that make it superior to any other Californian health resort, it is difficult to determine which is the most important.

— BYRON —

Probably the leading feature is the remarkable effectiveness of the HOT SALT and HOT SULPHURIOUS MUD BATHS in the worst cases of RHEUMATISM, as well as all kinds of skin diseases.

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POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
75 CTS. PER CAN
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One may philosophize and moralize and theorize about the why and wherefore of advertising, its peculiarities and its results, but the fact remains that advertising, like everything else, must be done thoroughly, systematically, and intelligently to prove profitable.—W. W. Hallock.

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A Good Tonic at All Times.

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VANITY FAIR.

"Though the fashion in woman's dress has changed a hundred times in a hundred years," said a young lady of observation to a writer for the New York Sun, "it has been a change of detail rather than of style, while of changes of costume—that is, of dress which can be said to mark an historical epoch—there have been but two. Similarly in men's clothing there has been but one radical change of costume during the century—that from breeches to trousers, with the intergrowth of pantaloons. The change in woman's attire, which was sufficiently radical to be called a change of costume, occurred in 1819–20, when the classical renaissance, with its immodesty, its single garment, and its waist under the shoulders, went out and woman became the bodiced and petticoated creature that you know her to-day. Of styles, that is, changes of distinctive fashion in woman's garb, there have only been nine during the past one hundred years. From 1795 to 1819 or 1820 was the era of the short waist. From 1820 to 1825 were the days of the middle waist, short dress, no sleeves below the shoulders, or elbows at the farthest, and natural shoulders. From 1825 to 1835 there was a distinctly marked spell of broad shoulders, big sleeves, and bell skirts. In fact, our present fashions have been considerably based on that decade. From 1835 to 1843 there were sloping shoulders and big, full skirts. From 1843 to 1865 there was the reign of the crinoline, the longest rule of a fashion that ever prevailed, I think. From 1865 to 1882 was a period of evolution. The train grew into being, the skirts shrank little by little, growing slimmer and slimmer, until the outlines of the figure were once more revealed. From 1882 to 1887 was the period of the bustle—just that. From 1887 to 1892 was the fashion of the paniers and princess dress. With 1892 came in the reestablishment of big sleeves, and there never was a style so fetching as that with which we make ourselves beautiful for you to-day. But that's a peculiarity of all fashions. That which is worn is the fashion, and that which is the fashion is so becoming that we wonder how we ever could have worn anything else."

Jilting is discussed by Andrew Lang in this wise: "It is practically admitted, even by matrons of no particular charm, that though a girl behaves very badly when she jilts a man, she behaves better than if, longing to jilt him, she abstained from exercising her privilege. This, to be sure, is exactly one of the concessions which good-natured man makes to the frailty of the fair, and it is certain to irritate earnest womankind very much. I can not help it—men do tolerate a lady jilt. They say 'Poor little soul!' We never read that any girl was miraculously struck down dead in the act of jilting. I have heard of a lady who, in an unguarded moment, accepted a devout evangelical clergyman. He bade her kneel down with him, and implored a blessing on their union, and, as he did so, she was occupied in thinking how she was to get out of it. Surely, we can not blame her for getting out of it; indeed, the blame attaches to those who get into it."

Once more is an attempt to be made to regenerate the sombre garments worn by men as evening-dress. This time the innovators are the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union of London, which, in its organ *Aglaia*, gives a picture of man as he ought to appear arrayed for the important function called dinner. The dress consists of coat and knee-breeches of velvet, waistcoat, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. The color is left to the wearer's choice, but quiet shades, such as brown, purple, bronze, russet, bottle-green, or black are recommended to begin with, and ultimately more pronounced tints may be used as public taste is educated to an appreciation of velvet symphonies. The waistcoat should be of stout, creamy white silk, corded, brocaded, watered, or otherwise. It is strongly urged that the shirt should be of white Corah, thinner and softer than the waistcoat, and, preferably, whiter. This should be ornamented with a turned-down collar, and with frilled cuffs hanging low upon the hand, the coat-sleeve being cut rather short in order to display them fully. The tie is of thin white silk, or, if dispensed with, a feature must be made of the studs. Harmony should be preserved between the velvet and the silk stockings, but the latter need not necessarily be of the same color as the upper garments. To add to the effect of this dress, the hair, according to the illustrations, should, when possible, be worn long.

Still another defender of the New York woman's beauty, which Mrs. Atherton assailed vigorously during the horse-show there, has come forward in the person of Mrs. M. G. von Reusselard, who writes in the February Century: "Other American towns may claim more beauty within their borders, but all will agree that the New York woman, individually and collectively, leads in that combination of the results of money, good taste, unaggressive self-content, and that highly finished physical bearing which, in the vernacular, is called 'style.' As a rule, I think, she is most attractive in her day-time clothes. She looks well at a hall and well in

an opera-box, but better yet in her carriage, and especially in summer, when outdoor plumage may be bright and light, beribboned, belaced, and very fluttersome. This is because she is a singularly pretty person rather than a beautiful person. Only true beauty of face and form shows at its best in hall-attire, and the statelier it is, the better it then appears. But stateliness of manner and regularity of feature are not the characteristic merits of New York women; brilliancy of expression, rather, charm of eyes and mouth and color, vivacity, piquancy, and a flexuous grace of movement. And, therefore, when I say that day-time clothes become her best, I do not mean the kind which so singularly well becomes her sturdier English cousin. She is not at her bonniest when tailor-made. If she could wear her tea-gowns in public, the public would probably then admire her most. But failing this, it may very pleasurably contemplate her at the evening sessions of the horse-show. Almost a special type of costume has been devised for her for these particular occasions, more gay and ornate than any worn with bonnets at any other time in town. And when you see her thus arrayed, and multitudinously repeated, you feel that the horse-show must have been established less to display our steeds than to display our young women in the most scientifically favorable light."

It has just been decided by the "Courier" of the Paris *Figaro* that a man may actually send a *sac* of bonbons or flowers to a *jeune fille* without compromising her. "This is a concession to the customs of England and America," the *Figaro* goes on to say; "but," it adds, judiciously, "it were better for him first to ask her mother's permission, or to send the bonbons first to the mother to be given to the daughter." So, little by little, is the *jeune fille* becoming emancipated in France.

"Turning heels," "counting stitches," and "rounding off," are (according to the *Evening Sun*) common terms to hear now upon the lips of women whose husbands, sweethearts, or brothers are independent bicyclers, club members, or golfers of irrepressible enthusiasm. These terms are closely related to the long and gorgeous golf hose that men have so quickly adopted and that women so sincerely admire. They have not hesitated to purchase needles and wools and revive the respected art of knitting. By working through spare minutes and faithfully catching all dropped stitches, a pair of excellent golf stockings can be completed between November and March, and that is the reason why the dealers in men's foot-gear have not viewed with any jealous apprehension the rise of knitting as an industry, though one woman, who uses a bicycle and has a profound interest in her husband's costume for the wheel, made him a gift on Christmas of half a dozen pair of superfine, hand-knitted hose, all worked in red, white, and blue diamonds, after her own special patterns. The best of the golf hose, by the way, are imported and Scotch woven, with most symmetrical designs in the thread; but the generous fancy of the gentle home manufacturer is to weave in with her needles the colors of her husband's or brother's club, using darts, points, and diamonds as patterns, and only employing the best English wool. Even the golfers themselves say, though one must have long patience to procure a pair of these home-made stockings, their beauty and durability guarantee the wait. Another pretty and comfortable trifle every bicycling, golf-playing woman feels she must have to-day, and that with a long, hone crochet-hook and dark German wools numbers of them make for their own use, are cardigan sweaters. These are knitted on the pattern of the college sweaters, but woven with a looser and more flexible stitch, and are worn under whatever sort of coat one uses when setting out for a long hicycle jaunt. Steady pedaling stirs the blood to such a point that heavy wraps become unendurable, so the coat may be whisked off, rolled up, and strapped to the back of the saddle, and the remainder of the journey pursued in the warm, light freedom of the sweater.

The manifesto issued by the Duke of Orleans, announcing that henceforth he intends to have all his clothes made in Paris, has won for him goodwill and favor in an entirely unexpected quarter, namely, with the powerful syndicate of washerwomen of Paris. Numbering some sixty or seventy thousand women, they have more than once, in times gone by, promoted and assisted revolutionary movements. Whenever any attempt has been made by the authorities to interfere with their vested rights, a threat that they would all march in procession to the ministerial departments armed with their *battors*, or wooden paddles which they use for beating the linen, had invariably sufficed to bring the government of the day to its senses. Just at present (according to a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*) they are up in arms against the government, because of the growing fashion of the better classes in Paris to send their linen over to London to be laundered. The Parisian washerwomen are indignant at this. They say that the question is one of national importance, that it is merely another instance of the perfidy of Albion, and that the government should put a stop

to it. Exactly how the government is to do this they do not condescend to explain, but they are loud in their demands that the authorities shall come to their rescue somehow or other. As the government seems to be at a loss to know what to do, they have hailed with satisfaction and enthusiasm the manifesto of the Duke of Orleans, convinced that a prince who sets the fashion of having his clothes made in Paris may be counted upon to inaugurate once more the mode of having linen laundered by the Parisian *blanchisseuses*.

The Michaux Club of New York, the first purely social bicycling club, meets Monday and Thursday afternoons and Tuesday and Friday mornings at Bowman's Hall. The hall is large, and there is plenty of room for a number of bicyclists to ride at the same time. Monday and Thursday afternoons there is music, and the riders go through many evolutions, such as figures from the cotillon, and riding in and out between chairs in time to the music. The morning hours are more generally given over to instruction. A reading-room, where are to be found the new magazines, and where tea is served on set afternoons, is a pleasant feature of this club. In this room are posted the notices of the club "runs," which consist of rides out on the road to some restaurant where luncheon is served. There are several instructors always at the hall. Most of the ladies keep their bicycling costumes at the club. As a rule, there is no display of short skirts, the women, almost without exception, riding in gowns of short walking length. No bloomers or knickerbockers are to be seen, and the most satisfactory gowns are those made by a tailor somewhat on the plan of a riding-habit, with tight-fitting waist or jacket, and skirt plain and full, short enough to show the trim little boots and leggings. The men usually wear knee-breeches and sack-coats, though many ride in their business suits, going directly to the club from their offices. The members of the club comprise many of the fashionable folk of the city, and quite as many women as men are enrolled. The list of members rapidly filled, and there is already a waiting list.

One of the peculiar features of Parisian life is the fondness of the *grand monde* for the circus. "The two fashionable nights," writes *Vogue's* correspondent, "are Wednesday and Saturday, when, by some sort of tacit arrangement, the *demi-monde* is conspicuous by its absence, which they reserve as they do those at the opera, while our *élégantes* may be seen, arrayed in the most gorgeous of toilettes, in the loges, which they retain for those two days for the entire season, just as at the opera. Just why there should be such a strongly developed taste among them for this particular form of entertainment I am unable to say, unless it be that it affords advantages superior either to the opera or to the theatre as a place for flirting and for gossip. At the opera and the theatre it is indispensable to make some pretense of listening to the performance, while the *cafés-chantants* are just the least bit too noisy to attract the smartest contingent of society. Not only is the circus considered a more fashionable resort, on certain days, *bien entendu*, than the theatre, but the performers are in many cases more highly considered by our social magnates, especially the *lourdes* of the *haute école*, one of whom, the Russian Baroness Rahden, attracted large crowds to the circus which was organized at the Folies Bergères during the winter."

"So you let Mr. Clinker kiss you last night!" "Yes. How did you know?" "He asked me to-day if I would forgive him."—*Life*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The great Frederick was very fond of snuff. He had a box of it put on every mantel-piece in the palace. One day he saw his page helping himself liberally. He said nothing then, but a little while afterward he told the boy to bring him the box. "Take a pinch," said the king; "how do you find it?" "Excellent, sire." "And the box?" "Superb, sire." "Very well," returned Frederick, "keep it, then, it does not hold enough for two."

The late David Dunn, the former patriarch of the Androscoggin Democracy, who practiced law at eighty, and in extreme old age loved to linger about courts, was in attendance, a few months before his death, at the session of the supreme court, and an old friend asked: "Do you practice much now, Mr. Dunn?" "Yes, sir, a great deal," replied Mr. Dunn. The questioner looked a trifle surprised, and Mr. Dunn quietly added: "Most of the Christian virtues, however."

Louis Philippe knew that Marshal Soult clung to power, and that his fall would be bitter to him. But when the time came, the future ministers, with Thiers at their head, were assembled at the Tuilleries, while in the next room Louis Philippe broke the news to Soult. "The interview took a long time, and the new ministers were not without some apprehension. Finally the door was opened just enough to allow the king's queer pear-shaped head to pass, and he whispered: "A little patience, gentlemen; just a little patience—we are weeping together."

Rogers and Luttrell were sauntering through the Louvre together, when some ladies accosted the former gentleman. A few words were exchanged, followed by formal bows, and they parted. Luttrell rejoined his friend, saying: "It is a curious thing, one of those ladies came up to me and said, 'Is your name Luttrell?'" "And was it?" said Rogers. This peculiar rejoinder conveyed a sneer—Luttrell was a natural son of Lord Carmarthen—that perhaps no other than the mordant tongue of Rogers could have uttered; the only wonder is that it was forgiven.

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap-trippers." When the tree had fallen, and the prime minister and some of his family who were with him were moving away, there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I dee, this shall go in my coffin!" Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where thy chip wouldna burn!"

Not long ago (says a writer in the *Realm*) I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said, suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah! Well, this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking-stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick round and round, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil and out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleuch taught me to do that," he said, as we resumed our walk; "it is good for the ground."

In a recent article, the irrepressible Mr. Stead boasted of enjoying a private conversation with the late Czar, "as frank and full and unreserved as I ever held with any man." It was during a visit to St. Petersburg. As Stead had complimented Alexander in the *Pall Mall Gazette* at a time when other British papers were reviling him, the Czar was induced to favor the journalist with an interview. It was stipulated, however, that it should not last for more than fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, the emperor looked at his watch and arose to indicate that the interview should cease. "But, your majesty," protested Mr. Stead, "you have not said a word." "No," said the Czar; "you haven't given me a chance."

Recently a story was set going by the Paris press to the effect that Alexandre Dumas the elder, when at the height of his fame, accidentally dropped a twenty-franc piece in the presence of his son, and, in picking it up, said: "I am said to be extravagant, but look: I came to Paris with two louis, and I still have one left." The story was not true, but it had more foundation than most anecdotes of celebrities. M. Dumas the younger now gives a version of the occurrence, for the truth of which he vouches. "One day," says the author of "Le Demi-Monde," "I went to see my father, and found him working away as usual. I asked him how he was, and he replied, as he went on writing, that he was very tired. I said he ought to take a rest, whereupon he opened a drawer, and, showing me two twenty-franc pieces, he said: 'My dear

Alexandre, when I came to Paris, in 1823, I had fifty-eight francs. You see I have only forty left. Until I have made up my eighteen francs, I can not leave off work.'"

Gabrielli once "suffered" a twelve days' imprisonment for a whimsical refusal to sing in her usual first-rate style. It was the occasion of a state dinner given by the viceroy at Palermo. Gabrielli had been engaged for the function, but, as she did not put in an appearance, the dinner was delayed, and a messenger dispatched to ascertain the cause of her absence. The messenger was promptly informed that Gabrielli was in bed, where she had become so absorbed in a favorite author that she had forgotten the engagement. Resenting the command for her appearance, the lady began by singing her very worst, and when the viceroy urged her to be less foolish, she refused to sing at all. "The viceroy may make me cry," said she; "but he can never make me sing." For this freak Gabrielli was sent to prison, as we have indicated, for twelve days, during which time, having liberty to do as she pleased, she feasted her friends in great style and enjoyed herself in a variety of ways.

Jules Simon, when some one complained about the awkwardness of the Academician's sword, remarked: "It is a more useful instrument than one is apt to think." Then he explained. He was poor. His master, Cousin, was stingy, but talkative. Unable to pay for a dinner, he once entered Cousin's house to meet the odor of roast chicken, and determined to share in the feast. He would starve the master into asking him to dine. He grew eloquent. Cousin was for a time carried away by his favorite topic, but soon grew uneasy. Finally he arose and showed his pupil to the door. "But," says Simon, "in the antechamber the odor was so strong that it gave me the courage of despair, and I exclaimed: 'M. Cousin, I have not a penny left, and I am hungry!' Cousin hesitated; no man was more lavish of words, none less so of everything else. But even his heart was touched. Impulsively he took my arm, exclaiming: 'Allons le déjeuner!' And together we went into the kitchen. There I saw a fine chicken, just roasted to a rich golden hue, and spitted—on my master's academic sword."

Not very long ago the police made a discovery of some nihilistic plot in an out-of-the-way corner of St. Petersburg, and the special correspondent of the London *Standard* came to hear of it. Off he went at once in search of the house. He found it without much difficulty, and a police officer was in possession. "Can I come in?" he asked. "Certainly," said the officer. And the correspondent entered. Having taken a good view of the surroundings, he turned to go, but the officer barred the way. "You can not pass, sir," he said. "But you yourself said I might come in." "Quite so," responded the policeman, grimly; "anybody who likes can come in, but they are immediately arrested." In vain the journalist explained that he had important engagements elsewhere. There he was, and there he had to stop. Then he went to the window and looked out with a malicious gleam in his eye. Presently he saw a sight which filled him with joy. Strolling down the street was Mr. Dohson, the correspondent of the *Times*. The imprisoned one hailed him. "Hullo! Where are you going?" he shouted. "Trying to find the nihilist place." "Oh, this is it." "Really? Can I come up?" "Yes, any one can come up." And Mr. Dohson came. He took a critical survey of the room, made his notes, and then, turning to his friend, he suggested that they should go. Failing to get an answer and somewhat bewildered, he made for the door, and there the police officer enlightened him. The two correspondents spent the afternoon inviting other flies into the spider's web.

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Political candidates may be unexpectedly left out in the cold when the returns come in, but people who elect to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for dyspepsia, liver, or kidney inactivity, constipation, malarial complaints, or nervousness, are never left in the cold or elsewhere. Well may physicians lend their unqualified sanction to this time-honored and unfailing medicine.

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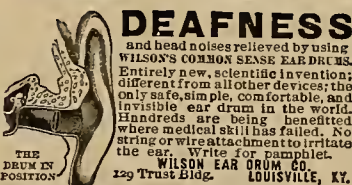
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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
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LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6.45 A.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Ramsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis, Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, and Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	6.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	4.15 P.
* 9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vespulbated Train through to New Orleans.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	1.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	5.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	10.45 A.
.....	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	11.45 A.
1.30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	7.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Hawthorne, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José, principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	7.38 P.

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From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.30 P.
1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 5.00 and 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—
8.00 9.00 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 2.00 3.00 4.00 and 5.00 P. M.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only.

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SOCIETY.

The Murphy Ball.

One of the most elaborate affairs of the winter season was the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy on Friday evening, in the Maple and Marble Rooms at the Palace Hotel. Fully three hundred and fifty of their friends were invited, and the regrets were but few. For the first time, the rooms were beautifully decorated, and through the work of Miss Mary D. Bates they appeared exceedingly attractive.

The long corridor was arched with masses of bamboo and ferns, alternating, and cordons of flax, and upon the floor Turkish rugs were laid. The staircase at the end was hung with fine tapestries, giving it a high degree of warmth and color, and upon the marble stairs were rugs where the guests could sit and converse. Suspended in mid-air was a large basket of roses.

The gray reception-room was divided into two parts by an ingenious arrangement of Japanese screens, one portion of which was used as a dressing-room by the ladies and in the other they met their escorts. Here fruit blossoms were used in decorating the large mirror and other points of vantage.

It was in the Marble Room that Mr. and Mrs. Murphy received their guests, and they were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope. The usual cold appearance of this room was removed by the arrangement of warm rugs on the floor and the disposition here and there of furniture covered with handsome tapestries of glowing colors. Tropic palms adorned the room at intervals, and the immense plate-glass window, through which the Maple Room is seen, was covered with a spreading mass of pink fruit-blossoms, of which there was a replica on the reverse side. In the Maple Room some pretty effects were produced with ferns, bamboo, and flax, which graced the walls above the wainscoting. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra was stationed in the ante-room and played for the dancing.

It was fully ten o'clock before the festivities commenced, as the guests were late in arriving. Dancing was then begun and continued until midnight, when an elaborate supper was served in the dining-hall, where the decorations were also very attractive. Afterward dancing was resumed until about three o'clock. The display of gowns and jewels was rich in the extreme, and all of our prettiest girls graced the ball-room. The affair was a notable success. Among the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were:

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguiere, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Elandring, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Dick, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. H. B. de Marville, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Forman, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holman, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard, Judge and Mrs. Robert V. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Dr. and Mrs. Beverley MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinkley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs,

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Frank P. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Zeile, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. K. V. Favre, Mrs. Hager, Mrs. Fanny Lent, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss Adams, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Lena Blanding, Misses Bourn, Miss Julia Bowen, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Mary Breeze, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Maggie Brooks, Miss Lucy Brooks, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Edith Conner, Miss Jule Conner, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Louise Dutton, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Anna Gray, Misses Griffith, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Alleen Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Ida L. Gibbons, Miss Meta Graham, Miss Harriet P. Graham, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Emilie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Hathaway, Miss Anna Hobart, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Ida Irwin, Miss Eleanor D. Joffile, Miss E. Clementina Kip, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Mills, Miss Florence Mills, Miss Ella W. Morgan, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss McNutt, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Rathbone, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Emma Spreckels, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Miss Vassault, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Helen Woolworth, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Lieutenant A. C. Almy, U. S. N., Mr. C. A. Baldwin, Mr. F. C. Beazley, Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., Mr. T. B. Berry, Mr. T. C. Berry, Mr. J. O. Blanchard, Mr. T. D. Boardman, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. G. C. Boardman, Jr., Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. James N. Brown, Mr. S. G. Buckbee, Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., Mr. W. F. Breeze, Mr. D. Y. Campbell, Mr. L. E. Cheney, Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, U. S. A., Mr. F. H. Coon, Lieutenant L. J. Clark, U. S. N., Mr. F. W. Conner, Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr. A. J. Dibblee, Mr. Peter Donahue, Mr. Edward Donahue, Mr. R. M. Duperu, Mr. Harry Durbrow, Mr. George E. de Long, Mr. R. M. Eyre, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. M. R. Gibbons, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., Mr. W. H. Fisher, Mr. C. Froelich, Jr., Mr. C. A. Fernald, Mr. Frank Findley, Mr. E. R. Folger, Mr. A. J. Folger, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Southern Hoffman, Jr., Mr. R. C. Harrison, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. W. S. Jones, Mr. J. Mountney Jephson, Mr. L. O. Kellogg, Mr. A. D. Keyes, Mr. William Ingraham Kip, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. Samuel Knight, Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Mr. M. S. Latham, Mr. John Lawson, Lieutenant R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., Mr. W. G. Landers, Mr. W. O. B. Macdonough, Mr. A. Macdonay, Mr. Peter D. Martin, Mr. George H. Mendell, Mr. Francis Michael, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Edgar Mills, Jr., Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. W. S. McNutty, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. C. K. McIntosh, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. W. D. Page, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Henry W. Poett, Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Lieutenant Preston, U. S. N., Mr. W. B. Pringle, Mr. Cesare Poma, Mr. C. C. V. Reeve, Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Lieutenant T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., Lieutenant A. G. Rogers, U. S. N., Mr. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Mr. A. H. Small, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. H. N. Stetson, Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. P. Summerall, U. S. A., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Mr. L. S. Vassault, Mr. Jerome W. Watson, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Mr. A. B. Williamson, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Douglas Waterman, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Dr. Charles Willcox, U. S. A.

The Sawyer-Severance Wedding.

A very pretty wedding took place in Honolulu on Tuesday evening, January 29th, when Miss Gertrude Child Severance, youngest daughter of Hon. H. W. Severance, was married to Mr. Charles F. Sawyer, of Dover, New Hampshire. It was originally intended to have the wedding in the Central Union Church, but as martial law was proclaimed and all gatherings in public places prohibited, the ceremony was performed at the residence of Mrs. W. C. Parke, on Beretania Street. The hour was half-past seven o'clock, and the guests comprised the intimate friends of the contracting parties. As the bridal party entered the parlor, Mrs. J. F. Brown, Miss Atkinson, and Miss Richards sang "Welcome to the Bride." Miss Helen Severance and Miss Annie Parke were the bridesmaids, and Mr. W. C. Parke was best man. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. O. H. Gulick. After the ceremony and congratulations, there was a reception and a delicious supper. The Quintet Club played and also sang native airs in the fern-decorated *lanai* during the evening. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and the evening was a perfect one. Among those present were President and Mrs. Dole, Minister and Mrs. Willis, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer left Honolulu last Thursday on the steamer *Mariposa*, and are expected here next Wednesday. They will remain at the Palace Hotel a few days, prior to going to their future home in Dover, N. H.

The King Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave a most enjoyable dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth Street. It was a yellow dinner, and covers were laid for twelve at a large round table which had as a centre-piece a beautiful basket of daffodils and fine ferns. The

crystal-ware was extremely beautiful, and the punch-glasses were quite novel, being set in the centre of cleverly designed daffodils. Little lamps with yellow candles and shades were set around the table, and the chandelier globes were covered with yellow shades, through which the light was softly filtered from amid a decoration of vines and flowers. Upon the mantel was a pretty array of flowers, and the velvet lambrequin was adorned with festoons of orange-colored *lais*, with which Mrs. Edgerton had been decorated, as a special honor, while in Honolulu.

The De Kotski Reception.

Chevalier and Mme. de Kotski gave a farewell reception to Rev. H. R. Haweis, of London, last Tuesday at their residence, 1517 Geary Street. The affair also served as a greeting to Mr. George Kennan, the lecturer. The reception was entirely informal and exceedingly pleasant. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Dr. and Mrs. Pawlicki, Dr. and Mrs. Szpitz, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. J. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mme. B. Ziska, Mrs. H. Thornburgh, Miss H. Skidmore, Miss Edith Nelson, Miss Alice Ziska, Miss Chismore, Rev. H. R. Haweis, Mr. George Kennan, and Dr. George Chismore.

Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women.

Preparations are now well under way for the loan exhibition of portraits of women that will be held soon at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The charities to be benefitted are the Children's Home, which is under the charge of the Salvation Army, and the Childreo's Hospital. Mrs. A. Chesebrough, who has the management of the affair in hand, has received promises of a most excellent collection, among which may be mentioned a portrait of Mrs. J. L. Rathbone; a portrait of Miss Anna Head, by Bouguereau; one of Mme. Le Brun, by herself, entered by Mrs. W. B. Bourn; the Kip family collection; portraits of Mrs. W. H. Crocker and the Misses Alice and Ella Hobart, by Carolus Duran; one of Miss Emelie Hager, by David Neal; and several by Mrs. Richardson and Miss Withrow. Then there will be several miniatures, such as those of ancestors of Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, and others of more modern work.

As an addition to the portraits there will be exhibited a magnificent piece of Chinese embroidery, made by special orders from Peking at the imperial silk factories in Soo Chow in 1870. It was a part of the rich hangings of the imperial palace of the Emperor Tung Chih when he ascended the throne in 1873. Upon his death, two years later, in obedience to Chinese superstition, the rooms occupied by him were entirely dismantled and the contents stored away, as they could not be used by his successor. This embroidery was brought to the Chicago Exposition, where it was exhibited and afterward purchased by Mrs. F. F. Low. It is said that it is the most remarkable sample of this class of Chinese work ever seen in this country. The material is of elegant rep silk of imperial yellow, a color only allowed to be used by the emperor. The embroidery consists of five large five-clawed imperial dragons, wrought of pure gold thread. There are clouds in shades of blue and red, and the eight precious things of Chinese tradition are scattered through the design in varied colors. The piece is twenty-eight feet long and twenty-three feet wide. It will undoubtedly attract much attention.

The bicycle tournament will be held in the Mechanics' Pavilion from February 18th to the 22d, inclusive, and the entries will close to-day. There will be a great variety of races, both scratch and handicap, and the prizes are of considerable value. The affair will certainly be popular with all classes, and from the advance sale of seats it bids fair to be largely attended.

English and American Wine-Drinkers.
(New York Recorder.)

According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are:

Fommery Sec, 83 to 88 shillings.
Moët, 75 shillings.
Perrier, 72 shillings.
Mumm, 70 to 75½ shillings.

While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the bar or the *garçon* the choice of the brand.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shred. Ask your grocer for it.

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The Auction Sale will commence on

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 14, 1895

At 7:45 o'clock, continuing

Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15th and 16th

At 2 o'clock afternoons and 7:45 evenings.

The collection will be upon free exhibition Tuesday and Wednesday, day and evening, February 12th and 13th, and Thursday afternoon, February 14th, 1895. The Auction Sale commencing Thursday evening, February 14th, at 7:45 o'clock.

The Messrs. S. & G. Gump are disposing of their Oil Paintings, as it is their present intention to give up the Art Gallery department of the business. This opportunity offers a rare chance to lovers and connoisseurs of Choice Art to add valuable Paintings to their Collections at their own price.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Clarisse Sheldon, niece of Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, and Mr. Cutler Paige, son of Mr. Timmthy Paige, will be married next Thursday evening at St. Luke's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mary Curtis Hayes, and Mr. Walter Parker Treat, which will take place at St. Luke's Church at half-past eight o'clock on Saturday evening, February 16th.

The new Vaudeville Club will hold its first meeting next Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Henry T. Scott, on Laguna Street.

The fifth meeting of the Friday Night Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall next Friday evening. It will be an assembly.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding will give a matinee tea next Saturday, from four until seven o'clock at her residence, 1900 Franklin Street.

Miss May Culburn will give a matinee tea to-day at her residence, 1117 Hyde Street, and will be assisted in receiving by Miss Louise Dutton, Miss Maud Magee, Miss E. Clementina Kip, Miss Alberta Bancroft, Miss May Palmer, Miss Bessie Prindle, Miss Alice Rambo, Miss Charlotte Cunningham, Miss Blanche Baldwin, and the Misses Gibbs.

For the benefit of the Scheel Symphony Fund, a matinee tea will be given at the residence of Mrs. Robert A. McLean, on Pacific Avenue, on Saturday, February 23d, from three until six o'clock. Tea will be served by a number of young society ladies. The affair will be under the auspices of Mrs. R. A. McLean, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Martin Kellogg, and Miss Bourn.

Mr. W. Greer Harrison will give a breakfast on Sunday morning at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mr. Frederick Warde. He has invited one hundred gentlemen.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence, 1299 Taylor Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker. Covers were laid for fourteen. In the centre of the table was a large mound of moss, ornate with daffodils, and radiating from it were long ribbons of golden-colored silk to each corner of the table. It was a most enjoyable affair.

Miss Mamie Holbrook gave a pink lunch-party last Wednesday at her home, 1901 Van Ness Avenue, as a compliment to Miss Alice Hobart. The others present were Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Miss Ella Hnhart, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss McNutt, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jennie Hnoker, Miss Nellie Hillyer, and Miss May Hoffman.

Miss Emma Butler gave a pleasant lunch-party last Thursday at the Hotel Richelieu, and entertained Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Isabel O'Connor, Miss Belle Hutchinson, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss E. Clementina Kip, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Gertrude Heitsbu, Miss Alice Heitsbu, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Julia Crocker, and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Mrs. E. B. Pond gave an enjoyable lunch-party on Friday at her home on California Street. Covers were laid for twelve, and the floral decorations were beautiful.

A pink lunch-party was given by Miss Finrence Bruck last Thursday at her home, 2125 California Street, and her guests were very pleasantly entertained. Those present were Mrs. Foster Moale, Miss Florence Boruck, Miss Della Mills, Miss Margaret Sharp, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Coralie Kenfield, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Mary Hathaway, Miss Florence Heitsbu, and Miss Alice Heitsbu.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire gave a breakfast at the Pacific-Union Club last Thursday in honor of Mr. Murtin Mitchell, of Washington, D. C. The others present were Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. F. W. Eaton, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. George Crocker, and Mr. H. Wadsworth.

Mrs. William S. Tevis gave a very enjoyable matinee tea last Friday afternoon at her residence, 2548 Jackson Street, and delightfully entertained many of her friends. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. William McKittrick, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Ella Gnad, and Miss Lena Blanding.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave an enjoyable matinee tea recently at her residence, 1750 Franklin Street, in honor of Mrs. E. W. Candee, of New York. A special feature of the affair was the singing of Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. Walter McGavin,

and Miss Lillie Lawlor. Mrs. Boardman was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Tompkins, and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Alfred B. Ford, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Norman McLaren, the Misses Tompkins, the Misses Ripplee, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Forbes, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Mamie McMullin, Miss Cara Smedberg, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Henshaw, Miss Mason, Miss Breeze, Miss Shepard, and Miss Eells.

Mrs. James L. Martel, assisted by her daughters, Misses Adèle and Ethel Martel, gave a progressive-euchre party recently at their residence, 2713 Buchanan Street. About thirty-five guests were present and contested for handsome prizes. Afterward a delicious supper was served.

Mrs. Charles H. Gardiner gave a pleasant matinee tea recently at her residence in East Oakland, and entertained many of her friends. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Robert Bonestell, Mrs. W. G. Davis, Mrs. Paxton Wright, Mrs. Frederick Mayhew, Miss Florence Weihe, Miss Wardwell, Miss Theller, Miss Fnelich, Miss Braly, and Miss Gardiner.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell (formerly Mrs. George S. Ladd, of this city), are here on a visit, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Eaton at their residence, 1024 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker are occupying the Crocker mansion on California Street.

Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore has returned to her home on Leavenworth Street, after passing a month in Southern California.

Mrs. M. H. de Young will receive hereafter on Tuesdays at her home, 1919 California Street.

Mrs. Edward C. Wright and Mrs. Alfred S. Moore will receive on Tuesdays in February at their residence, 1324 Leavenworth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas are visiting Del Coronado prior to their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Charles J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert are visiting Mrs. Snyder in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. John Garber were in San José during the early part of the week.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are residing temporarily at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Frederick H. Beaver returned last Tuesday from a visit to Los Angeles.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Alice McLaughlin came down from Oroville last Tuesday, and have been at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. Carroll W. McAfee and Mr. Charles Graham returned last Tuesday from a visit to Palermo and Oroville.

Miss Laura Bates has returned from a visit to Mrs. A. P. Scheld in Sacramento.

Mr. Samuel Rucker, of San José, returned last Tuesday from a visit to Major McLaughlin's family at Oroville.

Mrs. W. J. Owen and Miss Alice Owen have returned from a visit to friends in Santa Barbara.

Miss Nellie Hillyer has returned from a visit to friends in the Eastern States.

Mrs. Paulsen and her nephew, Captain A. B. C. Dohrmann, passed several days at Los Angeles and Pasadena while en route to Europe.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton returned to the city last Wednesday on the steamer *Australia* after a two months' visit to the Hawaiian Islands. They were in Honolulu during the rebellion, which put a quietus to social life for some time. During her visit, Mrs. Edgerton was tendered a reception by the Art League, and recited for President Dole and his cabinet. The ladies are both in the best of health.

Mr. Willis Polk has fully recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann, who has been traveling in Europe for a couple of months, will return here late in February.

Colonel W. D. Sanborn left on Friday, by steamer, to visit Santa Barbara for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton left last Thursday on the Sunset Limited for New York, en route to Europe.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N. (retired), is residing at 24 Rue Doccador, Paris.

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A. (retired), and the Misses Kautz are at the Hotel Hygiea, Fort Monroe, Va.

Colonel W. Thompson, U. S. A. (retired), is at the Somerset House in Los Angeles.

Commander Charles E. Clark, U. S. N., is in Vallejo on leave of absence.

Chief-Engineer Joseph Trille, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Olympia*.

Chief-Engineer E. A. Magee, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Passed Assistant-Engineer Howard Gage, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Albatross* and ordered to the *Ranger*.

Passed Assistant-Engineer J. M. Pickrell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Lieutenant James B. Erwin, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will return from his leave of absence on February 18th.

Lieutenant A. W. Dodd, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Constellation* and is on duty on the *Monterey*.

Lieutenant J. N. Jordan, U. S. N., has been detached from the Union Iron Works and ordered to the *Vesuvius*.

Lieutenant John P. Blish, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Mohican*.

Mrs. John B. Milton, wife of Lieutenant Milton, U. S. N., is passing the winter at 1815 Scott Street.



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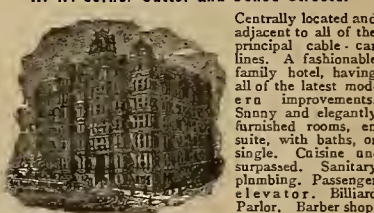
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STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000.00, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.

By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company. A. ANDREW, Secretary.

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Wiggles—"I know just what to take for sea-sickness." Waggles (eagerly)—"Do you? What is it?" Wiggles—"An ocean steamer."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Say, Jack, what is the capital of Switzerland?" Jack (who has just returned from abroad)—"Why, the money they get from travelers, of course."—*Boston Bulletin.*

Young lady—"What is the price of that bicycle costume?" Dealer—"That is not a bicycle costume, miss; it's a suit of sanitary underwear."—*New York Weekly.*

Smallwort—"I hear that Mrs. Lease is going to California. I wonder if the climate will agree with her?" Ford—"It will if it knows its business."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

"All I'm afraid of," said Rivers, mixing another stiff dose of quinine and whisky, "is that when I've got this blamed cold cured, I'll have to go to Dwight."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Young mother—"Oh, Uncle Crusty! do tell me how to put baby to sleep. I've tried everything." Uncle Crusty—"H'm! Have you tried hitting him on the point of the jaw?"—*Puck.*

Tom—"I can't make out about that girl we met last night. The way she was dressed she might be an heiress." Jack—"Yes; but she was good-looking enough to be a type-writer."—*Puck.*

Smithers—"Brown, you are a well-read man. What do you think is the greatest thing about this world?" Brown—"Well, to be accurate, Smithers, I think it's the circumference."—*Adams Freeman.*

Tramp—"Madam, will you please give a hungry man something to eat?" Madam—"Will you saw wood?" Tramp—"Yes, mum; I won't mention it to a living soul, 'pon me honor."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mr. Dunn (unpaid bill in his hand)—"When shall I call again, Mr. Owens?" Mr. Owens—"Well, it would hardly be proper for you to call again until I have returned the present call."—*Bazar.*

Mrs. Peck—"There it is—there! Can't you see? Why, if it was a bear, it would bite you." Henry Peck (gravely)—"No, my dear; I don't think it would—not in this house. It would be a tame bear."—*Puck.*

Patient—"Doctor, do you think you ought to believe everything you hear?" Physician (with his ear at the stethoscope)—"Yes, when I know I'm getting some inside information. Hold still a moment."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The preacher was indulging in rhapsodies over the glories of the New Jerusalem. Little Johnny listened to him for quite a while. He then whispered to his mother: "Mamma, is he an advance agent?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Impeune—"This gold reserve we see so much about in the papers nowadays, do you know what it is?" Impeune—"Er—no; unless it is the manner in which that metal persists in holding aloof from the most of us."—*Buffalo Courier.*

First drug clerk—"Great Scott! I've kept that woman waiting three-quarters of an hour! Forgot all about her prescription." Second drug clerk—"You'll have to charge her a good stiff price, so that she'll think you had a lot of trouble making it up."—*Puck.*

Nice old lady—"Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes the 'Mothers' Page' in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I enjoyed reading her articles on 'The Evening Hour in the Nursery.' Office-boy—"That's him over there widd pink shirt, smokin' a cigaroot."—*Washington Star.*

Little Cadby (no one knows how he managed to get into the club, to Old and Popular Member)—"I say, old chap, I want you to put your name down for a friend of mine who's up for election." Old member—"What's he done?" Little Cadby—"Well, he once saved my life." Old member—"I shouldn't tell anybody, if I were you!"—*Pall Mall Budget.*

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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXVI. No. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 18, 1895.

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The suppression of the insurrection on the Hawaiian Islands bids fair to involve this country in new complications. The Hawaiian Government threatens to punish its baffled enemies. Some three hundred men—whites, half-breeds, and Kanakas—are imprisoned, and have been or are being tried by court-martial. Of these, several have been sentenced to death for high treason, and others have been forcibly deported to British Columbia. Among those who have been sentenced to death is an Englishman who claims to be a naturalized American citizen. In regard to this man, the commander of the *Philadelphia* has been directed to examine the evidence on which he was convicted.

If an American goes to a foreign country and mixes in civil strife, the United States Government has no obligation to shield him from the legitimate consequences of his acts. He expatriated himself of his own free will. This principle

was well illustrated in the case of Maximilian. He entered Mexico with the purpose of taking part in a civil war which raged in that country; his side was defeated, and though he was a member of the imperial house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, though the Emperor of Austria was his brother, though both Austro-Hungary and France appealed to President Juarez to spare his life, he was shot on the day set, and none of the European powers attempted to avenge the deed. If, therefore, the Hawaiian Government should order an American prisoner shot or hanged for participation in a rebellion against them, the United States could not justly interfere, except by way of advice against harsh measures.

The Hawaiian Republic has been recognized as the *de facto* government of the islands. From Europe and America, ministers plenipotentiary have been accredited to Hawaii. That government is entitled to exercise as full rights of sovereignty as any in the world. It does not lie in our mouths to challenge its authority. We may think that it is a mere revolutionary faction, wafted to power by the vicissitudes of fortune, and ruling under a constitution which sets the principles of democracy and self-government at defiance. But it is a *de facto* government, whose authority has been acknowledged by the world, and whatever flaws there may be in its title, it would be subversive of international law for foreigners to make them a ground for challenging the validity of its acts.

The Hawaiian Republic clamors for annexation to this country. A certain proportion of the people of this country sustain this demand. The case is analogous to that of Texas in 1837-45. By an overwhelming majority, the people of Texas demanded annexation to the United States. There was in this case the peculiar feature that Mexico claimed dominion over Texas, though it was a question of law whether full independence had not been granted to the new State after the Battle of San Jacinto. Partly on this account, and partly because the North was reluctant to admit another slave State, which might develop into six slave States, the great bulk of the people of the free States opposed the admission of Texas, and the scheme lay in abeyance till 1845. The politicians then succeeded in getting the bill through, the South being a unit on the question and the North lukewarm. But the verdict of history has condemned the transaction and the resulting war with Mexico.

No foreign power claims dominion over the islands. But what would the United States gain by their annexation? There are, in round numbers, 90,000 people on the islands, nearly 5,000 of whom are men of our race. Of the remainder, 15,000 are Chinese, 12,000 Japanese, 34,000 Kanakas, and 6,000 half-castes. By the new Hawaiian constitution this heterogeneous population does not enjoy equal rights. White men exercise full citizenship in virtue of the color of their skin. In the case of native Kanakas, the suffrage is clogged with a property qualification, and Chinese and Japanese can not vote at all. There is thus on the islands a dominant or master race, with two servile races in different degrees of servility, the latter outnumbering the former in the proportion of more than ten to one.

If we annex the islands, we must either admit them with their present constitution, or we must keep them waiting till they have adopted a new constitution which may appear to Congress to be more truly republican. Let us suppose that they do so. Let us take for granted that this new constitution would concede the suffrage to Kanakas and Japanese, and withhold it from Chinese under the Federal statute which was the late Senator Fair's solitary contribution to the laws of the land. Would Congress be likely to throw open the national door to such a conglomeration of races? And if it did, would the country be benefited?

It is easy to see why the more voluble and ambitious members of the coterie of five thousand whites on the islands should desire annexation, with its luscious promise in the way of senatorships, collectorships, and all sorts of commissionerships; but why any number of sensible people in this country should share the notion is not so easily understood. Annexing Hawaii would only create a new vulnerable

point which it would be necessary to protect with the men, the ships, and the guns of the navy of the United States.

The full text of the Papal encyclical of January 6th is now to hand, and it confirms the opinions which we expressed on the synopsis which saw the light some weeks ago. The chief impression it produces is that the Pope sets superstition over intelligence, free inquiry, and human progress. According to him, the march of reason, moral and intellectual activity, and material prosperity are secondary matters in comparison with the spread of the superstitions upon which his church is founded. The astonishing growth of the American nation is chiefly noteworthy, the Pope thinks, because it has been marked by an augmentation of the secular and regular clergy, and by "an increased respect for pious sodalities and confraternities and Catholic parochial schools." As the University of Louvain has been, in the Pope's opinion, "the chief cause of Belgium's prosperity and glory," so the Roman Catholic University of Washington will be of the greatest advantage to the public by inculcating upon teachers and pupils "loyalty and devotion to the Apostolic See." "Roman Catholics," says His Holiness, "can in no better way safeguard their individual interests and the common good than by yielding a hearty submission and obedience to the church." The Pope does not absolutely condemn societies of workmen, but he demands that they shall not "servilely obey persons who are unfriendly to religion"; that "Catholics should associate with Catholics," and should set at the head of their societies either priests or Catholic laymen of known piety. The press he deeply admires, but it "should not cavil or find fault with the decisions and acts of bishops."

The gist of all this teaching is to lay the foundation for a theocracy based on superstition. Leo the Thirteenth sighs for the ancient *réforme* when the church ranked above thrones, and when the dictates of a bishop overrode the decisions of secular tribunals. He hints at this notion in words which can not be misinterpreted. "Catholicity," says the Pope, "would bring forth more abundant fruit if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority"—in other words, if there was a union of church and state in this country, and the church was Roman Catholic. It seems that all the recent steps of the Papacy—the confession that Satolli's mission was to consolidate the Church of Rome in the United States; the hint that he is an ambassador from the Vatican to Washington; the stress laid on the power to be wielded hereafter by the University of Washington and the parochial schools; and the significant advice to workmen to join none but Roman Catholic societies—converge toward this end, namely, the inauguration of an ecclesiastical power which may hereafter contend for supremacy with the established authorities. It is very singular that so insensate a scheme should pervade the mind of an intelligent churchman at the present day of grace, but there is no escaping the natural inference from the guarded words of the Pope.

It is probably as well known at Rome as it is here that the constitution expressly forbids Congress from passing any law respecting an establishment of religion; and some of the States have followed the example. But many of the States have not. In those States there is nothing to prevent the passage of a law declaring a certain religion to be the State church, and imposing disabilities on members of any other faith. Such laws were in force in the old colonial days, and the States have never parted with the power to reenact them. There is no present probability of their revival, because mankind at large, whatever their creed, are too broad-minded and tolerant to revive them. But this is probably not understood at the Vatican. He who reads between the lines of the encyclical can not evade the conclusion that Pope Leo really cherishes an idea of establishing a state church in the United States, with a hierarchy which would dominate the civil authorities. It seems amazing, but the Pope's words will bear no other interpretation.

It is possible that the Pope has been led into his delusion by his curiously distorted views of the early operations of his church in this hemisphere. He says that "the primary

fruit of the voyage and labors of Columbus was to open a pathway for the Christian faith into new lands." It is true that such a profession was made by Columbus; but it was known at the time, and is still better known now, that this was a pretext and a subterfuge; that Columbus's aim was not the conversion of the heathen, but the discovery of gold. The Pope says that "many of the children of Francis, as well as Dominic and Loyola, primarily and chiefly devoted their energies to converting the heathen from superstition to Christianity." It is true that the early fathers in Central and South America and Mexico did bestir themselves actively to imbue the minds of the savages with one form of superstition in the place of another. But this was a mere side-play in their enterprise. Their real purpose was to make of the heathen slaves, who wrought for their Spanish owners without pay; and this purpose was so rigorously carried out that, in a number of the regions where the priests and their lay comrades landed, the aboriginal races were exterminated by cruelty and oppression. His Holiness should read the histories of Mexico, Peru, and the islands.

America owes nothing to Rome. The pretense of the conversion of the heathen covered a record of rapacity, cruelty, infamy, and bloodthirstiness which can not be read without a shudder. The time has passed when men are burned at the stake or otherwise done to death for opinion's sake. But true to their traditional instincts, the priests are now pursuing their mischievous work by trying to undermine free institutions under smooth words of love and charity and brotherly counsel. The Pope exhorts his flock to be upright, virtuous, and law-abiding, but at the same time he denounces the civil marriage laws which prevail in this and other countries; he sets his face against public schools; he implies that no law deserves obedience unless it be just, but he declares that the bishops are the proper judges of its justice; with astute and adroit statecraft, he paves the way for the establishment of a Catholic State church in a Protestant country; and, for no other purpose than the emolument of the church, he throws the mantle of apostolic authority over such barefaced and fraudulent impostures as the miracles of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

There is to be a bicycle tournament held next week in San Francisco. We think that, when this affair opens, many will be surprised at the number and character of the people who are interested in the bicycle. Within a year it has become the pleasure of thousands in San Francisco where it was once but the sport of a few. Youths and maidens, gray-bearded gentlemen, and fat ladies in bloomers may to-day be seen toiling through our park roads on the "steed of steel." It can scarcely be called "a fad," like roller-skating. The people who ride seem to look upon it as something serious. They consider everything mundane from the standpoint of the wheel. They look upon the weather as being either good weather for wheeling or bad weather for wheeling. If it is muddy, they lament bitterly because they can not ride. If it blows, they point out to you how difficult it is to ride against a wind. If it is dusty, they sigh for smooth, hard roads. In short, to them the world is nothing but a globe with roads on it, whereon they can roll wheels.

It is only in San Francisco that the bicycle boom is recent. Abroad and in the East, its use of late years has become very general. All Americans who travel abroad return from Europe astonished at the general use of the bicycle there. It is claimed by the bicycle manufacturers of Great Britain that there are six hundred thousand of these machines in use in the United Kingdom. In New York the dealers say that there are over fifty thousand in constant use, and in Boston about twenty-five thousand. The latter city got the fever before New York. San Francisco, as is usual with this city, owing probably to its extreme western position, got the fever last of all. At the tournament in this city there will be on exhibition the wheels manufactured by some score of bicycle manufacturers. There are over one hundred and fifty concerns in this country engaged in the manufacture of bicycles, and their output last year was over three hundred thousand wheels. Practically all of these are sold in the United States, as we export very few. This is a large consumption, but the number of riders in the United States is estimated by the dealers at over one million. The United States neither exports nor imports many bicycles, although a few English ones come here; but we import largely of what are called bicycle sundries, such as lamps, bells, saddles, etc. The profits in the business have been so large that there has been a marked increase in the number of factories, with a corresponding decrease in the prices of machines. On the first of this year the price of a first-class, high-grade bicycle fell from one hundred and fifty to one hundred dollars, while the one-hundred-dollar machines suffered a corresponding reduction.

It has been estimated that a good pedestrian who walks daily can cover in the usual space of time that the average

man can give for recreation—say two hours—some seven to eight miles a day. A man can thus, walking in various directions from the point where he lives, cover eventually an area of about three hundred square miles. But on the bicycle, riding the same time per day, that is, two hours, he can, under ordinary circumstances, cover an area of three thousand six hundred square miles. This will give to those unacquainted with the wheel some idea of its possibilities. It is not at all uncommon for riders, even young women, to go from San Francisco to San José and back again, a distance of one hundred miles, in a day, without any discomfort. Such is the length of the journeys made by the bicycle-riders in England, France, Germany, and the New England and Middle States in this country, that the old inns and taverns along the roads once journeyed over by coaches, many of which have been closed and others fallen into decay, have re-opened and are doing a thriving business.

Aside from the pleasurable features of the wheel, its hygienic possibilities have attracted much attention. Two recent articles have appeared in medical journals concerning these matters, one by a French physician, the other by an American. The American physician is Dr. G. M. Hammond, who is professor of diseases of the nervous system in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. Dr. Hammond discusses minutely, in a recent number of the *Medical Record*, the effects of the use of the wheel by persons in health and in disease. He has studied of fourteen cases of amateur riders who kept accurate records of the years they rode, and approximate records of the number of miles ridden in that time. They had ridden from five to thirteen years, their ages varied from twenty-four to forty-six, and each had in that time traveled from five to twenty-seven thousand miles. All of them had become well developed muscularly, many remarkably well developed, all above the average, and their chest expansions varied from one and one-eighth to two inches. All of them had acquired an increase of cardiac muscular tissue, thereby adding to the strength and endurance of their hearts. They had also all increased their chest expansion, as will be seen by his figures. The chest of the average man expands only an inch when the lungs are inflated, while the average of these fourteen men is represented by a chest expansion of one and four-seventh inches. To those who say that the muscles of the legs only are developed by this exercise, Dr. Hammond replies that not only the muscles of the legs, but also those of the back, chest, arms, and abdomen are developed by the wheel. Dr. Hammond also examined fourteen professional riders, the kind who are known in the slang of the track as "scorchers," the young men who are in the habit of riding doubled up like jack-knives, with their bodies at right angles to their legs, and looking like monkeys perched upon poles. Even this posture is not particularly injurious, according to Dr. Hammond. It by no means brings on the terrible ills of which we hear, including the awful spinal disease with the still more awful Latin name. His measurements of these professional riders show that their chest expansions range from one to two inches, and that they are all well developed muscularly, but with extraordinary development of the abdomen and thigh muscles. He says that they had just as powerful and healthy hearts and their lungs could consume as much oxygen as those who sat upright and rode at a moderate speed. He does not, however, recommend the posture or the speed of these professionals. He discusses the effect of bicycle-riding on diseases of the nervous system, and says that great improvement has resulted in neurasthenia and hysteria, as well as functional dyspepsia, and, although it sounds like a joke, he says that he has found it most successful in two cases of sub-acute *gout*!

The other physician of whom we spoke is Dr. Just Championnière, a well-known French practitioner. He discusses the question of women on the wheel. Dr. Championnière remarks that there are but few exercises for which women have facilities. Tennis, he says, has its advantages, but it exercises more particularly but one side of the body. Horseback riding for women be condemns, and says that the benefit derived is not compensated for by the serious drawbacks. He, too, like Dr. Hammond, says that almost all the muscles of the body are brought into play upon the bicycle; those of the legs, especially those of the thighs, are employed in propelling the instrument; those of the arms and shoulders are braced against the handle-bar; while those of the back and loins contribute power to the propelling movement. The respiratory muscles and those of the thorax are forced into exercise in order to keep pace with the exaggerated movements of inspiration and expiration; all the muscles of the trunk, moreover, are brought continually into play to maintain the equilibrium of the wheel, and this is one of the reasons why the bicycle is so infinitely superior to the tricycle. As a matter of fact, those who say that only the muscles of the legs are used upon the

bicycle know not what they say. There is scarcely a muscle in the whole body that is not active while a person is upon the wheel. Even such muscles as those which move the eyeballs are continually on the alert, the ear is ever on the alert, and, in short, the whole muscular system is upon the *qui vive*. There are many who say that the bicycle must be injurious to women for the same reason that the sewing-machine is deemed injurious, and that it closely resembles the exercise upon the wheel. But this is a gross error. A woman at a sewing-machine is seated, and the muscles of the abdomen are relaxed. The position of a woman on a bicycle, while apparently a seated one, is not. She is partially erect, standing upon the pedals of the bicycle to a large extent, and the muscles of the abdominal region are tense. Finally, there can be no doubt that women were intended for some such exercise, otherwise Nature would not have been so generous to them in the matter of gluteus maximus muscles. We trust it is not indelicate to mention these muscles, and if it is, we apologize to Nature.

The controversy which arose, forty years ago, over the production of the "Dame aux Camélias" has been revived apropos of the society plays in which the leading personage is "a woman with a past." It is thus far chiefly carried on in London and New York, but slight traces of it showed themselves here when Mrs. Kendal played "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in San Francisco. The latest occasion in London is the production of a play by Chambers, called "John-a-Dreams." It is a piece of the same style as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Masqueraders," and deals with delicate and almost forbidden topics with frank realism. The current debate turns on the question whether anything is gained for society by the discussion of unsavory subjects by men and women, and whether a dialogue which would not be tolerated for a moment in a drawing-room can be conducted before a mixed audience in front of the footlights.

When Dumas produced "La Dame aux Camélias," French fathers and mothers protested at having to choose between leaving their daughters at home or taking them to see a character who, in Theodore Sedgwick's terse phrase, was nothing but "a poor pulmonary prostitute." The author defended his piece in an argument which was specious, if not honest, by stating that Marguerite was a real personage, and that art should not disdain realism in any shape. After a trial lasting forty years, public opinion has found a verdict against him. The piece is now pronounced bad—bad in purpose, bad in execution, bad in influence. No possible good can result from its representation. It contains nothing which is new to men of the world; it introduces the "young person" to scenes which she ought to be able to pass through life without ever knowing about. Dumas attained his object, which was to make money; but his play is a disgrace to French literature. Now a somewhat similar piece has been produced under the name of "John-a-Dreams."

No one, except one clergyman, attempts to justify the production of such a piece. Mr. Tree, who is responsible for it, does not defend it, but says that "the epoch is responsible. The taste of the public is undoubtedly for discussion of such problems, as is evidenced not only on the stage, but in the lecture-hall, in magazine articles, and in novels." He says that it is not an immoral play, for an immoral play is one which clothes the nakedness of evil with transparent and alluring garments. He notes that so far from resenting her intrusion or hissing her off the stage, the respectable public have taken an interest in the fallen woman. The London *Times*, which discusses the subject in an elaborate article, sums up the case in the sentence that "modern society plays excite keen and wide-spread interest," yet "the general drift of opinion is unfavorable to them."

There is unquestionably a prevailing notion that certain tabooed subjects should no longer be tabooed, and that the rising generation of women should be acquainted at least with the rudiments of a knowledge of things with which, in their mature years, they will have to come into contact. But the stage is obviously an unsuitable place to conduct such an education. Plays which turn on adultery do not educate; they feed a morbid taste for the improper, and tend to unsettle moral convictions. The whole tendency of the modern Paris comedy vaudeville and the modern London "society play" is calculated to inculcate disrespect for the rules of life which, in this country, we are taught to regard as the foundation of society.

The managers who produce these pieces excuse them on the plea that in them they hold the mirror up to nature. As Mr. Tree says, it is the epoch which is at fault if the plays are vicious. But that is precisely the opposite of the truth. Even in France, and to a much greater degree in this country and in England, breaches of the conjugal law are not the rule, but rare exceptions. The reader of the French novel

and the spectator of the French play finds himself fancying that all wives are unfaithful and all men are libertines. In point of fact, French wives, like American wives and English wives, are generally true to their husbands. Were it otherwise, the adulterous books and the plays would not be so interesting as they are. If all women were false, adultery would be a dull topic.

Since modern literature took shape, there have been many eruptions of the licentious play. Most notable among these was the comedy of the Restoration, when Congreve, Wicherley, Farquhar, and Mrs. Aphra Behn deliberately chose vice as their theme, and painted men and women whose chief characteristic was their callousness to moral principle. Some of these dramatists were brilliant and witty, and possessed a knowledge of stage business; but their school died out before the writers were under the sod, and, when English comedy was revived under Sheridan and Goldsmith, the pieces that were most popular were those that were most clean. The gorge of the epoch rose at a perpetual round of licentiousness and debauchery. People knew that it was not true to nature, and they wanted nature. So, again, when all existing rules of morality had been relaxed by the French Revolution, there was an out-crop of pieces which fell but short of the spectacles in which the Empress Theodora made her debut at Constantinople. But they had a very brief career. When Alexandre Dumas the father and Victor Hugo founded the romantic school, they placed in the mouths of their characters no words or sentences which could bring the blush to the cheek of the "young person."

It will be so now. The woman with a past will fade away. Pinero, Jones, Wilde, Grnndy, Chambers, and all the others will find it more profitable to portray society as it is than to depict it as abounding in bacchanalian aberrations. There is plenty of material for comedy in real life without going into alcoves and lupanars. In the American comedies which have been produced in the past fifteen or twenty years, there is not a line which could offend the most fastidious, and they are the successful plays of the period. After a time, nastiness always palls upon the palate. When Renée, in Zola's "La Curée," has a fancy that she would like to go to a masked ball attended by cocottes, she is asked, as she comes out, how it struck her. She replied that the men were the same as she habitually met in her own drawing-room, only they did not behave so well.

Last week we printed an editorial article upon the movement inaugurated by Lafayette Post of the Grand Army for encouraging military training in the public schools. We have since learned that the movement has met with the approval of the governors of nearly every State in the Union. The governors of New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania witnessed recently in New York city, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, an exhibition drill of school-boy cadets. There were eight hundred of them, from five public schools, and they formed a regiment of infantry, with a colonel commanding, and regimental field and staff officers. The cadets went through battalion drill, their drill in the manual of arms, a bayonet drill by a picked squad, and finally a review of the battalion by the governors. The cadets were from ten to sixteen years of age, and their marching and military bearing greatly impressed the visiting governors. What impressed them most of all, perhaps, was the passing before them in review of one non-uniformed company from a school in a poor part of the city; the boys' hats and caps were so variegated and so ragged that they were paraded bareheaded, but their clothing was clean, and they marched with as much vim and vigor as the better equipped youngsters. All of the governors were so struck with this parade of school-boy cadets that they decided to encourage the plan in their various States.

The *Bulletin* of this city, by the way, throws cold water upon the plan of training American boys to be American soldiers. Our peace-loving contemporary says that if we train boys to be soldiers, they will want to fight. We may remark that they fight a good deal without any military training. But it is not possible that our contemporary believes the military spirit of the nation should be discouraged. What could replace it? If that spirit should become extinct, this country would cease to be a nation, and would become merely a vast geographical expression, such as China is. The war now going on between China and Japan furnishes an excellent illustration of the spirit which pervades a country which is military and one which is not. The Chinese, who have no military spirit, seem also to be destitute of patriotism; while the Japanese, fired with military ardor, have practically brought their colossal antagonist to sue for mercy at their feet. Would the *Bulletin* have the American people cease to be soldiers, and hire mercenaries to protect them in case of war? There is an older parallel for that theory than China and Japan. Carthage,

the mistress of the seas, made up her armies of hired soldiers—mercenaries from the Libyan deserts; but Rome, the mistress of the world, made up her Roman legions out of Romans. The seven-billed city still endures, but of Carthage there is scarcely a trace, and antiquarians squabble over her salt-sown site.

A toy has wrought a revolution in this country. The agitation in favor of good roads, begun by the bicycle manufacturers some years ago, and taken up and given force by the riders, has at length reached the masses of the people. Those who use the roads for pleasure have aroused those who use them for business, and these latter have come to realize how much of their income is wasted annually in carrying their produce to the markets over poor roads. The "Good Roads Convention" held in Sacramento last week aroused marked and general interest.

Its recommendations cover the three divisions of the control, use, and construction of roads. State control was rejected in favor of the existing plan of having the county supervisors build and control the roads of the county. This is the better plan for a State where there is so much territory to be covered as in California. Placing the roads under a State engineer and overseers would be ineffective without creating very extensive and costly machinery. The supervisors are to be empowered to employ competent road engineers, and to construct main or trunk roads, with side-roads or feeders running into them. The trunk-roads are to be paid for by general county tax, the feeders by local assessment on the property to be benefited. In regard to the use of the roads, the principal recommendation is as to the width of tires on vehicles carrying heavy loads.

The most important recommendation concerning the construction of roads was that the State should crush rock at the Folsom prison, using convict labor and the water-power that now goes to waste there, and selling the crushed rock to the several counties at a nominal price.

The proposition that the State should crush rock at the Folsom prison is an excellent one. There is plenty of labor there that can be thus employed without competing in any way with outside labor; the necessary water-power is ready at hand, and from the neighboring cobble and granite quarries the material can be obtained practically without cost. This crushed rock forms the best possible road-metal, and, when properly applied on a suitable foundation, resists the action of the winter's rains and the grinding of the heavy traffic in summer. From Folsom it can be distributed at a comparatively small cost. Barges can transport it over the rivers and the bay and deliver it to at least sixteen counties; railroad transportation can make it available in as many more. Railroad officials have already intimated that this material would be carried by the railroads for the cost of carriage, and there is every reason why they should so carry it. With good roads, at least twice the present extent of territory would become tributary to the railroads, and their business would be correspondingly increased.

It is true that the extreme northern and southern counties would not share in the benefits of this enterprise. The cost of transportation would make the material too expensive for use on their roads. But the plan is to be considered both for its utility and as a punitive measure. The convict labor is there awaiting employment. The proposed plan would employ this prison labor on work that is not now performed, and would not be performed otherwise; two-thirds of the territory of the State and three-quarters of the population would be benefited.

Indeed, the plan itself is only one of the many forces necessary in the production of good roads. It is a curious result of the general dependence upon railroads for transportation that there is not a really good road in the country that has been built and maintained by the general or local governments. The history of the best roads is that they were built by private individuals or corporations and maintained as toll roads until the charters expired. They were then turned over to the local authorities and allowed to go to ruin. Other roads, built at public expense, have had little more done to them than to clear away trees and undergrowth, to plow up the sides and throw the loose earth into the middle. In some cases, rock or gravel has been placed on this inadequate foundation, and the traffic passing over it grinds the surface rock into the soft earth, transforming it into a dust-heap in summer and a mud-hole in winter. Over such a road a team of horses can drag less than one-half the load they could haul over a good road, and the wear and tear on harness, and vehicles shortens their lives one-half.

As has been frequently pointed out in these columns, good roads can be obtained for little more than the expense of the material, and the community otherwise benefited at the same time. The tramp who makes the roads his field for idleness should be compelled to make them his field for labor. Those counties that can not share in the benefits of the Folsom scheme could, at a small expense, obtain rock-crushers to be operated by tramp hand-power, and thus ob-

tain road-foundations and road-metal as cheaply as the others. In all counties the tramp could be employed either in crushing rock or in repairing the roads. This plan would not eliminate the tramp problem wholly, but it would decrease the nuisance, while it would enable the industrious to obtain some return for the support it now gives freely.

There may be no authority in law for this employment of vagrants, and the legislature should enact a law prescribing enforced labor for persistent idleness. All tramps may not be vicious or absolutely criminal; but the mental habit that looks upon the industrious portion of the community as a source of support without labor is not far from that which looks upon theft and violence as heinous only when followed by detection; the tramp who is accustomed to obtain the property of others by deceit is not far from the criminal who obtains it by force or theft. As we have said, there may be no present authority in law to set these vagrants at work, but there is the authority of custom. The example of Fresno has been pointed to in these columns. Three weeks ago, San José took up the plan of working tramps on the streets. At the branch San Francisco jail, the convicts are put to work on the roads in the southern part of the county. Every county in the State can in this manner obtain good roads, and at the same time make its tramps pay for their "grub." The rest of us have to work for our "grub"—why should the tramps be like the lilies of the field, who toil not, neither do they spin?

In a number of legislatures now in session throughout the country, exasperated legislators have introduced bills designed to prevent the wearing of stage-obscuring hats by women in theatres. The matter is looked upon as a joke by most of the newspapers, but the legislators seem to look upon it seriously. In New York, they are so much in earnest that the theatre managers have become alarmed, and have sent a committee to Albany to fight the proposed bill. The proposed statute enacts, among other things, that any person who is given a seat in a theatre behind any person or object obstructing his view can go to the box-office and get his money back. This is an excellent provision. It throws the burden of keeping an unobstructed view of the stage upon the managers—where it rightfully belongs. Further, it imposes a pecuniary loss upon them if they fail to comply with its provisions.

We hope the New York bill will pass, and we hope a similar bill will be introduced before the California legislature, now in session. That introduced by Assemblyman Kelsey is impracticable. It prohibits "the wearing of hats, bonnets, or hoods at theatres or other public places of amusement." The proper way is to pass a law by which a person whose view of the stage is obstructed can get his money back. Then the regulation of the matter will devolve upon the managers. They now exclude "children in arms" because they are a nuisance. A woman in a big hat is a nuisance, too. Let them exclude her. If women can be guilty of such rudeness and ill-breeding as to ruin the pleasure of those behind them by the size of their head-gear, they are deserving of no consideration at the hands of managers or any one else. The law would be a perfectly just one, for it need not be restricted to women. It might forbid the obstruction of the view of the stage by the head-gear of both men and women. As matters stand at present, a man has as much right to wear a "stove-pipe" in the theatre as a woman has to wear a cart-wheel hat; but were he to do so, the ushers and bouncers of the establishment would speedily throw him into the street. Many a man has sat for an entire evening in the orchestra, and seen nothing whatever but a millinery compound of sable tail, paste buckle, velvet rosettes, upstanding quilling, a lot of feathers, and some artificial flowers. Charming as the wearer of this chromatic "hat" may be, his sentiments toward her are generally those of rage and despair.

Who would he free, themselves must strike the blow! Let the legislature give us an anti-hat bill.

Abou Ben Suto.

Abou Ben Suto (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke from dreams of shearing golden fleece,
And saw, within the shadows of his room,
Where the faint night-light scarce dispelled the gloom,
A Rival Railroad writing in a book.
Scarce had Ben Suto taken time to look
When to the Rival Railroad thus he said:
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head:
"The names of those who 'gainst the railroad join—
The names of those who back their words with coin."
"And is mine one?" said Suto. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Vision. Abou spoke more low:
"I'm poor, so hup! me Moses"—here he grinned—
"Write me as one who backs his word with wind."
The Vision wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light.
It bore a list of those who suckers skinned,
Of those who backed their promises with wind,
Whose coin was coy, defying every quest—
And lo! Ben Suto's name led all the rest.

THE CLOSED CABINET.

How the Pure Blood of a Maid Removed the Mervyn Curse.

"Where the woman sinned, the maid shall win;
But God help the maid that sleeps within."
—DAME ALICE'S WARNING.

A very striking story of the supernatural has just been printed in that famous repository of good stories, *Blackwood's Magazine*, some critics having likened it to Bulwer's famous tale of "The House and the Brain." We do not think it deserving of such high praise, but it is certainly a remarkable narration, and as such we print the gist of it here. It is called "The Closed Cabinet," and comes from a new author, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, Lord Salisbury's daughter.

The story is told in the first person, the narrator being a young girl who is one of a house-party at Mervyn Grange. The Mervyns have many family traditions and a family curse, to which they never allude, and this curse is intimately connected with a room in which is a mysterious cabinet that no one has been able to open for three hundred years. This cabinet plays so important a part in the story that we quote the description of it:

"Many an hour as a child had I passed in front of it, fingering the seven carved brass handles, or rather buttons, which were ranged down its centre. They all slid, twisted, or screwed with the greatest ease, and apparently like many another ingeniously contrived lock; but neither I nor any one else had ever yet succeeded in sliding, twisting, or screwing them after such a fashion as to open the closed doors of the cabinet. No one yet had robbed them of their secret since first it was placed there three hundred years ago by Dame Alice and her faithful Italian. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, was this tantalizing cabinet. Carved out of some dark foreign wood, the doors and panels were richly inlaid with lapis-lazuli, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, among which were twisted delicately chased threads of gold and silver. Above the doors, between them and the cornice, lay another mystery, fully as tormenting as was the first. In a smooth strip of wood about an inch wide, and extending along the whole breadth of the cabinet, was inlaid a fine pattern in gold wire. This at first sight seemed to consist of a legend or motto. On looking closer, however, though the pattern still looked as if it was formed out of characters of the alphabet curiously entwined together, you found yourself unable to fix upon any definite word, or even letter. You looked again and again, and the longer that you looked the more certain became your belief that you were on the very verge of discovery. If you could but approach the mysterious legend from a slightly different point of view, or look at it from another distance, the clew to the puzzle would be seized, and the words would stand forth clear and legible in your sight. But the clew never had been discovered, and the motto, if there was one, remained unread."

The family traditions forbid that an unmarried girl shall sleep in this room. Twice in a century and a half had the tradition been disregarded, but in each instance, on the morning after the third night, the girl had been found dead, her throat cut in a peculiar manner. But on this occasion, as the house is unexpectedly crowded, the narrator—"Evie," she is called—is given this room. From its windows can be seen in the grounds below a shaft of stone called the Dead Stone: "Margaret Mervyn, the woman who murdered her husband," is buried there, and Dame Alice had the rock placed over her grave."

On the first two nights, Evie's sleep is troubled by a tempestuous wind-storm, which, however, no other member of the household had noticed. Alan Mervyn, the second son of the house, had protested angrily, but in vain, to his brother against her being allowed to sleep the third night in that room. He had taken her to church that evening, where the sermon was on the text "Beareth all things, endureth all things," and, using that as a pretext, had exhorted her to "resist, strive, endure"; "the victory of the Cross is ours," he had told her, in expressing his belief in the power of spirits to influence us, and "should those unseen influences ever touch your life," he added, "I want you to remember then that, as one of the race for whom Christ died, you have as high a citizenship in that spirit land as any creature there: that you are your own soul's warden."

We quote here her experience on the fateful third night:

It was early, and when first I got to my room I felt little inclined for sleep. I wandered to the window, and drawing aside the curtains, looked out upon the still, starlit sky. At least, I should rest quiet to-night. The air was very clear, and the sky seemed full of stars. As I stood there, scraps of school-room learning came back to my mind. That the stars were all suns, surrounded, perhaps, in their turn by worlds as large or larger than our own. Worlds beyond worlds, and others farther still, which no man might number or even descry. And about the distance of those wonderful suns, too—that one, for instance, at which I was looking—what was it that I had been told? That our world was not yet peopled, perhaps not yet formed, when the actual spot of light which now struck my sight first started from the star's surface! While it flashed along, itself the very symbol of speed, the whole of mankind had had time to be born, and live, and die!

My gaze dropped and fell upon the dim, half-seen outline of the Dead Stone. That woman, too. While that one ray speeded toward me, her life had been lived and ended, and her body had rotted away into the ground. How close together we all were! Her life and mine; our joys, sufferings, deaths—all crowded together into the space of one flash of light! And yet there was nothing there but a horrible skeleton of dead bones, while I—

I stopped with a shudder, and turned back into the room. I wished that Alan had not told me what lay under the stone; I wished that I had never asked him. It was a ghastly thing to think about, and spoiled all the beauty of the night to me.

I got quickly into bed, and soon dropped asleep. I do not know how long I slept; but when I woke, it was to the consciousness again of that haunting wind.

It was worse than ever. The world seemed filled with its din. Hurling itself passionately against the house, it gathered strength with every gust, till it seemed as if the old walls must soon crash in ruins round me. Gust upon gust, blow upon blow, swelling, lessening, never ceasing. The noise surrounded me; it penetrated my inmost being, as all-pervading as silence itself, and wrapping me in a solitude even more complete. There was nothing left in the world but the wind and I, and then a weird, intangible doubt as to my own identity seized me. The wind was real, the wind with its echoes of passion and misery from the eternal abyss; but was there anything else? What was, and what had been, the world of sense and of knowledge, my own consciousness, my very self—all seemed gathered up and swept away in that one sole-existent fury of sound.

I pulled myself together, and, getting out of bed, groped my way to the table which stood between the bed and the fireplace. The matches were there, and my half-burned candle, which I lit. The wind, penetrating the rattling case, circled round the room, and the flame of my candle wavered, and flared, and shrank before it, throwing strange, moving lights and shadows in every corner. I stood there

shivering in my thin night-dress, half stunned by the cataract of noise beating on the walls outside, and peered anxiously around me. The room was not the same. Something was changed. What was it? How the shadows leaped and fell, dancing in time to the wind's music! Everything seemed alive. I turned my head slowly to the left, and then to the right, and then round—and stopped with a sudden gasp of fear.

The cabinet was open!

I looked away, and back, and again. There was no room for doubt. The doors were thrown back, and were waving gently in the draught. One of the lower drawers was pulled out, and in a sudden flare of candle-light I could see something glistening at its bottom. Then the light dwindled again, the candle was almost out, and the cabinet showed a dim black mass in the darkness. Up and down went the flame, and each returning brightness flashed back at me from the thing inside the drawer. I stood fascinated, my eyes fixed upon the spot, waiting for the fitful glitter as it came and went. What could be there? I knew that I must go and see, but I did not want to. If only the cabinet would close again before I had looked, before I knew what was inside it! But it stood open, and the glittering thing lay there, dragging me toward itself.

Slowly at last and with infinite reluctance I went. The drawer was lined with soft white satin, and upon the satin lay a long, slender knife, hilted and sheathed in antique silver, richly set with jewels. I took it up and turned back to the table to examine it. It was Italian in workmanship, and I knew that the carving and chasing of the silver were more precious even than the jewels which studded it, and whose rough setting gave so firm a grasp to my hand. Was the blade as fair as the covering, I wondered? A little resistance at first, and then the long thin steel slid easily out. Sharp, and bright, and finely tempered it looked, with its deadly, tapering point. Stains, dull and irregular, crossed the fine engraving on its surface and dimmed its polish. I bent to examine them more closely, and as I did so a sudden stronger gust of wind blew out the candle. I shuddered a little at the darkness and looked up. But it did not matter; the curtain was still drawn away from the window opposite my bedside, and through it a flood of moonlight was pouring in upon floor and bed.

Putting the sheath down upon the table, I walked to the window to examine the knife more closely by that pale light. How gloriously brilliant it was! Darkened now and again by the quickly passing shadows of wind-driven clouds. At least so I thought, and I glanced up and out of the window to see them. A black world met my gaze. Neither moon was there nor moonlight: the broad silver beam in which I stood stretched no farther than the window! I caught my breath, and my limbs stiffened as I looked. No moon, no cloud, no movement in the clear, calm, starlit sky; while still the ghastly light stretched round me, and the spectral shadows drifted across the room.

But it was not all dark outside; one spot caught my eye, bright with a livid, unearthly brightness—the Dead Stone shining out into the night like an ember from hell's furnace! There was a horrid semblance of life in the light—a palpitating, breathing glow—and my pulses beat in time to it, till I seemed to be drawing it into my veins. It had no warmth, and as it entered my blood my heart grew colder and my muscles more rigid. My fingers clutched the dagger-hilt till its jeweled roughness pressed painfully into my palm. All the strength of my strained powers seemed gathered in that grasp, and the more tightly I held, the more vividly did the rock gleam and quiver with infernal life. The dead woman! The dead woman! What had I to do with her? Let her bones rest out there under the accursed stone.

And now the noise of the wind lessens in my ears. Let it go on—yes, louder and wilder, drowning my senses in its tumult. What is there with me in the room—the great empty room behind me? Nothing—only the cabinet with its waving doors. They are waving to and fro, to and fro—I know it. But there is no other life in the room but that—no, no; no other life in the room but that.

Oh! don't let the wind stop. I can't hear anything while it goes on—but if it stops! Ah! the gusts grow weaker, struggling, forced into rest. Now—now—they have ceased. Silence!

A fearful pause.

What is that that I hear? There, behind me in the room?

Do I hear it? Is there anything?

The throbbing of my own blood in my ears.

No, no! There is something as well—something outside myself.

What is it?

Low; heavy; regular.

God! it is—it is the breath of a living creature! A living creature! here—close to me—alone with me!

The numbness of terror conquers me. I can neither stir nor speak. Only my whole soul strains at my ears to listen.

Where does the sound come from?

Close behind me—close.

Ah-h!

It is from there—from the bed where I was lying a moment ago!

I try to shriek, but the sound gurgles unuttered in my throat. I clutch the stone mullions of the window, and press myself against the panes. If I could but throw myself out!—anywhere, anywhere—away from that dreadful sound—from that thing close behind me in the bed! But I can do nothing. The wind has broken forth again now; the storm crashes round me. And still through it all I hear the ghastly breathing—even, low, scarcely audible—but I hear it. I shall hear it as long as I live!

Is the thing moving?

Is it coming nearer?

No, no; not that—that was but a fancy to freeze me dead.

But to stand here with that creature behind me, listening, waiting for the warm horror of its breath to touch my

neck! Ah! I can not. I will look. I will see it face to face. Better any agony than this one.

Slowly, with held breath, and eyes aching in their stretched fixity, I turn. There it is! Clear in the moonlight I see the monstrous form within the bed—the dark coverlet rises and falls with its heaving breath. . . . Ah! heaven bave mercy! Is there none to help, none to save me from this awful presence? . . .

And the knife-hilt draws my fingers round it, while my flesh quivers, and my soul grows sick with loathing. The wind howls, the shadows chase through the room, hunting with fearful darkness more fearful light; and I stand looking—listening. . . .

* * * * *

I must not stand here forever; I must be up and doing. What a noise the wind makes, and the rattling of the windows and the doors. If he sleeps through this, he will sleep through all. Noiselessly my bare feet tread the carpet as I approach the bed; noiselessly my left arm raises the heavy curtain. What does it hide? Do I not know? The bestial features, half-hidden in coarse, black growth; the muddy, blotched skin, oozing foulness at every pore. Oh, I know them too well! What a monster it is! How the rank breath gurgles through his throat in his drunken sleep. The eyes are closed now, but I know them, too; their odious leer and the venomous bared with which they can glare at me from their bloodshot setting. But the time has come at last. Never again shall their passion insult me or their fury degrade me in slavish terror. There he lies; there at my mercy, the man who for fifteen years has made God's light a shame to me and His darkness a terror. The end has come at last—the only end possible, the only end left me. On his head be the blood and the crime: God Almighty, I am not guilty! I can bear my burden no farther.

"Beareth all things, endureth all things."

Where have I heard those words? They are in the Bible; the precept of charity. What has that to do with me? Nothing. I heard the words in my dreams somewhere. A white-faced man said them, a white-faced man with pure eyes. To me?—no, no, not to me; to a girl it was—an ignorant, innocent girl, and she accepted them as an eternal, unqualified law. Let her bear but half that I have borne, let her endure but one-tenth of what I have endured, and then, if she dare, let her speak in judgment against me.

Softly now; I must draw the heavy coverings away, and bare his breast to the stroke—the stroke that shall free me. I know well where to plant it; I have learned that from the old lady's Italian. Did he guess why I questioned him so closely of the surest, straightest road to a man's heart? No matter, he can not hinder me now. Gently! Ah! I have disturbed him. He moves, mutters in his sleep, throws out his arm. Down; down; down; crouching behind the curtain. Heavens! if he wakes and sees me, he will kill me. No! alas! if only he would. I would kiss the band that he struck me with; but he is too cruel for that. He will imagine some new and more hellish torture to punish me with. But the knife! I have got that; he shall never touch me living again. . . . He is quieter now. I hear his breath, hoarse and heavy as a wild beast's panting. He draws it more evenly, more deeply. The danger is past. Thank God.

God! What have I to do with him? A God of Judgment. Ha, ha! Hell can not frighten me; it will not be worse than earth. Only he will be there, too. Not with him, not with him—send me to the lowest circle of torment, but not with him. There, his breast is bare now. Is the knife sharp? Yes; and the blade is strong enough. Now let me strike—myself afterward if need be, but him first. Is it the devil that prompts me? Then the devil is my friend, and the friend of the world. No. God is a God of love. He can not wish such a man to live. He made him, but the devil spoiled him; and let the devil have his handiwork back again. It has served him long enough here; and its last service shall be to make me a murderess.

How the moonlight gleams from the blade as my arm swings up and back: with bow close a grasp the rough hilt draws my fingers round it. Now.

A murderess?

Wait a moment. A moment may make me free; a moment may make me—that!

Wait.

Hand and dagger droop again. His life has dragged its slime over my soul; shall his death poison it with a fouler corruption still?

"My own soul's warden."

What was that? Dream memories again.

"Resist, strive, endure."

Easy words. What do they mean for me? To creep back now to bed by his side, and to begin living again tomorrow the life which I have lived to-day? No, no; I can not do it. Heaven can not ask it of me. And there is no other way. That or this; this or that. Which shall it be? Ah! I have striven, God knows. I have endured so long that I hoped even to do so to the end. But to-day! Oh! the torment and the outrage: body and soul still bear the stain of it. I thought that my heart and my pride were dead together, but he has stung them again into aching, shameful life. Yesterday I might have spared him, to save my own cold soul from sin; but now it is cold no longer. It burns, it burns, and the fire must be slaked.

Aye, I will kill him and have done with it. Why should I pause any longer? The knife drags my hand back for the stroke. Only the dream surrounds me; the pure man's face is there, white, beseeching, and God's voice rings in my heart:

"To him that overcometh."

But I can not overcome. Evil has governed my life, and evil is stronger than I am. What shall I do? What shall I do? God, if Thou art stronger than evil, fight for me.

"The victory of the Cross is ours."

Yes, I know it. It is true, it is true. But the knife? I

can not loose the knife if I would. How to wrench it from my own hold? Thou God of Victory be with me! Christ help me!

I seize the blade with my left hand; the two-edged steel slides through my grasp; a sharp pain in fingers and palm; and then—nothing. . . .

"That is the room in which Hugh Mervyn was murdered by his wife" [Alan explained to Evie on the following morning]. "The subject is never mentioned: it is closely connected with one intensely painful to our family; and besides, if spoken of, there would be inconveniences arising from the superstitious terrors of servants, and the natural dislike of guests to sleep in a room where such a thing had happened. Indeed it was largely with the view of wiping out the last memory of the crime's locality, that my father renewed the interior of the room some twenty years ago. The only tradition which has been adhered to in connection with it is the one which has now been violated in your person—the one which precludes any unmarried woman from sleeping there. Except for that, the room has, as you know, lost all sinister reputation, and its title of 'haunted' has become purely conventional."

"About the murder itself, there is not much to tell. The man, I believe, was an inhuman scoundrel, and the woman first killed him in desperation, and afterward herself in despair. The only detail connected with the actual crime of which I have ever heard was the gale that was blowing that night—the fiercest known to this country-side in that generation, and it has always been said since, that any misfortune to the Mervyns, especially any misfortune connected with the curse, comes with a storm of wind. That was why I so disliked your story of the imaginary tempests which have disturbed your nights since you slept there. As to what followed"—he gave a sigh—"that story is long enough and full of incident. On the morning after the murder, so runs the tale, Dame Alice came down to the Grange from the tower to which she had retired when her son's wickedness had driven her from his house, and there, in the presence of the two corpses, she foretold the curse which should rest upon their descendants for generations to come. A clergyman who was present, horrified, it is said, at her words, adjured her by the mercy of heaven to place some term to the doom which she had pronounced. She replied that no mortal might reckon the fruit of a plant which drew its life from hell; that a term there should be, but as it passed the wisdom of man to fix it, so it should pass the wit of man to discover it. She then placed in the room this cabinet, constructed by herself and her Italian follower, and said that the curse should not depart from the family until the day when its doors were unlocked and its legend read."

"And what was the doom?"

Alan hesitated a little, and when he spoke his voice was almost awful in its passionless sternness, in its despairing finality; it seemed to echo the irrevocable judgment which his words pronounced: "That the crimes against God and each other which had destroyed the parents' life should enter into the children's blood, and that never thereafter should there fail a Mervyn to bring shame or death upon one generation of his father's house. . . . The fatal prophecy is rich in its fulfillment; none of our name and blood are safe. . . ."

"We have not seen the end of this yet," he went on, speaking rapidly, and as if articulation had become difficult to him. "Come, Evie, we must go and look at the cabinet—now, at once. . . ."

For an instant I stood strengthless, helpless, on the threshold, my gaze fixed panic-stricken on the spot where I had taken such awful part in that phantom tragedy of evil; then Alan threw his arm around me, and drew me hastily on in front of the cabinet. Without a pause, giving himself time neither to speak nor think, he stretched out his left hand and moved the buttons one after another. As the last turned with a click, the doors, which no mortal hand had unlocked for three hundred years, flew back, and the cabinet stood open. I gave a little gasp of fear. Alan pressed his lips closely together, and turned to me with eager questioning in his eyes. I pointed my answer tremblingly at the drawer which I had seen open the night before. He drew it out, and there on its satin bed lay the dagger in its silver sheath. Still without a word he took it up, and reaching his right hand around me, for I could not now have stood had he withdrawn his support, with a swift, strong jerk he unsheathed the blade. There in the clear autumn sunshine I could see the same dull stains I had marked in the flickering candle-light, and over them, still ruddy and moist, were the drops of my own half-dried blood. I grasped the lapel of his coat with both my hands, and clung to him like a child in terror, while the eyes of both of us remained fixed as if fascinated upon the knife-blade. Then, with a sudden start of memory, Alan raised his to the cornice of the cabinet, and mine followed. No change that I could detect had taken place in that twisted gold-work; but there, clear in the sight of us both, stood forth the words of the magic motto:

"Pure blood shed by the blood-stained knife
Ends Mervyn shame, heals Mervyn strife."

In low, steady tones, Alan read out the lines, and then there was silence: on my part of stunned bewilderment—the bewilderment of a spirit overwhelmed beyond the power of comprehension by rushing, conflicting emotions. Alan pressed me closer to him, while the silence seemed to throb with the heating of his heart and the panting of his breath. But except for that he remained motionless, gazing at the golden message before him. At length I felt a movement, and, looking up, saw his face turned down toward mine, the lips quivering, the cheeks flushed, the eyes soft with passionate feeling. "We are saved, my darling," he whispered; "saved, and through you." Then he bent his head lower, and there, in that room of horror, I received the first long lover's kiss from my own dear husband's lips.

VERDI'S LATEST OPERA.

"Falstaff" in New York—Maurel as Falstaff—Eames as Mistress Ford—Scalchi as Dame Quickly—Ocean Disasters—Uneasiness among Transatlantic Travelers.

It is difficult to realize the intense anxiety which pervades the metropolis when one of the great transatlantic liners comes overdue. This feeling can with difficulty be understood by those who do not live in a large seaport city like New York. The French steamer *La Gascogne* is now eight days overdue, and while she is a staunch boat, and has sailed through many a hurricane, there is much anxiety expressed concerning her, because the weather for the last fortnight has been the worst known for many years.

There are a number of transatlantic steamships overdue, and the *Teutonic*, of the White Star line, which arrived yesterday, and the *Umbria*, of the Cunard line, which arrived to-day, report very heavy weather. The *Teutonic* had the worst experience of the two. She sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, and by Thursday evening a storm began. Although it was enough to make most of the passengers seasick, it was nothing to what was to come. By the following Monday the wind was howling seventy miles an hour, and the waves were piled up in huge masses of water, the crests of which froze and were blown by the mighty force of the gale upon the decks. The *Teutonic* has never before been obliged to turn tail to the tempest; but in this gale, Captain Cameron decided that his best course was not to attempt to hie the sea, so she was put about, and for a number of hours she ran full speed before the storm. Several of her boats were swept away, and the officers' mess-room and the smoking-room were inundated by a mighty wave. The thermometer was below zero, and over the ocean there raged a blinding snow-storm. When she was about a thousand miles out from New York, she sighted a fishing-smack flying signals of distress. A call was made for volunteers, and a boat's crew started for the smack, which was helpless by reason of having lost her rudder. For two hours the boat's crew struggled through the snow-laden gale to reach the smack, but failed, and returned to the ship's side, where the frost-bitten men had to be lifted out of the boat. Another call for volunteers resulted in another crew, and these also failed to reach the smack.

Then Captain Cameron steamed down to the smack, and when she was under the lee of the big steamship, and thereby sheltered from the awful wind, the fishermen got into their own skiff and reached the steamer's side. Some of the steamer's crew were forced to descend into the skiff to fasten ropes to the half-frozen fishermen, who were unable to do so themselves. Captain Cameron of the *Teutonic* was on the bridge continuously for thirty-seven hours. His feet, hands, and nose were frost-bitten, and the doctors found that his left eye was also frost-bitten to such an extent that he will probably lose the sight. The *Umbria* did not have so hard a trip as the *Teutonic*, although she experienced part of the same gale which struck the White Star ship. She also found a vessel in distress, the French bark *Jean Baptiste*. She succeeded in saving not only the crew of this vessel, but their personal effects. All of the transatlantic steamers that have come in during the past few days have been shrouded with ice from stem to stern. They were fairly inclosed in a coat of mail.

The protracted voyage of the *Gascogne*, coming on the heels of the disaster to the *Elbe*, has made the traveling New Yorkers rather anxious. It is a long time since there has been an Atlantic steamer lost in which there was such a loss of life as in the case of the *Elbe*, and she belongs to a line—the North German Lloyd—which is a favorite one. Many people traveling from here to Europe object to the passage across the Irish Channel, the disembarkation at Liverpool, and the railway trip across England to London, particularly if they are going to the Continent. Hence the popularity of the American Line and the North German Lloyd Line, both of which touch at Southampton. In addition, the North German Lloyd of recent years has put on a line running direct to the Mediterranean, and most travelers going to Southern Europe have been traveling by this line. Many have thus become familiar with the North German Lloyd ships and their captains, and have acquired a liking for the line, which will be shaken by the news of this disaster. For the *Elbe* was a staunch ship, commanded by a good sailor, Captain von Goessel, and was one of the favorites of the North German Lloyd squadron, although she was not one of the fastest ships. She was built in 1881, and was a single-screw vessel. She thus ranks with the older ships of the line, like the *Werra* and the *Fulda*, which, although not fast, are comfortable boats. These are the vessels which the company has been running on the Mediterranean line. The fact that this vessel, only fourteen years old, and having all the improvements known up to that time, should have been run into by a steamer of four hundred and fifty tons and sent to the bottom in twenty minutes, with the appalling loss of three hundred and thirty-four lives, makes people reflective when they think of sailing in such boats. It has been the talk of New York for the last week, and the general consensus of opinion has been that any man who wishes to cross the Atlantic had better do so in a modern twin-screw ship.

The companies claim that these modern twin-screw vessels, with transverse and longitudinal compartments, can not be sunk. They even claim that if they were cut in two in the middle, both ends would float. This may be the belief of seafaring men and steamship owners, but it is the belief of most landmen that anything that floats can be sunk. But when the experiences of the *City of Paris* are taken into consideration, it is very evident that the chances for safety are much greater on the modern ships. The *Paris* has had several casualties. In March, 1890, she was two hundred and twenty-five miles off Queenstown with one thousand and sixty persons aboard. The head of the low-

pressure cylinder of the starboard engine was blown off, and this, with an enormous condensing-pipe and its attachments, went crashing through the bottom of the ship. It made a hole through which you could drive a coach and four. The water poured into the ship in vast volumes, filling four of her compartments. Despite this apparently mortal wound, the good ship struggled on for five days with her stern almost under water. She sighted the *Adriatic*, of the White Star Line, which refused to tow her. Subsequently she was towed into Queenstown by the *Aldersgate*, a 2,000-ton steamship. The *Paris* had another accident some years later, when she carried away her rudder. She was some one hundred miles out at sea, but she succeeded, by means of her twin screws, in steering into port with perfect safety. This would seem to show that the modern passenger-ship, with two complete sets of engines and boilers, one on the port and one on the starboard side, with twin screws, with longitudinal and transverse compartments running up to the decks above the water-line, with her compartments permanently hulkheaded, and with no doors between them which can be left open from negligence, is as safe as any vessel that sails the sea. But it is time that human ingenuity should strive to make passenger ships safe. Since the *President* went down, fifty-four years ago, there have been one hundred large passenger steamers lost in the Atlantic. That is an average of two a year. Of this long list, eight great steamships sailed from port and were never heard of again.

To turn to pleasanter things. The event of the week has been the production of Verdi's opera of "Falstaff," which, although it is about two years old, has never been produced in America until this week. The cast includes Emma Eames as Mistress Ford, Zélie de Lussan as Anne, Jane de Vigne as Mistress Page, Mme. Scalchi as Dame Quickly, Signor Russitano as Fenton, Signor Campaneri as Ford, Signor Nicolini as Pistol, Signor Vanni as Dr. Caius, Signor Rinaldini as Randolph, and M. Victor Maurel as Sir John Falstaff. The opera was first produced in Milan at La Scala on February 9, 1893. M. Maurel then, as now, played Falstaff. Its next production was in Rome, at the silver-wedding celebration of King Humbert and Queen Margherita. It was afterward produced last spring in Paris.

There is no overture to the opera. The first scene shows Falstaff at the Garter Inn about to send his love-letters to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page by Bardolph and Pistol. When these two light-fingered gentlemen profess to be scrupulous about carrying the letters, Sir John jeers at them, and he has a striking song in which honor is satirized; the words are based on the famous soliloquy in "King Henry the Fourth." In the second scene of the first act, in Ford's garden, the letters are received by the ladies, and they decide to send Dame Quickly to invite Falstaff to visit Mistress Ford. This scene also discloses the loves of Anne and Fenton. The first scene of the second act takes place at the Garter Inn, where Dame Quickly delivers her message. Ford, disguised as Master Crook, is introduced by Bardolph and Pistol, who betray the fat knight, and thus Ford learns of the intentions of Falstaff. The second scene is at Ford's house. Here takes place the famous episode of the huck-basket. Fenton and Anne are behind a screen, Ford and his friends listening in another hiding-place, and Falstaff is in the basket, with Dame Quickly and Mistress Ford heaping him with soiled linen. There is a fine piece of concerted music here. At the end of the scene the basket is dropped out of the window into a ditch, and Ford rejoices at the evidence of his wife's fidelity. The third act begins with a street scene before the Garter Inn. Falstaff is moralizing on his recent experience, and here has a masterpiece, his invocation to "mull'd sack with a toast in it." In his song he describes the effects of the wine after his cold bath. But Dame Quickly comes with voluble and plausible explanations; and when she makes a new rendezvous, the fat knight falls into the trap. The women, with Ford, Caius, and Fenton, enter after Falstaff's exit and discuss the new plan. The last scene is the well-known one of the Fairy Masquerade in Windsor Forest. A little from "King Henry the Fourth" is introduced here and there to round out the character of the fat knight; but otherwise the libretto may be looked upon as a condensation of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Of the performers, there is nothing but praise to be said. M. Maurel was naturally at ease in his rôle, for he had played it before. But he played it imitably, and it was difficult to believe that a Frenchman singing an Italian's music could so thoroughly give our English Shakespeare's conception of the fat knight's unctuous humor. Emma Eames sang her music well, but she is rather stiff for the merry Mistress Ford; it is my belief that a Dame Alice like Miss Eames would have poisoned Falstaff instead of putting him in the huck-basket. Miss de Lussan as Anne had a pretty little part, and played it well. Scalchi made a hit as Dame Quickly; she has a broad sense of humor, and her peasant blood enabled her to enter *con amore* into the coarse pleasantries of that lady whom Falstaff swore to marry, "sitting by a sea-coal fire, come Michaelmas."

The music of the new opera is a revelation to those who believe that Verdi is a musical hack-number. The orchestra predominates as completely as in the works of Wagner. The music moves along with the rapidity of the comedy, and there is much humor in the music as well as in the dialogue. There are no set musical numbers, and the orchestration abounds in original touches, such as the clarinet and hasoon with the pizzicato hasses, which add immeasurably to the effect of Falstaff's answer "No" to his own questions in the soliloquy on honor. When one considers the breeziness and originality of this music, it is almost impossible to believe that this composer is an octogenarian and that he was born in 1813. Let those Wagneromanes who have so long sneered at Giuseppe Verdi take shame to themselves, for there is more music still in that wonderful brain than would furnish forth the skulls of myriads of his detractors.

NEW YORK, February 10, 1895.

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"THE LITERARY SHOP."

Literature as a Trade Discussed by James L. Ford—How Bonhemian Writers Studied the Poetry Market—Influence of Bonner's "New York Ledger."

"The Literary Shop," by James L. Ford, is a history of American literature, from the point of view of the professional writer who claims to have ideals and suffers constant irritation from the base commercialism that governs magazine editors. In it Mr. Ford "talks shop" to a remarkable extent, but what he has to say is so curious and amusing that our readers will not be unwilling, we think, to read a few extracts from the book.

Mr. Ford divides the history of modern American letters into three periods: the Bonnerian period, when Robert Bonner ruled American literature through the columns of the *New York Ledger*; the Holland period, when Dr. J. G. Holland started and conducted the old *Scribner's*; and the Johnsonian period, the present, when Robert Underwood Johnson edits the *Century*. Of the first of these, Mr. Ford gives the most entertaining account. Here is his presentation of the principles that guided Mr. Bonner in his editorial capacity:

The paper is well edited, because it does not contain a line of prose or a stanza of verse that is not aimed directly at the hearts and minds of the vast army of farmers, midwives, gas-fitters' daughters, and the blood-relatives of jaoitors who constituted its peculiar clientele. And if the critical one desires to get at the very bone and sinew of *Ledger* literature, he should make a careful study of the poems which were an important feature of it, and in which may be found the very essence of the great principles by which the paper was guided.

Indeed, Mr. Bonner used to be more particular about his poetry than about his prose, and always read himself every line of verse submitted to him for publication. Some of the poems were written by women of simple, serious habits of thought; but a great many of the highly moral and instructive effusions that were an important feature of the paper were prepared by ungodly and happy-go-lucky Bohemians, who were glad to eke out the livelihood earned by reporting with an occasional "tenner" from Mr. Bonner's treasury. These poets studied the great editor's peculiarities and personal tastes as carefully as the most successful magazine contributors of today study those of the various Gilders, Johnsons, Burlingames, and Aldens who dominate American letters in the present year. For example, no horses in *Ledger* poems were ever permitted to trot faster than a mile in eight minutes, and it was considered sagacious to name them Dobbin or Old Boss. Poems in praise of step-mothers or life insurance were supposed to be distasteful to the great editor; but he was believed to have an absolute passion for lyrics which extolled the charm of country life and the homely virtues of rural folk. If a poet wrote more than one rhyme to the quatrain, he was warned by his fellows not to ruin the common market.

If Mr. Bonner rejected a manuscript, he was always ready to tell the author exactly why the work was not suitable for the *Ledger*. For example:

One day a maker of prose and verse received from the hands of the great editor a story which he had submitted to him the week before.

"If you please," said the poet, politely, "I should like to know why you can not use my story, so that I may be guided in future by your preferences."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bonner. "This story will not do for me because you have in it the marriage of a man with his cousin."

"But," protested the young author, "cousins do marry in real life very often."

"In real life, yes," cried the canny Scotchman; "but not in the *New York Ledger*!"

Here is the recipe for a *Ledger* poem, confided to Mr. Ford by an expert contributor:

"Whatever you do," he said, "be careful not to use up a whole idea on a single poem, for if you do, you'll never be able to make a cent. I usually cut an idea into eight pieces, like a pie, and write a poem for each piece, though once or twice I have made sixteen pieces out of one. My 'Two Brothers' idea yielded me just sixteen poems, all accepted, for which I received one hundred and sixty dollars. What do I mean by cutting up an idea? Well, I'll tell you. I took for a whole idea two brothers brought up on a farm in the country, one of whom goes down to the city, while the other stays at home on the farm. Well, I wrote eight poems about those brothers, giving them such names as Homespun Bill and Fancy Jake, and the city man always went broke, and was glad to get back to the country again and find that Homespun Bill had either paid the mortgage on the place or saved the house from burning, or done something else calculated to commend him to the haymakers who subscribed for the paper. Then I wrote eight more, and in every one of those it was the yokel who got left; that is to say, Fancy Jake or Dashing Tom, or whatever I might choose to call him, would go to the city and either get rich in Wall Street—always Wall, never Broad, or Nassau Street, or Broadway, remember—and come back just in time to stop the sheriff's sale and bid in the old homestead for some unheard-of figure, or else he would become a great physician and return to save his native village at a time of pestilence, or maybe I'd have him a great preacher and come back and save all their souls; anyway, I got eight more poems out of the pair, to say nothing of some stories that I used in another paper."

I pondered for several moments over the words of the poet, and then I said to him: "But if you were so successful with the 'Two Brothers,' why didn't you try to do as well with two sisters?"

"I did," he replied. "I started a 'Two Sisters' series as soon as the brothers were all harvested, but I got them back on my hands again. You know Bonner is down on sisters."

Mr. Ford gives this graphic sketch of the *Ledger* poets and their editor:

One Friday morning, many years ago, I went with this poet to the *Ledger* building, and there found half a dozen writers gathered together in an outer office, anxiously watching the dark shadow of a man that was thrown on a partition of ground-glass that extended from floor to ceiling across the room and separated it from the private office of the great editor.

The dark, moving shadow on which every eye was fixed was that of Robert Bonner himself, and as it was seen to cross the room to a remote corner—growing smaller and fainter as it receded—every face brightened with hope, and forms that had seemed bent and dejected but a moment before were suddenly straightened. An instant later, the door opened and the editor of the *Ledger* crossed the threshold, handed a two-dollar bill to one of the waiting poets, and then hastily retired to his own den again.

Then my friend showed me how the watchers could tell by the movements of the dark shade whether a poem had been accepted or refused. If the editor walked from his desk to the remote corner of his private office, they knew that he did it in order to place a poem in the draw of an old bureau in which he kept the accepted manuscript; but if on the other hand, he came directly to the door, a horrible feeling of anxiety came into every mind, and each poet uttered a silent prayer—while his heart literally stood still within him—that the blow might fall on some head other than his own.

On this occasion, my friend received ten dollars for his poem entitled "When the Baby Smiled," and, in the fullness of his heart, he invited the author of the rejected verses on "Resignation"—who, by the way, was uttering the most horrible curses as he descended the staircase—to join us in a drink.

It was on this occasion, also, as I distinctly remember, that my friend the poet put the whole trade of letters in a nutshell:

"There are plenty of people," he remarked, "who can write good good stuff, but there are not many who can write good bad stuff. Here's one of those 'Two Brothers' poems I told you about, and if that isn't good bad stuff, I'd like to know what is." He handed me a printed copy of the poem, and I can still recall the first verses of it:

Herbert to the city went,
Though as sturdy was his arm
As plain Tom's, who, quite content,
Stayed at home upon the farm.

Herbert wore a broadcloth coat;
Thomas wore the homespun gray;
Herbert on display did dote,
Thomas labored every day.

Of course these literary workmen never allowed the products of their pen to be wasted. Says their historian:

The market was not as large then as it is now, and a serious poem could "make the rounds" in a very short time. If it failed as a serious effort, it was an easy matter for a practical poet to add to it what was called a "comic snapper," by virtue of which it could be offered to *Puck* or *Wild Out*.

For instance, a poet of my acquaintance once told me that he wrote a poem about "Thrifty Tom," as he called him, who insured his life for a large sum of money, paid the premiums for two or three years, and then died, leaving his wife and children comfortably provided for. Now it happened that the great Scotch editor did not believe in life insurance as an investment, and therefore he declined the verses. And straightaway the poet sat himself down and gave to his stanzas a comic snapper, which told how "Idle Bill" proceeded to court and marry the widow, and passed the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the money which the thrifty one had struggled so hard to lay aside for his family. In its new form the poem was sold to *Puck*, and the word went out to all the makers of prose and verse that Bonner was "down on life insurance."

What Mr. Ford calls "the early Holland period" began when, near the close of 1870, Dr. J. G. Holland started *Scribner's Monthly*. He thus describes the general literary outlook at that time:

At this time no signatures were allowed in the Harpers' publications, and the matter published in the *Monthly* was either of foreign manufacture or else prepared in the Franklin Square Foundry by poets employed by the week at fair but not exorbitant wages. The *Ledger* principles were observed here to a certain extent, but were not enforced as rigidly as they were by Mr. Bonner.

From the very first, Dr. Holland showed a commendable purpose to raise the tone of the new *Monthly* above that of Mr. Bonner's story-paper, and although we see distinct evidences, in his earlier numbers, of *Ledger* influences, it was not long before a gradual emancipation from the strictest and most literal interpretation of Mr. Bonner's iron-clad rules began. Horses soon began to strike a swifter gait in the serial stories, and in "Wilfred Cumbermede" one of these quadrupeds has the hardihood to throw its rider over its head. But that would never have happened if George Macdonald had been trained in the modern *Ledger* school of fiction.

Of one of Dr. Holland's writers, Mr. Ford gives this account:

I consider Washington Gladden entitled to the highest rank as an exponent of mediocrity. Indeed, after a careful survey of the magazine harons' wide domain, I must award the palm of merit to this popular manufacturer of literary wares for even mediocrity, unspiced by the slightest sense of humor. It is that very lack of humor which has brought success to many a man whose mission in life has been to write for the great, simple-minded public. The poets and humorists of the Jack Moran school, who were compelled to descend to the commonplace and the stupid because of their temporal necessities, never really became thorough masters of the divot art of writing mediocrity, because their sense of the ludicrous brought them to a halt before those Alpine heights of tedious imbecility which people like E. P. Roe and Washington Gladden scaled with unblanched cheeks.

But to return to Washington Gladden. If any of the large and thoughtful circle whom I have the honor to address have never read a story from this gentleman's pen, entitled "The Christian League of Connecticut," I implore them to seek out the numbers of the *Century* in which it appeared about a decade ago, and sit down to the enjoyment of one of the finest specimens of unconscious humor that our generation has known.

This story deals with a league, composed of all the Protestant churches in a small Connecticut town, for the promotion of large-hearted geniality and mutual aid in the work of evangelization. It contains a description of a scene in the Methodist Church at the moment when it seems that the congregation will be unable to raise the debt which has long weighed them down. They are about to abandon the attempt, when the other churches in the town learn of their distress and proceed to help them out. The First Congregational Church pledges sixteen hundred and seventy-five dollars, the Universalist Church sends five hundred dollars, and finally the Second Congregational Church raises the ante to eighteen hundred and ten dollars, while the people burst forth into shouts of "Hallelujah!" and fervent songs of praise.

If any one were to write a wild burlesque on the ecclesiastical methods in vogue in Connecticut, he would fall far short of Mr. Gladden's account of this extraordinary meeting.

Another chapter of "The Christian League" tells us how Judge Beeswax returned to his native village from the city in which he had grown wealthy, and generously gave a thousand dollars to save the old church, in which he had worshipped as a boy, from being sold for old timber.

And this *dénouement* bears such a wonderful resemblance to that in eight of the sixteen "Two Brothers" poems, that I am half inclined to suspect that in his younger days Mr. Gladden was one of the poets who turned up at the *Ledger* office every Friday and waited for the verdict.

The successor of Dr. Holland on the throne of American letters, Mr. Ford says, is Mr. R. W. Johnson, associate-editor of the *Century*. Fourteen years ago, Mr. Ford was about to submit to him a story of life on the East Side in New York, when he learned that "Johnson does not like low life," and "his pen fell from his hand."

Mr. Ford pokes fun at a great commercial success, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in this wise:

I do not know of any magazine which so truthfully reflects the literary tendency of the age as this extraordinary Philadelphia publication, and I am not surprised to learn, as I have on undisputed authority, that it has a larger circulation than any other journal of its class in this country. It is conducted by that gifted literary exploiter and brilliant romancer, Mr. E. W. Bok, the legitimate successor to Mr. Johnson, and the present crown prince of American letters. . . . I purchased a copy of the Christmas number, thrust it under my coat, and skulked home.

All that evening, until well into the early hours of the new day, I sat with that marvelous literary production before me, eagerly devouring every line of its contents, and honestly admiring the number of high-priced advertisements which met my eye, and the high literary quality of many of them. When I finally pushed the Christmas number away and rose from my table, it was with a feeling of enthusiasm tempered with awe by the many-sided genius that controlled and had devised this widely circulated and incomparable journal. Some comprehensive reviewer of a future generation will do full justice to the genius of our great contemporary in an exhaustive treatise on "English Literature from Chaucer to Bok." Although as yet only the heir-apparent to the crown of letters, Mr. Bok has acquired an undeniable and far-reaching influence in the realm which he will one day be called upon to govern. Among the more noteworthy of the literary products which have added lustre to the period of his minority may be mentioned "Heart-to-Heart Talks about Pillow-Shams"; "Why My Father Loved Muffins," by Mamie Dickens; "Where the Tidies Blow"; "The Needs of a Canary," by the Rev. Elijah Gas; and "How I Blow My Nose," by the Countess of Aberdeen. Mr. Bok has also made a strong bid for the favor of the sex which is

always gentle and fair by his elaborate instructions as to the best way of inflicting the evening musicale on peaceful communities.

It is by sheer force of tireless industry and a complete mastery of every detail of his prodigious literary enterprise that Mr. Bok has placed himself in the proud position which he occupies to-day. He is the acknowledged authority on such subjects as the bringing up of young girls, the care of infants, the cleansing of flannel garments, and the crocheting of door-mats. In the gentle art of tating, he has no superior, and has long held the medal as the champion lightweight tatter of America.

The homely qualities to which I have alluded in the preceding paragraph have made Mr. Bok our crown prince, but he will live in history as the discoverer of a new force in literary mechanics. The use of the oames of distinguished men and women to lend interest to worthless or uninteresting articles on topics of current interest dates back to the most remote period of the world's history, but it was Mr. Bok who discovered, during a temporary depression in the celebrity market, that a vast horde of their relatives were available for literary purposes, and that there was not much greater "pull" in the name of a citizen who had won distinction in commerce, art, literature, in the pulpit, or on the bench, than there was in those of his wife, his aunt, his sister, and his children, even unto the third and fourth generation.

It was this discovery that led to the publication of the popular and apparently endless series of essays bearing such titles as "The Wives of Famous Pastors," "Bright Daughters of Well-Known Men," "Proud Uncles of Promising Young Story-Writers," and "Invalid Aunts of Daring Athletes." The masterpiece of these biographical batches was the one bearing the general head of "Faces We Seldom See," and it was this one which established beyond all question or doubt the permanent worth and importance of Mr. Bok's discovery. The faces of those whom we often see have been described in the public prints from time immemorial, but it was the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* who discovered the great commercial value that lurked in the faces of men and women who were absolutely unknown outside their own limited circles of friends.

Then the relatives of the celebrities became writers on their own account, and straightaway the pages of Mr. Bok's invaluable magazine glistened with "How My Wife's Great-Uncle Wrote 'Rip Van Winkle,'" by Peter Pointdexter; "My Childhood in the White House," by Ruth McKee; "How Much Money My Uncle is Worth," by Cornelius Waldorf Astorbilt; and "Recollections of R. B. Hayes," by his ox and his ass.

Even a well-trained mind becomes stunned and bewildered in an attempt to estimate the extent to which this newly discovered force can be carried. The imagination can no more grasp it than it can grasp the idea of either space or eternity, and it is my firm belief that under the impetus already acquired in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the hroofs of the relatives of celebrities will go clattering down through the literature of centuries as yet unborn.

A well-thumbed paragraph in a recent number of the *Journal* announces that Mr. Bok has trampled upon his diffident, sensitive nature to the extent of permitting "what he considers a very satisfactory portrait" of himself to be offered to his admirers at the low price of a quarter of a dollar apiece. This offer, which bears the significant heading "The Girl Who Loves Art," is made with the express stipulation that intending purchasers shall not deepen the blush on the gifted editor's cheek by sending their orders direct to the *Home Journal* office, but shall address them direct to the photographer, Mr. C. M. Gilbert, of 926 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

But Mr. Ford has a good word to say for the editorial autocrats:

The magazines have not only raised the rates of compensation for literary labor, but they have spread the reading habit to an enormous extent, and are still educating vast numbers of people—of a class that do not read at all when they happen to be born in other countries—to become habitual buyers of books and periodicals. Moreover it must be said of the editors of these publications that they place their time at the disposal of every aspiring author who brings his manuscript to them. In other words, they give careful attention to whatever work is submitted to them, and are glad to buy and pay promptly for such stories and poems as they may deem suitable to their needs. I have never seen any disposition on the part of any of them to crush budding genius; but, on the contrary, I have frequently met them on dark, rainy nights hunting through the town, with lanterns in their hands, for new writers. In fact, I do not know of any place in this world where a young man may look for fairer attention and encouragement than he will find in the office of a modern magazine.

I have heard these editors denounced, one and all, by infuriated poets and romancers for the "favoritism" which had been shown to certain contributors; but I have generally found that when they erred in this way it was on the side of charity; and if certain writers whose contributions we generally skip occupy more room in the monthlies than we think they ought to, it is not because they are editorial pets, but because they have been careful students of the great literary principles described in these pages, and have thereby acquired the art of writing exactly what can be printed without injury to the susceptibilities of a single advertiser or subscriber.

But we have special cause for being thankful to the magazines when we read some of the hysterical, obstetrical, and epigrammatic romances which have enjoyed such an astonishing vogue in England of late years. Thank heaven! no American magazine—so far as my knowledge goes—has had the effrontery to offer its readers any such noisome, diseased literature as that with which the alleged "clever" people of London have flooded our market. To my way of thinking, the epigrammatic books are the most offensive of the whole lot, and certainly there is nothing better calculated to plunge one into the depths of despair and shame than the perusal of a modern British novel whose characters are forever "showing off" as children say, and who seem to devote their lives to uterlog sennypenny cynicisms and evolving, with infinite pains and travail, the sort of remarks that pass current in the "smart London set"—if these chroniclers are to be believed—as wit. Mr. Wilde is one of the cleverest of the whole brood of fat-witted chromo-cynics whose vulgar flippancies have somehow come to be regarded as witty and amusing, and that, too, by people who ought to know better.

Apropos of this subject of wit, Mr. Ford writes:

There is a book of excerpts from the writings of this gifted man [Heine] published some years ago by Henry Holt & Co., and now, unhappily enough, out of print. These excerpts are so well selected, and convey to us so vividly the charm of this matchless writer, that I took the trouble some time ago to inquire into the way in which the work was done. I learned on undisputed authority that Mr. Holt, who has not spent his life in the literary business for nothing, borrowed a pruning-hook from the *Century* office, placed it, together with Heine's complete works, in the hands of an experienced and skilled magazine editor, and bade him "edit" them as if they were intended for publication in his own monthly. The skilled and experienced editor opened the volumes, and the pruning-hook—also a skilled and experienced instrument of mutilation—fairly leaped from its scabbard in its eagerness to eliminate the dangerous passages. When the editor had completed his task, Mr. Holt gathered up the parings from the floor and published them under the title of "Scintillations from Heine."

In this same hook, "The Literary Shop and Other Tales," are some ten or a dozen short stories in the style of humor of which Mr. Ford is past-master. "The Society Reporter's Christmas"—which tells how little Eva Swallowtail softened her stern old grandfather's heart toward his wayward daughter and her husband, the society reporter—was reprinted in the *Argonaut* some years ago, and others of these tales have been widely copied.

Published by George H. Richmond & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A talking match between two women was a feature at a recent church social at Brazil, Ind. No stenographer could begin to keep up with the winner.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The death of W. W. Stow will be a great loss to Golden Gate Park. Commissioner Stow was a man of unusual energy, and he devoted himself to the park with as much enthusiasm as if it were his own. Scarcely a day passed that his tall form could not be seen there, and he walked with all the vigor of a young man, for he was nearly always seen on foot. During his administration as President of the Park Board, much attention was paid to the rights of pedestrians, and the park ceased to be looked upon merely as a driveway for the rich, but rather as a play-ground for the poor. There is not one of the many improvements which he planned which has not met with the popular approval, and he has left his impress forever upon Golden Gate Park.

When Congressman Breckinridge, of Madeleine Pollard fame, became involved in a controversy recently, upon the floor of the House, with Congressman Heard, both were brought before the Speaker, and the Kentuckian was made to apologize. In the course of his remarks he said: "He called me a liar. That can not remain between he and I." The Chicago *Tribune* falls to musing upon this apology, and remarks with a fine philosophy that Mr. Breckinridge owes more of an apology to the Queen's English than to Mr. Heard. He certainly does. But he, like many worthy people, has doubtless come to the conclusion that the personal pronouns should always be used in the nominative. This colloquialism has come to such a pass that the man who puts personal pronouns in the objective case, and says "between him and her," is stigmatized by politicians and other punctilious persons as "making a grammatical error," whatever that may mean. Query—why not *ungrammatical* error? A famous anecdote of a famous Californian hinges upon this use of pronouns. When Mr. M. M. Estee was the law partner of Judge J. H. Boalt, he remarked one day to the judge, apropos of something or other, "Between you and I, Boalt—" "What!" interrupted the judge, who is something of a purist; "what did you say, Estee? Between you and I?" "Ah, yes, so I did," replied Estee, quickly, "I should have said 'Between you and I.'"

Mr. Charles M. Shortridge, the new editor and proprietor of the San Francisco *Call*, has taken a decisive step. He announces, in a recent issue, that "the coupon snap is a thing of the past, and that the *Call* is going out of the hook business." He further says:

"The *Call*, under its new management, will devote itself solely to legitimate journalism. It will resort to no fakes to attract fools. In the purchase of the property, the present management assumed an existing contract to sell books on the coupon plan. We have arranged to get rid of these, and then we will drop the fake system entirely. We are here to publish the truth and not coupons. We deal in live news and not miscellaneous bric-a-brac. Our business is journalism, and we are not conducting either a notion-store or a junk-shop. With all due respect to our contemporaries who find it profitable to combine the faker with the editor, and who aspire to mold the opinions of the people on great subjects at the same time that they solicit the nickels and the dimes in catch-penny tricks, we believe that the two pursuits are incompatible. A man can not turn the sanctum into a huckster's stall without becoming a huckster. The man who resorts to fakes for a living must sooner or later live as a faker, and journalists are no exception to the rule. A newspaper is either worth the price asked for it, or it is not. If it is, then the editor should be satisfied with the support of those who recognize its value, and not seek the senseless crowd that can not appreciate a newspaper and demand a coupon. On the other hand, if the paper is not worth the price asked, it is the duty of the editor either to diminish the price or increase the value of the paper."

If Mr. Shortridge adheres to his determination, the *Call* will be the only daily newspaper published in San Francisco. The others will be a combination of journalism and junk. We hope that he will succeed in his new departure, and we think he will. He has already much improved the *Call*, and this change will give satisfaction to his readers. A newspaper which gives away fishing-tackle, jack-knives, toilet soap, baby-carriages, tooth-brushes, bicycles, umbrellas, kits of tools, cameras, and chromos to induce people to buy it, is not worthy of the name. A newspaper which interlards its news and editorial columns with staring "coupons" entitling the hearer to buy a ten-cent photo for fifteen cents is abdicating its functions. A newspaper which starts voting competitions for the most popular policeman or the most blood-thirsty hurglar may be engaged in an elevated calling, but we do not think it is.

We congratulate Mr. Shortridge on his determination. We agree with him in thinking that the business of a newspaper publisher is to publish a newspaper.

The subscriptions to the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad are now entering on the third million, and papers have been drawn up for incorporation. The *Examiner* has been printing a series of articles about the towns in the valley, which towns, it seems, are prepared to give a great deal of "moral support." We may suggest that "moral support" does not build railroads—it takes coin. We would further suggest that the new company leave all these "moral support" towns off of the line of the road, and go to some less talky towns that put up a little coin.

We have not as yet carefully examined the new charter. We must confess, however, that we do not look with much favor upon that feature of the charter which gives the appointment of so many officials to the mayor. Out of all the city officials, those to be elected are as follows: Twelve supervisors (at large), mayor, auditor, treasurer, assessor, twelve superior judges, district-attorney, sheriff, superintendent of public schools. The mayor appoints forty-nine, as follows: County clerk, coroner, tax collector, recorder, city attorney, public administrator, five justices of the peace, four police judges, three commissioners of public works, three park commissioners, five school directors, five public library trustees, four police commissioners, four fire commissioners, three members board of health, four election commissioners, three civil service commissioners.

While this innovation is said to have worked well in other cities, we question whether it is advisable to give so much power to one man. We have had a Kalloch for mayor. We now have a Sutro. We came very near having an O'Donnell, and we may have him yet. We do not think that this city could intrust the appointment of its officials to such men as these. It is all very well to say that the mayor then becomes responsible. We have not found that the rule of appointive responsibility works well in this community. Governor Markham was responsible for the officials whom he appointed, and, despite this sense of responsibility of which we hear so much, he made many inexcusable appointments, finally defying the public opinion of the State by appointing Mose Gunst, a sporting man, as police commissioner.

ONE OF SARAH'S LOVERS.

Jean Richepin, the Dramatic Poet whom the Bernhardt Once Loved—His Pseudo-Gypsy Origin and Bohemian Escapades—A Pen-Portrait of a French Eccentric.

The legend of Alcibiades cutting his dog's tail remains eternal, and, in this age of boasting, more than ever do we find people who are always endeavoring by eccentricities to attract greater attention to them. Such is the case of the poet, Jean Richepin, the author of the "Conte Bleu," as is called on the theatrical advertising posters his "Vers la Joie," the last new play given at the Théâtre Français.

Before holding his present position of dramatic author and novelist—quoted on the literary market at the same rate as are the best stocks on the Bourse—he had passed, if one is to believe the legends adroitly circulated about him by himself and by his friends, through the most extraordinary adventures, resembling the exciting, romantic, and picturesque lives of the Gil Blases of former days. There is a little truth, doubtless, in the fantastical biography which not say untruth, but, to be better mannered as well as more crowns him as with a halo, but also a great deal of imagination and exaggeration.

Nature has had its hand in the mystery by bestowing upon Richepin a most uncommon appearance. When you see for the first time this strong, thick-set fellow, with his powerful athlete's torso set upon legs rather short but muscular, like those of a jockey; his sinewy arms and his huge hands (the hands of a stranger); his large round head, his accentuated features, his bronze complexion, with his great eyes as intensely brilliant as coals of fire; his low forehead crowned with thick, curly, almost woolly hair, resembling black Astrakhan fur—you say to yourself: "What a man!"

Jean Richepin, in effect, pretends to be of "ramichal" origin—that is to say, "a son of Egypt," the generic name of that mysterious, wandering race called, according to different countries, gypsies, tziganes, zingari, gitanos. The supposition that he might be the child of one of those wild, nomadic families, abandoned in some camp on some highway of France, and adopted and educated in a *bourgeois* way by some charitable souls, is quite feasible.

The plain truth is that he is simply the son of an army doctor, the result of an episode of garrison life, born by chance at Amiens in Picardy, but of Tourangan blood, than which none is more Gallic or roystering. This fact, perhaps, explains why he calls himself of Touranian race, meaning Asiatic—Touran being in modern language Turkestan and Tartary, which differs decidedly from the unromantic prestige of belonging to a family of Tours, the country of St. Martin, of Rahelais, and of Balzac, of the best-known prunes, and of that kind of sausage called "rillettes." He must often have laughed in his sleeve over the fable.

Touranian or Tourangan, the regimental doctor's son had probably a childhood analogous to that of all strong and turbulent hoys, intelligent and hard-working besides. He presented himself when very young for examination at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, and if he had been admitted, his life would, no doubt, have run the quiet course of a professor of classical sciences. But he failed, and, either through discouragement or indolence, instead of persevering in a wise and sensible manner, and going back to his books in order to pass his examination the next year, he threw himself, soul and body, into Bohemia—not into that of fortune-tellers and of kidnappers of children, but into the one of "the Latin quarter," the Bohemia of cafés, where beardless poets and artists of the future arrange, or rather disarrange, morality, society, human and divine laws, with much resonant language, amid the smoke of briar-wood pipes and the foam of innumerable glasses of beer. Disdaining mercenary labor in order not to stifle the vast and sublime ideas that bubble in their brains, living on little, draping themselves proudly in their poverty, like ruined *hidalgos*, too noble to do anything in their ragged mantles, vituperating the "miserable *bourgeois*" who prostitute human liberty by regular daily work, and finally practicing with flower-girls and barmaids the wild and superb loves of grand, untamed natures.

During the course of this ignoble and futile existence—from which sometimes, however, men of real talent and honorable character emerge, like beautiful flowers that blossom on a dung-hill—the young poet had many varied and sometimes strange adventures. We repeat here, by the way, that it is impossible to discriminate what he really did from what he *thinks* he has done.

Wishing to write a novel on Bohemian life ("Mirka, la Fille de l'Ours"), they say that in order to study in *anima vili* the habits of this mysterious race, he joined a band of those whom he called "his brothers by atavism." Sleeping around camp-fires with them under the open skies, traveling in their "roulettes," sharing their stolen food and their filth, studying their language—the oldest in the world—and the secrets of their sorcery inherited from the Chaldean magi.

The plain facts are that all necessary information required for a work of this character can easily be found in books of reference, and that after a fortnight's compilation

at the Librarie Nationale, comfortably warm in winter and sheltered from the heat in summer, and with a little outside observation at fairs, where the Bohemians are always to be found, an intelligent, intuitive, and imaginative man soon possesses more than sufficient knowledge wherewith to write an interesting and "documental" story.

It was at this epoch, also, it is said, that Jean Richepin enrolled himself in a traveling circus company as an acrobat and wrestler. But if we reflect a moment, we will conclude that professional athletics, even mediocre, demand a training, a bone-unsetting, so to speak, which should be begun in extreme childhood, and in comparison to which the gymnastic lessons given at college to young French *bourgeois* are simply farcical. Gossips aver that young Richepin, who was clever enough as an amateur on the trapeze and fixed bar, amused himself on several occasions by accepting the challenge offered to spectators by the Hercules of some fair, in order to exhibit to the astonished crowd the "muscles of brass" and "jockey's thighs" which he celebrates in his verse with passably indecent infatuation. More than half of the poet's adventures have this imaginative coloring.

Far more worthy of consideration is his abundant and strong work, although it was at his début often coarse and brutal. The government, a few years ago, proposed to decorate him, but on examining his legal status, it was discovered that a condemnation "for outrage to morality," occasioned by his early volume of poems, "Les Blasphèmes," deprived him of the right of belonging to the Legion of Honor, as it also does of his right to vote; the latter penalty, however, makes but little difference to him, politics in France rarely interesting men of letters.

It is only just to add that at this epoch, nearly twenty years ago, pornographic literature did not reign supreme as it does at present, and that public opinion was then offended by what appears to it now quite natural. This attack of justiciary severity was only a passing fever.

To finish with Jean Richepin's private life: About a dozen years ago, weary of Bohemianism, he accepted the editorship of a journal at Marseilles, a salaried and therefore partially mercantile occupation. Remembering his former tirades against honest work, his abundant, black lion's mane must certainly have stood on end. During this period he became still more like the "detested *bourgeois*" by marrying and making legitimate a very vulgar *liaison* he had with the daughter of his boarding-house keeper, who acted as maid-of-all-work in the modest house whose proprietress was also the cook. Shortly after this, his literary fortune being at length established by several curious and powerful volumes, he returned to Paris.

At this epoch took place the most resonant episode of his *liaison* with Sarah Bernhardt. He had written a rather mediocre drama in verse, "Nana Sahib," which the great tragedienne—having taken a personal caprice for the author—produced at the theatre she was then managing, and in which piece he played the title part to hers of heroine. Decency as well as discretion prevents us from entering into the details of this eventful *liaison*. We can, however, speak of one of which we were a witness, being present in a dark corner of the theatre at a rehearsal of "Nana Sahib." The author and the manageress did not agree about the manner in which a certain scene taking place between them should be played. They began by quarreling with a vehemence which was soon exaggerated to personalities, "the great Sarah" making her golden voice heard over his deep basso, in a duo of strong language worthy of the neighboring fish-market. Finally Richepin, exasperated, fell upon her and beat her, and there ensued a row in which the people of the theatre took care not to interfere, less for fear of receiving an untoward blow than because the scene was so extraordinary. It terminated by Sarah having an attack of hysterics and by a tender reconciliation between the lovers.

"Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse," is the motto of the illustrious tragedienne. It was the fate of her poet as well as of all things, and after a series of storms, traversed by rainbows, he was sent back to his domestic hearth, which since that time he has never left.

Become one of the titled authors of the Théâtre Français, with his historical dramas and his fanciful comedies in the Italian *buffo* style, having cleaned his pen and purified his style, he has regulated his life after the most *bourgeois* fashion. Richepin lives very retired in his small house in the Rue Galvani, near the fortifications, a good husband, good father, and an indefatigable worker, seeking relaxation by doing gymnastic exercises with his two little sons. A *bon-vivant*, very careless in his dress, wearing in preference a sailor's red worsted shirt, and not priding himself in his home on having gentlemanly manners, which, perhaps, he thinks would be superfluous with the person of common ways and simple mind with whom he has linked his life, he rarely goes into society, but is always to be seen at theatres, in the house, or behind the scenes. Finally, he passes his summers in his Breton cottage beside the sea, of which he has sung so lovingly in his poem, "La Mer."

He has sown his wild oats, as becomes a man forty-five years old, the top of whose head is becoming bald like a tonsure, which gives him the appearance of a sturdy, fighting monk of the Middle Ages. His famous muscles are becoming imbedded in flesh engendered by easy comfort and homespun life. He is no longer a Bohemian, but "very well up" in business, making money and investing it advantageously, like the commonplace *bourgeois*, formerly so much despised. He still affects the coarse and gross manners of a turbulent free-lance, which is a part of his *mise en scène*.

PARIS, January 14, 1895.

DORSEY.

Charles Mason, a New York militiaman, who caught pneumonia while serving in Brooklyn, had to be taken to a hospital, because his mother said that it would be impossible to care for him at home on account of the prejudice against the militia that exists in her neighborhood. Druggists, grocers, and other dealers have refused to sell goods to her because she is the mother of a militiaman.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the announcements of Eastern publishers that are of especial interest to Californians, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, announce for early publication a volume of "Stories from the Foot-Hills," by Margaret C. Graham, who contributed several tales to the *Argonaut* sixteen years ago; Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, are putting forth "The Mogul Emperors of Hindostan," by Edward S. Holden, LL. D.; and Lovell, Coryell & Co., of New York, will publish at once "Chimmie Fadden, Mayor Max, and Other Stories," by Edward W. Townsend. Mr. Townsend—who, by the way, has contributed some lively tales to the *Argonaut*—is said to be meditating a more ambitious project, a novel, in fact.

Macmillan & Co. announce a translation of the new Strasburger, Noll, Schenck, and Schimper "Lehrbuch der Botanik." The illustrations, some five hundred and seventy in number, have been made a special feature of the book, and are remarkable for their extreme clearness.

Conan Doyle says that each of his stories takes him about a year to write.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation "Trusts: or, Industrial Combinations and Coalitions in the United States," by Dr. Ernst von Halle, who has been in the country studying the subject for a year or two.

Some years ago, Robert Louis Stevenson had a special set of his works prepared for his friend, Dr. Trudeau. The set was composed of fifteen volumes, bound in half-white vellum, gray tint sides, white end-papers, edges absolutely uncut, showing white edges all around. All the volumes were lettered at the top of the back, in black ink, "Doctor Trudeau's Set," and in the centre of the back, in black ink, appeared a single word of the title. Each volume bore on the fly-leaf a rhymed dedication, as follows:

"A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES,"

—To win your lady (if, alas! it may be)
Let's couple this one with the name of Baby!

"TREASURE ISLAND,"

I could not choose a patron for each one:
But *this* perhaps is chiefly for your son.

"KIDNAPPED,"

—Here is the one sound page of all my writing,
The one I'm proud of, and that I delight in.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE,"

Trudeau was all the winter at my side:
I never spied the nose of Mr. Hyde.

"UNDERWOODS,"

Some day or other (it's a general curse)
The wisest author stumbles into verse.

"THE DYNAMITER,"

As both my wife and I composed the thing,
Let's place it under Mrs. Trudeau's wing.

"MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS,"

Greeting to all your household, small and big,
In this one instance not forgetting—Nig!

"THE MERRY MEN,"

If just to read the tale you should be able,
I would not bother to make out the fable.

"TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY,"

It blew, it rained, it thawed, it snowed, it thundered—
Which was the Donkey? I have often wondered!

"PRINCE OTTO,"

This is my only love tale, this Prince Otto,
Which some folks like to read and others *not* to.

"MEMOIR OF FLEMING JENKIN,"

The preface mighty happy to get back
To its inclement birthplace, Saranac!

"FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS,"

My other works are of a slighter kind:
Here is the party to improve your MIND!

"AN INLAND VOYAGE,"

My dear Trudeau, there is not one
Other rhyme left in me, so please

Accept in prose the assurance of my
Gratitude and friendship.

"VIRGINIUS PUERISQUE,"

I have no art to please a lady's mind.
Here's the least acid spot,
Miss Trudeau, of the lot.

If you'd just *try* this volume, 't would be kind!

"NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS,"

No need to put a verse on this; I dipped
Into it, and see p. 39.

[At page 39 the compositor has spelled devility "devility," which the author objects to as follows:]

I will stand being misspelled; but not this *reclevity*
Of nonsense. Devility!!!!!! O Devility!

S. R. Crockett has resigned his pastorate because of the superior attractions of literature. The next volume from his pen will be a collection of stories entitled "Bog-Myrtle and Peat: Tales chiefly of Galloway, gathered from the years 1889-1895."

Professor Lombroso's next book is to be "La Femme Criminelle."

John Rae, author of several works on economical questions of the day, has written a new biography of Adam Smith, which will be published soon by Macmillan & Co.

The English poet, Robert Bridges, is a doctor who retired from practice long ago. He is now fifty-one years of age. A second edition of his "Eros and Psyche" has just appeared in London.

Charles F. Lummis, a well-known contributor to the *Argonaut*, has recently begun publishing *The Land of Sunshine*, a monthly magazine published in Los Angeles, and is making a bright and inter-

esting publication of it. He is fortunate in having the collaboration of Charles Dwight Willard, whose clever stories are also familiar to our readers.

The bulky and erudite "Renaissance in Italy," which the late John Addington Symonds gave to the world, cost that writer the hard work of eleven years and a large amount of money spent in travel and research. It is interesting to note that the profit he derived from it averaged, after all expenses were deducted, only about two hundred and fifty dollars a year for the eleven years.

Balzac's letters to Mme. Hanska are to be published soon in book-form.

Since January 18th, the date of first publication, Macmillan & Co. have issued second and third editions of Marion Crawford's "Ralstons." They now have in preparation a fourth edition. Edition No. 1 was a large one—twelve thousand copies.

The following from the New York *Sun* will interest at least one of our readers:

"We find in the *Argonaut* a letter from Mr. Will H. Thompson, author of the noble poem, 'The High Tide at Gettysburg,' which has recently received so much attention in the press.

"Mr. Thompson, who is now living at Seattle, complains that in their publications some of the newspapers have omitted two stanzas from his poem, and one of them we here print again:

'Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
'Close round this rent and riddled rag!
'What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.'

"It is curious that the stanza which Mr. Thompson thus restores embraces the only fault of English which we have found in the whole production; and this fault is so gross that, when three or four years ago we first copied the poem in the *Sun*, we supposed that it was the result of a misprint or of carelessness, and undertook to correct it. 'In reckless way,' is an imperfect phrase that repels rather than satisfies the critical reader. It should be 'In a reckless way,' or 'In this reckless way,' or 'Reckless the way,' or something of that sort. Some additional word or some new construction is necessary to fill out the sense. We know this blunder is common enough with commonplace writers, but it is very rarely found in the poetry of men endowed with the high imagination and genius of Mr. Thompson."

The heroines of Robert Louis Stevenson, however they might have pleased some of his readers, were, according to an English paper, the despair of the novelist himself. When a young lady, a great friend of his, once asked him why he did not create some really nice woman, he replied: "I have tried my best, but they all turn to barmaids on my hands."

"Thymol Monk," whose rather morbid "Altar of Earth" was published during the past season, is said to be a Miss Mary Belcher, a former hospital nurse.

Among the books prohibited from sale in Russia is Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

Few circumstances attendant on the death of Stevenson are so lamentable as the undigested mass of verse which it has evoked from the appreciators.

Macmillan & Co. are about to issue a third edition of the late Professor Stanley Jevons's "The State in Relation to Labor." The matter has been brought up to date by the help of foot-notes, and the editor, M. M. Cababé, contributes an introduction on "The Present Aspect of some of the Main Features of the Labor Question." Mrs. Jevons, in the "Letters and Journal" of her husband, says that this book was the result of his maturest thoughts upon the subject, his conclusion being that no hard and fast rules could be laid down for the interference or non-interference of the State with labor.

Shortly after the publication of "Tribly," a rumor was started to the effect that George du Maurier merely suggested the illustrations and that one of his daughters executed them. This was based on the statement that Mr. du Maurier was nearly blind, and for that reason was unable to illustrate his own story. This rumor has agitated the "Tribly" cult, and as it has been discussed, it has been enlarged. The New York *Sun* says:

"This is apparently a revival of an old story that went the rounds when Du Maurier's illustrations first attracted attention in this country. It was said then that he was blind, and that his daughter aided him in his drawing. Mr. J. Henry Harper, of Harper & Brothers, who are Du Maurier's publishers, said to a reporter yesterday regarding the 'Tribly' illustrations: 'I can not believe the rumor to be true. It certainly is a fact that Mrs. du Maurier is of great assistance to her husband, posing his models, arranging the costumes, suggesting effects, and so on. I have never heard that his daughter was an artist who could make the drawings even under her father's direction.' Mr. Harper read an extract from a recent letter from Mr. du Maurier, in which the writer said that in preparing the 'Tribly' illustrations, he had spent as much time as he devotes to an entire year's work for *Punch*."

Mr. du Maurier has now in mind three stories, but has not decided which he will write first.

Miss Gertrude Hall is engaged upon a translation of the poems of Paul Verlaine, which will be published in the spring.

A Chicago firm announce that they will soon publish "St. Ives," the novel which Stevenson completed just before his death.

The list of literary men who have died during the past year is long. Most prominent are the

names of Holmes, Whittier, McCosh, Stevenson, Froude, Walter Pater, Henry Morley, Hamerton, the Rev. Dr. Shedd, and Professor Nichol.

Arthur Stedman, of New York, in some recent correspondence, writes as follows:

"A good deal of curiosity has been excited by a reference in one of Whittier's letters, given in the recently published 'Life and Letters,' to 'the best and ablest literary paper in the country.' Chance has thrown the original letter in my way, and the missing words may now be supplied: *The Dial*. But I give the letter entire, having carefully copied it from Mr. Whittier's familiar handwriting:

"HAMPTON FALLS, N. H., August 19, 1892.
"MY DEAR FRIEND: I don't believe that half of the nice things the papers are saying of thy little book reach thee. Here is a clipping from the Chicago *Dial*, the best and ablest literary paper in the country. With loving remembrance, from thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."

It is reported that at least four new editions of "Treasure Island" are about to be published in Boston.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, when Browning was calling on her at one of her Sunday afternoons, asked him to write something in her autograph album, wherein many famous people had written. "With pleasure," said Browning, and wrote: "From a poet to a poem."

A Visit to Ouida.

Isa Carrington Cabell has in a recent number of *Vogue* an interesting account of a visit to that mysterious woman who has sunk her patronymic in her pen-name and is known to the reading world as "Ouida." Scraps of gossip about her eccentricities have been printed from time to time, but authentic information about her personality is rare, and for that reason we reproduce here portions of the article.

The narrator is seated with others at a window giving on the Lung Arno in Florence, when—

"Suddenly some one cried, 'We are in luck; there's Ouida!' and we craned our necks to catch a glimpse of a light wagon drawn by a white horse with white harness, the cushions of the carriage in white leather, the tiny groom who hung on at the back in white corduroy, and on the box a blonde lady all in white, the white feathers of her large Gainsborough hat shading her face, and for her companion a great white mastiff, who sat up stiff and dignified at her side with the air of a sovereign eyeing his dominions."

When the writer and her friends returned to their hotel, they found awaiting them a small gilt card on which was engraved, in German text, "Madame Ouida" and "Thursdays." When they called, they found that the famous novelist lived across the Arno—which is not fashionable, though the Brownings and Trollopes lived there, too. The visit is thus described:

"Ouida occupied the second *étage*, which by no means means second floor with us. A man in livery ushered us into an *entresol* in red, this opened into a stiff blue salon, blue satin quilted on the walls, and a big blue *fautuil* in the middle. Then came a room in white and gold, really magnificent, the floor polished to a dangerous slipperiness, the walls gleaming white and the ceiling decorated with rosy Cupids on white clouds. The heavy portière parted to show another long, wide room of a different character; it ought to have revealed the hostess—but it did not give our idea of her exactly. Perhaps it showed her real, more practical self, for the furniture was first comfortable, then handsome—large, softly cushioned arm-chairs, deep, pillowed sofas, a cabinet filled with old Sicilian pottery, very good, and showing excellent judgment. Other articles of bric-à-brac were bits of Cyprian glass, old wrought-iron brasses, and wood-carvings—nothing worthless or imitation, all the selection of a connoisseur—and a small but veritable Andrea della Robbia. The book-cases were low and without glass, the bindings rich and rare, especially of French classics. A great, cozy English tea-table occupied the centre of the room, and hot water was spluttering in a brass kettle over a spirit lamp, which was flanked by silver apertures, bread, and cake. On the walls we noted some delightful water-colors. It turned out our hostess was the artist.

About five minutes later she appeared. We could not see or hear her for a little while, for five dogs, yelping, plunging, dancing, dashed in with her, a big Newfoundland, a Skye terrier (light blue), a bull-dog, a King Charles spaniel, and a nondescript beast, his hair cut to look like Alphonse Daudet.

"When it was possible we made our 'howdies,' as Dean Swift calls them, to a short, rather stout, blonde lady of perhaps—but genius has no age. Her hair was cut across her forehead in a thick, straight bang; deep-set, gray eyes, a powerful jaw, and a large mouth with close-set lips; the upper teeth much longer than the lower; a fair but pale complexion—this is Ouida.

"She wore a cream-colored gown of some soft material that lay several yards on the ground in a ruffled train. The arms, very well modeled, were bare, the throat demi-découvert. The hand, laden with diamond-rings, was well shaped; her waist—it was an eccentric dress—was bound with broad baby blue ribbons, and there were knots of the same on the shoulders.

"She talked very little, but listened, if not enthusiastically, with an air of civility not too akin to boredom to the Americans."

"We discussed the baccarat scandal—then at its height—and Ouida referred contemptuously to the Prince of Wales for seeking his associates among people of a different order, the only remark that savored of our favorite, 'Granville de Vigne,' and the publishers had their little day over the works of the poor author. When we spoke of her *conférences*, she praised Mr. Marion Crawford's 'Marzio's Crucifix' as well worth while, and 'A Roman Singer' also as true and beautiful.

"We were in the midst of 'Wanda' at the moment, and praised it, with what discretion was ours. She said, rather indifferently, that it was also one of her favorites, but was more eager to talk of her prices than of her literary fame.

"Tea she dispensed with grace and hospitality, but there was more of languor than spontaneity in her movements. When we spoke of England as her country, however, she showed warmth and repudiated it. She struck me as a woman of great power and as much reserve. It would have been a disappointment if the creator of those marble marines, and six-foot guardsmen, and princesses in white velvet and golden hair had been little, and homely, and cordial, so at four P.M. punctually we made our adieux, content."

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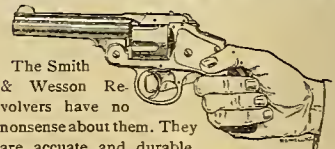
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LITERARY NOTES.

"The Belgian Shakespeare."

"The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck," translated by Richard Hovey and issued in the pretty Green Tree Library, contains four of the curious dramas of this "Belgian Shakespeare." They are "Princess Maleine," "The Intruder," "The Blind," and "The Seven Princesses." It is three years now since this strange writer appeared on the literary horizon, and he has deeply impressed the thinking world. Those who are ever on the alert for novelty and think that what is original must be admirable, have seized upon Maeterlinck for a new fad as they did upon Aubrey Beardsley, but the Belgian dramatist has more than mere mannerism to win him a permanent place in the temple of fame. Since Edgar Allen Poe, no one has been able to make mere words the medium for the presentation of such absolute and pervading terror. His Ollendorfian style of dialogue seems at first to be almost ridiculous; but its simplicity soon exercises a positive fascination. "The Blind" is the most characteristic of the dramas in this book. The personages are an aged priest, a dozen blind persons, and a child. The scene opens in a wood: the old priest sits under an oak and about him are the blind men and women. The latter talk among themselves, and it appears that their guide, who has taken them unusually far from the hospital, has left them. They wonder where he is, being afraid to move from their places, and at last discover that their guide is dead—he is the old priest who has sat dead among them all the time. "The Intruder" is an indoors scene in which an aged grandfather, having lost in part the faculties and perceptions of this world, is the first to feel Death intrude himself into the household. "The Princess Maleine" is a tragedy of the most gruesome character, resembling "Hamlet" in some points of the story: a wicked queen so fascinates an old king that he is almost ready to murder the princess whom his son loves, and when the old man falters at the deed, she herself strangles the girl; then, in a fearful storm, the king confesses the crime, and his son kills the murderer and himself, leaving the crazed old man in remorse and desolation. These three plays are highly imaginative works—and "The Seven Princesses" is more so—the entire elimination of the physical making the characters seem like spirits, but at the same time they are the more striking as psychological studies for that very reason. Nevertheless, they have been done on the stage, though with no degree of popular success. The Théâtre d'Art in Paris—which went a little ahead of M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre—has presented all of Maeterlinck's plays, his latest tragedy, "Pelleas and Melisande," creating a profound impression. "L'Intruse" ("The Intruder") has been played at the London Haymarket, with Beerbohm Tree in the cast, and it has also been given at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York; and Boston has had readings of "Sightless" ("Les Aveugles") during the past winter.

It is not to be supposed that anything so distinctive as a Maeterlinck play could be created without calling forth imitations, and to be classed as such are the "Vistas" of William Sharp. This young English writer has identified himself with the "advanced" school of writers in London, and his "Vistas" would count as a powerful work if they did not follow and perforce stand in contrast to Maeterlinck's work. They are brief plays—"dramatic interludes," he calls them—of this same weird school, and have enjoyed a certain success in England.

Published in the Green Tree Library by Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

New Publications.

Katherine S. Macquoid's novel, "Berris," has been re-issued in the Lakewood Series published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Three Letters of Credit and Other Stories," by "Kim Bilir," contains five short stories. The first, which is also the most ambitious, is a young British American bank-clerk's adventure, and the scene of the others ranges from Vienna to Greece and from the Euxine to Winnipeg. Published by the Province Publishing Company, Victoria, B. C.; price, 25 cents.

"Lectures Faciles pour l'Etude du Français," by Paul Bercy; "Simple Notions de Français," by Paul Bercy; "Partir à Tiempo," a one-act comedy by Don Mariano José de Larra; and "Mme. Beck's French Verb Form" are among the recent educational publications of William R. Jenkins, New York; price: \$1.00, 75, 35, and 50 cents, respectively.

The *Bibelot* is the title of a series of little pamphlets to be issued monthly, consisting of reprints of poetry and prose for book-lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known. The first is "Lyrics from William Blake," twenty-four pages of poems selected with admirable taste and printed in the luxurious fashion that characterizes all the publications of Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Me. The *Bibelot* Series, including "Songs of Adieu" and "Old World Lyrics," and the English Reprint Series, in which

are published George Meredith's "Modern Love" and Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," are examples of Mr. Mosher's books. Price, 5 cents a copy or 50 cents a year.

"Pantomimes or Wordless Poems," by Mary Tucker Magill, consisting of pantomimic representations of poems, plays, and familiar stories, with appropriate musical settings; "Defective Speech and Deafness," by Lillie Eginton Warren, a treatise on speech by a teacher of articulation to deaf-mutes; and "Robert H. Hatch's Recitals," have been published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price: \$1.25, \$1.00, and 30 cents, respectively.

There have been many newspaper and magazine accounts of Pitcairn Island and the mutineers of the *Bounty* and their island descendants, but it has remained for Rosalind Amelia Young, a native of the island and granddaughter of one of the mutineers, to write the history of this isolated group. "The Mutiny of the *Bounty* and Story of Pitcairn Island" recounts the mutiny of Mate Christian and his followers against the tyranny of Captain Bligh and the founding of their colony on Pitcairn Island in the Pacific, and then proceeds to give in detail every event of importance that has since happened on the island. The book is illustrated from photographs. Published by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.; price, \$1.00.

"The Growth of the Idylls of the King," by Professor Richard Jones, of Swarthmore College, is a scholarly and interesting study of the Arthurian legend and its treatment by Tennyson. In the first chapter the author attempts to show that Tennyson's obligations to Mallory have been over-estimated, especially in the case of his Vivien, who can hardly be derived from Mallory's lady of the lake, Nimue. The basis of the second chapter—"The Beginnings of the Idylls of the King"—is some early proof-sheets in the South Kensington Museum and a printed copy, believed to be the only copy in existence, in the British Museum. The third chapter demonstrates that the plan of the poem grew as the poet wrought. "Finally," as Professor Jones says, "by determining the date of the various parts of the poem, we learn the poet's final view of life as expressed in this poem, and understand why, notwithstanding the lines (written in early manhood) celebrating the power of prayer, the 'Idylls of the King' closes with the darkness of that battle in the west where all of high and holy dies away." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"The Religions of Japan," by William Elliot Griffis, M. D., is not a photograph of the present state of religious thought in that interesting land, now so swiftly changing from the old order to a new, of which it would be difficult to predict the beliefs; it is a history of the religions of the Japanese people from the dawn of history to the era of Méiji, or "enlightened peace," which began in 1868 and continues to the present time. An idea of the scope of the work and the manner of treatment employed will be obtained from the list of chapters, which is as follows: "Primitive Faith: Religion Before Books," "Shinto: Myths and Ritual," "The Kojiki and its Teachings," "The Chinese Ethical System in Japan," "Confucianism in its Philosophical Form," "The Buddhism of Northern Asia," "Ryobu, Mixed Buddhism," "Northern Buddhism in its Doctrinal Evolutions," "The Buddhism of the Japanese," "Japanese Buddhism in its Missionary Development," "Roman Christianity in the Seventeenth Century," and "Two Centuries of Silence." To these are appended some seventy-five pages of notes, authorities, and illustrations, and the volume concludes with an index. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

"A Guide to the Yukon Gold Fields" has been prepared by V. Wilson, telling where the gold-fields of the great Alaskan river are situated, and how they are to be reached. It is the result of the author's experiences and observations during a four-thousand-mile journey in that region last year, and of his diligent inquiries among those who have spent many years in that country. "This is a hand-book to be used by every one, tourist, prospector, and miner," the preface says, "telling how to get into the Yukon Basin, how to get out of it, and what has been found there"; it is intended also, it continues, "to discourage those unfit to encounter the hardships, and correctly to inform those who have been led to believe that nuggets could be gathered from the beds of streams like pebbles." A sad proof of the hardships referred to is the fact that the author himself, a man of strong physique, died, just after the completion of the book, of a fever contracted during his last hard journey. The first three chapters are "Where and What to Buy for an Outfit," "List of Provisions," and "The Start," and thereafter come brief but comprehensive descriptions of the various places visited, with occasional chapters on salmon, freighting, prospecting and mining, dogs, fossils, a possible railroad route, mineral resources, game, fish, miners' law, and similar topics. The book is copiously illustrated from photographs, and is provided with three maps prepared by the author. Published by the Calvert Company, Seattle; price, 75 cents.

RECENT VERSE.

Madrid.

Eyes of black and eyes of blue
Nightly wanton in our view,
Or amidst thy lanes lie hid,
Queen of cities, fair Madrid,
Where lithe-footed damsels walk,
Lovers serenade and talk.

Many white hands clap, I ween,
When thy hulls bound on the scene;
Many scarls then flutter high
'Neath thy star-illumined sky;
Of some veiled señora fares
Down thy azure-tinted stairs.

City, though I dare to jest
At thy matroos' waist-compressed,
Or their tightly huddled shoes,
Never shall my tongue refuse
Fullest word of praise to one,
Loveliest woman 'neath thy sun.

A duenna guards my fair,
Combs and plaits her wealth of hair,
Shuts the door 'gainst all save one,
Be he hishop or king's son.
If you would approach my lass
Whisper in her ear at Mass.

She's my Andalusian queen,
Brightest widow eyes have seen;
Long the lashes on her cheek,
Is she angel, demon? speak.
Orange hues her features mark;
She's as lively as a lark.

See her droop her pouting mouth,
Hot with kisses of the South;
Watch her, crushed in my embrace,
Struggle with a supple grace;
Mark her lissom body curl,
More a serpent than a girl.

But you question by what art
I made conquest of her heart.
First my glossy charger pranced,
Next I compliments advanced
On her mantle—after this,
At Carnival I stole a kiss.

—From the French of De Musset by W. F. Harvey.

A Morning Bath in Maui.

From cloth of gold of Eastern looms,
And whirl and glare of city rooms,
She fled away to woodland blooms.
In softly swaying *holoku*,
Her bare feet wet with morning,
She strayed upon the hills she knew;
She climbed among the waterfalls
Where streamlet unto streamlet calls
Amid the sombre cañon walls,
And at some placid pool between
Where forest trees together lean,
Making untaught a perfect screen,
She stayed and listened for some sound
Of man or beast that, lingering 'round,
Might trespass on her chosen ground.
The oos sang their roundelay,
An liwa flashed a crimson ray
Athwart the shadows of the day;
A lizard rustled in the sod,
The hambo swayed its slender rod,
None saw her but the birds and—God.
Like an expectant chrysalis,
She shed her clothes as things amiss,
And radiant stood for winds to kiss;
She shook her dark hair to the breeze,
And so arrayed unto her knees,
She stole among the whispering trees
And climbed among the rocks that lie
In primal masonry on high,
And stood outlined against the sky.

The sun shone on her body fair,
The trade winds frolicked with her hair;
All nature did her homage there.
And she there standing in the sun
Was with all other nature one,
And felt its currents through her run.

Too soon, alas! in sinuous grace
She ran with swiftly flying pace,
And boldly sprang from that high place,
And like a meteor in its flight,
Or unsheathed knightly safre hright,
She flashed one moment in the light,
And then in watery eclipse,
From velvet toes to finger tips,
Went out that sweet apocalypse!

—Hawaiian Gazette.

Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, a sister of the wife of Abraham Lincoln, has been postmistress at Elizabethtown, Ky., since 1881. Her term will expire January 9th, and, notwithstanding the department is officially advised that the administration of her office is *Ar*, an effort is making to retire her.

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"Mr. Crawford's pen-portraits are wonderfully vivid. His analysis of motive is keen and subtle. His portrayal of passion, he it love or avarice, is most graphic."—*Boston Advertiser*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Clyde Fitch is writing for Edward H. Sothorn a play founded on the life of Major André. It is a comedy, but ends with the tragic death of the spy.

Mrs. Minnie Seligman-Cutting is going to star again. Bob Cutting, her husband, has secured from his father's estate, by a compromise, thirty thousand dollars in coin and four thousand dollars a year.

"The Profligate," in which Marie Burroughs is soon to be seen as a star at the Baldwin, is one of Pinero's "problem" plays. It is said to be a strong drama, as well as a striking presentation of an important moral question.

Frederick Warde will give a talk on Shakespeare's plays, with illustrative recitations, at Metropolitan Hall, next Thursday afternoon, at half-past three P. M., the proceeds of the sale of tickets, at twenty-five cents each, going to the Mercantile Library.

Seventy-nine new operas and operettas were produced in Italy last year, according to the *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan, twenty-five of them operas in three acts and four even longer. The *Gazetta* is charitable enough to say that sixty of them were good.

The Gaiety Girl company is to go to Australia after the Baldwin engagement, which fact redounds to our benefit. Their costumes were getting a bit rusty, but a new lot arrived from England a few days ago, and were used for the first time in Chicago.

So far during the present opera season in New York the expenses have exceeded those of last year by \$2,500 every week. But the managers are unmoved; their receipts average \$7,000 a week higher, leaving them an increased profit of \$4,500 over last year's.

When Beerbohm Tree reached his hotel in New York, he found awaiting him many congratulatory telegrams. Among them was one in which was "a hearty welcome" and "we greet you in the name of America." This telegram was signed "The Kendals" !!!

Molière's "Amphitryon" is about to be produced at the Paris Renaissance Theatre, with Coquelin aîné as Socie; his son, Jean Coquelin, as his double, Mercure; and Sarah Bernhardt as Alcène. The play, like "The Comedy of Errors," turns chiefly on the resemblance between the two men.

Handel's "Messiah" was recently performed at Buenos Ayres for the first time in South America, with a chorus of three hundred and an orchestra of fifty performers. Special trains were run, the house was sold out an hour and a half after the opening of the box-office, and the proceeds were seven thousand five hundred dollars.

Mme. Patti, who has been on a brief concert tour of Germany, was laid up at Vienna, a fortnight or so ago, with pharyngeal catarrh, and had to cancel her Leipzig engagement. She has just contracted to make six appearances in opera during the coming summer in London, where she has not been heard in opera since 1887.

The date of the production of Paderewski's opera is uncertain. The libretto is at present in Polish, and the opera unnamed. From the London *Daily News* we learn that it is in four acts, the story modern, the scene being laid in the Carpathians, on the Hungarian frontier. The music in piano score has been finished for some time, and M. Paderewski expects to complete the orchestration early in the spring.

"The Orient Express" has been done by the Daly company in New York with a fair degree of success. It will be remembered that the company produced it in London several months ago. It is an adaptation by F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, from the German "Die Orientreise," by Blumenthal and Kadenberg. It is quite short—it lasts only one hour—and is followed on the Daly stage by "A Tragedy Rehearsed," a version of Sheridan's "The Critic."

The next attraction at the California Theatre to follow "Runnymede" will be the first production in this city of Charles Hoyt's comedy, "A Temperance Town." An entire carload of scenery is required for its transportation, and the company includes L. R. Stockwell, Lee Harrison, W. H. Currie, Richard J. Dillon, Gertrude Daws, May

Uart, Effie Warner, Anna Robinson, and about twenty others.

Irene Perry has returned to the stage, making her reappearance in the new Hoyt farce-comedy, "A Black Sheep," in Boston. Her big black eyes played havoc among hearts now hardened by the passing years, in the days when Kate Castleton, Kate Eversleigh, and Lillie Grubb reigned at the Bush Street Theatre; but for ten years she has been living off the stage as Mrs. Alhert Weher, wife of the New York piano man.

The veteran French actor, Got, has followed his retirement from the stage by getting married, despite the fact that he is now seventy-three. His bride is Mlle. Tréville, who is well known in the theatrical world in Paris. A bachelor luncheon tendered M. Got by his friends, on the day before the ceremony, was a remarkable affair: it took place in a Turkish bath, where, after the customary ablutions, the party feasted in dressing-gowns and slippers, while a band of Hungarian gypsies played nuptial airs.

"The Lights o' London" is a very powerful melodrama, and, admirably staged as it is at the Alcazar, it is securing a large share of the patronage of theatre-goers. George Osbourne does some very strong work in the rôle of Seth Preen, and the cast is generally good throughout. "The Lights o' London" will be continued for another week, and on Monday, February 25th, there will be a spectacular production of "The Black Crook Up to Date." In this, Mme. Matildita, a Spanish dancer direct from Europe, is announced to make her first American appearance.

It looks as if the two-weeks' engagement of the George Edwardes Company in "The Gaiety Girl" at the Baldwin is going to be a decided success. The piece ran for nearly a year at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London, and for about three months at Daly's, in New York, and returned travelers have been bringing us flattering accounts of it for months past. Misses Decima Moore, Blanche Massey, Florence Lloyd, Claire Leighton, Madge Russell, Maud Hohson, and Grace Palotta, and Charles Ryley, Fred Kaye, Leedham Bantock, E. C. Woodhouse, and Harry Monkhouse are some of the leading people in the cast.

Strauss's melodious comic opera, "Prince Methusalem," is to be revived at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, with the following cast:

Sigismund, Ferris Hartman; Cyprian, Philip Branson; Trombonius, John J. Raffael; Carbonazzi, George Olmi; Vulcani, John P. Wilson; Mandelbaum, Fred Kavanaugh; Fierstein, H. A. Barkalew; Prince Methusalem, Fanny Liddiard; Princess Pulcinetta, Alice Neilson and Irma Fitch (alternating); Sophistika, Alice Gaillard.

Suppé's ever popular "Boccaccio" will follow, and the Eastern successes, "Princess Nicotine" and "Blue Beard, Jr.," will be produced in the near future.

One of the New York managers has devised an ingenious plan to keep his auditorium filled. He put on Pinero's "The Case of Rebellious Susan," which attracted attention as a new English play. Discussion of the problem presented—the tit-for-tat system applied by a wife to her backsliding lord—gave it a second lease of life. Now, by the introduction of a disclaimer from the lady of ever having done anything wrong, however much appearances—which have been elaborately built up during the preceding five acts—may be against her, he has given it a third start. People are going to see "Rebellious Susan" again to reconsider her case in the light of this new testimony.

Frederick Warde and Louis James will transfer their effects and company to the California Theatre on Monday evening next, when they will commence their last week as joint stars, with the production of William Greer Harrison's new sylvan play, "Runnymede; or, Robin Hood and His Merrie Men." Its theme is historical and romantic, and the scenes are all laid in the most picturesque portion of England, and will be handsomely and effectively represented. The character of Robin Hood will be undertaken by Frederick Warde, Littlejohn by Brigham Royce, Cardinal Langton by Beverly W. Turner, King John by Guy Lindsay, Maid Marian by Miss Edith Chapman, and Marjorie by Miss Fannie Bowman. A feature of the play will be the incidental music which has been composed by H. J. Stewart, and will be sung by a triple quartet of male and female voices, and played by the California Theatre orchestra, considerably augmented and under the leadership of the composer himself. The outlook for the engagement is very promising indeed.

A wandering newspaper man recently found Emma Nevada and Loie Fuller chumming together at Nice, where they both had professional duties. It seems that, years ago, when Nevada sang in concert with Patti in Chicago, Loie Fuller was in the chorus, and on the strength of it they have struck up quite a friendship. Mme. Nevada-Palmer, by the way, has a ten-year-old daughter, for whom Ambrose Thomas stood god-father, and who is consequently called Mignonne. Mme. Nevada-Palmer herself had Gounod as god-father when

she was received into the Roman Catholic Church a dozen years ago. Loie Fuller is traveling under the chaperonage of her brother, who manages the lights for her dances, it appearing that he "has studied electricity under Edison." In Mme. Nevada's repertoire is "I Pagliacci," which she studied under Leoncavallo himself. She was to go on to Rome and Naples while Miss Fuller returned to Paris to appear, about February 1st, in a piece called "Salomé," libretto by Armand Silvestre, and music by the composer of "Izyl."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Old Player.

The curtain rose; in thunders long and loud The galleries rung; the veteran actor bowed. In flaming line the tell-tales of the stage Showed on his brow the autograph of age; Pale, hueless waves amid his clustered hair, And unmarked shadows, prints of toil and care; Round the wide circle glanced his vacant eye— He strove to speak—his voice was but a sigh.

Year after year had seen its short-lived race Flit past the scenes and others take their place; Yet the old prompter watched his accents still, His name still flouted on the evening's bill. Heroes, the monarchs of the scenic floor, Had died in earnest and were heard no more; Beauties, whose cheeks such rosy bloom o'erspread, They faced the footlights in unbroken red, Had faded slowly through successive shades To gray duennas, foils of younger maids; Sweet voices lost the melting tones that start With Southern throbs the sturdy Saxon heart, While fresh sopranos shook the painted sky With their long, breathless, quivering locust-cry. Yet there he stood—the man of other days, In the clear present's full, unsparring blaze, As on the oak a faded leaf that clings While a new April spreads its hushed wings.

How bright yon rows that soared in triple tier, Their central sun the flashing chandelier! How dim the eye that sought with doubtful aim Some friendly smile it still might dare to claim! How fresh these hearts! his own how worn and cold! Such the sad thoughts that long-drawn sigh had told.

No word yet faltered on his trembling tongue; Again, again, the crashing galleries rung. As the old guardsman at the bugle's blast Hears in its strain the echoes of the past; So, as the plaudits rolled and thundered round, A life of memories started at the sound.

He lived again—the page of earliest days— Days of small fee and parsimonious praise; Then lithe young Romeo—hark that silvered tone, From those smooth lips—alas! they were his own. Then the bronzed Moor, with all his love and woe, Told his strange tale of midnight melting snow; And dark-plumed Hamlet, with his cloak and blade, Looked on the royal ghost, himself a shade. All in one flash, his youthful memories came, Traced in bright hues of evanescent flame, As the spent swimmer's in the lifelong dream, While the last bubble rises through the stream.

Call him not old, whose visionary brain Holds o'er the past its undivided reign. For him in vain the envious seasons roll Who bears eternal summer in his soul. If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay, Spring with her birds, or children at their play, Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art, Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart, Turn to the record where his years are told— Count his gray hairs—they can not make him old!

What magic power has changed the faded mime? One breath of memory on the dust of time. As the last window in the huddled wall Of some gray minstrel tottering to its fall, Though to the passing crowd its hues are spread, A dull mosaic, yellow, green, and red, Viewed from within, a radiant glory shows. When through its pictured screen the sunlight flows, And kneeling pilgrims on its storied pane See angels glow in every shadowy stain; So streamed the vision through his sunken eye, Clad in the splendors of his morning sky. All the wild hopes his eager boyhood knew, All the young fancies ripper years proved true, The sweet, low-whispered words, the winning glance From queens of song, from Hours of the dance, Wealth's lavish gift, and Flattery's soothing phrase, And Beauty's silence when her blush was praise, And melting Pride, her lashes wet with tears, Triumphs and hauntings, wreaths and crowns and cheers, Pangs of wild joy that perish on the tongue, And all that poets dream, but leave unsung!

In every heart some visionless founts are fed From far-off hill-sides where the dews were shed; On the worn features of the weariest face Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace, As in old gardens left by exiled kings The marble basins tell of hidden springs, But, gray with dust, and overgrown with weeds, Their choking jets the passer little heeds, Till time's revenges break their seals away, And, clad in rainbow light, the waters play.

Good-night, fond dreamer! I let the curtain fall: The world's a stage, and we are players all. A strange rehearsal! Kings without their crowns, And threadbare lords, and jewel-wearing clowns, Speak the vain words that mock their throbbing hearts, As Want, stern prompter! spells them out their parts. The tinselled hero whom we praise and pay Is twice an actor in a twofold play. We smile at children when a painted screen Seems to their simple eyes a real scene; Ask the poor hireling, who has left his throne To seek the cheerless home he calls his own, Which of his double lives most real seems, The world of solid fact or scenic dreams? Canvases, or clouds—the footlights, or the spheres— The play of two short hours, or seventy years? Dream on! Though Heaven may woo our open eyes, Through their closed lids we look on fairer skies; Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this; The cheating future lends the present's bliss; Life is a running shade, with fettered hands, That chases phantoms over shifting sands; Death a still spectre on a marble seat, With ever-clutching palms and shackled feet; The airy shapes that mock life's slender chain, The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain, Death only grasps; to live is to pursue— Dream on! there's nothing but illusion true!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Best
Remedy for
STOMACH,
Liver, and
Bowel Complaints
AYER'S PILLS
Received
Highest Awards
AT THE
World's Fair.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
Saturday and Sunday Evenings. Second Week. Jakowski's Lovely Romantic Opera,
-- PAOLA --
Monday, Feb. 18th.....Prince Methusalem
In Preparation.....Blue Beard, Jr.
Look Out For.....Princess Nicotine
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

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AL. HAYMAN & CO., (INCORPORATED), PROPRIETORS
Commencing Monday, February 18th. For Two Weeks
Only. Mr. George Osbourne & Co. in the
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300 Nights in London, 90 Nights at Daly's Theatre,
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Beginning Monday, February 18th. Matinees, Washington's Birthday and Saturday.
FREDERICK LOUIS WARDE AND JAMES
In a New Sylvan Play by William Greer Harrison,
-- RUNNYMEDE --
Monday, Feb. 25th.....Hoyt's A Temperance Town

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J. P. HOWE, MANAGER
Another Great Success. Houses Crowded to See the
-- LIGHTS O' LONDON --
Mr. George Osbourne and Miss Catherine Cogswell,
Monday, February 25th. A Grand Production of the
Electrical Burlesque, *Black Crook Up to Date*.
Prices.....25c, 50c, and 75c.

AUDITORIUM.
Metropolitan Musical Society
Announces a series of concerts for four weeks under
the leadership of
MR. FRITZ SCHEEL,
With enlarged orchestra.
Concerts will be given every TUESDAY, THURSDAY,
and SATURDAY EVENINGS at 8:15 o'clock and on
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS at 3 o'clock.
Every Thursday evening the concert will be a
Symphony Concert, of which the performance on the Wednesday
preceding will be a public rehearsal.

THE HEINE MONUMENT COMMITTEE
Have arranged with the Metropolitan Musical Society
that the receipts of the Heine evening, the first of this
series of concerts to be given

TUESDAY, February 19th,
will be applied toward the Heine Memorial International
Fund of New York.
Prominent speakers will address the audience. The
Loring Club Quartet, Miss Mable Love, and a number of
volunteers will appear.
Reserved seats for this occasion only have been placed
at One Dollar.
Sale of seats begins Friday, February 15th, at 10 A. M.,
at Sherman & Clay's music store.

MARK HOPKINS INSTITUTE OF ART
CALIFORNIA AND MASON STREETS.

FOR ONE WEEK,
February 23d to March 2d,

Portraits of Fair Women

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL
and the **CHILDREN'S HOME**

Tickets may be obtained at the Mark
Hopkins Institute of Art.

**SEE THE WHEELS
GO AROUND.**

**Bicycle Tournament
and Cycle Show**

Mechanics' Pavilion
February 18 to 22 inclusive
Matinee—Washington's
Birthday.

Racing by the Crack
Riders of America.
Close and Exciting
Finishes.
Sport for Millions.
Don't Miss It.



INDIVIDUALITIES.

Although Henrik Ibsen is the greatest figure in Norwegian literature, he has really no Norwegian blood in his veins, his ancestors, remote and near, having been Scotch, Danish, and German.

Senator Carey, of Wyoming, defeated for reelection for voting against free silver, weighs three hundred pounds. He was once squelched in debate by Senator Wolcott, who quoted the Spanish proverb, "It is a waste of lather to shave an ass."

The daily income of the principal rulers is said to be: Emperor of Russia, \$25,000; Sultan of Turkey, \$18,000; Emperor of Austria, \$10,000; Emperor of Germany, \$8,000; King of Italy, \$6,400; Queen Victoria, \$6,300; King of Belgium, \$1,640; President of France, \$5,000; President of the United States, \$137.

Baron A. von Saurma-Jeltsch, German Ambassador at Washington—spoken of by irreverent persons as "Sour Mash Jelly"—has the reputation of maintaining himself in greater seclusion than any other member of the diplomatic corps. He is, so far as known, the only person in Washington who refuses to see newspaper men.

It is said that the late Hans von Bülow left directions that a *post-mortem* examination of his brain should be made to ascertain the cause of the excruciating headache from which he was a life-long sufferer. The autopsy revealed the fact that the end of the nerves had become imbedded in a scar of an injury to the brain that he had received in childhood.

M. Ernest Legouvé—poet, novelist, playwright, lecturer, and authority on fencing, who is nearly eighty-eight years old and who entered the Institute so far back as 1855, when he succeeded Ancelot—is the dean of the French Academy. The Benjamin of the illustrious family of bards, dramatists, historians, and men of science is Paul Bourget, who is only forty-three.

Breckinridge and Heard's disgraceful row was not entirely due to words spoken on the floor of the House. They lived at the same hotel, and when the Breckinridges first entered the dining-room, they were conducted to the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Heard. Mrs. Heard refused to recognize them, and at Mr. Heard's request, the Breckinridges were assigned to seats at another table.

Félix Faure is the first President of France who has been a confirmed smoker. He smokes several cigars a day. Of course Casimir-Périer indulged in cigarettes, but that doesn't count. President Faure has already accumulated from socialist papers a valuable collection of nicknames. He is "The Manikin," "The Under-Study," "The Jumping-Jack," "Poor Félix," and "The Tramp."

Colonel W. Seward Webb's uniform as aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Woodbury, of Vermont, is said to eclipse anything ever attempted by the most gorgeous warrior in the most gilded days of Saracen glory. The clothes alone cost fifteen hundred and seventy dollars. The braid on the dress-parade coat is of gold, and the lace which festoons the outer garment came directly from Paris. Colonel Webb's sword is from Damascus, has a diamond in the hilt, and cost a cool two thousand seven hundred dollars.

All sorts of strange rumors are current in the Paris art world as to M. Julian's beginnings. Some say he started life as a model, others swear that he once turned an honest penny by boxing in a booth at the Gingerbread Fair. Be that as it may, he has built up, within the last twenty years, a system which has brought hundreds of students in touch with the best masters of the day. Thanks to his enterprise, the study of art in Paris has been made easy, aye, and profitable, to many an American and English lad and girl who would neither have known the way nor had the means to enter the working studio of a great painter. There is a reverse side to every medal—Rudolphe Julian has been called "The Warwick of the Paris Juries," and his influence, through the votes of his one-time pupils, in all that concerns the Salon, is preëminent, and no doubt led to the split that ended in the foundation of a Second Salon.

The racing world has lost one of the most successful jockeys by the death of Fred Barrett. He was only twenty-seven years old. Apprenticed to Manser, a well-known Newmarket trainer, he speedily showed his talent for riding, achieving twelve victories before he was fifteen. His list of successes includes the winning of the Ascot stakes twice, the Royal Hunt Cup once, the City and Suburban once, and the Manchester Cup twice. Barrett won the Derby in 1888, and the French Derby in 1889 and in 1890. After being fourth in the list of winning jockeys for three years, he took the proud position of heading it in 1888. He was twice married, and leaves one child. The cause of his death was declared to be Bright's disease, doubtless the result of unnatural reduction of weight. He had latterly retired, though two years ago he rode in Austria. Yachting was his chief amusement, and the liberality of the Duke of Portland, Sir R. Jardine, and the Rothschilds, who formerly retained his services, left him comparatively a wealthy man.

THE BIG MEDICINE PAPER.

Sixes-and-Sevens was a sorry dog, even for an Indian. You might ransack the reservation to its fullest extent and you would not find a red (with one exception) so averse to everything that smacked of labor and so fond of everything that smacked of rum. He handled the truth like a juggler, he stole with a complacency that was marvelous, and he swore, in his broken way, with an emphasis and abandon that was startling.

But three of a kind always beat two pairs; and Three-Jacks, a promising buck on the same reservation, held the whip-hand over Sixes-and-Sevens. Three-Jacks was a lordly scorners of work. He wore a pair of plaid pantaloons and a soldier's blouse, affixing to his head, in severe weather, a battered silk hat set off with a red feather.

These twain—Three-Jacks and Sixes-and-Sevens—loved each other like brothers. They were inseparable. On bright summer days they were to be seen dozing by the agency building, moving just enough from east to west to keep up with the sun. They could not work; the Great Spirit had made squaws and pale-faces for that purpose—and two braves would not set aside so high an authority.

In upon the darkened intellect of Three-Jacks there shone a great light one day. He communicated his idea to Sixes-and-Sevens. If he could only get a big medicine paper!

Now, a "big medicine paper" was a writing to the effect that So-and-So was a good Indian, honest to a fault, generous, brave, and with graces of mind and person that distinguished him from the common herd. This paper was a kind of passport to public favor, and, if judiciously used, might obtain for its fortunate possessor free rides on the choo-choo train, free tobacco, free fire-water, and a general amnesty from pangs of hunger and insufficiency of raiment.

If Sixes-and-Sevens and Three-Jacks only had a big medicine paper! The idea seemed to electrify Sixes-and-Sevens. He surprised everybody by stalking gloomily around the post-trader's store, and then jumping on a pony that belonged to some one else and disappearing in the horizon, watched out of sight by Three-Jacks.

Two days passed, and Sixes-and-Sevens did not doze in his accustomed place. Three-Jacks felt lonely. He bore his friend's absence for another day, and then he, too, mounted a bronco he did not own, and disappeared in the direction of sundown.

The two reds, who found themselves thus bereft of their live-stock, would have pursued and brought back the thieves, had not the agent bought them off with a gun apiece. The agent knew a good thing when he saw it, and he realized fully how pleasant it would be to struggle on without Three-Jacks and Sixes-and-Sevens.

Three-Jacks, when he had traveled some miles toward the Montana line, came suddenly upon Sixes-and-Sevens, who had two brand-new scalps at his belt and a big medicine paper in his hat. After grunting out their cordial greetings, the two friends sat down to talk it over, and it appears that envy began gradually to rankle in the tawny breast of Three-Jacks.

What right had Sixes-and-Sevens to that medicine paper more than he? When Three-Jacks rolled himself up in his blanket that night, it was with a bitter heart, and in his dreams he continually saw before him the big medicine paper, in all its power and glory; but, when he reached out to grasp it, it faded into mist, and he came to himself in profound melancholy.

Three-Jacks at last got up and eyed his snoring companion. The moon glimmered down over the prairie and rested pensively upon the copper-colored face of Sixes-and-Sevens. As he stood there, Three-Jacks had a happy thought. He drew his scalping-knife and ran his thumb along its edge. And then—not that he loved Sixes-and-Sevens less, but the big medicine paper more! Everything over, and the worldly effects of the late Sixes-and-Sevens appropriated in due form, Three-Jacks mounted one bronco, led the other, and made for the Missouri, decently proud of his little exploit.

Three-Jacks, in the course of a few hours, happened to run counter of a ranch; and when a dozen cow-boys came out to take in his general appearance, he smiled affably, and extended his hand with a few remarks of a cordial nature.

"Where'd you git them bosses, Injun?" asked one long-haired man, with his trousers in his boots. "No steal," answered Three-Jacks, reassuringly; "me heap good Injun."

Then he smiled in a childish way, as he brought out the big medicine paper in proof of his words.

In just three minutes from the time that paper reached the hands of those ranchers, a "heap good" and very much surprised Indian was swinging from an elevated wagon-tongue.

The big medicine paper read as follows:

"The red devil that hears this note has killed old Jube Sanderson, and holds the drop on me while I write him a certificate of good character. Of course I'm done for; but my last wish is that this note will be the death of the Indian. String him up."
NATE BOLIVER.

—William Wallace Cook in Puck.

Forepaugh, the theatrical manager, is running for select councilman in Philadelphia.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

One Convert.

"For marriage choose your opposite."
At first I thought that rash;
But I shall choose my opposite—
I want a girl with cash.—Judge.

The Girl on the Bicycle.

Oh! maiden on the wheel, rejoice,
For truth it is to tell—
Who makes of you his willing choice
Must surely love you well!
And hark, indeed, is he who durst,
For he has seen you at your worst!—Puck.

Quite Suggestive.

"Tis cluh night, dearest, don't sit up,
'Twill be too late for you—
I have my key." She smiled at me,
Her words are always few.
"If I were you," she murmured,
'I'd take the key-hole, too."
—Detroit Free Press.

To the Kitchen-Maid.

I've a favor to implore,
Cook Marie,
Grant it and I'll ask no more,
Cook Marie,
Feed me, if you will, on gristle,
Biscuits like a laden missile,
But, for heaven's sake, don't whistle,
Cook Marie!—Chicago Tribune.

An Extra Advantage.

The bloomer girls who ride the hike
Can now indulge in smoking, too,
Since they at last a match can strike
The same way that their brothers do.
—Puck.

CCCXLIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 17, 1895.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce.
Parisienne Potatoes.
English Snipe.
Green Peas. Spinach.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Celery Salad.
Bavarian Cream. Cheese Cakes.
Coffee.

CHEESE CAKES.—Roll out some puff paste, not very thin; brush it over with cold water, and spread it half over with grated cheese; then lay the other half over and pass the rolling-pin lightly over it; cut into strips about four inches long and two wide; bake in a quick oven and ice with vanilla-hoiled icing.

The rage for issuing "women's numbers" of newspapers seems to be on the increase. Among the establishments which have recently been turned over to the women for a day are those of the San Francisco Examiner, the Rocky Mountain News, of Denver, the Minneapolis Journal, the Duluth (Wis.) Press, and the South Framingham (Mass.) Tribune. There has been a good deal of discussion as to where this new idea originated. The Boston Post seems to be a long way ahead, as far as specific returns have come in, as it issued a woman's number of thirty-two pages under date of February 11, 1894. This paper was the product of the women of Boston from the first line to the last, and was a phenomenal hit throughout New England. The Cleveland Plain Dealer, by the way, which is soon to issue a women's number, is to print the first copy on silk. A committee has been appointed to secure bids for it, and already reports one bid of one thousand dollars.

Mr. W. H. Keith, the young baritone of this city, sang in Dresden on January 15th before a large audience and was enthusiastically received, being recalled eight times. Mr. Hartmann, the German musical critic of the Dresdener Zeitung, praised Mr. Keith very highly.

The Lurline Baths,

Situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. Every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock an exciting and interesting game of water-polo is played by clever amateurs. After the polo, there are clever feats of high-diving and somersaults. The baths are open from early morning until ten o'clock in the evening.

—SUPERIOR TO VASELINE AND CUCUMBERS. *Crema Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than sbrd. Ask your grocer for it.

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CYCLES
ARE THE FINEST.**

**C. M. CHRISTOFFER,
419 STANYAN STREET.**

Sole Agent for San Francisco.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
**Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.**

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

"UNDER THREE FLAGS"

Monterey, the capital of California, under Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

A collection of exquisite pictures of the old town: the Missions, the Hotel, and Neighborhood.

JUST PUBLISHED

—BY—

W. K. VICKERY,

224 Post St., San Francisco.

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CHOCOLATE
THE
GREATEST
INVENTION
OF THE AGE**
EVERY FAMILY
SHOULD HAVE IT
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
75 CTS. PER CAN
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

UNION CYCLES



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THE LATEST WOOLENS

IN BROWN, BRONZE, AND GREEN COLORINGS FOR SPRING.

—AT—

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs), Opposite the Palace Hotel.

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325 Dearborn St., Chicago.



Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to fit everything?"
Other Listener—"Ya-as. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMEIKE sends 'em to him."

HENRY ROMEIKE,

110 FIFTH AVENUE, - - - NEW YORK
Started the first Press-Cutting Bureau, and furnishes Newspaper Clippings from all the leading papers of the world on any subject.

VANITY FAIR.

The girl with the bloomers has made her appearance on the icy surface of a Central Park lake. Before the bicycle season closed, she became such a familiar figure upon the boulevards as no longer to command more than a passing glance. But the girl who upset all skating-rink traditions by wearing bloomers while she cut figure eights and executed Dutch rolls had an unpleasant experience. She was young and good-looking; that is, good-looking for a bloomer girl—lithe, but not slender. Her costume was of dark-blue serge. The blouse waist was belted in by a knotted sash of the same material, the skirts reaching to the swell of the rather full—one might say baggy—bloomers. The right and left sections of this garment terminated just below the knees, and the draping folds were held up by elastic garters. Heavy coarse blue knit stockings inclosed calves that had been developed by many hours of pedaling over the roads of park and suburb. She wore a glistening pair of club skates. At once she became a target for the hoodlums. A mob of them—half-grown men and boys—surrounded her and followed her everywhere, howling and yelling. They called her "Tommy," "Pants," and other irrelevant names. She put on speed to distance her tormentors, but the Central Park lake is not large, and she could not shake them off. Bright-red spots glowed in her cheeks, which were pale with anger, and her eyes glittered with a wicked light. A boy who darted up and laid an impudent hand upon the slack of one leg of her bloomers, received a ringing box over the ears that must have made his head sing for an hour. After braving the persecution for fifteen minutes, she skated up to a policeman, and had him see her safely off the ice.

Goloshes are very properly regarded with boly horror for any one, except to cover evening-shoes or pumps. Ordinary walking-boots exposed one to sudden and awful faults. "It was in such a dilemma that a Montreal friend came along and showed a *Herald* man a new wrinkle for winter foot-wear. He had on what appeared to be varnished boots and brown cloth "spats." The illusion was perfect; but his varnished boots were nothing but a very thin pair of rubbers, perfectly plain, with toes that fitted the light pair of walking-boots over which they were drawn. The spats covered up the place where the boots left off and the rubbers began, and completed the neatest, warmest, and driest winter foot-wear imaginable—one that will not slip, and one, too, that can always be kept clean and shiny by simply wiping the rubber off.

Irish girls are, physically speaking, the best artists' models in this country. Very many beautiful models are found among servant-girls. More come from large cloak-houses, where they have been lay-figures for the exhibition of handsome garments. They are poorly paid and get tired of that occupation, and drift into posing. Models are very unsteady and not to be depended upon to keep appointments. They will do admirably for a time, until they get money enough ahead to buy finery. Then they want to enjoy that finery, so they vote themselves a vacation, and the artists may whistle for all they care. The modesty of models is a droll enough story. A woman who will calmly walk out ready to pose for "the altogether" before a room full of men will cringe and shrink if an artist goes to touch her to alter her pose, or scream "murder" if he should look at her over a screen behind which she is undressing. The relations between women artists and models form a curious phase of human nature, or rather woman nature. A woman artist in her studio will treat a model kindly and generously, make quite a pet of her, give her little presents, and even bestow her cast-off fripperies upon her, treating her, in fine, as she would a favorite servant. But a model's life in a class of women artists is not a happy one. The artists scold and snub her, speak more contemptuously to her than they would to a dog, and expect and demand from her a superhuman amount of endurance. Woman, individually, is well disposed toward one of her own sex beneath her in social or moral status, but, collectively, fears what others may say and think.

The butterfly husbands of invisible wives are thus discussed by Junius Henri Brown in the *Bazar*: "They are seldom, if ever, seen with their wives. They frequently appear in public places, at concerts, theatres, evening-parties, but invariably alone. This happens so uniformly that we imagine that they have been widowed, and feel prompted to offer our sincere sympathy. But, first, we must know the fact. On meeting them again, therefore, we purposely direct the conversation to marriage, so that they may inform us of their bereavement. Do they? No. They are still husbands, and very devoted ones, they assure us. They greatly regret that their wives can never be persuaded to go out. They are continually trying to induce them to, but all in vain. The invisible wives are, they assert, so extremely domestic that they will stay at home. No other place has any attraction for them, so consecrated are they to their chil-

dren and the family routine. It seems as if they could breathe with comfort no other atmosphere than that of home. They utter these words with such an air of sincerity that we have no reason to distrust them; nor do we distrust them in the least. We are aware that there are just such women, and that their husbands often labor to insure them a broader outlook, all to no purpose. We regard the men who have favored us with their confidence as unfortunate in having partners whose tastes and inclinations are so widely different from their own, and can not help bearing them in mind. After a while, it happens that we accidentally learn that the wives in question are not so superlatively domestic as they have been portrayed. On the contrary, they enjoy healthful pleasures and a rational degree of variety. They are, in a word, perfectly natural women, and they feel, though they may not speak of it, that their husbands are rather selfish in seeking amusements of which they can not partake, in spending evening after evening at the club, at hotels, or elsewhere, and leaving their wives to mope at home. They can not but remember that, in the early days of their marriage, they used to be taken out frequently, and that they keenly relished music, plays, and general society. They also remember when their husbands were wont to declare they were never really happy except in their company, and that nothing was or could be a substitute for it. They had probably expected a change in their matrimonial life with passing years; they could hardly have thought that the boneymoon piteb would always be sustained. But they could not have expected so great a change as is implied in an almost complete relinquishment of comradeship. They inwardly rebelled against the growing neglect, even protesting at times, but finally accepted what they perceived they could not prevent. The husbands, being Americans and inclined to gallantry, even toward their wives, did not flatly refuse to take them out. Such refusal they would consider extremely offensive, not to say brutal. Therefore they made set excuses for not going, pleading imperative business, previous engagements, or important meetings. These were put forward so constantly, were so transparent, that the wives ceased to express any and all wishes that concerned themselves, submitting in silence even to what they recognize as a gross injustice."

The English are more than rivaling us in the novelty of their advertisements. A new idea of a London clothing-dealer of calling attention to his goods is to have a window furnished as a fashionable club, where are seen seated, standing, or lounging six or eight young men of good appearance, all dressed in the very height of fashion, one or two in evening-dress, another in a touring-suit, while the others ring the changes on morning and lounging-suits. Another window is fitted up as a drawing-room in which four young women sit, each attired in well-fitting tailor-made dresses. Twice a day a neat maid, in black serge dress, with apron and cap, serves the party with tea, of which they partake, nothing daunted by the gaze of hundreds who are looking in at the window.

The trousseau of a girl belonging to the Parisian *grande monde* is thus described in part in *Vogue*: "The 'exposition du trousseau,' as such ceremonies are called in France, took place in the billiard-room at the fair *fiancée's* residence. Great clusters of palms, white-blossomed azaleas, snowballs, camellias, and orangiers filled up all the corners, while the billiard-tables and several long stands, draped with white velvet caught here and there with antique silver clasps, supported the countless items of the *corbeille* with the jewels and other wedding-presents. In a broad, shallow box of pale pink velvet, mounted in silver, were twelve yards each of point d'Alençon, point d'Angleterre, and point de Bruges founces, beside it being another enriched with gold filagree over blue moiré, and containing the same quantity of black Chantilly lace, black Venetian guipure, and of black application lace. The night-ropes were of sheerest nettle-batiste, trimmed with *plissés* of Valenciennes lace, the monogram and coronet being embroidered in open needle-work on the left side over the heart. The little chemises were marvels of fineness, in silk lawn with tiny garlands of myrtle, clover-blossoms, and buttercups done in floss-silks around both neck and hem of this dainty little garment. The rest of the underwear was similar to the night-ropes, and there were twenty-four pairs of black silk lace-inserted stockings artistically arranged in a large basket of plated silver. Among the *peignoirs* were three *crêpe de chine* ones, respectively mauve, lemon, and cloud-gray in color, wonderfully blended with mother-of-pearl and silver, and a gorgeous robe de chambre of lettuce-green *armure royale*, entirely covered with russet-hued Venetian guipure. The bed and table-linen, sheets and pillow-cases, alike of the finest Dutch linen, inserted with *guipure de Genes*, and adorned with the crests and coronets of the young couple in raised embroidery, the table-cloths and napkins, of heavy damask, bore superbly worked monograms in gold and crimson. Among the superb jewels, I confine myself to the mention of a diamond collar and tiara of large

fleur-de-lis pattern and a stomacher of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, either of which would have befitted an empress. In an adjoining room, the dresses, mantles, hats, bonnets, slippers, shoes, jackets, coats, etc., were exhibited. Nor must I dwell at length upon the traveling-cloaks, the numerous evening-dresses, petticoats of silk and moiré, satin and lace; of the *matinées*, the ulsters, and the wrappers; or to take note of the gold and silver dressing-cases, the umbrellas, the sunshades, the fans, and what not else."

The Mercantile Club of St. Louis is one of the few men's clubs that provide for the wives of their members accommodations that are almost equal to those supplied by the men for themselves. A whole floor of the large building occupied by the club is given up to the women. There is a spacious and luxurious reception-room, a dressing-room, with a maid in constant attendance, a handsomely appointed dining-room, to which men are occasionally admitted, if accompanied by ladies, and a series of pleasant private dining-rooms where women may entertain their friends at luncheon or dinner. Only the families of members and their friends are granted the privilege of admission to this floor.

Washington is wildly gay just now. The débutantes have reached the "no tea" stage. That is, worn with dinners, and balls, and little dances, and all that sort of thing, the young things have no longer the time or the strength to go to teas as they did at the beginning of the season, and so they decline all afternoon invitations. Formerly, Washington débutantes had the dolefullest possible time. Society there is so made up of older persons that a bud had no show at all. Last winter, however (writes the Boston *Transcript's* correspondent), the youngsters made a bold break for liberty, and seem to have won the day. The old girls are being forced for the first time to take back seats, and even the frisky young married women have been obliged to divide their empire with the débutantes. The new brand of buds that has come upon the market are not shrinking things, who blush at every word, and are afraid of their own reflections in the glass, and see a man in every bush. They are the most entirely self-possessed, perfectly finished young women that can be imagined. They have had years of training for this especial purpose—how to hold their own in society. They have been taken abroad for a year to give them the *savoir faire* that they may not have learned in earlier trips to Europe, and are quite ready for the ordeal of a début when it comes. They are serene in the consciousness of perfect gowns. The gospel of self-bood has been preached to them until each one has mastered her own individuality and does not care a porcelain button for anybody else. She knows exactly her own good points and has learned to conceal her deficiencies, and she is quite certain as to the resources of her family concerning dinners and balls. Talk about this sort of a young person blushing! She might blush to be suspected of any such weakness, but not for anything else, and she is as far removed from Ben Bolt's sweet Alice as she is from Trilby. Hence the uncommon good times she is having. But, once in a while, the débutante of the vintage of ten years ago appears, and somehow, although she is clearly not so well gown'd or groom'd as the new sort, the men seem to take to her.

A fair complexion, free from pimples, may be had by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS. The irritation that induces coughing is immediately relieved by using "Brown's Bronchial Troches." A simple and safe remedy.

By watching for dangerous symptoms, and by giving Steadman's Soothing Powders at the right time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during teething.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Polly—"Jones retires from office a poor man." Tix—"He must have been very closely watched." —*Detroit Free Press.*

Wrong chimney, bad lamp
—no matter what lamp you have. You want the "Index to Chimneys"—free.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of "pearl glass" and pearl top."

That's

the sort of

Bias
Velveteen
Skirt
Bindingyou ought to have on
your dress. Look for

"S.H.&M."

on the label, never mind
what the clerk says—see for yourself.

For sale by all dry goods dealers.

Samples and booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," for 2c stamp.

The S. H. & M. Co., 131 Spring St., N. Y.

"S.H.&M." Dress Stays are the Best.

Leave
Doubtful Seeds alone. The best are easy to get, and cost no more. Ask your dealer for
FERRY'S SEEDS
Always the best. Known everywhere. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1895 tells you what, how, and when to plant. Sent Free. Get it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.



\$25 to \$50 per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or willing "Old Reliable Plates." Only practical way to replace rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc., quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing or machinery. Thick plate at one operation, lasts 5 to 10 years; like gold when taken from the plate. Every family has plenty to do. *Patents pending.* W. P. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O.

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OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

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BOWD & DICKSON, San Francisco, Agents for Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE, 401 Montgomery St.

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO.

(Incorporated April 25, 1892.)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:
GEO. W. SCOTT, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE, Cashier; J. H. STROBRIDGE, D. W. EARL, J. H. Sisson, F. H. Green, J. M. Haven.
Receives deposits; deals in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rossini was one of the most indolent men that ever lived, yet he wrote operas against time, as it were. "The Barber of Seville," for instance, was written and mounted in less than a month, which fact gave rise to Donizetti's cogent witticism. Upon being told that Rossini had finished his opera in thirteen days, Donizetti replied: "It is very possible; he is so lazy!"

There was a crowd on the street-corner below a sky-scraper in course of erection (says *Vanity Fair*). A painter had let his pot of green paint fall, and the emerald liquid now streaked the sidewalk gorgeously. About this a crowd of idlers had gathered. A new-comer, trying to push his way to the unseen magnet of attention, met a man equally eager to get out, and accosted him: "What's it all about?" "Nothing much," said the other; "just an Irishman had a hemorrhage."

Mrs. Cleveland, while out shopping with a friend recently, bought a number of feminine articles at a big dry-goods store. The ladies were attended by a dapper young knight of the scissors and tape who apparently knew them. After the purchases were made, Mrs. Cleveland said to the clerk: "Of course you know where to send these," referring to her purchases. The dry-goods clerk looked a little pained, and happily replied: "My, yes! Why, I have met you at two of your receptions, you know."

The late Judge E. Rockwood Hoar was always an earnest opponent of General Butler, and because of this opposition, Wendell Phillips at one time made a bitter attack upon the judge. Out of this feeling came what is, perhaps, Judge Hoar's best-known remark. After Phillips's death, some one met Judge Hoar and asked him if he intended to go to the funeral. "No," answered the judge, "I don't; but I approve of it." Another remark ascribed to Judge Hoar in regard to Phillips's death—that, if he had joined the majority, it was for the first time—the judge denied making.

An exchange tells a story of a coroner who was called upon to hold an inquest over the body of an Italian. The only witness was a small boy of the same nationality, who spoke no English. The examination proceeded thus: "Where do you live, my boy?" The boy shook his head. "Do you speak English?" Another shake of the head. "Do you speak French?" Another shake. "Do you speak German?" Still no answer. "How old are you?" No reply. "Have you father and mother?" No reply. "Do you speak Italian?" The boy gave no sign. "Well," said the coroner, "I have questioned the witness in four languages, and can get no answer. It is useless to proceed. The court is adjourned."

A good old Methodist lady became very happy last Sunday (says the *Philadelphia Record*) under the preaching of the Word, and ejaculated "Glory!" She was admonished to keep quiet by two of the brethren, and nodded assent, but soon becoming forgetful, responded "Hallelujah!" The brethren again called her attention to the annoyance, and told her that if she did not keep quiet, they would be compelled to remove her. The sermon proceeded, and the old lady, becoming very happy and forgetful of her surroundings, shouted out, "Glory to God!" This was too much for the brethren, and they tried to lead her out, but she refused to walk, so they carried her. On her way she said: "I am honored above my Master, for, while he was carried by an ass, I am carried by two."

In 1876, Eugene Schuyler was United States Consul-General at Constantinople, where it occurred to him to give a *narghille* smoking-party to a number of distinguished foreigners. Schuyler had the octagonal hall of his house fitted up as a divan; and about half a dozen sat gravely on their haunches *à la Turque*. The *narghilles* had been duly "cooked" in the kitchen, the servants had filled and lighted the tobacco and tested the free passage of the smoke through the agate mouth-pieces. "I contented myself," writes Sala in his "Autobiography," "with puffing out the smoke as soon as it reached my lips; the others inhaled the so-called 'aromatic' fumes. I noticed that the complexion of my friend, the student of Byzantine archaeology, had undergone in the course of about eight minutes several changes. First he turned very red, then a pale yellow, then a dull lead. 'How are you getting on, old chappie?' asked Eugene Schuyler, encouragingly. 'Oh, splendidly,' replied, or rather gasped, the young American; 'it's delicious, it's entrancing; I feel in heaven, and I don't think I shall live five minutes.' Murmuring which last words he tumbled off the divan and rolled on to the marble pavement."

When Beerbohm Tree first played "Hamlet" in London, he was so infatuated with his own per-

formance of the part that he would not rest until all his colleagues had witnessed the performance. When Irving attended the performance (says the *New York Evening Sun*), Tree sent round word to his box asking him to come behind the scenes after the performance. Irving at once began to talk about the weather. Tree stood this sort of thing for about ten minutes; then, unable to control himself any longer, he exclaimed: "I say, old man, what do you think of my Hamlet?" Irving hemmed and hawed for a moment, then remarked: "Your Second Grave-digger gives a most admirable performance." The next night Gilbert saw the performance, and subsequently, in Tree's dressing-room, he was put through the same ordeal. Only this time Mr. Tree cut matters short by exclaiming as soon as the librettist entered: "Well, old man, what do you think of my performance?" "My dear Tree," said Gilbert, shaking his hand, "I must congratulate you; really I must. You have accomplished the most difficult of tasks. Your Hamlet is really funny without being vulgar."

There was once a celebrated Bohemian named Bart, who prided himself on never paying any bills. One of the least striking of his financial feats was once when he happened to be "hung up" in a hotel without the wherewithal to settle. He left behind him a heavy trunk, telling the landlord that he would soon return. When a number of days had gone by and Bart did not reappear, the landlord went up to examine the priceless coffer which his guest had left behind him, and was much amazed at the weight of it. His most muscular porters could not lift it. Therefore they broke it open to see what was inside, and when they opened it, they found nothing, for Bart had simply nailed it to the floor. But the achievement on which he most prided himself was once when he was in a strange city for several days. He wanted a new pair of boots. So he went to a shoemaker and ordered a pair, giving minute directions as to their style. From this cordwainer he went to another, some squares away, and gave him a similar order, couched in exactly the same language. He made both shoemakers promise to finish the shoes in two days. At the expiration of the allotted time, both pairs were done. Bart tried on the first pair, and said to Shoemaker Number One that the left fitted him perfectly but that the right pinched him, asking him to stretch it, which the shoemaker promised to do, and Bart carried off the left boot. He then went to Shoemaker Number Two, and tried on the second pair, telling him that while the right boot fitted him perfectly, the left pinched him, and requested him to stretch it and he would call for it in an hour. It was done. Bart then took the two halves of his two pairs of shoes, put them on his feet, and silently stole away.

The Wastes of Siberia

Are not more barren of comfort than the waists of those who suffer from dyspepsia, from liver complaint, or from kidney trouble. But in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters they can find relief. So can the malarious, the rheumatic, the neuralgic, the feeble, and the old. Use with persistence this remedy with a career of over a third of a century. A wine-glassful three times a day.

The True Southern Route.

During this season of the year the most pleasant route to the entire East, with no high altitudes or snow blockades, is via El Paso, the Texas and Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain route.

Through Pullman palace and tourist cars daily between California and Chicago, St. Louis and Arkansas Hot Springs without change.

For information apply to any agent of Southern Pacific Company, or to

A. J. DE RUSSY, General Agent,
121 California Street, S. F.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

First cable gripman—"Have any luck on your last trip?" Second cable gripman—"One dog."—*Life*.



YALE MIXTURE
IS A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE, but its fragrance pleases the ladies. A box of this tobacco makes a most welcome BIRTHDAY gift to husband, brother or friend.
CAN BE PROCURED IN ALL SIZES.
AT LEADING TOBACCONISTS.
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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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HOOPING-COUGH CROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation. The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of E. Fougere & Co., 30 North William St., N. Y.

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is more delicious and easily digested if washed down with

Evans' Ale

which soothes the sensitive stomach and gives a zest not associated with any other.

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- No Cloud of Sediment.

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There is no other Ale "just as good as Evans."

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Adriatic.....March 6.....April 3
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29 Broadway, New York.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE,	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE,
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6:45 A.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and "Santa Rosa," Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	"Sunset" Limited, Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.....	1:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond" Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
.....	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	11:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
† 1:30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	† 7:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodville, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 P.
† 7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.
† 11:45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	† 8:05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1:45 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tule Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:06 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tule Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
* 4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:45 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:38 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00 A. M.	12:30
	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	6:00	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00 A. M.
	12:30	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00 P. M.

A for morning, P for afternoon, S for Sunday excepted.
† Saturdays only. § Thursdays only. † Sundays only.

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SS. Colima.....	March 18th

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China (via Honolulu).....	Tuesday, March 26, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....	Saturday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....	Saturday, May 4, at 3 P. M.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. January 20, February 4, 19, March 6, 21. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, January 20, 25, 30, February 4, 9, 14, 19, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Tuquesne*, every Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, January 16, 20, 25, 29, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, January 18, 22, 27, 31, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Maratón, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *St. Paul*, 25th of each month. Ticket Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

The Paige-Sheldon Wedding.

St. Luke's Church appeared very attractive last Thursday evening when Miss Clarisse Sheldon, niece of Mr. Hippolite Dutard, and Mr. Cutler Paige, son of Mr. Timothy Paige, were united in marriage. As nearly eight hundred invitations had been issued for the wedding, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The young couple are well known in society circles and have a host of friends.

At the entrance to the church was a canvas awning which led to a palm-thatched canopy at the doorway, under which the guests proceeded to the nave. Around the walls, between the stained-glass windows, were clusters and wreaths of acacia and evergreens, making quite a picturesque scene. Upon the altar there were vases full of fleurs-de-lis, and above the white satin prie-dieu was a canopy, in the form of a hollow square, wrought of bamboo-poles and white narcissus, with long cordons of acacia extending from either side to the pillars, which were almost concealed by immense clusters of palms and ferns, bamboo and eucalyptus. Along the chancel-rail was a tall barricade of calla lilies and ferns, and the walls were hidden by a forest of eucalyptus. It was a very pretty sight.

While the guests were being seated, the organist played several voluntaries, ending with the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" as the bridal party entered at half-past eight o'clock. Leading the way were twenty choristers and two nephews of the groom, Masters Paige and Kenneth Montague, who were followed by the ushers: Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. William R. Sherwood, and Mr. William M. Randol. Then came the bridesmaids: Miss Gertrude Heitshu, of Portland, Or., Miss Florence Davis, Miss Isabel O'Connor, and Miss Maud Magee. They were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Alice Heitshu, and after her came the bride, escorted by her uncle. In the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Frank B. Peterson. The dresses worn by the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a Parisian robe of heavy blanc ivoire silk made with a long court train. The bodice was high and the bouffant sleeves extended to the elbows. The trimmings were of chiffon and orange blossoms. There was a cluster of these blossoms in her coiffure, bolding in place the flowing veil of point d'Alecon lace. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and Bermuda lilies.

The maid of honor was attired in an imported gown of pink satin, made with a décolleté corsage and bouffant sleeves, which were trimmed with pink chiffon and violets. She wore white kid gloves and carried a snowier bouquet of violets.

The bridesmaids were all attired alike in gowns of corn-colored satin, with waists of spangled chiffon. They carried bouquets of daffodils.

The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. W. H. Moreland, rector of St. Luke's, and at its conclusion the bridal party left the church and were driven to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dutard, 1920 Jackson Street. Only a few very intimate friends were invited to the reception. Mrs. Dutard assisted in receiving the guests, and wore an elegant Worth robe of ruby-colored velvet trimmed with rare old point de Venise lace and sable. The rooms were all handsomely decorated by Miss Mary Bates, who exhibited the same taste that she did at the church. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections throughout the evening, but there was no dancing. An elaborate supper was served, under Ludwig's direction, and the evening was passed very pleasantly. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Paige left on Friday to make a prolonged Southern trip.

At the supper, when the bride's cake was cut,

Mr. Peterson received the thimble, Mr. Boardman the ring, and Mr. Randol the money. The souvenir for the maid of honor was a pink topaz ring set with diamonds. The bridesmaids received beautiful Empire fans, and the groom's attendants were given heart-shaped pearl pins.

The Richardson-Davis Wedding.

A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday, February 12th, at high noon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. F. Davis in Ross Valley, the occasion being the marriage of their daughter, Alice, to Mr. Frank E. Richardson, of Mentone. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. The bride looked lovely in a gown of white moiré antique trimmed with point lace. The bridesmaids were Miss Grace Lawrence, Miss Hattie G. Jackson, and Miss Loleta Welch, who were attired in white organdie over pale blue silk. Mr. Frank W. Pierson acted as best man. The young couple left in the afternoon for Southern California, where they will reside in the future.

The De Young Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell, of Washington, D. C., were the honored guests last Thursday evening at a dinner-party given to them by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their residence, 1919 California Street. Covers were laid for twenty-four in the elegantly appointed dining-room, and the table was embellished with long sprays of plum-blossoms that ran from either end to the centerpiece of fleurs-de-lis. Among the rich service of silver and crystal-ware were many candlesticks of silver bearing candles of pure white. At each cover was a name-card formed of a pink heart lettered in gold and bearing a cluster of pinks wound with golden threads. The menu was a most elaborate one, and a couple of hours were passed in dining, followed by an hour or so in the parlors and ball-room.

The Bothin Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin gave a very pretty lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence, 1630 Jackson Street. Her guests were seated at five tables, each of which was decorated with fragrant flowers. American Beauty roses, violets, daffodils, pink pinks, and lilies of the valley were the flowers used, and the effect was very attractive. The affair was a delightful one in every way. Mrs. Bothin's guests were:

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. James Cunningham, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. R. J. Davis, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Sidney E. Cushing, Mrs. J. H. Dickinson, Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mrs. Wilfrid E. Chapman, Mrs. Alfred Holman, Mrs. Josephine de Greyer, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Mamie Thomas, and Miss Schussler.

The De Noon Theatre-Party.

A very pleasant theatre-party was given by Miss Mahel de Noon last Tuesday evening at the Baldwin. Her sister, Mrs. Lewis, chaperoned the party. After the performance the party was driven to the Palace Hotel, where supper was served in the Tapestry Room. Those present were:

Mrs. Lewis, Miss Mahel de Noon, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Dorothy Collier, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mamie Thomas, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Soutbard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Page Collier, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. R. M. Dupere.

The Jewett Theatre-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett gave a box-party at one of the theatres last Wednesday evening, which was followed by a delicious supper at their residence on Bush Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Rathbone, of New York. The others present were:

Miss Harris, Miss Breeze, Miss Bowie, Major J. L. Rathbone, General R. P. Hammond, Mr. Goodwin Harris, and Mr. E. T. Messersmith.

Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women.

It is now a settled fact that the art-loan exhibition of portraits of women will be opened next Saturday evening in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. The first night will, of course, be the particularly fashionable one, and a great crush is expected. After that the people will go to examine the pictures in detail, and a most interesting examination it will be. We have already mentioned many of the features that will make the exhibition attractive, but since our last issue there have been added a most interesting collection of the Ver Mehr family portraits, ranging from 1660 to 1770, some choice paintings from Mrs. John F. Swift's collection, and a splendid portrait from Benjamin West's brush, done in 1819. Taken altogether, the exhibition will be well worthy of several visits. It is understood that it will remain open only one week. Of course it is generally known that the proceeds will be devoted to two worthy charities, the Children's Hospital and the Children's Home, which is under the charge of the Salvation Army.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The only two royal ladies who have made balloon ascents are Eugénie, the ex-Empress of France, and Christina, Queen of Sweden.

The Rev. Anna H. Shaw, who opened the women's convention at Atlanta with prayer, began her invocation with the words: "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father and Mother."

Queen Victoria has not opened Parliament in person for nine years, and her physical disabilities are such that she is never likely to open it again, as she could not ascend the staircases. She is now restricted to functions which do not require any exertion, or to which she can be carried in a Bath chair.

Mme. Félix Faure, the wife of the new President of France, is an accomplished musician. There are two daughters of the house, one married to M. Berge, a man of large possessions. Although President Faure is the head of a most prosperous commercial house, it is to his wife's dowry, as the daughter of the wealthy M. Guinot, that he owes his present position as a man of fortune.

Mme. Casimir-Périer winced under the restrictions which life at the Elysée imposed. A correspondent writes:

"She could not be intimate with the reactionists, and she found she must greatly extend her visitors' list. All French ladies of rank are exclusive, and like to keep a small, select circle. Madame, who also is a careful administrator of the conjugal fortune, found the Elysée to be a glass-house where money must be squandered. The squandering did not bring amusement, but only tedious cares and worry. Her son was reduced to exercise in the riding-school, and her daughter had to confine her walks to the palace garden, the parents fearing to allow them in the Bois as formerly. The family personal convenience was uppermost in the mind of the wife and mother. M. Casimir-Périer wanted the situation of king with no irksome duties."

A young woman has applied for the place of public executioner, now vacant at Vienna. She states that she is twenty-eight years old, strong, and good-looking, and pleads that it will be more humane to the criminal to see, in his last moments, a charming woman rather than the hideous being hitherto employed. Pitti Sing, in "The Mikado," thought the same way, it will be remembered.

The Polish dancer who was brought into world-wide prominence through the devotion to herself of the Czar Nicholas the Second of Russia, has not long survived her dethronement, her death being now reported. Says an exchange:

"She is described as very beautiful and captivating, having the admiration of all Poland, besides boding the affection of her imperial lover. She entered the corps de ballet, at Warsaw, when only seventeen, and two years later met the Czarowitz. The *liaison* was hidden for several years, but came at last to the knowledge of the late Czar, who was frightened when he tested the depth of his son's devotion to the *dansuse*. To weaken it, he kept Nicholas traveling in distant lands as much as possible, with, however, little effect. Only those who were actors in the imperial crisis will ever know how very near this queen of the ballet came to winning, against England, Germany, and Russia combined. The Czar's wedding and coronation were her death-warrant, figuratively and literally, as she has dropped from that time, and now the grave has closed over her."

Mme. Melba does not train as does Lillian Russell to keep her avoirdupois within bounds. She eats what she pleases, and drinks what taste dictates, and does not exercise save when the idea seizes upon her. Then she drives or rides. Her method for keeping down her weight is to take cold baths thrice a day, and *la belle Melba* plunges into her marble tub faithfully three times a day, and so keeps within the graceful limits which rôles such as Juliet and Marguerite demand.

The Davis Street Lunch Rooms, an admirable institution which provides a place where girls employed in the neighborhood of the room, 109 Davis Street, may eat their luncheons at noon and obtain tea, soup, and the like at nominal prices, is to be the beneficiary of a "demonstration" of chafing-dish cookery by Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Lee, of Boston, at the rooms of the Y. W. C. A., 1221 O'Farrell Street, on Monday, February 18th, at three o'clock. Tea, with some of Mrs. Lincoln's cake, will be served. Tickets, at fifty cents each, may be obtained at the door.

The much-talked-of bicycle tournament will commence next Monday at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and it appears as if it is destined to be a pronounced success. There will be a very fashionable audience on the first night. The entries that have been made comprise all of the best cyclists of the country, and they will certainly do their best to win some of the elegant prizes offered.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will open on Thursday, April 11th, at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and will continue one month. No pictures will be received after April 5th.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 681.

GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.



YALE'S HAIR TONIC

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that Mme. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. Mme. Yale personally indorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY Hair Specific. IT STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxurious growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.

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and skin diseases for instance: the black or white sulphur water taken in connection with the HOT SALT and HOT MUD baths will eradicate the most vicious cases. The climate is almost perfect; the Hotel comforts thoroughly practical. A postal will bring you further particulars.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alice Simpkins, daughter of the late Charles H. Simpkins, and Mr. Robert L. Coleman, son of the late William T. Colemao.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Hagar, daughter of Colonel George Hagar, of Colusa, to Mr. Alfred S. Tuhhs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tuhhs, of this city.

St. Luke's Church will be the scene this evening, at half-past eight o'clock, of the wedding of Miss Mary Curtis Hayes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, and Mr. Walter Parker Treat. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. W. H. Moreland, pastor of the church. Miss Lucy B. Hayes, sister of the bride, will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Hattie Tay and Miss Florence Hayes. Mr. C. E. Hayes, the bride's brother, will be the best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. J. Eugene Freeman, Mr. James W. Farrington, Mr. George D. Easton, and Dr. A. H. Taylor. There will be no reception afterward, but a supper will be served at the Hotel Richelieu for the bridal party and relatives of the young couple.

The wedding of Miss Edith M. Muller and Mr. Willet B. Lee will take place on Monday evening, February 18th, at the home of the bride, 218 Haight Street.

The wedding of Miss Stella Meyerstein and Mr. Edward S. Rothchild will take place in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel next Wednesday evening. Two hundred invitations have been issued for the affair.

The first meeting of the new Vaudeville Club was postponed, owing to the death of Mr. Ralph R. Selby, from last Thursday night to next Thursday evening. It will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets. There will be two more meetings during the season, one of which will take place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, 2548 Jackson Street.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will hold its next meeting on the night of Shrove Tuesday, February 26th. The ladies will wear masks and pink dominos, but the gentlemen will simply appear in evening-dress, without masks.

The management of the Friday Night Club has decided to hold its next meeting during Easter week. There will be an assembly until midnight, and after supper the cotillion will be danced.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have made arrangements for a performance of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" next Tuesday evening at their residence, 1919 California Street. The curtain will rise in the theatre at quarter-past eight o'clock. There will be dancing after the performance.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding will give a tea this afternoon at her residence, 1900 Franklin Street.

Miss Mary Bowen will give a matinee tea to-day from four until six o'clock at her residence, 2018 Franklin Street. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. Andrew Talbot, Mrs. Rylad B. Wallace, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mrs. Briggs, of Sacramento, Miss Mary Breeze, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Pope, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Anna Gray, Miss Lulu Schussler, Miss Alice Schussler, Miss Ransom, Miss Alice Scott, and Miss Peterson.

Mrs. William S. Wood and Miss Wood will give a matinee tea next Thursday from four until seven o'clock at their residence, 1920 Clay Street.

Mrs. J. S. Wethered and Miss Wethered will give a matinee tea next Thursday at their residence, 2109 Pacific Avenue.

A matinee tea will be given next Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Robert A. McLean, on Pacific Avenue, for the benefit of the Scheel Symphony Fund. The patronesses are Mrs. R. A. McLean, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. William P. Thomas, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Martin Kellogg, and Miss Bourn.

The Harmonie Club will give a banquet in its club-rooms on Thursday evening, February 21st. Judge J. C. B. Hebbard will act as toast-master.

The board of patronesses and trustees of the Sao Francisco Polytechnic have issued invitations to the formal opening of the new building, 410 Ellis Street, which will take place this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins entertained fourteen friends at dinner last Wednesday evening at their residence, 2037 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin gave an entertainment last Wednesday evening, at their residence on Broadway, that was enjoyed by several of their friends. Charades were the feature of the evening, and they were very amusing. Among those who took part were Miss Ida Irwin, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Juliet Tompkins, Mr. Addison Mizner, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., and Mr. J. F. J. Archibald.

The Misses Schussler gave a luncheon last Wednesday at their residence, and entertained Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Bernice Bates, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Neumann, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Bowen, and Miss Cora Smedberg.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence, 1330 Sutter

Street. The floral decorations were very pretty, and the affair throughout was most successful.

Mrs. J. S. Wall gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Le Grande Canon Tibbets. Her guests comprised Mrs. J. C. Stuhhs, Mrs. A. P. Brayton, Mrs. Albert Miller Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, Mrs. H. P. Livermore, Mrs. W. C. Ralston, Mrs. Belden, Mrs. B. F. Dunham, Mrs. A. E. Haight, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Garber, Mrs. E. Goodall, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Mattie Knowles, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Mary Dunham, and Miss Janet Watt.

Miss Carrie Peterson gave a pleasant informal tea recently at her home on Van Ness Avenue, and entertained a large number of her friends in a most hospitable manner. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles E. Miller, Mrs. Ferdinand C. Peterson, Mrs. L. J. Holton, Mrs. Calvin C. McMahan, Mrs. G. Lowry, Miss Bowen, Miss McMullin, Miss Bowman, Miss Goodall, Miss Boyd, Miss Emerson, Miss Harwood, Miss Magee, Miss Emma Palmer, and Miss Ruth Palmer.

Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Tuesday at her residence, 1327 Leavenworth Street, in honor of Mrs. Hartmann, and entertained a large number of her friends.

Miss Salie Huie gave a matinee tea on Friday at her residence, 2970 Jackson Street, complimentary to Mrs. J. L. Fraser. It was a very pleasant affair. The young hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. George A. Crux, Miss Mamie Burling, and Miss Hall.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Friday at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. James Stewart entertained quite a number of her friends on Friday at her residence, 2505 Pacific Avenue, at a matinee tea.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, and Miss Helen Thornton arrived in New York city last Tuesday. They will soon leave for Europe.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard and Mr. O. Shafter Howard have returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day and Miss Carol Day will leave early in March to make a tour of Europe.

Miss Stoneman, of Los Angeles, was the guest recently of Mrs. J. M. Ellicott at Annapolis, Md. She has been passing the winter with friends in Philadelphia and Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. G. Follansbee arrived here from Mexico last Sunday.

Mr. William H. Kruse left last Wednesday for St. Petersburg, Russia, and will be away several months.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., arrived in New York city a few days ago, and will remain there several weeks.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson was in Sacramento early in the week for a few days.

Mr. Morris Newton has been visiting San José during the past week.

Mrs. A. Abbey is at the Hotel St. James in New York city.

Mr. J. B. Crockett was at the Holland House in New York city early in the week.

Mr. Irving M. Scott arrived in Washington, D. C., last Wednesday, and will remain there several weeks.

Mr. J. Talbot Clifton has returned from a visit to Canada.

Colonel W. D. Sanborn has been in Santa Barbara during the past week.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann has returned from his European tour, and has been in New York city and Washington, D. C., during the past week.

Mr. Samuel Saalburg will leave to-day for a six weeks' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., has returned from a prolonged visit at Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrison are at The Colonial.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major Alfred E. Bates, Pay Department, U. S. A., is visiting his children, who are at school in New York city.

Dr. J. J. Page, U. S. N. (retired), has removed from San José to Pomona.

The news of the death of Eugene J. Sullivan, occurring in Denver from quick consumption, is a sad blow to his family. He was a very promising and clever young man, and had just returned from Stonyhurst College and two or three years of foreign travel. He was the son of John Sullivan, first president of the Hibernia Bank and a large land-owner, and of Ada E. Sullivan, a very beautiful and gifted woman in her day. He leaves several brothers and sisters, one of his brothers being Frank J. Sullivan, the attorney.

A tasteful little pamphlet on the Rambler Bicycles for 1895 has just been issued by the Gormully & Jeffery Manufacturing Company, of Chicago. In something more than forty pages it discusses the pleasures of the wheel and the superior points of the Rambler, describes the many little conveniences made for the various styles of wheels, and gives a price-list of machines and all appliances. The text is copiously illustrated.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil king, is the richest man in this country. His fortune has now reached the gigantic figure of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. People who claim to know say that his wealth is growing at the rate of fifteen millions of dollars a year.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The forty-second Saturday Popular Concert was held at Golden Gate Hall last Saturday afternoon, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Serenade for flute and strings, op. 25, (1) entrata allegro, (2) tempo ordinario d'un minuetto, (3) allegro molto, (4) andante con variazioni, (5) allegro vivace e disinvolto, Beethoven, Messrs. Newbauer, Beel, and Jaulus; song, "As the Dawn," Cantor, Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder; violin solo, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," Tartini, Mr. Sigmund Beel; songs, (a) "The Old Story," Grieg, (b) "The Two Pathways," Tours, Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder; quartet for piano and strings, op. 47, (1) sostenuto assai, allegro ma non troppo, (2) scherzo, molto vivace, (3) andante cantabile, (4) finale vivace, Schumann, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel, Jaulus, and Heine.

The forty-third concert will take place next Saturday. Mr. Frank Coffin will be the vocalist.

The Metropolitan Musical Society announces a series of concerts for four weeks at the Auditorium, under the direction of Mr. Fritz Scheel, with an enlarged orchestra. Concerts will be given every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening and on Wednesday afternoons at three o'clock. The symphony concerts will take place on Thursday evenings. The first concert will take place next Tuesday night, and the proceeds will be devoted to the Heine Memorial International Fund of New York. Prominent speakers will address the audience, and there will be vocal selections by Miss Mahel Love and the Loring Club Quartet.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, the contralto, will leave for London on February 18th to continue her musical studies.

Chevalier de Kotski will give a concert next Thursday evening, assisted by Fritz Scheel's orchestra.

Jones—"How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?" Brown—"On crutches, I believe."—Life.

Dutch

Apple Pudding & raised with

Cleveland's
Baking Powder

makes a simple, wholesome dessert.

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Our cook book, page 24, tells you how to make it. A copy mailed free on receipt of stamp and address. Cleveland Baking Powder Co., 87 Fulton St., New York.

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New, Elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

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STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000.00, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.

By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company. A. ANDREW, Secretary.

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ferences in continue to react upon our am ready to consider, in conjunction other governments, whether we can not upon a friendly interchange of opinion as to comm adial

measures with the other states which are chiefly interested in maintaining the value of silver." Count von Posadowsky Wegner in a speech said that it was not to be denied that the ever-falling price of silver was prejudicial to industry and to the German silver mines; consequently the decline tended to deprive a large body of workmen of their means of subsistence. Numbers of other speakers uttered sentiments of a similar nature, and the resolution was carried amid loud applause. This would seem to indicate that the nations of Europe are beginning to see that it is impossible, without grave financial disturbances, to demonetize one of the metals of the world which has always been used as a currency since history began. The United States has now for some years been endeavoring to bear the burden alone. She has not succeeded; but if, as is foreshadowed by these utterances of the German legislature, international action should be taken, it would result in restoring silver to its place as one of the money metals of the world.

It has reflected little credit on the smartness of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States that they should have delayed so long to set up an opposition in this country to the sacred shrines of Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré. But they have at last awaked to the folly of allowing so much religious fervor, and especially so much coin, to be exported to foreign lands. A shrine—warranted to perform miraculous cures—has been established in the State of New York at a place called Auriesville, which stands on the site of an ancient Mohawk village.

Here, in the year 1646, the Jesuit fathers Jaques and Goupil were massacred by the savages; the narrative of their death fills one of Parkman's most touching and eloquent pages. The life of Jaques is so thrilling in its dramatic romance that a Protestant might well acquiesce in the commemoration of his name by a statue; but the priests propose to turn his memory to better account. In life, the father was the most honest of men, impatient of pious fraud, and indignant at anything which savored of imposture; he told the truth always, and when, after his escape, he returned to France and exhibited to queen and court his mutilated hands, the fingers of which had been gnawed off by Mohawk squaws, he would not allow his sufferings to be made the subject of a mummery or the basis of a lying chronicle. When he returned to the field of his labors in the Mohawk country, he was just as frank; he never claimed divine interposition in his work, or pretended that he was other than he was. If he had lived to this day, no one would have been more shocked at the present use of his name than he.

Two hundred and fifty years after his death, the twenty-seventh private session of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore reported a resolution in favor of the beatification of Isaac Jaques and René Goupil. Beatification is done by a decree of the Pope, and is the first step toward canonization. Fifty years after a devout member of the church dies, application may be made to the Pope for his beatification. The Congregation of Rites then examines certificates and attestations of his piety and of the miracles he performed; if these are satisfactory, the Pope decrees the beatification, and relics of the deceased are exposed for the adoration of believers. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed for the congregation to make their report in the case of Jogues and Goupil, but it is expected that it will presently be forthcoming, and, in the meantime, the Society of Jesus has bought the spot where the two priests are supposed to have been martyred, and has erected a small oratory there, with a gilt crucifix and a plaster statue of the Virgin. The true inwardness of their purpose was revealed when they announced that miraculous cures could be performed at the shrine through the intercession of the martyrs.

Witnesses were not wanting. An Irish policeman named Michael Griffin came forward and testified that he had been cured of a running sore by assiduous prayers at the altar. Similar testimony was borne by others, whose names and whose story are fully recorded in a register kept by the Jesuits on the spot. The news spread far and wide, and last summer the oratory was visited by five thousand supplicants who had diseases to be cured or prayers to be granted—for it is announced that the beatific Father Jaques will not only attend to the practice of medicine, but will secure the divine favor for business enterprises which do not involve any breach of morality. This year the number of visitors is expected to be much larger. A pilgrimage from New York to the oratory is to set forth on August 15th. To accommodate the visitors, an open chapel capable of holding fifteen hundred people is to be erected when the snows melt. All through August a daily mass is to be said by a Jesuit father. It is confidently hoped that the receipts of the shrine this summer will exceed those of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

Why not? There is no abatement in the fervor of superstition or in public credulity. The priests who dictate to their flocks what they should believe and what not, are

unanimous in indorsing these miracle-working shrines, and a mass of human testimony derived from fools and knaves is on record to confirm their statements. Of the Irish Catholics of New York, hardly five per cent. know enough to laugh at the imposture. Every Jesuit in the country is prepared to bear witness that the bones of Father Jaques are under the oratory—which they are not—and that devout prayer to them will cure diseases which have baffled the faculty, and secure profit to business enterprises which are undertaken in a contrite spirit of faith. Why should not the poor Irish immigrant and the illiterate servant-girl empty their pockets to obtain such priceless boons? Suppose, if we may suppose such a thing, that Protestant Americans believed that relics possessed the power of healing, and that prayer to a saint would accomplish results which had been vainly hoped from Dover's powders, Jamaica ginger, or paregoric, would we not all hasten to drop our dimes, and our quarters, and our dollars into the greasy palm of the mumbling Jesuit who officiated as doorkeeper at the shrine?

As for the *Argonaut*, it has always been a champion of protection to domestic industry. By all means let the Jesuit fathers go ahead and rake in the small change and the coppers of the devout, so that the pauper labor of foreign ecclesiasticism shall no longer be fattened on American contributions. We have no doubt we can produce as fine an article of miracle in this country as they do in France or in Canada.

This new development is fairly entitled to the kindly consideration of Congress. True, miracles have never yet been the subject of fiscal legislation, nor have we any precedent to guide us in placing a protective duty on prayer. But Congress contains minds large enough to grasp the problem. When, in the Middle Ages, a cathedral or a monastery secured relics of dead saints, which attracted pilgrimages of the devout, a neighboring cathedral or monastery was sure to announce the acquisition of other, finer, and more potent relics; thus, for generations, the competition between Cologne and Treves was lively, and each archbishop labored faithfully to destroy the business of the other. That is the way to do now. Let the Jesuits of Auriesville expose the frauds at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and let Congress impose a heavy duty on returning invalids who have been doctored up by foreign miracle snaps. Let us have protection to our home miracle industry.

The blanks for persons liable to income tax are being filled up, and the first payments under the law are to be made on March 1st. Little interest is taken in the matter here, because people hardly realize that the law is in force, and must be carried out. Everybody seems to anticipate that something will happen to defeat the collection of a tax which is generally odious.

Whether those subject to the tax will, in all cases, make truthful returns and pay up their money, remains to be seen. As a rule, when men are offered the alternative of paying a tax or declining to pay, they elect to decline—the vast majority of those who are really liable conceal and underrate their incomes, and it is next to impossible to defeat their devices by instituting an examination into the state of their affairs. When the last income-tax law was in force, the number of persons who paid the tax diminished year by year; so that, at last, the list of tax-payers was confined to owners of city property in New York, whose income was a matter of public notoriety. In Switzerland, a graduated income tax is levied and paid, the penalties for evasion being severe; but Switzerland is a small country, where everybody knows everybody else's business, and the inquisitorial powers of the collectors may be used to some effect. It is different here, where even the mercantile agencies find it difficult to keep track of a man's income from year to year. In France, where the income tax prevailed for a century, there is so settled a popular antipathy to it that no administration of late years has ventured to propose to revive it.

The main objection to the new income tax in this country is that it is unequal. It is levied only on persons whose incomes reach four thousand dollars a year. On March 1st, the Supreme Court has agreed to hear argument on the constitutionality of the law, and the chief argument that will be urged against the law is that it presses unequally on different classes of citizens. In England, the income tax is levied on all incomes exceeding five hundred dollars a year, the idea being to exempt workmen and others whose earnings are barely sufficient for existence. It can not be said that this exemption is unfair, for persons of such limited means are hardly legitimate objects of taxation. But a tax which passes over a man with three thousand dollars income to levy on his neighbor who has four thousand dollars, is certainly open to the charge of irregularity.

Experience is against the use of an income tax as a means of raising money. All historians agree that the abolition by

Constantine of tithes, customs, and excise which had provided the revenue of the Roman Empire, and the substitution of a universal poll-tax, which was in effect an income tax, was the original cause of the collapse of the empire. People would not pay, and when the tax was enforced, the cost of collection exceeded the proceeds, and wide-spread discontent spread from province to province.

Is California about to have its title of the "Golden State" wrested from it? To judge from the sanguine prophecies of some of our neighbors, the time is at hand when this State must give up the proud position of being the great gold-producer, and must be content with a less exalted position. For years, from the early days of the gold fever until a comparatively recent period, California furnished each year as much gold as all of the other States combined; there was no other that could be considered even second in the race. But of late years, with the increased development of the country and the more general interest in mining, others of the Western States have come forward. Among these, Colorado has advanced with phenomenal rapidity, and already its more optimistic citizens are predicting that when the returns for this year are published, California will be found to have been distanced in the race. The *Denver Times*, commenting on the statistics of production for 1894, published in these columns a few weeks ago, declares that "it is only a question of time, and a brief span at that, before Colorado will take its position at the head of the column. . . . It is not a wild prophecy that Colorado includes within its gold belt the possibilities for exceeding in the production of gold all the rest of the United States combined."

There is no denying the fact that the production of gold in Colorado has increased at an astonishing rate. For every \$100 produced in 1892 there were \$164 in 1893 and \$263 in 1894. At the rate of increase shown in the two States in 1894, the production in Colorado this year will be \$20,000,000; that in California \$13,750,000. There are several considerations, however, that make it improbable that these figures will represent the output of either of these States. The increase in Colorado has been magnified by the fact that gold mining is practically in its infancy in that State. The rate of increase appears large because it is estimated upon a comparatively small output, and this rate will continue to grow smaller each year. Again, during the last two years, the output has come largely from new properties; the entire output of a mine during its first year of operation counts in the increased production of the State; during subsequent years it counts in the basis on which this increase is to be reckoned. The new properties will not enter as so large an element in the future as in the past. Another factor that has assisted in swelling the increase of production has been the closing of the silver mines, which threw a large number of miners on the market seeking employment in the gold mines, and giving that industry an impetus.

It is not to be supposed that the production of gold in Colorado will come to a standstill, or that the State will reach the point of maximum production for many years. Each year will show a larger aggregate production, and were California to remain stationary, there is every reason to believe that Colorado would soon be in the first place.

The production of California is not likely to remain stationary at the figures of last year, however. The indications are that this State will show a larger actual increase in production this year than any of the other gold-producing States. The falling off in production has been due in part to the closing of the hydraulic mines, representing an annual output of \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000. The hope that these mines would soon start up again restrained capitalists from putting their money into the more expensive quartz mines until within the last year or two. Under the Caminetti law nearly fifty hydraulic mines have been granted permits to recommence operations; but this was too late in the season for them to contribute to the output of last year. These mines, and others of the same class, will be in successful operation this year.

During the last two years there has also been a greater interest in the development of quartz mines, and many that had been abandoned are now being successfully operated. The Rosalia Mine in Riverside County, the mines of the Cook estate in Mariposa County, the Mammoth at Jacksonville, the Gwyn Mine in Calaveras County, the Boston, the Calaveras Consolidated on Carson Hill, the London and Pioneer Mines in Amador, the Mahoney at Sutter Creek, the Hardenburg near Jackson, and the Magalia in Butte County—these are some of the more famous of the old mines that have recently been re-opened with flattering prospects. It must also be remembered that the Utica, in Calaveras County, which in 1893 produced \$1,309,987, the Kennedy, in Amador, which produced \$662,729, and the North Star, in Nevada, which produced \$335,756, were all old

mines that have been re-opened and worked with adequate capital.

The depth of the vein that runs through these various mines has not yet been determined. Good paying ore has been obtained just below the surface and at a distance of 2,000 feet below the surface. The Hayden Hill mines in Lassen County, which have produced \$2,000,000, are down only 300 feet; the Princeton Mine in Mariposa is down 600 feet, and has produced \$4,000,000. On the other hand, the Idaho-Maryland Mine in the Grass Valley district is down 1,115 feet, and has yielded \$12,000,000; the North Star is down 2,400 feet, and the Utica has been successfully worked on the 1,000-foot level. There are shafts in Mariposa County 1,500 feet deep; in Amador there are several 2,000 feet deep, and the Eureka at Sutter Creek is 2,400 feet down.

In spite of the number of mines that are producing and have produced, there is a far greater number that are yet to be developed, and these in turn cover but a small part of the gold-bearing ledges of the State. In Placer County alone there are about two hundred miles of auriferous gravel channels that have never yet been worked. In this same belt the Hidden Treasure Mine has yielded \$150 per linear foot; the Mayflower, \$150; the Paragon, \$125 to \$300; and the Red Point, \$70. On the Forest Hill Divide, \$30,000,000 has already been taken out, and the richest channel ran \$1,000 per foot. Based on these figures, the value of two hundred miles of such property may be estimated, and the danger of the gold-fields being worked out will be seen to be very remote.

Whether California is to maintain its position in the lead among gold-producing States is a question for the future to decide. Certain it is that in this State, as well as in Colorado and the other gold-producing States of the West, there are vast stores of wealth ready to reward the capitalists who shall exploit them.

"Sosis," the well-known woman's club of New York, last week discussed the nice question whether women show the same persistency and fixedness of purpose in business pursuits as men. The question is important, for if it be answered in the negative, women will not hold their own against men, success being more frequently the fruit of persistency and fixedness of purpose than of brightness and genius. The people who most frequently "get there" are not always the smartest. Ultimate triumph is won by steady, persevering, unremitting effort.

Both sides of the question were ably argued. Mrs. Dr. Townsend made a good point—that boys go to college because they are sent, while girls go from choice. The former go through their classes as a matter of necessary routine; while, according to all college reports, the latter generally evince a real hunger and thirst for learning. Women are likely to carry into their business life the same persistency that they show at college. They have had to overcome untold obstacles to obtain the right to learn. They are not likely to show less resolution in turning their learning to account. Dr. Townsend predicted that in the twentieth century more young women would graduate from our colleges than young men. She was supported by a lady who thought that persistency was a peculiarly feminine virtue, and she noted the fact that it is the female mosquito which stings. Dr. Harriet Keatinge observed that women did not take to business of their own accord. It was forced on them, and the kind of business they adopted was not a matter of their choice, but of accident. She thought that the duties filled by women were discharged with a persistency and faithfulness entirely beyond the comprehension of men.

On the other hand, several ladies admitted with pain and sorrow that, in their opinion, women were not as persistent as men. Mrs. Adelyn Wesley Smith thought that woman's courtesy, gentleness, and refinement stood in the way of her becoming a rustler in business. Mrs. Taylor declared that business women were generally amateurs who wanted to conduct a millinery business on five-o'clock tea principles. Mrs. Denison thought that the business life of the average woman falls through when she meets her "soul-half." Mrs. Gertrude Tenney observed that women's lack of punctuality and conciseness were serious obstacles in the way of their success in business. This, however, was not so serious as the appearance of a man on the horizon of a woman worker's ambition. Mrs. Ball agreed that women workers regard their work as a temporary condition—a means of getting a livelihood till some one comes who places her in her true sphere, the home.

In summing up the debate, Mrs. Dr. Lozier observed that a woman is controlled by her heart, and that when she is young, that is to say, under twenty-five, she will not do her best work so long as she is looking for that man on the horizon. After that age, there is no natural reason why she should not pursue her business career as assiduously and as persistently as a man, and achieve equal success. Yet a

woman often realizes that business success sometimes leaves a woman's life desolate of all she cares most for.

It will occur to impartial observers that if women are not as persistent in business as men, it is because they regard business as a possible stepping-stone to something better and higher, while to a man it is the end and aim of existence. A man starts in life as lawyer, merchant, doctor, architect, clerk, or what not; if he be a serious person, all his soul is concentrated on the effort to succeed in his calling, and social life, political ambition, even love, are side-issues, because he sees no hope for future ease and comfort except by means of that calling. A woman, on the other hand, has always two strings to her bow. Success in the calling she has adopted means steady employment at remunerative pay, which probably increases with the years; but, until she grows too old to consider matrimony among the possibilities of life, she never loses sight of the chance that a man may pass her way whom she could love and who could make her a happy wife. Thus with her there is no concentration of potential energy on a single object, but always a withholding from her labors of a reserve force which is only called into play when the man appears on the horizon.

There are women whose toil is at least as unceasing as that of men—wives who get up early to light the fire and cook breakfast for themselves and their husbands, who dispatch the children to school with washed faces, hurry down to the desk where their business work is conducted, toil over figures all day, and when night falls, drag their weary legs home to cook the family dinner. Such women work as hard as men, and exhibit a persistency more enduring than the average man can boast of. But they are probably exceptions. The average shop-girl, saleswoman, milliner, type-writer, bookkeeper, or cashier of the female sex is often lacking in concentration and absorbing devotion to her work. Other concerns flit across her mind like light clouds skimming the surface of her sky. She thinks of her dress, and whether she can afford a new hat; of a girl with whom she is intimate, and whom she secretly hates; of a man whom she has met, and of what he said and what he meant; of a party to which she has been invited, and of the prospect of her having a good time there. For the moment these topics of thought divert her mind from the business in which she is engaged, and consume some share of her energy. A young man of the same age, unless he is a poor thing, never allows matters of the kind to intervene between him and his business; he is trained to consider them after business hours.

As a matter of theory, the accident of sex should not affect the persistency of the individual; but as a matter of practice, it often does. History mentions and we observe in daily life men who fixed a goal before them in their early youth, and who steadily aimed at that goal for years, through good fortune and evil fortune, until they attained it; women who have exhibited equal persistency are rare.

The San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad has now piled up subscriptions aggregating \$2,248,000. On this amount the subscribers have paid down ten per cent., have incorporated, have held a stockholders' meeting, and have elected directors. The next move will doubtless be the selection of a route.

The articles of incorporation simply say that a railroad shall be constructed to a point in Kern County, near Bakersfield, or beyond. No route is indicated. As a result, the various valley towns have been holding mass-meetings, passing resolutions, and voting "moral support"—but not much of anything else. Moral support, however, will not build railroads. It takes coin. Only three cities have as yet shown any disposition to boil down their moral support until some metallic sediment is left in the bottom of the pot. These three are Oakland, Stockton, and San José. Even these, however, seem to have strings on their subscriptions.

We should think that the new road would follow the method pursued by the Southern Pacific when it was building south from San Francisco. When it was made profitable for that road to go to Town Number One, it went there; but if Town Number Two bid higher, it went there instead. When neither town hid high enough, the railroad made a town of its own. This resulted in much bitterness from side-tracked Bahylons; but it was business. We believe the San Francisco and San Joaquin Railroad will find it advisable to follow a similar plan.

Another valuable method of procedure, in railroad building, is the maintenance of secrecy. When the Southern Pacific Railroad, in the year 1879, was being constructed through the San Joaquin Valley and Southern California, no one knew where it was going or what its terminus would be. Day after day, week after week, the road was pushed on through the dreary wastes of the San Joaquin Valley, across the Tehachapi Range, through the desert of the Mojave, with its skeleton cactus shrubs, the desert of the Colorado, the desert of the Trans-Colorado, and into Arizona. But as

the road went on and on, the terminus was ever beyond. At that time, even in Los Angeles County, it passed through miles of unfenced lands, with sheep feeding where people should live. Occasionally would he found a cottage home, with orchards around it, while across the fence, or ditch, or hedge, there would stretch a great, uncultivated domain belonging to the estate of the dead Workman, or the dead Stearns, or some other dead man who was rotting in a grave four by seven. The tying-up of these vast estates by dead hands has diminished since 1879, but we note a slight tendency toward its revival. We hope it will be forever prohibited by the law.

At the railroad front in those days there were two thousand men working at track-laying. The track was laid at the rate of ten miles per week, sometimes as much as two and a half miles per day. Most of the land through the San Joaquin Valley and the Mojave and Colorado Deserts is level and hard, requiring only the removal of chaparral and shrubs, and the smoothing down of small billows for the track. It was a curious scene to witness, this moving camp of railroad-builders in the desert, disciplined like an army, marching slowly eastward at the rate of ten miles a day, and leaving behind them an iron highway. There were two thousand men with their camps, their equipages, and their tools; great engines bearing trains heavily laden with ties, rails, straps, and spikes; a blacksmith-shop, a boarding-house, a company store—all of these establishments on wheels. There were the private cars of the superintendents of construction; great vans on wheels, piled with forage for the cattle; great tanks on wheels filled with water for the horses and men; great wagons bauling forward supplies; great plows with six horses; axemen cutting shrubs, and docile Chinamen with shovels pitching the sand in and out as cut and fill demanded. In advance, fifteen miles from the track, men were grading the road, and gangs with steam pile-drivers were building bridges and culverts of solid timbers. At the front, at each temporary terminal, there sprang up an ephemeral village, with saloons and boarding-houses, rum-shops, and gambling-hells. This caravan crossing the desert was a marvelous spectacle. It was a busy scene by day; it was a curious one by night, when sleep and silence covered the tired workers. The telegraph-pole and the electric-wire kept pace with the rail, and the temporary terminal talked every day with the home office in San Francisco. But no one knew where the road was going; no one knew where it would stop. When it was in the San Joaquin Valley it was not even known that it was going to Los Angeles. When it was in the Colorado Desert, speculation was rife as to whether it was going to Maricopa Wells, or to Tucson, or to join the Kansas system running to Topeka. Some wild and visionary people thought that it might even reach as far as the Gulf of Mexico.

But it went thousands instead of hundreds of miles, and now it is to be partly paralleled. The portion of its route to be paralleled is of course through the valley, but the exact route is not yet decided. We should imagine that the method which would most quickly tap the great interior valley would be for the San Francisco and San Joaquin to build south from a point at or near Stockton. This would bring the company's freight-cars to navigable water, and the water transportation from that point to San Francisco would be little more expensive than the transportation across San Francisco Bay. The chief item of expense is, of course, transportation. After this division of the road is in full operation, and possibly beginning to pay, there is plenty of time to continue the road from its San Joaquin terminus to Oakland—if such an extension is considered feasible and is made practicable by Oakland and Alameda County subscriptions. Then another extension could be made around the bay to San José—if such an extension is considered feasible and is made practicable by San José and Santa Clara County subscriptions. The road could be extended, on this plan, to various other interior points—when these interior points made it an object for the road to reach them, and extended inducements more solid and metallic than "moral support."

In short, this road is a business proposition. It will have to be run in a business way. There will doubtless be an outcry from disappointed interior cities that are left off the line. But they had better provide against that at this early day by seeing what they can "put up." This road is not going to be built on wind. If it were, its president, instead of being Claus Spreckels, would be Adolph Sutro.

In the debate on the bill for prohibiting the sale of cigarettes in California, Assemblyman Thomas declared that cigarettes had killed thousands, and had nearly killed him. We were at first inclined to think that the prohibition of cigarette-selling was a good thing, but since we have learned from Assemblyman Thomas of the deadly effects of cigarettes, we have changed our minds. Anything that increases the mortality among cigarette-smokers should not be prohibited. In time, it may kill them all off.

THE SIGN OF THE ARROW.

Calkins's Tale of Buried Treasure and an Insinuating Photographer.

The Amateur Photographer, the Naturalist, Calkins, and myself lounged on our blankets about the embers of the grease-wood camp-fire, silently enjoying an after-supper pipe. An owl hooted from the rocks near by.

"*Megascoptes Asiaticus*," 232. Bryant's schedule. \$3.00," remarked the Naturalist, who viewed nature from a purely commercial standpoint as an aggregate of catalogued specimens of more or less value in the scientific market. He was a sub-collector for the "Johnsonian."

"By the way, to-morrow I'll show you a blue-print of the —what was the name of the bird you got this morning?" inquired the Amateur Photographer.

"*Harporrhynchus Seconetii*," Bryant. 413. \$2.00," replied the Naturalist.

"Yes, I'd forgotten. That's it, I dare say. There was a curious thing about that picture. When I took the plate from the bath, I noticed a line down the bird's breast which I did not remember to have seen in the original when I propped him in position. At first I thought it must be some defect in the film, but there really was the line, plain enough, caused by a sort of thin, semi-bald streak through the feathers. It was so distinctly marked, I wondered that I hadn't seen it before. It merely goes to show how much more accurate in matter of detail a camera's eye is than one's own."

"I seen that illustrated once in a strikin' kind of way," said the hitherto silent Calkins, slowly tapping the upturned toes of his boots with his empty pipe-bowl, while he gazed into the fire in an absent-minded way, "and I'd have made my everlastin' stake out of the business I'm speakin' of if only my fool nature hadn't been too confidin'."

Calkins paused, and sighed deeply at this reminiscence of an injudicious trustfulness.

"The beginnin' of it all happened nigh on to twenty years ago," he resumed, in response to our request for the story, "one time when I'd been out prospectin' 'round about San Felipe, and was on my way in for more grub and powder and a new outfit of tools. It was a sizzlin' hot September afternoon, and I was takin' it kind of easy, havin' nothin' much to hurry me, and was joggin' along on my mule just fast enough to keep my pack-burro movin' on ahead of me. The sand was heavy and the sun bore down like a hot weight. You could just see the beat vibratin' up from the sand and rocks all about in quivery, dancin' lines, and 'way off, toward where the desert and the sky come together, was little patches of rock held up in the air by the mire-age. The trail I was travelin' run along the base of some steep, dirty-white lime-stone hills, all broke up and crumblin' from the weather, and as dry and bare as an ash-heap. They caught all the heat there was goin', and jammed it over at you, till you was near gaspin'."

"I was gazin' up in the air, shadin' my eyes the best I could, to find how much the sun had dropped since I'd looked last, when I see, 'way up above the trail, half a mile ahead, what at first sight—with my eyes bein' dazzled—I took for a little floatin' cloud. Then, next minute when I see it keep sailin' 'round in a circle, and each time it made a round droppin' a little lower, I knew it wa'n't no cloud, but a bird, just one of them big California vultures, nine feet from tip to tip of his wings, if he was an inch."

"Really, now," interrupted the Naturalist, with the deepest interest, "*Pseudogryphus Californianus*. 324. Belcher's schedule—rare—no price quoted."

"Maybe," said Calkins, in a tone of indulgence, though scarcely heeding the interruption. "He was a fine sight to see, I can tell you, sailin' 'round up there like he owned things in general and was out inspectin' his property. As I've said, he kept slowly droppin', each time he swung 'round, and each circle he made was narrower'n the last one. I knew from the way he carried on there was somethin' dead lying about on the line of the trail ahead of me. Then all to once, the pack-burro pricked her ears out forward, snorted, and crowded 'round back on the trail, and my mule got to tremblin' and come to a dead stop. I hollered to the jenny and headed her off, as she was stampedin' back the way we'd come, and when I'd got her cornered in among some rocks, I hitched her and the mule short up to a boulder and walked back to see what had scared 'em."

"I didn't wonder they was rattled when I seen what it was. There, lying sprawled out on his back across the trail, shot through the head, was a man with his face turned up to the sun, his lips all turned blue, and drawn back from what teeth he had, and his eyes all glazed and starin'. One arm was bent under him, and the other stretched out straight, with the fingers bent in a clutch, like a hawk's claw. He must have been lyin' there stone-dead for a week, just shrinkin' and dryin' up in the sun, like all dead things do, out on the desert."

"I see just in a minute who the man was lyin' there, he bavin' been pretty well known in them parts, and havin' a scarred, scowlin' kind of face, which you didn't need to see more'n once to recollect it. Him and his brother'd lived for the past five years up in among the *piñon* timber, way back on the upper slope of the same range of hills, alongside of which I was travelin', and there wa'n't but few men between the Colorado and White Water as could speak of 'em even without gettin' mad clean through, though they didn't care much to meddle with 'em really, bein' mostly just good long-distance talkers. One brother'd been killed the spring before, while actin' sort of fresh at an Indian *fiesta*, and now here was the other one laid out, too. There'd been somethin' of a mystery about them two brothers, but more 'specially about the four or five men, who'd gone up, different times, near their cabin, and never'd been afterwards anyways heard from. Then, too, there'd been considerable conjecturin' as to them brothers bein' the ones what had got clean off with a good many express-boxes and mail-sacks from the desert stage-lines, and if they

was, as to what they'd ever done with the coin and bullion they must have collected. They never was known to spend nothin', and so it was generally allowed they must have it all on hand cached somewheres."

"Havin' all these ideas runnin' through my head, and bein', though you mightn't think it, naturally curious-minded, and willin' to take no end of trouble to find out about things, no matter how triflin', which I didn't know and took interest in, as I stood there with the shadow of the vulture movin' like a little cloud over the sand—he not seemin' half so much scared at me bein' there as I'd been expectin', and sort of wished he had—I got to ponderin' and plannin'."

"Why not," says I to myself, 'go on up to the cabin among the *piñons*, and examine into things up there, now there's nobody to hinder?'

"The trail to the cabin joined the one I was travelin', not more'n a mile beyond, and from there on it wa'n't more'n five miles more, up into the *piñons*; pretty steep, rough climbin' to be sure—so I'd heard tell—but an easy trail to keep, and a sure thing for fair feed and water enough for stock when you'd got to the cabin."

"Havin' concluded I'd make the trip, I didn't waste no time in startin', and, by hustlin' along pretty lively, I managed to round-up at the cabin a little after sundown. It seemed a gloomy kind of place to stop at, lookin' a long ways dismal than the bare, hot sand and rocks of the desert down below. Nothing all round but a low, scatterin' growth of scrubby *piñons*, just thick enough to shut out the view any way you'd look. There was a low, two-roomed cabin, with the mud all droppin' out of the chinks and the bark peelin' off the logs; a brush shed for stock and a little shake granary, with a warped door hangin' askew on one leather hinge."

"Havin' unsaddled, and taken off the pack, and turned the animals loose to pick up what feed they could, I didn't wait to get supper, but started right in inspectin' the premises. There was a room in each end of the cabin, with an open space between 'em, just covered in from the weather by the roof, and some shakes nailed up across the north side to keep out the worst of the wind. Here the only furnishin' was a three-legged stool, an old saddle-tree and a stirrup-leather hung up on pegs, a broken piece of lookin'-glass, and a ragged, moth-eaten coyote skin tacked on the wall. I picked up a candle-end and went in next to the room they'd used for a kitchen, and commenced carefully investigatin', all nerved up to strike anything from bones to bullion. It didn't take me long though to finish up in there, seein' nothin' aside from a lot of dirt and old meat cans, but a table, a bench, and a few greasy-lookin' cookin' things blackened by the fire. Then I tried the bunk-room opposite, but found nothing there but some ragged beddin' in the bunks, two broken-down chairs, and a dirty corner-shelf, on which was an empty bottle with a candle stuck in it, an old bone comb, and a grimy pack of cards."

"I was gettin' discouraged, and tired, and hungry, and was just leavin' to start up a fire and get supper, when I lowered my candle to look under the bunks, as a sort of finishin' up for the night of my examination, and there, under one of 'em, I see a big board box, painted red and bound with rusty hoop-iron. Then I forgot all about eatin', and my curiosity got to workin' right away. I set the candle down on the floor, and, after considerable tuggin', got the box slid out to where I could get at it. The lock was gone all but the hasp, and the lid was only fastened down with a hair-rope lasbin'. I unbitched that in just no time at all, and took off the top of the box, bein' all of a tremble with excitement."

"At first sight of the contents I was considerable disappointed. Aside from some rusty iron junk in the bottom of the box, there was just a lot of old flannel shirts and a faded canvas coat wrapped 'round a five-pound bakin'-powder can. Inside the can there was a piece of *rancheria*-tanned buckskin, done up in a roll. I was puttin' this back again, feelin' discouraged all through, when I see there was some blurry lines and letters drawn on it in ink, and I unrolled it near the candle to have a better look. It was meant for a map plain enough, but of what, first along, I couldn't make out. There was a zig-zaggy shaded line meant to represent hills, with a 'T' at one end of 'em, and 'W W' at the other, and underneath this was a drawin' of what I made out to be a big rock with an arrow marked on it, with the head pointin' down, and the figures '9'—'3'. That was all, exceptin' a little red-ink cross marked up in a deep *rincon* in the hills. I quit looking out for anything else that night, and after I'd got supper, put in my time puzzlin' away at the meanin' of the map, and went to sleep still puzzlin'."

"In the mornin', first thing, I started in again, and then, in a flash, the whole thing come to me. Everything seemed so plain, I just wondered then I hadn't seen it all at first sight. 'T' was Torros Station, and 'W W,' White Water, and the crooked, shaded line was the hills borderin' on the desert, between the two places. I'd known the whole country thereabouts for years, and recognized every little bend and corner in the hills where they'd tried to set 'em out on the map. Then I see the little red cross was just meant to locate the rock, with the arrow and the figures marked on it. Now I was on the right trail, it didn't take me long to work it all out. I seen the whole scheme and the idea of the map, and the blood just rusbed to my head as I took it all in. Under that there rock was the coin and bullion which folks had been conjecturin' about. '9' meant nine feet out from where the arrow pointed down, and '3' meant three feet deep in the ground. That was where the plunder was."

"Well, as you can easy understand, I didn't waste much time when once I'd struck this lead in startin' in to realize, and I went stumblin' down that trail from the cabin at a gait which astonished the mule and worried the jenny considerable. But findin' treasure on a map and locatin' it on the ground, I soon see was two very different things. I'd worked out the first proposition all right enough, but when I'd tackled the second, I found I had a bigger contract on my hands

than I'd been calculatin' on. I hadn't no trouble in hittin' on the *rincon*, marked by the red-ink cross; but there was ledges and rocky bluffs for miles each way, and though I put in a week huntin' for that big rock with the sign of the arrow, I wa'n't any wiser when I quit than when I started in, and at last I give up beat and went in off the desert for the winter."

"Now, though I'd give up, it was only for the time bein', and I still kept the map with me wherever I went, meanin' some day to go back; but one thing after another kept comin' up to hinder, and it was nigh on to three years before ever I set foot in that *rincon* again."

"My next trip there come about this way. Early one May afternoon, I got into the White Water Station and found a fat man, with a long curly beard and a sociable sort of way with him, monkeyin' with some little rolled-up papers just outside the brush-porch in front. He said they was photographs he was dryin' off, he bein' a professional, bired—so he claimed—by some concern to make pictures of anything remarkable he run against down in that country. He wa'n't no ways particular what he photographed—so it looked to me—for he made a point of takin' a picture of me and my mule and the burro quick as we'd got in, and that led up to our gettin' tolerable friendly right away."

"He begun spreadin' out his pictures, and I stood by talkin' and lookin' 'em over kind of careless like, till he give me one of a big palm-tree, growin' just in front of a steep, rocky bluff. Then I stopped short in the middle of what I was sayin', and for a minute couldn't speak, I was so dumb-founded, for on that rock in the picture, standin' out plain among the cleavage lines, was the figure of an arrow pointin' to the ground."

"I give a gasp, and the photo-grapher looked up surprised, inquiren' what the matter was. When I asked him, he described the place where he took the picture the best way he could, and before ever he'd got half through, I see plain enough he was speakin' of the *rincon* marked by the little red-ink cross on the map. I must have been by that same ledge at least half a dozen times, without ever seein' the arrow, bein' as it was so all mixed up with the weather cracks, and crisscross lines on the rocks. I pointed out the arrow, which he'd no notion of bein' there till I showed it to him, and then he seemed pretty near as much surprised as I was, and asked no end of questions about what I knew bearin' on the subject."

"Bein' sort of unstrung with excitement, and he seemin' terrible friendly and interested, and the sort of man generally you could tie to and trust in, and me bein' naturally, perhaps, overconfidin', I started right in and give him the whole business, windin' up by showin' him the map. Finally it come to this: he agreed to take me 'round to the rocks in the mornin' early, in a light pole-buckboard he was travelin' about the country in—it bein' a trip of only ten or twelve miles from where we was talkin'—and we was to divide even up what we found there, we both of us allowin' there'd ought to be, from all accounts, more'n enough for two."

"I was up before daylight—the moon just goin' down—potterin' 'round to get things ready for an early start, and was some surprised not to find the photo-grapher's sorrel team tied up alongside my mule, when I went into the stable shed to feed him, where I'd seem 'em night before. Then I noticed, with a sort of misgivin', that there wa'n't no sign of the buckboard, which I'd last seen standin' out in front. Pretty quick the hostler come out, rubbin' his eyes and pickin' out straws from his hair, and when I asked about the sorrels and the buckboard, he said the photo-grapher'd hitched up and pulled out night before just after I'd turned in."

"Well, of course, I seen then right away how it was. That fat, sociable photo-graphin' scut had just gone off on the quiet to rake in the plunder for himself, not wantin' no dividin' when he'd struck a good thing."

"Naturally I saddled up right away, and went off on a lope, bopin' to strike the *rincon* before he'd got away, and try 'n make his stay there interestin' for him; but he had too much the start, and when at last I got to the rock with the palm-tree in front, there was the sign of the arrow plain enough, and I knew where to look, but notbin' else left of what I'd been plannin' and dreamin' about for all them years but a new hole in the ground, two stove-in express-boxes, and a dull-colored twenty lyin' on the new-dug dirt, where he'd dropped and overlooked it in his hurry to make his clean-up and get well away."

"I was so sort of worked up, and deathly disappointed, and mad all through, that when a little dickey-bird roostin' on some brush near the palm commenced warblin' like he was celebratin' my being done up that way—"

"Doubtless *Melospiza Fasciata Fallax*. 19. Lehman. 35 cents," interposed the Naturalist.

"Like enough," continued Calkins. "Well, his warblin' riled me that much that before I'd thought—havin' nothin' else handy—I'd hove the twenty at him, and couldn't find it afterwards."

"I made inquiries for that insinuat' photo-grapher, longin' to see him again, if only for just once, but I never learned nothin' more about him or the treasure."

"That's my story, gen'l'men," concluded Calkins, rising. "It's getting late, and I reckon I'll turn in."

EDMUND STUART ROCHE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1895.

The Sunday New York *World* was guilty of a grewsome piece of flippancy when they put the society sheet of their paper in mourning for the late Ward McAllister and began the article with a sketch of his life; then used for a heading to the next column, which was composed of an account of the various functions of the week: "Among the remaining 399."

With this wildly humorous rider does an English paper close an article on Félix Faure: "Therefore, let the new president be strong with the Faure-titude of his surname and fortunate with the Felicity of his Christian name."

LIVING TRILBY PICTURES.

New York Rushes to See Society Dames in Reproductions of Du Maurier's Drawings—The French Ball—Dr. Parkhurst in a Box Inspires Terror.

The vogue of "Trilby" continues to an extent which is most remarkable. Although many months have passed since the novel came out, the Trilby pictures which took place the past week brought a crush of people to Sherry's. The entertainments took place last Saturday afternoon and evening, and was entitled "Songs and Scenes from 'Trilby.'" It consisted of a series of reproductions of the illustrations in Du Maurier's book. It was not known who was to impersonate Trilby, but it leaked out a day or two before the entertainment that it was to be Mrs. Eric Pape, the wife of the well-known artist. The requirements for Trilby were that she should be "wistful and sweet," the possessor of "twin gray eyes," "bronze hair," and to be at least five feet ten inches high. Naturally there was much speculation as to who should fill the rôle, and the spectators, as a whole, did not discover the lady's identity until the picture called in the hook "It was Trilby" was put upon the stage. The sale of seats had to be suspended at both the afternoon and evening performances, such was the crush. Much to the regret of the lady patronesses, thousands of discomfited pleasure-seekers were turned away, like the Greeks, with their gifts in their hands. Several thousand dollars was netted for the New York Kindergarten Association.

There were twelve numbers on the programme, beginning with "The Three Musketeers of the Brush." This tableau was accompanied by Trilby's yodel of "Milk Below!" Then came the familiar picture of the Laird, Taffy, and Little Billee, arm in arm, taking a stroll. With this tableau, "Ben Bolt" was sung. Next came the picture of Trilby in her old uniform coat and big slippers. This was followed by "Svengali." After that came a chorus of male voices giving "Malhrouck s'en va-t'en guerre." This was followed by the scene with Little Billee and the two soldiers, Dodor and Zouzou. It was the picture where Little Billee is strolling on Sunday through the Luxembourg Gardens, his two French friends on either arm, with Zouzou repeating his only English phrase: "I will not, I will not." The uniforms of the two French soldiers were brilliant and handsome, and the picture was accurately reproduced. The next was the scene between Trilby and Little Billee—"Answer me, Trilby." Then came the scene, "All as it used to be"—the lively company in the studio on a Sunday afternoon, with Little Billee in the foreground, looking into Trilby's "twin gray stars." Next was the scene between Svengali and Trilby, representing him kneeling before her after he had told her that she was his goddess, and when he was saying to her, "Et maintenant, dors, ma mignonne." The last was the picture entitled "It was Trilby"—the scene where the Three Musketeers of the Brush recognize her as she appeared in the Salle des Bashibazouks. This is the picture that is used as the frontispiece of the book. Trilby appears clad in a gown of cloth of gold, with her arms and shoulders bare; a gold coronet of stars is on her head, and she is inclining her head toward the imperial hox. In addition to the music I have mentioned, there was given "Ouvre ta porte pour l'amour de Dieu," "The Nightingale's First Song," and Chopin's impromptu.

The people were so anxious to see the pictures that in the rear of the hall they stood up on the seats in order to gaze over the tops of the huge hats which the ladies wore in the front of the hall. Among the humors of the evening, Mr. Robert Reed, who took the part of Svengali, so arranged his whiskers in the first tableau that when he appeared some one muttered, in an undertone, "Dr. Parkhurst," and a giggle went round the room. In the next scene, however, Mr. Reed remodeled his whiskers, and the resemblance to the reformer disappeared.

The rage for Trilby pictures is by no means confined to society circles, strictly speaking. Mr. Ed. E. Rice, of the Garden Theatre, has decided to give them also. For some time now he has been giving "living pictures" with great success, first in the burlesque of "1492," and then in "Little Christopher Columbus," which is still running. His pictures have most of them been composed of more or less undraped females, and they have caused considerable discussion. But Mr. Rice, who is nothing if not up to date, has conceived the idea of presenting Trilby pictures, at which there can be no moral cavil. So he advertised a few days ago as follows:

"WANTED AT THE GARDEN THEATRE.—Ladies who think themselves fitted by nature to impersonate Trilby in the living pictures, can apply daily at 11 A. M. to Mr. Rice at the Garden Theatre stage-door, Twenty-Seventh Street."

The day after the advertisement appeared there was a long line of women standing at the stage-door of the Garden Theatre—fat women, thin women, short women, tall women, old women, young women. There were one hundred and fifty-one applicants by the time that Mr. Rice gave it up, and decided to go to luncheon. This means that there were one hundred and fifty disappointed women in the line who thought that they looked like Trilby.

Apocryphos of the Trilby pictures, it is not to be forgotten that the novel itself is shortly to be put upon the stage as a play. Whether the play is a good one or not, it will be sure to draw large audiences. The person who is to take the rôle of Little Billee in the play is Harry Woodruff. Harry Woodruff is an actor of "hoy rôles," who looks much younger than he is. He is a handsome little chap, with blue eyes, fair skin, and curly blonde hair, and he is a great favorite with the ladies. He is the actor of whom it was said, some two years ago, that Miss Anna Gould had become enamored, and that her family had decided to educate him for the law in order to fit him to be the husband of a Gould. But while Mr. Woodruff was engaged in studying law, his lady-love, Miss Gould, was engaged in falling in love, which she respectively did, with Mr. Harriman, the

stock-broker, Count de Talleyrand-Perigord, Prince Louis of Battenburg, and the Count de Castellane. The last is now the first. When the rumors of these rival suitors reached the dim and cloistered precincts of his law school, Mr. Woodruff came to the conclusion that he wasn't in it, gave up his study of the law, and returned to the stage. He will create the character of Little Billee in Paul Potter's dramatization of "Trilby," which is to be produced in Boston next month.

The first of the big masked balls, which took place last night, is what is usually known as the "French Ball." It is given by an association called the "Cercle Français de l'Harmonie," which is purely for profit, and the ball is managed on a strict business basis. The managers keep things lively by hiring professional dancers. Last night, for example, there were professional dancers in eight different quadrille sets on the floor. Those who have been in Paris will remember that at such places as the Moulin Rouge and the Casino de Paris, the high-kickers are scattered around the floor in different quadrille sets. This prevents the crowd from becoming too thick at specified points. The men who watch over the affairs of the establishment look to it that the women earn their money, and occasionally when they see a woman who is not kicking high enough, one of these fellows will make a signal to her, or if the crowd is too dense in one part of the hall and too thin in another a quadrille set will suddenly melt away and be resumed in the thin place on the floor. These tactics have of late years been put into effect by the managers of the French ball here. It was rumored before the ball that there would be a number of attempts made to suppress over-accentuated revelry. For example, it was whispered that a hody of female reformers were going to attend the hall in dominoes, and take notes for the purpose of arresting men who were guilty of impropriety. An anonymous letter came to the managers stating that twenty Christian young men would be on hand to watch things, and that all women caught drinking without escorts would be arrested. On the whole, there was a general idea that Dr. Parkhurst's agents would be all over the place, and, in fact, one man, made up as Dr. Parkhurst, seated himself in a box, and gazed solemnly forth upon the assemblage. He struck horror to the hearts of every one upon the floor until he suddenly removed his whiskers. It was the same old hall, with the same old jokes, the same drinking, the same girls in tights, the same girls in short skirts, the same high-kicking, the same fairies handed down from the boxes to the floor upside down, and the same horror when a man was thrown out from an upper box and was discovered to be only stuffed. As to the ladies in tights, if there were rumors of reformers, they evidently had not heard of it, for their display was more generous than it ever was before.

It is a long time since there has been seen in New York upon the streets such a number of dramatic and operatic celebrities as to-day. For example, there are in the city at present Lilly Langtry, Sibyl Sanderson, Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, Sofia Scalchi, Nellie Melba, Zélie de Lussan, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Jean de Reszké, Edouard de Reszké, Pol Plançon, Tamagno, and Beerbohm Tree. They are an unusually interesting lot of people, and they are stared at and gossiped about a great deal. Miss Sanderson is to be seen frequently, occasionally with Mr. Terry. It is rumored that she is much nettled at the fact that he gave a supper to Mrs. Langtry. Miss Sanderson is the most gazed at of the professional stars here at present. She has the smallest waist, the highest hat, and the tiniest feet of any of them, and the women all stare her out of countenance whenever they see her. Emma Eames-Story generally appears in a very simple tailor-made gown, sable muff, and round, dark hat. Mrs. Kendal goes forth muffled in shawls, rugs, mittens, muffs, and goloshes, and looks like a grand-mamma. Among the men, the two De Reszkés attract much attention, and if they stop to look into a shop window they are at once surrounded by a circle of women.

Recurring to the cult with which this letter began, the Trilby craze, it has reached such a point that nearly all the New York artists say that life to them is becoming a burden. Such men as William M. Chase, Maurice de Haas, William H. Beard, and a lot of other artists, say that they are inundated with women who want to pose for Trilby. As one of them said: "Every woman does not believe that she has a pretty face, but every woman believes that she has a pretty foot." And they all bring their feet with them. One of these artists said that he was so heset by women who wanted to be painted as Trilby that he had hit upon a desperate expedient. Whenever they came, after some parley, he would apparently yield and say:

"Yes, I will paint you as Trilby."

"When can I sit?" would be the next question.

"At once," he replies.

"Oh, dear!" pouts the potential Trilby, "I have brought no costume with me."

"But," replies the artist, in a matter-of-fact way, "you won't need any."

"What!" exclaims the astounded poseuse, "you don't mean that you will paint me in this dress?"

"Not at all," replies the artist, imperturbably. "Trilby, if you will remember, was a young woman who did not bother much about costume, and if you will remember again, she was in the habit of posing for what she called the *altogether*, so that you will need no costume—except that which nature has given you. This remark," concluded the artist, "invariably fetches them. They make a holt for the door, and I never see them again."

NEW YORK, February 12, 1895.

The statement, first printed in New York, and immediately telegraphed all over the country, that a New York florist had a contract with W. W. Astor by which he was to supply during a year forty thousand dollars' worth of flowers for the late Mrs. Astor's grave, has been traced to the florist himself, who confesses that it is utterly untrue.

FRANCE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Who Félix Faure Is and What he has Done—He was a Dark Horse in the Race—His Humble Origin, his Personal Characteristics, and his Family.

Last summer but one I was driving along the Boulevard Maritime, at Havre, with some friends.

"Whose house is that?" I asked, pointing to a brand-new edifice which seemed to have been built to withstand a siege or the utmost fury of the elements, so solid its masonry, so unusually large and massive the huge blocks of stone of which its hasement was composed.

"Oh, that is Félix Faure's new house," was the reply.

I hardly gave the matter a second thought. I vaguely knew that Félix Faure represented one of the *arrondissements* of Havre, and that his name occurred every now and again in the Parliamentary reports. When the late cabinet was instituted, the fact that Faure had accepted the portfolio of the Marine seemed of very little political consequence. But when his name was published last week as a candidate to the presidency, left vacant by the desertion of M. Casimir-Périer, one suddenly became aware that he was a man to be reckoned with in future.

Personally he does not cut a had figure in the state chariot. He is tall, well made, good looking, with decided features, a high, though somewhat receding brow, the sparse white hair grows thin on the temples, heavy fair mustache streaked with gray, which entirely conceals the mouth, and rounded, well-modeled, shaven chin. A good point, he dresses extremely well, wears his clothes with a graceful, gentlemanly ease, rather surprising in one who has worn the leathern apron and wooden shoes of a working tanner. In his counting-house at Havre, there hangs—or there hung there yesterday, for I believe it has been taken down and locked away by his partners in the concern, who fear the indiscretion of some lurking camera—the photo of a youth of seventeen or eighteen, wearing such an apron and such shoes; the bare, hawny arms of the youth are crossed over his apron, the sleeves of his checked shirt being rolled up over the elbows. Ashamed of his origin? Not he.

The fact that Félix Faure has "handed," "fleshed," and "curried" hides in *propria persona* is considered by the working population an immense point in his favor. For Félix Faure has risen from the working classes. His father exercised the trade of an upholsterer, his specialty being arm-chairs, and at the time when little Félix was born he was a humble tradesman on the Fauhourg St. Denis, selling the chairs he and his wife and a couple of hands manufactured on the premises. They had only one child, and they made up their minds to give him the best education they could. So, after he had learned to read and write in a small school in the neighborhood, they sent him to a commercial school at Jory, where he remained several years, and afterward to England to learn the language and otherwise prepare him for a business life. The two years in England had a marked influence on his character and outward bearing; when he returned he was a well-set-up, manly fellow, with ideas far advanced over those of an ordinary artisan of the St. Denis Faubourg. No false pride, however; having apprenticed himself to a tanner at Amboise, in Touraine, he donned the leathern apron like his fellows in working hours, exchanging it when off duty for a well-cut suit, which he wore like a gentleman and which enabled him to cut no ill figure in the middle-class society of the town—rather exceptional conduct for a French apprentice or artisan. Almost from the first, Mayor Guinot's house was open to him, and it was there he met his future wife, the mayor's niece. She had a bit of money of her own, and, after their marriage, they went to live at Havre, where Félix obtained employment with an importer of hides and wool—a M. Amelin. Shortly afterward he and another employee of Amelin's set up business for themselves on a capital of five thousand dollars—the property of the chief partner in the new firm—as Van Houten & Faure. Their business prospered fairly. Van Houten retired a few years later, and Faure took another partner. Still it was uphill work, and our hero can not be said to have finally wooed and won the jade Fortune until well on in the eighties. Even now he is by no means very wealthy, for over and above his share in the thriving firm of Faure & Cie., his fortune does not amount to more than two hundred thousand dollars.

When the Franco-German War broke out, Faure held the post of *adjoint* of the mayor, having passed successfully through the preliminary stage of municipal councillor. An expedition to England to purchase Remington rifles brought him to the notice of Gambetta, who sent him back to get more. At the head of the Havre Fire Brigade he helped to extinguish the conflagrations of the Commune; this earned him the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Finally, in 1878, he was elected deputy by the people of Havre—you know the rest.

If report speaks true, M. Félix Faure is by no means insensible to feminine charms, and there was a time, not so long ago, when his friends at Havre called him "Le Beau Séducteur" and "Félix the Irresistible."

Strange to say, men of this stamp are generally much beloved by their female relatives, and certainly this is the case with the new president. Mme. Faure certainly looks like a happy woman, and her two daughters absolutely idolize their father. They are highly accomplished young women both, and Mlle. Lucie, the elder of the two, has often acted as her father's secretary. The other sister, some two or three years ago, became the wife of M. René Berge, a civil engineer, who owns a fine château at St. Romain, in the outskirts of Havre, where the whole family is in the habit of spending part of the summer months in quite patriarchal fashion. René Berge gets on splendidly with his father-in-law, and he and his wife will have a suite of apartments at the Palace of the Elysées.

PARIS, January 23, 1895.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We suggest to the park commissioners that they set fire to the shabby structures still standing from the Midwinter Fair, burn them and the remaining rubbish, and thus purify the park. The owners of this rubbish have had every possible indulgence granted them, but still this mass of trash defiles the city's great garden. The owners have been repeatedly notified to remove this stuff; they have failed to do so; they have no rights in this matter, as they are now trespassing upon public property. Let the park commissioners burn the ruins and clear the park.

The bill which has just been passed by the assembly at Sacramento, making it "unlawful for any person or persons visiting any place of public amusement to wear hats, bonnets, hoods, or other head-gear during the hours of the performance," is in our opinion a mistake. It is in the nature of sumptuary legislation, and laws attempting to regulate matters of apparel have always failed. The bill should have been couched in such form as to prevent the obstruction of the view of any spectator at a place of public amusement—without specifying whether such obstruction consisted of a column, an umbrella, a banner, or a woman with a big hat. Then the burden of maintaining the spectator's view unobstructed should be thrown on the managers by making them return the money of any person whose view was cut off. They would speedily refuse to admit persons carrying view-obstructing devices, whether hats, umbrellas, or banners. The solemn predictions of some of our contemporaries that such a law "could never be carried out" are rather amusing in the light of the fact that such a law is carried out in nearly all the large cities of Europe. It is as impossible for a woman to occupy an orchestra stall in a London or Paris opera-house wearing a hat, as it would be for her to do so carrying an open umbrella.

In the California legislature, Senator Linder has introduced a bill which we hope will pass. It is an amendment to Section 12, Article II., of the State constitution. It provides for a double tax upon the liquor traffic by establishing a uniform and compulsory State tax, and grants to cities and counties not only the absolute right to exact another tax, but the right to suppress or abolish the liquor traffic whenever and wherever they please; under the amendment, every liquor-dealer must obtain a State license at the rate of six hundred dollars a year, payable to the State treasurer; but this does not prevent cities and counties from also collecting a license tax from the liquor-dealers. Would that this bill could pass. It would seem too good to be true. But if the people of this State were to make it a part of their organic law, California, which is now almost a paradise, would become entirely one. The number of liquor-dealers would diminish; hence, crime would diminish; the remaining liquor-dealers would be forced to carry most of the tax burdens of the community; the tax rate—city, county, and State—would fall; nevertheless, the State revenues would increase; county roads would be improved; State highways could be constructed; cities like San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Sacramento, and San José would have pavements like Paris—and all at the expense of the liquor-dealers. Let us hope that the bill may become a law.

The street-car strike in Brooklyn lasted thirty-four days, and has cost, in one way or another, over two millions of dollars, a large portion of which represents wages which the strikers lost. Five thousand men threw up their jobs, tore up car-tracks, interrupted travel, stoned policemen, maltreated non-union men, and cut telegraph, telephone, and trolley wires; they are now out of work; other men have taken their places, and the car-lines are running as usual. Meanwhile, Brooklyn spent a month in the midst of riot and alarm.

There probably never was a more apt illustration of the folly of an attempt to direct affairs by the most ignorant and reckless members of the community. The strike was ordered by District Assembly No. 75 of the Knights of Labor. The occasion was most unpropitious. New York was full of unemployed men ready to take the places of the workmen who threw up their jobs. The strikers had no real grievance; they were getting wages twice as large as able-bodied men were willing to work for. Their idea was that they could disrupt travel in the second largest city in the Union, and compel the people of Brooklyn to walk to and from their business until the strikers' demands were complied with. Their methods were as absurd as their plan was silly. Their only weapon was violence, and it was directed against the constituted authorities of a State which has an army at its command. Could there be a more glaring example of fatuity?

Now comes the punishment. Five thousand men, many of them with families, are out of work in the middle of a rigorous New York winter. Neither they nor their families will be allowed to starve; but the bread of charity has a bitter taste in the mouth. In the meantime, they will be confronted with the alternative of seeking work in other cities, which they can not reach for want of money to pay railroad fares, or of applying to employers at home, with the knowledge that their names are on the black list.

An example of similar folly, followed by similar retribution, is presented in the neighboring city of Oakland. The bulk of its working people are, or have been, in the employ of the railroad. Last June they were fairly well-to-do; getting good wages, which were certain, and living within their means. They allowed the knave Debs and his fellow-agitators to induce them to strike, and for three weeks they stopped travel between the cities of California and the East, dislocated business, seized property, and inflicted heavy losses on the railroad company and the merchants. They

probably would not have persevered so long in their insensate course but for the encouragement they received from reckless and sensational papers in this city; but this is neither here nor there. The strike came to an end, as all strikes do; it is now seven months since it was put down. But Oakland is full of impoverished people. Much of the working class there is penniless. Some of them have got their jobs back. Others have not. But both classes are over head and ears in debt. Every cent they earn now, beyond the cost of bare living, goes to their creditors. It is reckoned that they will not be out of debt till a year at least has elapsed. This forced indebtedness has crippled the retail dealers whose capital is locked up in small sums advanced in the shape of goods to the ex-strikers; and these store-keepers, though perfectly solvent, are unable to pay their bills to the merchants. Thus the pauperism caused by the strike permeates every class in society. Will the experience prove a lesson for the future?

A PAINTER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Rudolf Lehmann's "An Artist's Reminiscences"—Student Life in Paris and Rome—Anecdotes of Famous Men and Women whom he Knew.

Among the British artists who have followed Du Maurier's example in temporarily laying aside their pencils for the writer's pen is Rudolf Lehmann, whose memoirs, "An Artist's Reminiscences," have recently been published in London (Smith, Elder & Co.). The son of an artist, born in Ottensen, a little Holstein village near Hamburg, he had had a couple of years of Paris with his artist brother Henry before he was eighteen. A little later he spent several years in Rome, where he witnessed the bright opening of the long reign of Pio Nono. He was also present in Paris at the Revolution of 1848. Both he and his brother shouldered their muskets as *gardes*. In 1861 he married in London, though he spent the first five years of his wedded life in Rome; so that it was not until he was in his forty-seventh year that he really settled in England, having had a picture in the Paris Salon as much as four-and-twenty years before.

It is all but sixty years since Mr. Lehmann, then a youth of sixteen, left Hamburg to join his elder brother in Paris. With the exception of writing some poetry, which obtained honorable mention from Heine, he had, up to this time, shown no leaning to the fine arts. His father tried to teach him the violin; the son took the notes too low. The father affirmed that this was "sheer laziness, but would not allow that taking them too high was a laudable excess of zeal." The father, a successful miniature-painter, set him to draw from the cast of Niobe; the son found the task tedious, and, having clothed Niobe in his father's dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and added to these the paternal pipe and spectacles, thought the claims of art satisfied.

In Paris, Mr. Lehmann studied art in earnest. Of his art-student life in Paris we quote the following graphic note: "For one who, like me, had so recently left the quiet family home and the stern Johanneum school, the ways of the *rapins* (the French art-students), the *charges* (tricks) with which they used to barass newcomers and force them to regale their older comrades, the incessant *blague* (guying) of a few bold members with the gift of the gab, were irksome enough. But above all I was shocked at the loose, immoral tone that pervaded everything and everybody, and seemed the rule, not the exception. As an instance, I may quote that one of the nude female models being the mistress of one of my fellow-students, they used to arrive and leave arm in arm like an honest bourgeois married couple, nobody remarking it. I used to lunch without leaving the atelier on two sous' worth of fried potatoes, bought, wrapped in paper, in passing the Pont-neuf, a penny loaf, and two sous' worth of *crème* from the *laitière* at the corner.

His outlook at two-and-twenty, when in lodgings in Rome, was gloomy enough. He says:

A small stipend from a fund, the bequest of a Hamburg millionaire for needy art-students, which I had enjoyed for two years, had come to an end. Our home had been laid in ashes in the recent Hamburg conflagration. My father, whose income was chiefly derived from his drawing-lessons and miniature portraits, wrote that his duty toward his other children would not allow him to assist me any longer in Rome. But "the darkest hour precedes the dawn," my brother, who had returned from Rome to proceed to a Flaggellation, a government commission for a church in Boulogne, had accompanied his very successfully finished work to Paris, where it was to be exhibited in the approaching annual Salon, and had taken my picture with him. His first letter now announced that it had been passed by the jury, a second that it was well hung and remarked upon by the public and the press, and the third that it was sold and had been awarded a gold medal.

The painter truly remarks it is difficult to overestimate the importance of a first sale of any work in the career of a young artist. "Until that takes place, his family and friends, if they consent at all to sit to him for their portraits, consider it a charity, and if he offers them his work as a present, accept it as a testimony or favor to oblige him." From the moment of his first success, he becomes another man.

Other gold medals were soon awarded him for work in the Paris Salon; Adelaide Ristori—he knew her first when, a genius and a beauty of eighteen, she was the heroine of the whole repertoire of the Metastasio Theatre, and lived in its attic in good-natured poverty with a herd of young brothers and sisters—sat to him for a model of the Madonna, and the great Ary Scheffer wrote him a letter of high commendation. Even before this time Lehmann had become acquainted, thanks to an aunt who had a much-frequented salon in Paris, with very interesting persons of great eminence in the musical and literary worlds, such as Meyerbeer, Liszt, Chopin, Humboldt, and Heine. The appearance of most of them is described with an artist's skill. For example:

Chopin was of almost diaphanous aerial appearance. His finely cut features, with a rather prominent nose, were crowned by an abundant crop of fair curls. His body, too thin and flexible, foreshadowed the cruel disease which carried him away in the prime of life. He would readily play the piano in an intimate circle, when his fingers barely seemed to touch the keys, producing that dreamy fairy music so characteristically his own.

One of the most interesting events in his early life was his discovery of the now world-famous head of Dante

frescoed in the Bargello at Florence, and the basis of all subsequent portraits of the poet. He writes:

My sketching rambles took me to one of the most interesting monuments of mediæval architecture which abound in Florence—I mean the staircase in the court-yard of the Palazzo del Bargello—where I drew some of the splendidly carved coats of arms which adorn it. On the gallery at the top was a scaffolding, and on it a workman leisurely occupied in removing from the outer wall the thin coat of whitewashing which was supposed to hide some ancient fresco paintings. Half in jest, he asked if I was inclined to assist him; and, on my assenting, gave me a flexible sort of palette knife, a sponge, and a basin of water. I set to work. The coating of lime yielded easily after abundant wetting, and presently, under my careful manipulation, appeared first a human eye, and by and by a male profile, which turned out to be Dante's, and is now generally recognized as the only authentic contemporary likeness of the great Tuscan poet. I have been too modest until now to claim my share in this great discovery.

"M. Rud : Lehmann, Garde National du 41ème Batt : 101ème Legion, 41ème Comp.," saw a good many strange things during the Revolution of 1848, but the account of his first visit to England is more interesting. His first experience was an unpleasant one. All his letters of introduction to great persons in England, with the illustrious names of these persons on one side, and the big seals, and crests, and coats of arms of the illustrious persons who had given them to him on the other, were confiscated by the custom-house officers as so many attempts to defraud the post-office. Hence we may learn that letters of introduction were, in 1850, given sealed. Mr. Lehmann had, of course, not broken these seals, but the custom-house officers had no such scruple. What they read impressed them deeply, and, with an awe-struck air, an officer handed the letters back with the curiously awkward words: "You are very highly recommended. I wish you may thrive."

Mr. Lehmann's second impression was the usual one that has chilled foreigners before and since—Mérinée, for instance. On Sunday morning, when he looked out of the windows of his house in Mayfair, he was amazed at the dead silence which reigned there:

At eleven A. M., however, all doors opened simultaneously, and out walked solemn gentlemen in black (butlers, as I since learned), with black books under their arms. The doors were slammed to in quick succession. Then came the carriages to fetch the masters, or rather mistresses, and finally the servants emerged from the areas, all with prayer-books; silence followed again till one o'clock, when the whole party returned in inverse order.

London society soon warmed to the young portrait-painter. He has known everybody and remembered something about everybody. Lord Lytton and the rosy-cheeked American apple—"To think there are people who can eat *that*!"; Robert Browning and the twelve pebbles which decided the twelve chapters of "The Ring and the Book"; Wilkie Collins and his laudanum; George Eliot and her bedside book, a Hebrew or a Greek Bible; Thorwaldsen and the "Ponte-Molle" Club—all these people live in Mr. Lehmann's pages. Mr. Lehmann had a laudable zeal for information:

Lord Granville had given me a ticket to see the prorogation of Parliament by the queen in person, and I had seen the Duke of Wellington bearing the sword of state in his hands, the Marquis of Lansdowne carrying the crown on one crimson velvet cushion, and the Marquis of Winchester carrying the cap of maintenance on another. I was at a loss to account for the presence of a red velvet cap bordered with fur in such a ceremonial, so, being at a party at Lord Granville's that night, asked my host what was its significance. His lordship did not know. "But," he added, "there is the Marquis of Winchester, who carried it this morning. I will go and ask him." I saw them converse in a whisper, after which Lord Granville returned to me. "He does not know, either," he said; and no more do I to this day.

Mr. Lehmann's account of Landseer's brush with the policeman at the South Kensington Museum is amusing:

Landseer was well on in years when I had the privilege of meeting him. He was rather less than the average height, with a finely developed high forehead, crowned by an abundance of curly white hair, and with piercing dark eyes and a pale complexion. Although his eyesight had paid the tribute to age (I saw him try four pairs of spectacles previously to examining a picture on the wall), he did not otherwise show any failing of his powers, and was very communicative, even garrulous, having a rich fund of social and artistic experience. The following is one of his many anecdotes: "The other evening," he told us, "I was in the company of some ladies at a conversation at the South Kensington Museum. In making the round of the pictures, we came to my 'Shepherd's Last Mourner' (his most touchingly pathetic picture), and, leaning over the rail in front of it to explain some of its details, I must have come very near it with my finger. Suddenly the stentorian voice of a policeman called out from the other end of the room: 'Don't you touch that picture!' I turned round and said, meekly: 'I am afraid I have touched it before.' 'More shame to you!' was his angry retort; 'you might know better at your age!'"

Frederick William the Fourth went to see our artist's great picture, "The Clearing of a Canal in the Pontine Marshes," which is effected by driving buffaloes into the water:

Being very short-sighted, his majesty, whose brain was softening, almost touched the canvas with one of the many opera-glasses he carried in his pockets. A gigantic *chasseur* followed him at every step carrying more glasses. "Beautiful! Capital!" the king exclaimed, until one of his courtiers happened to call his attention to a particular buffalo as being especially noteworthy. "That buffalo," observed the monarch, reproachfully, "I have already seen this morning."

Mr. Lehmann tells with great spirit how Siemens (afterward Sir William), a poor German boy, spent his last shilling in making a journey to Birmingham to interview the Elingtons, to whom he offered his electro-plating secret:

The manager tried to put him off by saying that he had bought a patent only a few days before which was no good. "How much did you give him?" asked Siemens. The manager mentioned a small sum. "How could you expect to get anything for that?" asked the poor boy, scornfully. For his own invention he asked fifteen hundred pounds. The manager said it was a preposterous sum for an invention that had not even been tried. Siemens offered to bring him specimens the next morning. When he brought them the manager gave him the money down; which is, I suppose, one of the most astonishing incidents in the astonishing history of trade.

Besides being the record of a most interesting life, the book is full of good reading and of infinite variety.

"Bullier," the students' ball in Paris, is doomed; the ground is needed for new buildings. It succeeded the "Closerie du Lilas" as a resort for the students of the Latin quarter, but of late years has been frequented by a much lower class. Like the Jardin Mabille, it continued as one of the sights of Paris for foreigners long after the Parisians themselves abandoned it.

THE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS.

Some Account of the Writers, Artists, and Other Types of the Latin Quarter—The Shifts and Tricks of Impetuous Genius—The Modern Grisette.

One often hears it said in Paris that the days of "La Vie de Bohème," as depicted by Henri Murger in his celebrated book of that name, are over and done. Francisque Sarcey, the critic, who is generally known in Paris as "My Uncle," is particularly emphatic in denying the survival of any such Bohemianism as was painted by Murger, and congratulates Paris on the circumstance, for he says that Murger was one of the most wretched specimens of humanity that he ever met with, without a single idea left in his absinthe-sodden brain.

It is quite true that to-day the writers and painters of Paris are, as a general rule, steady and sober members of society. Most of the men in view to-day married early and settled down, saved money, and performed civic functions with all the domestic and public virtues of a mere grocer or *charcutier*. However, there are very few of the men in view who did not at the beginning of their career pass through that strange land of Bohemia. Zola, for instance, who to-day lives as soberly as a judge and as comfortably as an English country gentleman, had some terrible experiences at the time when he first started on the conquest of Paris. There were times in his career when he used to "dress as an Arab," as he himself called it—that is to say, when he used to drape himself in the coverlet of his bed, his only suit of clothes having been carried off to the nearest pawn-shop to provide for the household expenses of the day. Daudet arrived in Paris in a pair of goloshes, and wore these for a long time till he could afford to buy a pair of boots. Sardou, who is now a millionaire, was houseless more than once when a young man in Paris.

Of the prominent painters similar stories might be related, and of prominent men in many other walks of life in Paris. Not a few senators, deputies, and even ministers have passed through periods of Bohemianism of which they would certainly not care to be reminded to-day.

As a general rule, in Paris, as everywhere else, as soon as a man becomes prominent, he becomes wealthy, and being wealthy prefers to lead a *bourgeois* and regular life. Of course there are and have been exceptions. Thus Barbey d'Aurevilly, one of the most delicate prose-writers of the century, remained a Bohemian down to the last. He used to live in a small room in Montmartre and walked about the streets in a red plush mantle, slouch hat, and top-boots. Paul Verlaine, considered by many as the foremost living French poet, has always been and remains an incorrigible Bohemian. His works have sold very well, and he could, if he wished, lead as comfortable and sober a life as say François Coppée or Jean Rameau; but his Bohemianism is inveterate. The last time that I saw him was down in a cellar of a café on the Place St. Michel, where songs are sung and beer is drunk. He was talking about with a turban on his head and a false nose on his face, though it was not carnival time.

The Latin quarter is full of men as Bohemian in their tastes and habits as Paul Verlaine, but who have not his talents. The student "in his thirteenth year," who has never passed any examination and never will do so, is quite a familiar feature of the student quarter. He may be seen at any one of the numerous cafés in the St. Michel quarter, and his consumption of beer and tobacco is enormous. Indeed, his one pride in life is to heap up as many saucers in front of himself on the café-table in the course of the evening as possible. In Paris, it should be remarked, the waiters keep count of the number of drinks of which a customer has partaken by leaving the saucer of the pot of beer on the table before him. When the Rabelais quarter of an hour strikes—that is to say, when the drink has to be paid for, the waiter counts the saucers and charges accordingly. Very proud, indeed, is the student "in his thirteenth year," when he has managed to have the highest pile of saucers of anybody in the café. There is one man who frequents the Muller *brasserie* in the Rue Sofflot, who describes himself as a student of law, and who has a beard reaching nearly to his waist, who boasts that he never leaves the café until he has raised a pile of saucers one metre high.

There are few places in the world where it seems so easy to live and thrive without apparent resources of any kind as in Paris. I know a very distinguished poet, who mostly baunts the Latin quarter, who is reputed never to have paid a penny in the way of rent for the last eight years. Yet he has always lived at good addresses and in fine flats. It is true that beyond a bed, a table, and a chair, which are the chattels which neither the landlord can distrain upon for rent, nor the creditor seize on an execution warrant, this son of the Muses possesses no portable property of any kind. As soon as one landlord is tired of housing him for nothing, and gives him notice to leave, he moves off somewhere else. I have seen him on the heights of Montmartre and in the plains of Belleville, in the fashionable Faubourg St. Germain quarter and in democratic Montrouge. He has no private income, and never does any work, while the sale of his books, admirable as they are, can not bring him in more than enough to pay for his tobacco, for even the best poetry has not a large sale in Paris. Yet he is always well dressed, and may be seen at the best cafés. He is one of the many mysteries of Parisian life.

Once I was walking down the Boulevard St. Michel with a young Breton gentleman who had recently left home to try his hand at literature in Paris, when we met a well-known Bohemian writer. It was a very cold day, and the young Breton, who had no overcoat, was shivering with cold. The distinguished Bohemian wore a very comfortable fur-lined overcoat, with the collar raised. As soon as the Breton saw him, he left me and rushed up to him, and an animated conversation ensued. I could not hear what they were saying, but I saw the Bohemian suddenly unbutton his fur coat, and

reveal that underneath it there was neither coat nor waistcoat, only a very dirty shirt. Thereupon the Breton shrugged his shoulders and turned away apparently much dissatisfied. When he had joined me, I asked him what was the matter, and he told me that some weeks previously he had been collaborating with the man we had just met, on a five-act tragedy, and that he had lent his collaborator the fine overcoat which I had just seen, so that he might have a presentable appearance when calling on the theatrical managers, for the purpose of placing the five-act tragedy aforementioned. Since then the collaboration had ceased, his collaborator had disappeared, and the handsome fur coat had not been returned. "I asked him for it to-day," he continued, "but as you saw he told me, and proved it, that he had nothing else to wear, for he has sold his last coat and waistcoat, and of course I can't let him go about the streets in his shirt-sleeves." The Quartier Latin swarms with Bohemians of this kind. Many of them are men of real talent, who will never make their way simply because of their Bohemian instincts. There are men of high literary talents, composers who might make a great name, painters, sculptors, barristers, and so on, who may be numbered by the score, who never will do anything more than they have done. The lounging life of the Boulevard St. Michel and the cafés has taken firm hold of them, and before piled-up saucers they dream of great achievements in their several arts, and discuss for hours together on points of technique and craftsmanship. I know a very clever composer who visits the Quartier Latin every night, and may be heard bumming his latest compositions as he walks along, or in the corner of his favorite *brasserie*. No persuasion, however, will ever induce him to put his melodies on paper, for laziness is one of the characteristics of the true Bohemian. He is satisfied with the reputation he enjoys among his other Bohemian friends and the applause which is won for him by some particularly well-bummed composition. In the matter of beer-drinking, however, he is most assiduous.

The heights of Montmartre are also crowded with specimens of the Bohemian race, recruited for the most part from persons who have exhausted their credit down to the last sou in the more hospitable Latin quarter. For let it be said to the honor of the tradesmen of the Latin quarter that they are men of great confidence in human nature, and to some extent also patrons of art. Salis, late of the Chat Noir, lived for years on the confidence of various hotels and restaurant-keepers on the other side of the river, and in the end fully justified this confidence. Another well-known poet and *chansonnier* began to make money when his *restauranteur*, to whom he owed a large sum of money, suggested that he should work off his debt by giving a concert every night in the café. The poet sang his own songs, just as Bruant does up at the Mirliton Café on the Boulevard Rochechouart, and was accompanied on the piano by the young lady who graced his garret bome. The songs became a great success, and the café was filled nightly. In this way the poet was able to work off his debt to his patron, and now makes a very good income by his *soirées chantantes*, not only in the Latin quarter, but at good houses in Paris. In Montmartre there is no confidence on the part of the tradesmen, and consequently life there is much harder for the Bohemian. Who has not seen the young man who goes about Montmartre selling olives, which he wraps up in a piece of paper on which his latest sonnet is printed? This is a young poet who got tired of starving in his garret and took to selling olives for a living. His olives being good, and his poetry not so bad, he soon got together a large number of customers, and after a few years had put by enough money to enable him to open a café concert at Montmartre. But he was too ambitious and too enterprising, and eventually lost all he had saved, so that to-day he is once more to be seen perambulating the streets with his tub of olives under his arm and his packet of latest sonnets in his pocket. He consoles himself for his passing splendors as director of a café concert with the thought that it was he who first introduced the great Yvette Guilbert to the world, and indeed it was on the stage of his *beuglant* that this phenomenally successful young lady first attracted attention. She has not forgotten the circumstance either, and, I believe, helped her former director, at the time of his smash-up, on to his legs again.

Apropos of young ladies, it is often said that the *grisette* is as extinct as the dodo. One would not think so to see the number of irregular *ménages* that exist throughout Paris Bohemia. Certainly the young lady who prefers the roses and raptures to the lilies and languors, has grown wiser in her generation since the days of Murger, and drives a better bargain for herself than did poor Mimi Pinson. She also dresses very much better than did that young lady, and frequents the best cafés with her husband—for the time being. In very many cases these Quartier Latin *liaisons* end babbly, being definitely consecrated by the priest or the registrar.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

Rubber roller-skates for soldiers in the field, as a substitute for bicycles, are advocated by an English army gymnasium inspector in the *United Service Magazine*. A continuous speed of eight miles an hour is easily attainable with them, and on coming to impassable places, where bicycles would have to be abandoned, the skates can be taken off and flung over the soldiers' shoulders.

Bicycling has conquered the French Académie des Sciences. It announces as the subject for the Fourneyron mathematical prize for 1897: "The Theory of Motion, and More Particularly the Conditions of Stability of Velocipedic Apparatus (bicycles, safeties, etc.) in Rectilinear and Curvilinear Motion on Horizontal and Inclined Planes."

To the Pyramids by trolley may soon be a possible trip. The Egyptian Government has just granted a concession for an electric railroad in Cairo, and the Pyramids are only eight miles away.

OLD FAVORITES.

George Washington.

By broad Potomac's silent shore
Better than Trajan lowly lies,
Gilding her green declivities
With glory now and evermore;
Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
His country is his monument.—Anon.

Song of Marion's Men.

Our hand is few, hut true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The hand that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.
—William Cullen Bryant.

Carmen Bellicosum.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like bail fell the plunging
Canon shot;
When the files
Of the isles,

From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking again!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift,

With hot, sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, hurred the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,

And the troopers' jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!—Guy Humphrey McMaster.

Business methods prevail in South Africa. Instead of each man's raiding for himself, the plunder taken from Lo Bengula's Matabeles was turned over to a committee, which now announces in the Bulawayo papers that it has finished its work and has distributed forty two thousand pounds among the victors. Two hundred thousand dollars from savages is not a bad showing.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The American Authors' Guild was incorporated on February 1st. Its purpose is to promote a professional spirit among authors, to advise them as to their literary property, to settle disputes between them, and to advance the interests of American authors and literature. The trustees are James Grant Wilson, Julia Ward Howe, Moses Coit Tyler, Albert Matthews, Craven L. Betts, Titus Munson Coan, Thomas W. Higginson, Richard H. Stoddard, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ellen Hardin Walworth, Olive Thorne Miller, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Cynthia Cleveland, Newland Maynard, and Edwin H. Shannon.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, who has long been a valued contributor to the *Argonaut*, has written for *Harper's Magazine* a story describing characteristic phases of social life in San Francisco. It is entitled "A Californian," and will appear in the March number.

Paul Verlaine, the poet, has been dangerously ill in the hospital for a long time. An amputation of his leg that seemed necessary has been avoided.

It is curious that no one taking part in the newspaper correspondence with regard to the genesis of R. L. Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and its predecessors in the same genre, has referred to Edgar Allan Poe's uncanny tale, "William Wilson." Says the *Sketch*:

"Written in 1838 or 1839, and partly autobiographical, inasmuch as it photographs Poe's school days at Stoke Newington, 'William Wilson' is certainly to be paralleled with Stevenson's famous story. The differences are obvious. The second William Wilson is not the embodiment of the evil principle in the character of the imaginary narrator, but rather his conscience; existing contemporaneously, instead of undergoing transformation, as does the unhappy Jekyll, speaking in a low whisper, the very echo of his own, continually warning him, when, like Hyde, Wilson takes to evil ways, and finally falling a victim to the fury of the utterly depraved man. Poe has worked out the theme very skillfully, and the points of resemblance and difference between his treatment and the method adopted by Stevenson are interesting to follow."

Several articles which are an outcome of Julian Ralph's voyage to China will be published in *Harper's Magazine* during the summer months. The first of the series will be entitled "House-Boating in China," and will appear in June. In all there will be three articles or more, illustrated from drawings by C. D. Weldon, who accompanied Mr. Ralph.

Oscar Wilde's essay in imaginative scholarship, which he began in "The Portrait of Mr. W. H.," printed some years ago in *Blackwood's*, has at last been elaborated into a volume, and is to appear shortly. It is said to be "the pleasantest thing to which Mr. Wilde's name has been affixed."

Horace E. Scudder, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, told a Boston audience recently that one should be able to read any newspaper in ten minutes.

Octave Thanet's opinions of Balzac and Gautier seem rather whimsical. She says:

"Balzac is a wonderful man, but I fancy sometimes that his magnificent appearance of general knowledge is more owing to his lavish detail and the superb assurance with which he assumes to be acquainted with everything down to the ground, than to real, honest, one-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar knowledge; and I have the same uneasy suspicions about M. Zola. Gautier is infinitely charming with his grotesque imagination and his wonder of a style; but, after all, the great artist of the short story in France, in this or any other century, died in a madhouse. Gautier could imagine a weird and fascinating situation; but De Maupassant could show the strangeness that underlies the most outwardly commonplace life. Out of a necklace of the 'Palais Royal,' he could draw the pitifullest of tragedies. God rest his soul! He was a vast genius."

Harper's Magazine for March will open with an article on "Fox-Hunting in the United States," by Caspar W. Whitney, with illustrations by Frederic Remington, W. S. Vanderbilt Allen, C. D. Graves, and from photographs. C. D. Gibson will contribute a frontispiece illustration of "The Hunt Ball."

Mr. le Gallienne calls the critics who do not approve of his productions "the literary homicides whose howls of torment will be the only clarions of their fame."

Robert Louis Stevenson used to tell this story of his early days:

He was entering, in an absent-minded way, the famous second-hand book-shop of James Stillie, when he ran into a funning old gentleman who was leaving the establishment. The latter ejaculated, in an angry tone: "Man, can you not look where you are going?" Stevenson apologized for his awkwardness, and was then confronted by Mr. Stillie, who was also excited. The bookseller exclaimed: "The cratur has been trying to make out that an old book I sold him is spurious! He may be able to write, but he knows nothing about black-letter books. He's the most disagreeable customer that ever entered my shop!" "Who is he?" asked Stevenson. "Oh, that's Mr. Thomas Carlyle," was the answer.

Anthony Hope Hawkins is writing a sequel to his "Prisoner of Zenda."

M. Montégut, a French author, recently sold the right to reprint two of his stories to the manager of the Printemps stores. The manager, thinking the stories too spicy for his customers, cut out and

altered portions. The author brought suit for this mutilation, and the French courts judged that he had just cause of complaint and awarded him damages.

St. George Mivart, the well-known writer on scientific subjects, will contribute a paper on "Heredity" to the March *Harper's*.

Hall Caine's favorite time for work is dusk. He sits perfectly motionless in one of the big chairs that were Rossetti's until he has composed all that he means to write, phrase for phrase and word for word. Then he strikes a light, and writes it down as fast as a pen will fly.

General Lew Wallace proposes to file complaint at Washington because he was not compelled to pay duty at the Detroit custom-house on a copy of "Ben Hur," which he bought on a train in Canada, while on his way to Detroit, on the second instant. Here is his story:

Among a pile of books which the train-boy threw down beside him, he found a paper-covered volume of his own work, which the boy offered to him for twenty-five cents. As the book can not be purchased in this country for less than one dollar and a half, owing to the copyright, the general was naturally vexed. Inspector J. D. Long examined the satchel of General Wallace in the station, but passed the volume without asking for duty. The general called his attention particularly, and asked if it was the custom to admit free cheap Canadian editions of American copyrighted books. The inspector replied that it was in the case of single books.

Maurice Maeterlinck is skating on the canals of Flanders, but he is writing at the same time a preface and translation of Novalis, who was a sort of German Pascal, a somnambulist, who died at twenty-nine years of age, and whose mind was extraordinarily elevated and pure.

Mme. Edmond Adam (Juliet Lanber) is writing her memoirs.

The test which a great modern war-vessel undergoes at the hands of the builders will be described in "The Trial Trip of a Cruiser," by William Floyd Sécard, in *Harper's* for March.

"Homicide from the Anthropological View" is the cheerful title of a book, by Professor Ferri, soon to be published at Turin. It contains the results of his investigations on nearly two thousand criminals and lunatics, and has eighty-nine maps showing the homicidal tendencies of the various countries of Europe.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Dial* writes from New York:

"Still another author has passed through the English bankruptcy court under discreditable circumstances, and, judging by recent experiences, it would not be surprising were he to come here and deliver literary lectures, which seems to be the last resort in such cases. The advent of a French writer of salacious stories was loudly heralded not long since; but a stinging editorial by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in one of our daily newspapers, calling upon all good people to shun him and his lectures, has had the effect of keeping him away, for it is now announced that 'M'—is not coming, and never intended to come, to New York."

For "M"—read Mendès.

A collection of six manuscript and eleven hundred and ninety-nine printed versions of the "Imitation of Christ" of Thomas à Kempis was sold lately in London for seven hundred and twenty dollars, a sum which probably would not cover even the expressage paid by the collector. To make a complete collection of all the editions of this book is one of the impossible feats of book collecting.

Julian Ralph's article on the New South in the March *Harper's* will be "The Industrial Region of Northern Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia."

Walter Besant has been engaged on a history of London for six-and-twenty years, and has collected no fewer than six hundred works on the subject. He is just now beginning to see the end of his labors. He has recently collected for a volume some of his essays on social topics, the proposed title of the book being, "As We Are; As We May Be." Some of the papers were written many years ago for the *British Quarterly Review*.

Captain Charles King has written a new novel which deals with the great Chicago strike. It is to be called "A Tame Surrender."

John Murray is writing for an English magazine a series of reminiscences entitled "Some Authors I Have Known." One of the first authors mentioned is the writer's father, the third John Murray, who wrote "Skepticism in Geology," and died only a few years ago. John Murray the third was the last man who had known and had conversation with Byron, Scott, and Goethe.

Maurice Barrès is writing a book on political life in France, in the form of a popular novel, entitled "Leurs Figures."

The Florentine Edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron," translated into English prose and verse by John Payne, will be in three volumes, limited to three hundred and four copies printed from type, and the type distributed. The large Japan vellum-paper edition will be limited to sixty-six numbered copies; the remaining copies will be printed on Van Gelder's Holland paper. Mr. Payne is the translator of the Villon Society's edition of "The Arabian Nights" and also of Villon's poems.

RECENT. VERSE.

Ad Dorotheam.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And tiddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss),
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay,
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

—W. E. Gladstone.

The Wild Ride.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;
All night, from the cells, the importunate tramping and
neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the
saddle,

Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn gal-
loping legion,

With stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that
loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and
morasses;

There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal
or entice us;

What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent
on the riding!

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam;
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty!
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and
neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the
anvil.

Thou ledest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that
follow!—*Louise Imogen Guiney in the Chap-Book.*

A New-Year's Eve.

Christina Rossetti died December 29, 1894.

The stars are strong in the depths of the lustrous night,
Cold and splendid as death if his dawn be bright;

Cold as the cast-off garb that is cold as clay,
Splendid and strong as a spirit intense as light.

A soul more sweet than the morning of new-born May
Has passed with the year that has passed from the world
away.

A song more sweet than the morning's first-born song
Again will hymn not among us a New-Year's Day.

Not here, not here shall the carol of joy grown strong
Ring rapture now, and uplift us, a spell-struck throng.
From dream to vision of life that the soul may see
By death's grace only, if death do its trust no wrong.

Scarce yet the days and the starry nights are three
Since here among us a spirit abode as we,
Girt round with life that is fettered in bonds of time,
And clasped with darkness about as is earth with sea.

And now, more high than the vision of souls may climb,
The soul whose song was as music of stars that chime,
Clothed round with life as of dawn and the mounting
sun,

Sings, and we know not here of the song sublime.

No word is ours of it now that the songs are done
Whence here we drank of delight as in freedom won,

In deep deliverance given from the bonds we bore
There is none to sing as she sang upon earth, not one.

We heard awhile: and for us who shall hear no more
The sound as of waves of light on a starry shore
Awhile bade brighter and yearn as a father's face
The gray of death, divine as in days of yore.

The gray gloom quickened and quivered: the sunless
place

Thrilled, and the silence deeper than time or space"
Seemed now not all everlasting. Hope grew strong,
And love took comfort, given of the sweet song's grace.

Love that finds not on earth, where it finds but wrong,
Love that bears not the bondage of years in throng
Shone to show for her, higher than the years that mar,
The life she looked and longed for as love must long.

Who knows? We know not. Afar, if the dead be far,
Alive, if the dead be alive as the soul's works are,
The soul whose breath was among us a heavenward song
Sings, loves, and shines as it shines for us here a star.
—*Algernon Charles Swinburne in Nineteenth Century.*

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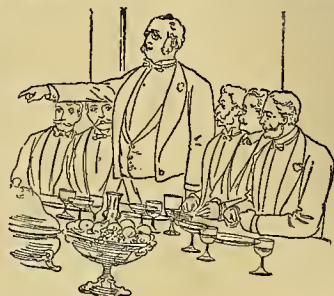
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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"A Siren's Son," by Susie Lee Bacoo, the story of a woman's jealous love for her son, has been published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"On the Hurricane Deck," by W. H. Wright, a story about a young woman who can not tell whether she will like a person until she has touched him, has been issued in paper covers by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"In Market Overt," by James Payn, is an English story, not startling in its plot, but entertainingly written. The scene is laid chiefly at Leadoo, where Mr. Barton, a clergyman with a family of daughters, coaches men who have been dropped at the great universities, and the main incident is his advising one of his pupils, who had betrayed a girl of the neighborhood, to marry her and emigrate to Canada—a course which brings on him the censure of his patrons and his ecclesiastical superiors. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock," Anna Katharine Green's latest detective story, is a mere novelette, appearing in the Autonym Library. In the first few lines you are told that a highly respected citizen has been mysteriously killed by a pistol-shot, and that the only clew the clever young detective has to work on is a woman's scream, the identity of the woman being unknown. Presently you are introduced to the family next door, a doctor and his pretty wife. The doctor, who is madly jealous, is blind, but he can shoot by sound with an accuracy that the keenest-sighted marksman might well envy. From this situation, the author has constructed an ingenious and fairly interesting story. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"French Folly in Maxims" is the general title Henri Péro du Bois has given to three little volumes in which he has printed translations of quotable epigrams, phrases, axioms, and longer selections jotted down during his extensive reading of French authors. The first volume, "Of Philosophy," touches on a variety of topics, among which the strangeness of woman's character and the mystery of love have called forth the most brilliant sayings. Anatole France, Saint Simon, Diderot, Napoleon the Third, Bourget, Catulle Mendès, Marcel Schwob, Maurice Barrès, the Goncourts, Flaubert, Gautier, Jean Richepin, Balzac, and Ernest Renan are among the writers quoted, of whom the lights of the present day constitute a large proportion. The other volumes, "Of Letters" and "Of Art," cover a wider range of authors but are not so readable, though there is many a cleverly expressed truth among them. Each volume contains more than one hundred and sixty pages and from five hundred to one thousand maxims. Published by Brentanos, New York.

Dr. Parkhurst's hook is out at last, and hears the title "Our Fight with Tammany." It sets forth, as the author knew them at the time, the steps by which, after three years of bitter warfare, the power of Tammany Hall was overthrown at the polls last November. The matter is all so fresh in the public mind that we need give here only the list of chapter-heads to show what Dr. Parkhurst has written and what he has omitted. It is as follows:

"The Society for the Prevention of Crime," "The Madison Square Pulpit's Analysis of Tammany," "Discourse of February 14th, Reviewed and Reviled," "Rehuked by the Grand Jury," "Collecting Evidence," "Affidavits in the Pulpit," "Presentment by the Grand Jury Against the Police Department," "Byrnes and the 'Great Shake-Up,'" "On the Rack," "Mass Meeting at Cooper Union," "The Pulpit and Politics," "Gardner's Arrest and Trial," "The Social Evil," "Byrnes' Effort to Discredit the Crusade," "First Attack on Devery," "Denunciation and Whitewash," "The Broome Street Mob," "War on the Captains," "The Chamber of Commerce Appeals to Albany," "The Senatorial Investigating Committee," "The Committee of Seventy," "Election Appeal from the Madison Square Pulpit," and "Victory—Its Perils and Opportunities."

The hook is a plain, straightforward statement of a mighty battle with corruption in city government, and should live not only as a record of a past success but as an example for future reformers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Slum Stories of London," by Henry W. Nevins, is a collection of ten tales of life among almost the lowest class of London's inhabitants, held together by a certain romantic interest, in which, however, their narrator is not one of the principals. This narrator is Jacko, horn and living in the great tenement district, shiftless, lazy, underfed and overstimulated, always out of work and always ready to play the looker-on in Venice. In these ten tales he sets down in his cockney dialect, and with an utter inability to appreciate humor that is in itself amusing, his impressions of the life going on about him, never analyzing or philosophizing, but simply recording what he sees—which is pretty much all that goes on in his neighborhood. One of his neighbors is Parky—"we used to call 'im Victoria Park, or just Parky for short, 'cos 'e was real fond of the country"—who through Jacko many things in exchange for the latter's gentleness to Parky's imbecile sister; another was Sissero, who came

back after a long absence in which his pale, red-haired wife had been suspected by her neighbors—the women of these slums are generally moral, whatever else they may be—of being too intimate with the Jewish rent-collector; another was the blonde woman who suddenly became mistress of a Thames barge and as suddenly disappeared. The ten tales show an intimate knowledge of the life described and of the cockney dialect. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

One of the first of the posthumous works to appear from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson is called "The Amateur Emigrant." It is a recital of his experiences crossing the Atlantic from Europe to America, not exactly in the steerage, but in the second cabin, the next thing to it. It is remarkable as showing how little there is for even a talented writer to find worthy of narration in a sea voyage. To the average person on a transatlantic steamer, the trivial incidents of the day assume an importance which is not their own, and the appearance of a sail or whale is very much to them as the fall of a dynasty is to people on shore. It goes without saying that the hook is written in the same admirable style that characterizes all of Stevenson's work. But there is very little in it that one can remember. As proving what we say, the most striking incident is the author's finding of a steerage passenger on the deck, doubled up with cramps, his reporting of the case to the officer on the bridge, the attempt to get the doctor to come from the smoking-room, the indisposition of the stewards to exert themselves for the sick man, and the general carelessness shown by the crew. Stevenson was much horrified by their indifference, but he forgets that aboard an ocean steamer passengers with cramps are not unusual, and that the officers, the physicians, and the stewards see so many that they cease to look upon such cases with alarm. To this incident a whole chapter is given up. The hook is very handsomely printed and bound. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

Is "Trilby" Immoral?

There has been a lively ethical controversy over Du Maurier's "Trilby," not only by word of mouth in clubs and drawing-rooms, but in the secular and religious magazines and even in the pulpit. A collection of such expressions of opinion has been made by the *Literary Digest*, and from these we make several quotations.

The point around which the controversy revolves will be seen from the following in the *Outlook* several weeks ago:

"Trilby, an artists' model, child of an ignorant mother, and strangely ignorant of moral laws herself, has lost her virtue, yet retains her innocence. To speak more accurately, she possesses all the virtues save one; she is simple, sincere, truthful, loving, heroically self-sacrificing; but she has lost her chastity. She has not sold herself for money or for place. She has given herself away—for love? No! rather for good nature; and she knows not what she has given. There is one scene of deep self-shame and repentance; one of flippant repentance without self-shame, the most serious blench in the hook. But the net result is not a noble note in honor of feminine chastity; rather the reverse. What 'The Scarlet Letter' treats as a sacrifice, in the very spirit of Paul himself, this story treats as a *lâche*, a fault easily condoned, almost overlooked. The drawing of Trilby's character is morally untrue. In life, innocence is not retained after virtue is lost. And character-drawing which is morally untrue is never morally wholesome. The story of 'Trilby' is ancient Gnosticism done into modern dramatic form—the story of a pure soul tainted by a polluted life. And Gnosticism is false."

"To the question, then, Is 'Trilby' a moral novel? we reply in the negative. Its moral standard is a purely conventional one—that of the social code of honor. The eternal sanctions of righteousness, which are never ignored in the greatest works of the greatest artists, are wholly lacking. Religion is never referred to except in its most conventional forms, and then only to be satirized, perhaps we should say travestied. It is true that the story exalts all the social virtues except one. But for unchastity in woman it inspires rather the condonation which comes of comparative indifference than the forgiveness which comes of a pure and pitying love."

Writing in the *Conservator*, Isaac Hull Platt rather sharply takes issue with the *Outlook*. Referring to the story of Mary Magdalene, he asserts that if "Trilby" is immoral, the Gospel of St. John is immoral, and then goes on to say:

"There are, however, grounds which, if not higher, at least appeal more directly to people of liberal views, upon which I would defend the ethics of 'Trilby' the hook, and the character of Trilby the woman. In the first place, it is hard to determine in what respect Trilby's particular sin differed from other sin in its corrupting influence. Reverse the case in regard to sex. Would any one allege that a story in which a man who had been guilty of unchastity in early life should be depicted as brave, generous, humane, self-sacrificing, is immoral? Manifestly, if such an allegation could be justly made, such a man, in real life, who should exhibit these admirable qualities, would be doubly reprehensible: to furnish a proper example and adorn a moral tale, he should continue in a downward course until he reached the gallows, or at least an ignominious grave at the end of some dishonorable career. If this is not true for a man, why for a woman?"

In the *Cosmopolitan*, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen takes up the question at the outset of an enthusiastic review, but does not dwell upon it. He says: "La vie de Bohème! It is thirty years or more since Mürger glorified it in a very fascinating but mendacious novel. And here comes Du Maurier and plays a fresh variation of the same tune, even more brilliant—and, shall I add, more impossible? Surely, apart from the irresistible charm of the hook, it is not to be denied that its moral effect is mixed. Can any one help drawing the inference that a few liaisons—a few early lapses from virtue on the part of a woman—constitute, on the whole, a venial offense, and have no very detrimental effect upon her character? Could Trilby be the lovely, the adorable, the exquisitely innocent and child-like nature she is rep-

resented to be after having led the life of a *grisette* and a model *pour l'ensemble* in the Latin quarter? No man with any knowledge of the world, and particularly of the Latin quarter, would venture to maintain that she could. Trilby (though she reminds one of a remarkably fascinating woman whom all the world knows) is essentially as flagrant a violation of reality and verisimilitude as was Mürger's Musette."

"But, the gentle reader will object, no man, unless he is a prig, makes moral reflections while reading 'Trilby.' The enchantment of the tale is such that it blots out the whole world while you are reading, turns your ethical convictions topsy-turvy, and makes you content merely to enjoy the incomparable jollity, and pathos, and *bonne camaraderie* of the author."

A reviewer in the *Atlantic Monthly* skims rather lightly over the ethical aspects of the case, deciding that the hook is "unmoral" rather than immoral. We quote:

"Is, then, 'Trilby' an offense against morals? Rather, we are inclined to say, it is, so far as it can be made, an unmoral book, a nineteenth-century fairy tale for grown men and women. In the fairy tales which have sucked up the elemental truths of the race, there is, properly speaking, no right and no wrong; there is the play of all those animal propensities which find individual expression in the cunning of the fox, the strength of the lion, the fidelity of the dog, and translated into human terms, embrace, so to speak, those qualities of character which we sometimes style instinctive, natural emotions and passions, ungoverned as yet by the conscience. But Mr. du Maurier can not wholly unseat this judge. What he does is to divert the magistrate's attention from the subjects which usually occupy him when such a character as Trilby is presented to notice, and direct him to the apparent irresponsibility of a beautiful, lovable nature, brought finally to an end which forces tears to the eyes of conscience."

The Rev. Dr. Chadwick takes a very liberal view of the matter, as follows:

"There is good morality in the teaching that such a fault as Trilby's, if not allied to virtue, is not foreign to it altogether; it is so frequently, so generally, the fault of liberal, trusting natures, and is therefore deserving of a hundred times more pity than it commonly receives."

The *Times* of Chicago thinks it is a pity the question of morality was ever raised in connection with the hook. In one of several editorials on the subject, it says:

"Thousands have laughed and wept with Trilby. Thousands have been aroused by her story to the knowledge that in these neglected waifs of our great cities there beats a heart which, notwithstanding its besetting weaknesses, had the true ring of nobility, and in this quality outvalued that of many a more fortunate sister reared in conventional morality, untempted and untried. Thousands have thoroughly enjoyed their visit to the free but virile atmosphere of the Bohemian Parisian world, and have come away from the excursion refreshed by the total absence of cant and hypocrisy and the genial glow of self-sacrificing helpfulness, characteristic of these students' haunts and artists' studios. But all this is now changed. Innocent pleasure must give way to suspicion. Trilby has been declared to be essentially immoral. And it is to be feared that this will be the angle of vision from which Du Maurier's story hereafter will be estimated."

"It is, indeed, a pity. For now will be sought and found in the hook what, until these censors gave the alarm, no one, unless corrupt himself, dreamed it contained."

In conclusion, it is, perhaps, amusing to note that Eugene Field has announced that the hook will sink into oblivion in a few years, and that Edward W. Bok says that as a piece of literary workmanship it is "had, very had."

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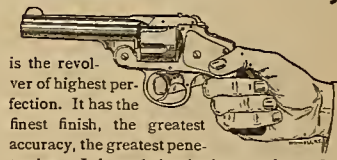
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On Monday night the Baldwin was crowded, and a fringe of men stood up at the back of the dress-circle. Every one was on tip-toe with expectation to see the London and New York success, "A Gaiety Girl." It is difficult to understand the impalpable advertising by which such crowds are gathered; but the fact remains that the fame of this troupe had reached San Francisco, although there had been comparatively little printed about it in the local newspapers.

Those of our people who are wont to believe that the American farce-comedy is *sui generis*, and that it has sounded the lowest dramatic depths, were doing an injustice to the national taste. It is bad, it is true, but so is the taste of the world. For this piece—which has run for nearly two years in London and is running still; which ran for several months in New York, and which would be still running there if the company had not made engagements for a trip around the world—is, dramatically speaking, as trashy as any of the American farce-comedies that are seen upon the road. If you recall the "Bunches of Keys," the "Brass Monkeys," and the "City Directories" that have devastated the continent for the past ten years, you can readily see that it is a serious accusation when we say that the "Gaiety Girl" is about on the same plane, dramatically speaking. It is true, nevertheless. It is true, also, that the English production is immeasurably superior to the American ones in every other point but the dramatic construction. In regard to music, acting, singing, and dancing, particularly the latter, there is a finish which approaches art in the production of the "Gaiety Girl."

Another marked difference between the American and the British production is to be noted. The British mind is methodical. Given the existence of a plot, the British playwright and the British public wish to have this plot evolved. Therefore, there are times in the playing of the "Gaiety Girl" when an American audience becomes wearily conscious of the playwright's desire to explain the plot. There is not very much of it, but the little there is must be evolved, *more Britannico*, and toward the middle of the latter half of the second act, one experiences a decided desire to yawn. The British playwright may plead that it is necessary to explain the plot. The reply of Talleyrand to the needy poet, who said "I must live," rises to the mind: "One does not see the necessity." As a matter of fact, the American authors of "Brass Monkeys" and things have demonstrated the utter superfluity of a plot, provided there are plenty of girls with fair voices, pretty faces, and shapely underpinnings.

The plot of "A Gaiety Girl" is very slight. It may be thus briefly told: The officers of the Life Guards invite some ladies to their barracks for a garden-party. These ladies are chaperoned by Lady Virginia Somerset. But Major Barclay, ignorant of the garden-party, suddenly shoots upon the scene with four Gaiety girls. Dr. Montague Brierly, a fashionable physician, also appears with his daughter. Lady Virginia, much disturbed at the *contretemps*, begs Dr. Brierly to get the Gaiety girls to give some sort of an exhibition, by which she can make the young ladies, her charges, believe that the actresses are brought there as paid entertainers. The doctor does this, *con amore*—in fact, in the course of the entertainment by the Gaiety girls, he joins in their songs and dances. One of the Gaiety girls, Alma Somerset, is a sentimental and rather lackadaisical young lady. One of the officers, Charles Goldfield (the nephew of Sir Lewis Gray, a divorce-court judge), wants to marry her; but Mina, Lady Virginia's French maid, who is in love with Goldfield herself, places in the pocket of Alma a diamond comb which had figured as the chief evidence in Lady Virginia's suit for a divorce. This comb is found in Alma's pocket, and the maid accuses her of stealing it. In the second act all of these webs are unraveled, the diamond comb is restored to its owner, Alma Somerset's character is cleared, she marries Charles Goldfield, and everybody is happy.

This certainly is not much of a plot. In the hands of an American author like Charles Hoyt, with his "Parlor Match," or Paul Potter, with his "City Directory," it would not be found to inconvenience the audience in the slightest degree. At times in the American farce-comedy the plot disappears so utterly that the audience become blissfully unconscious of its existence. There are few people who really know what the plot of the "Parlor Match" is. None the less, the characters come and go, sing and dance, appear and disappear, and, so long as there is something going on, the audience is pleased. And in this regard the

"Gaiety Girl" is certainly admirable. From the moment the curtain rises until it falls, there is scarcely a pause in the piece. While the music is not of a very high order, and while the orchestration at times is so thin as to be almost ludicrous, it makes no great pretensions. The women are not Melbas or Pattis, but they sing fairly well, and realize that they are not engaged in "vocal efforts," but rather in making the audience understand the words of their songs. In the first act the stage is filled with the nurse-maids, in their rather odd and pretty costumes of white with black trimmings, black and white caps, and black-clocked hose, with silver-buckled shoes; while at the back are the Life Guards in their scarlet coats, the officers in front with their fetching uniforms, and the Gaiety girls and the society girls regarding each other scornfully from opposite sides of the stage.

It is in this scene that the famous song, "Tommy Atkins," is sung. It is a little difficult to understand its vogue, even in London, where it probably was intended to thrill the British heart; but it is as intelligible as "Daisy Bell," or "After the Ball," which are American lyrics of equal vogue. If we remember rightly, when the piece came out in London, in the autumn of 1893, one of the leading London journals spoke of it as a "stirring military hallad."

However, there are some very taking songs in the piece, and some clever work is done by Miss Grace Parlotta, who takes the part of the French maid; she has a song with a French chorus, beginning, "c'est ainsi que cela se passe," which made quite a hit. Miss Parlotta, by the way, gives a good imitation of a Frenchwoman speaking English, but as she is half French, it is not to be wondered at. Her father was Hungarian, her mother French.

Mr. Hope also gives an excellent imitation of a French *café-chantant* singer, which is very droll indeed, closing with a bit of can-can, which he and Miss Decima Moore dance in a decorous but none the less amusing way.

As a matter of fact, the dancing is the strong point of the "Gaiety Girl." Every member of the troupe seems to be able to dance a few steps, while some of them are veritable artists in their line—if high-kicking is an art, as it threatens to become. The star dancer of the troupe is Miss Madge Rossell. She was the understudy of Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, who was the London star. But Cissy left the company in New York for a higher salary and a law-suit. Miss Rossell, her successor, made a hit. She is the same style of dancer as Lottie Collins, but infinitely more graceful. At the close of the second act, there was a clever bit of dancing by three young women, attired in odd and striking costumes as a Pierrot and a couple of Pierrottes; they did some of the tallest kicking ever seen in San Francisco, and apparently were able to kick themselves in the back of the neck without sitting down suddenly—an unusual feminine accomplishment.

The gentleman who "wrote" the "Gaiety Girl" is a London dramatic critic, whose stage name is "Owen Hall." He said in a recent utterance that the piece had already taken from the public "a quarter of a million of pounds." So, encouraged by success, he is writing another piece, to be called "An Artist's Model." If he takes in another quarter of a million—in pounds sterling, mind you—with that, he will then doubtless come from behind his pseudonym. But why should he be ashamed of writing "A Gaiety Girl"? If a play makes a million in a year and a half, it must be a very good play—or a very bad one.

There was a great crowd at the California Theatre last Monday night to witness the first stage production of William Greer Harrison's historical drama, "Runnymede," and if frequent and enthusiastic applause be the criterion, it achieved a success. The theme that Mr. Harrison has chosen for his play, the uprising of the Anglo-Saxon barons against the tyranny of King John, is one of the great events in the development of human liberty, and Mr. Harrison has treated it, not merely as a dramatic incident in which a mighty king was humbled, but as the climax of a chain of events in which the Anglo-Saxon spirit of justice and independence taught a great lesson to the world. While the antiquarian or historian might find fault with Mr. Harrison's chronology or with his presentation of historic characters, the artist sees that he has brought together persons and incidents from a whole period and molded them into a microcosm of the England that wrested Magna Charta from King John. The drama shows us the common people, as championed by Robin Hood, with Friar Tuck, and the merry outlaws in Sherwood Forest, and passes up through the scale with the procession of events to the battle-field of Runnymede, where the people asserted themselves and secured their rights from those who had arrogated to themselves all power. The four acts are laid in the four seasons of the year and in localities which give opportunity for picturesque scenic effects—a characteristic of which full advantage was taken in the production by Messrs. Warde and James. It also furnished inspiration for incidental music, which Mr. H. J. Stewart turned to account in a number of pleasing madrigals and songs in the

early English manner. The play was heartily endorsed, and speeches were made by Mr. Harrison and Messrs. Warde and James, and several others concerned in the production were compelled to appear in response to curtain calls. The fact that Frederick Warde, an accomplished actor and shrewd manager, has definitely added "Runnymede" to his repertoire is evidence that the drama is a good acting play.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henri Rochefort, during his exile in England, has contributed ten thousand dollars to the poor of Paris every year.

H. McK. Twombly, a son-in-law of William H. Vanderbilt, has spent one million five hundred thousand dollars in building a model stock-farm at Madison, N. J.

Herr Krupp and Baron Rothschild are the only men in Prussia having an income exceeding one million dollars. They are credited with about two millions of dollars each.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, had once a price—it was a low one, twenty-five dollars—put upon his head. It was in war times, and a Confederate paper made the offer for his capture.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has definitely decided to visit England during the spring if his health continues good. He proposes to go to England via Yokohama and the United States.

Henry M. Stanley has about completed his autobiography, which will tell of his travels and adventures. Having embalmed himself in a book, he will stand for Parliament in the next general election.

E. A. Abbey, the American artist, has arrived in New York, his fourth trip to the United States in the last sixteen years. He comes to finish a contract made in 1890 to paint the ceiling-pieces for the Boston Public Library.

Baron de Staal, who succeeds the late M. de Giers as Chancellor of the Russian Empire, is seventy-two years of age and a nephew of Prince Alexander Gortschakoff. He began his diplomatic career at Constantinople on the eve of the Crimean War.

Mark Twain's hands were photographed recently, and copies sent to each of four experts in palmistry. One discovered "a strain of Southern blood dating back two hundred and forty years." Of the four, only one discovered any sense of humor.

Mr. Gladstone at one time had a beautiful tenor voice, and was much given to ballad singing. His favorite song was "My Pretty Jane," though he was not above the Christy minstrel style of singing when Mrs. Gladstone would join in with him. Wilson King writes to the *Pittsburg Dispatch* that the operation on one of Mr. Gladstone's eyes has been quite successful, and he uses it ten hours a day, but that the cataract on the other eye is not yet ready for operation.

The old King of Denmark, on hearing of the election of M. Faure, is reported to have sent a telegraphic message addressed to the Elysée Palace, and recalling the "delightful evening" which his majesty had enjoyed at the royal opera at Copenhagen when M. Faure had filled there the principal rôle in "Faust." The king only subsequently discovered that M. Félix Faure and the famous operatic star and singer of the same name were entirely different persons.

Senator Quay goes fishing when he is weary of the cares of state. Thomas A. Edison plays poker. The favorite amusement of Andrew Carnegie is coaching. He has just had built in England one of the most luxurious vehicles that was ever driven. W. K. Vanderbilt and George Gould are yachtsmen. Vanderbilt is also fond of bunting and fishing. George M. Pullman finds his greatest pleasure in riding in one of his own palace cars. Robert Bonner and Frank Work are two New York millionaires who spend their wealth on racing and trotting horses.

This is an unlucky year for the Dreyfus name. A French merchant whose daughter was engaged to marry a worthy young man named Dreyfus has broken the engagement upon that sole ground. Two army officers of the name have applied to the government for a change of name. The spectacle of Captain Dreyfus degraded publicly and transported to a lonely island, and beaten en route with the canes of people who chose thus to add to his humiliation, was most grievous. And Camille Dreyfus, in prison at Mazas in connection with the black-mailing scandals, adds another cloud to the family horizon.

In thirty-six years of incessant work with his brush, Puvis de Chavannes has earned seventy-eight thousand dollars—an annual average of less than two thousand two hundred dollars—from which the rent of his studio and the expense of models, frames, colors, etc., must be deducted. The artist is now seventy-one. At thirty he was unknown, and attracted notice through some decorative panels painted on the walls of his brother's

house, near Lyons. During a period of ten years he has painted fourteen panels for the state, giving to them all his time and attention, and receiving as remuneration about ten thousand dollars. One of the panels is eighteen yards long.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Mrs. Lydia Yeamans-Titus, who has annexed a goodly share of popularity with theatre-goers during her stay in this city, is to be the Mary Ellen Ryan, and Edgar Selden will be the McKenna in "McKenna's Flirtation" as it is to be presented at the Bush Street Theatre during the coming week. The theatre is being managed by Mr. J. J. Gottlob, and this (Saturday) evening will be the opening night. Fred Titus will lead the orchestra, and will accompany Mrs. Yeamans-Titus in the specialties which she will introduce during the play.

When the Gaiety girls were playing in New York, there was a delightful uncertainty as to which ladies would appear upon the bill and which upon the stage. Such was the inclemency of the weather (while the Horse Show was raging) that numbers of the girls succumbed to the rigors of the climate, and were forced through illness to send doctors' certificates (subsequently appearing at the Horse Show). Thus it would frequently happen that when you went to hear Miss Hobson in the rôle of Lady Virginia, Florence Lloyd would take the part; and when Juliet Nesville was billed for the French maid, Grace Parlotta would appear. Cissy Fitzgerald, too, at times gave way to Maud Russell; and in two of these cases, such were the numerous deviations through "illness," that the understudies have permanently filled the rôles. In both cases the public does not seem to be displeased. Miss Russell is certainly a very graceful dancer, and Miss Parlotta is, by many in San Francisco, considered to be the star of the piece.

The opera war in New York and Chicago last year made partisans for the combatants even so far away as San Francisco, and there are, doubtless, many here who will be glad to learn that Calvé has just made a great success in Madrid as Ophelia in Amhroise Thomas's "Hamlet." But she was attacked by the grip, and so was unable to give a second performance of the opera.

Suppé's sparkling comic opera, "Boccaccio," will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House next week, commencing on Monday, with the following cast:

Boccaccio, Fanny Liddiard; Leonetto, Ed. Torpi; Pietro, John J. Rafael; Lambertuccio, Ferris Hartman; Lotterighi, Phil Branson; Sculza, Fred Kavanagh; Fiametta, Grace Paisted; Beatrice, Kittie Loomis; Isabella, Alice Nielson; Personella, Alice Gaillard; The Undertaker, G. Napoleoni; Checco, Major Domo, George Harris; Fresco, Stella Wilmet; Oretta, Mabel Carlton; Fillipa, Gretchen Hirsch; Chichibio, Minna Jergens; Tofano, Vera Werden.

For the following week, "Olivette" is announced, and after it comes "Princess Nicotine," by William Fürst.

Boston will be a very interesting place on the fourth of March, for it will then provide the first opportunity to judge of "Tribly" as a play. The dramatization is the production of Paul M. Potter, who has done some clever work as a playwright.

Several of the jokes at the Baldwin in the "Gaiety Girl" are of a rather recondite nature. It will be remembered that one of the first lines spoken by Dr. Briery is: "And the ladies—why, it makes my heart bleed even to vaccinate them." This joke may possibly be intended only for the company. When they were playing in New York, not long ago, one or two of the troupe were attacked with small-pox, and the health officers ordered that the entire company should be vaccinated. Some of the girls insisted upon being vaccinated on the leg, but Mr. Malone soon vetoed that idea. "Remember, ladies," exclaimed Mr. Malone, "you are dancers. Your legs are your professional appendages. This vaccination is a strictly personal matter, and your arms are your private property. You must use them in this instance." After a hurried chattering, the girls decided to follow the example of Maud Hobson and Decima Moore, who at once bared their arms, and in a few moments the entire bevy of girls had been punctured.

Yvette Guilbert has returned to Paris, and gives some interesting accounts of her travels:

She says that she fairly astonished the Londoners who went to see her by singing the "Soudarde" in English. She refused a splendid offer to appear in Berlin, because she objected "to make people laugh who had, perhaps, caused French tears to flow." In Belgium, Austria, and Roumania, she was welcomed. From every place, in fact, she brings back pleasant recollections, with the single exception of Naples. The Piedmontese covered her with flowers, but the Neapolitans outraged her feelings. Mlle. Guilbert believes that the people who bished her were disappointed because she did not appear on the stage of the Teatro delle Varietà resplendent with diamonds and in a short frock. They wanted a choreographic exhibition, or at least expected the "Coucher d'Yvette." When the lively damsel was asked to sing in Italian, she replied that she did not know the language, and offered to entertain in English, as she was aware that there were several subjects of Queen Victoria in the house. The macaroni-swallowers, however, refused to be sung to in any other language but their own, and the cries of "Cantate in Italiano! Abbasso Yvette! Abbasso la Francesca!" became deafening.

Stockwell's Theatre, on Powell Street, is to be re-opened early in April under new management and with a new name, "The Columbia." For some time Messrs. S. H. Friedlander and J. J. Gottlob have been negotiating to secure control of the house, and now they have a lease of it for five

years from April 1st. They intend to have a stock company, but will also play good "combinations," sending their own company on occasional tours of the interior towns. The prices of admission will be popular, but that the entertainments will be first-class is sufficiently guaranteed by the reputation the gentlemen have earned during their long career as theatrical managers in this city and elsewhere.

Beebohm Tree's American season this year lasts only eleven weeks, and from Chicago, where he begins an engagement on Monday night, he returns direct to New York, playing in no other Western city. But he is arranging now to come back next year for a six months' engagement.

Miss Phoebe Cousins is to lecture on "The Golden Calt" at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. She is said to be the first woman in the United States to whom the doors of the law school of a university have been thrown open, and she also enjoys the distinction of having been the first woman appointed to the office of United States marshal. In her lecture she will especially address herself to bond issues and funding bills.

Ethel Harraden, a sister of Beatrice Harraden who wrote "Ships that Pass in the Night," has just had a light opera, "The Taboo," produced in London, but with less than indifferent success. The gallery, as in the case of Henry James's "Guy Domville," insisted on the author and composer coming before the curtain, and then hissed them off the stage.

Doubtless the most peculiar performance ever given by the Gaiety girls was that which took place at Orange, N. J., a couple of months ago. It was before a small audience, consisting of Professor Dickson, the man who runs the Edison kinetoscope. They were invited to come and dance before that instrument. The invitation read "the first fine day," and, as many weeks had passed without good weather, when the Gaiety girls arrived, there were a number of celebrities. Among them were the Arabs from Koster & Bial's, Mme. Alcide Capitaine, the trapezist, and Miss Annie Oakley, the rifle shot. Professor Dickson's studio is familiarly called the "Black Maria." When this conglomerated audience was packed in the Black Maria, Mme. Capitaine was the first sitter. The trapeze was fastened to the low ceiling, and when she hung by her legs from it, her finger-tips came within two inches of the floor. Twenty seconds was the limit of each performance. When they heard this, Miss Grace Parlotta, turning to the Pierrot dancers, exclaimed: "Girls, I am afraid your kicks will have to be strictly limited." The laboratory is about one hundred yards from the Black Maria, and when they went to the laboratory, the dancing girls, who had forgotten to bring their wraps, were subjected to the biting December wind. Some of the men, however, bundled them in their overcoats, and they got along all right. In the laboratory a phonograph concert took place. Special phonographs had been prepared, and Miss Decima Moore stepped up to the instrument first. She sang a verse of "Come, my Love, Oh, Come with Me," from "Little Christopher Columbus." Miss Parlotta then sang to the phonograph "If your Pride should have a Tumble," and Mr. Kay, the scarlet-faced Major Barclay, sang into it his peculiar version of "After the Ball," upon which the phonograph uttered a wail and stopped.

It is a long time since we have had a Hoyt farce-comedy in town, and it will therefore be interesting to see how "A Temperance Town" will be received. It opens at the California Theatre on Monday evening, February 25th. In New York the piece has had a long and profitable run. In the present company the most prominently mentioned member is L. R. Stockwell, who is an old favorite in this city.

"The Black Crook Up to Date" is announced for spectacular production at the Alcazar on Monday night, February 25th. Thomas Leary, Miss Florence Thropp, and Señorita Matildita are among the principals in the cast, and the stage effects and costumes are described as gorgeous and elaborate in the extreme.

"A Gaiety Girl" begins its second and last week at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday, February 25th.

Marie Burroughs, in Pinero's noted drama, "The Profligate," and as Vashti in "Judah," will follow the Gaiety company at the Baldwin.

There is much interest taken in Miss Maud Hobson, who plays the rôle of Lady Virginia in the "Gaiety Girl." Miss Hobson is not a stranger to San Francisco. Although she has never before appeared here professionally, she is herself a Gaiety girl, having made her first appearance at that theatre when it belonged to her uncle, John Hollingshead. Her first appearance was in "The Forty Thieves," when Terry and Royce, Nellie Farren, Connie Gilchrist, and Kate Vaughan were the Gaiety favorites. Miss Hobson was on the Gaiety stage only a year when she left the stage and married Captain W. B. Hayley, of the Eleventh Hussars. Her husband retired from the army, and they left England for the Hawaiian

Islands. In passing through San Francisco, on their way to the islands, they made a number of acquaintances, and there are a few who can never forget meeting Mr. and Mrs. Hayley placidly walking down to the Pacific Mail Dock fifteen minutes after their steamer had gone with all their luggage on board. When they reached the islands, Captain Hayley became vice-chamberlain to King Kalakaua, and Mrs. Hayley was made a lady-in-waiting to the queen. She spent some years in Honolulu; but differences arose between her and her husband, and she obtained a divorce and returned to England. When she got back to London she re-appeared at the Gaiety in "Faust Up to Date." Among the other pieces in which she has appeared were "Carmen Up to Date," "Cinder Ellen," "Old Lang Sine," "Queer Street," and in the rôle of Lady Virginia in the piece now running at the Baldwin. It was said in London, when it was first produced, that Miss Hobson objected to wearing a bathing costume in the Riviera scene. But when the lady was interrogated as to this, she replied, with a twinkle in her eye: "It is a calumny. Some enemy hath done this." Miss Hobson once gave her views in London *Truth* on stage-door worshippers, diamond bracelets, and the other pitfalls which are spread for the feet of Gaiety girls. It was an amusing article. A London interviewer, not long ago, said to her: "Miss Hobson is the life of a Gaiety girl all roses and champagne?" "My dear sir," said Miss Hobson, "a Gaiety girl is a woman, and life is a lovely thing, whether one be wreathed in flowers in Honolulu, or on the stage of a London theatre."

The Whitney Opera Company is coming to the Baldwin in the near future, and will present De Koven's opera "The Fencing-Master," bits of which are already familiar here.

The subscription for the season of Wagner opera at the Metropolitan in New York, which closed a fortnight ago, is remarkably large. The sum total received for the sixteen performances is over forty-eight thousand dollars, making an average of three thousand dollars. This doubles the average obtained at any previous season of German opera in New York.

Colonel Perrie Kewen is a member of the Nihilist Dramatic Company, now appearing in the principal towns of what theatrical people call "the northern circuit." The *Stockton Independent* says of him: "Colonel Perrie Kewen does well, and his friends were surprised to see what a clever actor he is."

The appearance of the Gaiety troupe in San Francisco recalls to those who are fat, bald, and gray, recollections of the appearance of Emily Soldene and her bevy of British beauties—many, ah, how many years ago. *Eheu fugaces!* Few will forget the furor created by the girl who was known at the time as "Sara the Kicker." Soldene has been writing for an English dramatic publication lately some recollections of years ago, and she says, apropos of that very troupe:

"In September, 1870, I was walking from Waterloo Station to the Strand. It was cold, wet, and gusty. The chilly zephyrs played sad havoc with one's skirts, but from an illustrative view that was not so bad, for those were the first days of eighteen-button boots and Louis Quatorze beels. These highly superior 'tootsicum fixin's' kept your petticoats immaculate, because one naturally lifted them quite clear of every puddle. On the Strand, I saw a bill-board announcing that 'Mr. Charles Head would open the Philharmonic Music Hall with Miss Emily Soldene.' Our first operative venture was 'Chilperic.' Miss Charlotte Russell played Fredegunda to my Chilperic. Economy of material in the dresses was a feature, especially when cutting out the trunks of the pages and the skirts of the ballet. In this piece, an interesting young lady made her debut on the stage, playing Brunehaut. She was pretty, and had a neat figure. Her stage name was Miss Clara Vesey—it was my own and only sister. I surrounded myself with the best-looking and best-set-up girls I could find. We played afterward 'The Grand Duchess,' following it by an original burlesque, called 'A Nightingale's Wooing.' In this, Miss Clara Vesey played Princess Rosebud in a much abbreviated and nothing-to-speak-of skirt, but this was compensated for by the length of her train—a transparent one. At this time I introduced a great sensation, called 'The Parisian Quadrille.' It was danced by Mme. Colonna, two ballet-girls, and a slip of a girl, Sara Wright, the daughter of an old waiter of Mr. Morton's. Sara was the sensation of the performance. The verb 'to kick' had not been so actively conjugated before, and the salutary eccentricities of the ladies were of so surprising and elevated a nature (they did everything with their feet, except put them on the floor) that the magistrates were shocked. They threatened to take away the theatre's license. Sara Bernhardt had just begun to astonish the world, so I named my leading dancer after her. Sara, who had shorter skirts and longer legs than most girls, kicked up a little higher than had previously been deemed possible, and was equally successful in dusting the floor with her back hair. The theatre was crammed nightly, and 'Sara the Kicker' was the toast of the London clubs."

As we said in the beginning of this paragraph, these remarks will awaken a reminiscent chord in the bosom of many a bald-headed man who, when "Sara the Kicker" was in San Francisco, was himself a brownie and gazed scornfully at the bald-headed men of his time sitting in the front row. The Clara Vesey referred to by Soldene as her sister is the one whom some poet, unknown to fame, immortalized years ago in the poem beginning "In the fall the velvet Vesey."

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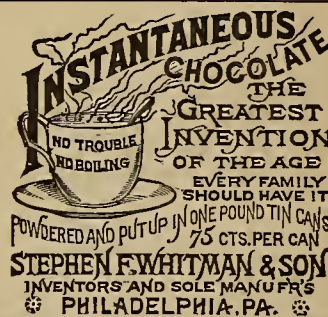
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COMPETITORS MUST MENTION THE

VANITY FAIR.

An *Argonaut* correspondent in Paris writes as follows: "If cycling had remained a purely masculine amusement, there is no question that the matter of costume would have cut but little figure; but the moment that the ladies took it up, this question assumed the utmost importance. Men do not seem to mind what they wear so long as they are comfortable, but women are more intent upon looking well than upon being comfortable. The result is that one sees astounding costumes in the Bois, or rather one did some short time ago, before the winter set in. The ladies at first seemed to favor tight-fitting costumes, but to-day they seem to incline more toward ample garments. They vary, of course, with the age and waist of the individual. Some of the bicycle ladies wear the bolero jacket and a sailor-hat with a veil, a linen shirt and four-in-hand tie under the bolero jacket, and zouave trousers. Others wear Russian blouses, knee-breeches, and stockings. Then you will see a woman who looks as if she might be a yachting girl, with a serge reefing-jacket and white trousers. You will also see the skirt, a very short skirt, it is true, but still a skirt. A blue and white shirt, with a wide, low, flaring collar, like that of a man-of-war's-man, and a coquettish sailor-hat is another favorite rig. There is very little sign of flowers and feathers in the lady bicyclist's hat. I saw one lady not long ago with a bolero jacket, yachting cap, tight-fitting knee-breeches, silk stockings, and low-cut patent-leather shoes. It goes without saying that she had to have neat calves and ankles to wear such a costume as that. While on this subject, I may say that it is not long since ladies were discussing whether it was 'decent' for them to wear bicycling costumes, but they seem to have abandoned the discussion. The short skirt, the zouave trousers, or the knickerbockers, show so little of the leg that it is scarcely calculated to affront the most modest. As for the timid ones, however, if they recoil at the costume, the gaiter will always cover up not only modesty, but thick ankles. However that may be, time changes everything, and a spectacle which a year or two ago would have astounded all of us—that of the female bicyclist—now scarcely attracts attention in Paris. When you see a pretty woman in knickerbockers going through the Bois, nobody is shocked. The furore which the bicycle has caused among women is most remarkable. It was a long time before they made up their minds to take it up; but now that they have, they have thrown themselves into it with the enthusiasm which is so characteristic of the sex. There are few exercises more suitable to them. Horseback-riding is not agreeable to all women, and in cities it is costly in many ways, and becomes rarer every day. In the country, ladies can ride on horseback with very much more pleasure than they can in cities, but when they return to the city and abandon the saddle for several months, their muscles become relaxed, and when they take it up again, they find it not an unalloyed pleasure. Horseback-riding is exacting."

A young American woman during a season's stay in London had received marked attention from an Englishman, and before her departure for New York, she had to decline a formal proposal of marriage. She returned to New York a year ago, and shortly after the new year was married. Recently she gave a dinner, and thought it would be a graceful compliment to send an invitation to her former admirer in London. She was amazed when he presented himself on the evening of the dinner, but this was nothing to her surprise when she subsequently learned that he had departed the following day for England, having taken the journey of nearly six thousand miles apparently to show that he could not be outdone in the compliment business.

One of the latest questions that have arisen to puzzle and vex the collectors under the new income tax law (says the *Sun*) is the manner in which returns shall be made by a family, the husband and wife of which do not live together. The law is very clear concerning those who have been divorced or legally separated, for it expressly provides that in a case where husband and wife have been divorced or "separated by operation of the law," each shall make a separate return of his or her individual income, and each shall enjoy the four-thousand-dollar exemption clause, for they are as separate and distinct in the eyes of the law as if they had never been married. But where husband and wife live apart without legal separation, the case is different. The law provides that the husband shall make a return of the gross incomes of the family, his own, his wife's, and that of his minor children. From the total the exemption of four thousand dollars shall be made. But in case the wife refuses to allow the husband to make returns of her income, the collectors run up against an obstacle. The framers of the law did not take into consideration the fact that husband and wife often live apart and yet are not legally separated, and if they did, they did not consider the fact that for a number of reasons the wife might refuse to allow her husband to make the returns, refusing to supply him with the data necessary. The law is abso-

lutely silent on this point, and as yet no decision has been made as to what shall be done in such a case. A question similar to this arises where a wife controls a large fortune of her own, and has complete charge of it. She might object to having it lumped in with the rest of the family's. The case of Mrs. Hetty Green is a very good example. She, as is well known, is the possessor of a large fortune in stocks, bonds, and real estate, from which she annually draws a very large income. She has charge of it herself, her husband taking little or no part in its administration. It is well within the limits of supposition that she may refuse to allow her husband to make the returns, a thing, if true, he could not do without her consent, as she is the only one who knows how much she has, and how great an income comes from it.

A London society woman, wishing to give a fancy ball recently, was besieged by letters, after her invitations were out, asking permission to appear in ordinary evening-dress. Alarmed at the prospect of a colorless ball, she diplomatically replied that any woman over thirty-five might come in evening-dress. The ball was a brilliant affair, and every woman came in a character gown.

There is much complaint that men do not make themselves as agreeable as they might at dancing-parties, and it is no unusual sight to find them standing about the halls and doorways at entertainments while young women sit partnerless through an entire evening. A lady, mentioned by a writer in the *Bazar*, gave a party not long since, at which there was a large contingent of men who did not dance, and she inquired the reason of several with whom she was familiar. The response was that so many changes were constantly being introduced in the various dances that, being business men and much occupied, they had no time to keep familiar with them, and therefore felt a hesitation in dancing with young ladies who were thoroughly up in all the newest forms. A remedy for incipient awkwardness and hesitancy on this score would seem to be to ground boys thoroughly in the various dancing-steps. Perhaps in New York, as well as in London, things may be progressing toward the adoption of the Oriental custom suggested by a Turkish dignitary, who, many years ago, was entertained at an evening party given by an Englishman of note and position. Seeing his host hot and fatigued after taking part in several dances, he inquired, with surprise, why ladies and gentlemen in England should perform such hard labor when it was possible to have it done for them. "In my country," said he, "it is done for us by slaves."

David Christie Murray, contrasting the vaunted national courtesy of America with "the whole system of public traveling," finds that: "There is no consideration for women displayed by either the railway companies or the people who run the enormously profitable and astoundingly inconvenient cars. . . . This American people is the most patient and long-suffering that was ever known. . . . It has no resentment for intrusion upon its liberties. . . . In every car which plies in the streets of every great city I have as yet visited in this country, there is such intermingling of promiscuous male and female limbs and figures as might be tolerated for an hour at a time of enormous emergency in another country, but would in no other country I have ever visited be endured as a system for a single week."

An artist is authority for the following measurements, which he claims are necessary for a perfect model of physical beauty of the female form. "To meet the requirements of a classic figure," he says a woman should be "five feet four and three-quarter inches tall, thirty-two inches bust measure, twenty-four inches around the waist, nine inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck." A queenly woman, however, must be "five feet five inches tall, thirty-six inches bust, twenty-six and a half inches waist, thirty-five inches over the hips, eleven and a half inches around the ball of the arm, six and a half inches around the wrist, hands and feet not too small." A similar authority lays down the rule that no colors should be worn save those which have a duplicate in the hair, eyes, or complexion, and he claims that a woman with blue-gray eyes and a thin, neutral-tinted complexion never looks so well as when dressed in blue shades which are mixed with gray. A brunette should wear cream-color, as this reproduces the tints of her skin; while florid complexions look well in plum and heliotrope, also in dove-gray, as these contain a hint of pink, and so harmonize well with the face in which there is a good deal of color.

According to the fashion writers and the men who make a special study of such things, those citizens of London who are strait-laced, well formed, and cleanly built are at last to have an inning with the tailors. The great difference between American and London tailors has always been in the fact that the American tailors cut the garments of their customers so as to fit their figures snugly, while the London tailors make their clothes baggy and big. It finally reached a point where the tailor in London who could make

clothes so bulky as to verge upon the ridiculous, without actually causing laughter, became locally famous. It was a great boon to pudgy men and those whose legs were not exactly straight. This year, however, a revolutionary spirit has set in, and the clothes of the London man of fashion are to be made snug and tight. It is a return, in a certain degree, to the fashion of 1830, when men's trousers and coats were fitted with extraordinary fidelity to their figures.

As an aftermath to the controversy in New York as to whether its women are beautiful, Mrs. Jenness Miller said, the other day: "I think New York women are the best-groomed women in the world. They take much better care of themselves than Western women. I do not think we have any distinctive type of female beauty in America, except, perhaps, the voluptuous Southern type, which is passing away. There is a distinct intellectual type in New England, but it is wholly intellectual. There are many beautiful women in New York whose features are not regular, but I think they are much the same as the highest type of English women and the highest type of Irish women. The ultra-high-bred Irish type is the most beautiful in the world, but its beauty does not last like ours in America. America must ultimately produce a distinctive type. At present there are too many strains of blood to fix any distinctive countenance or form as peculiarly American."

One of the odd purchases that a rich American girl, just home from a long sojourn in Europe, displays with great pride, is an entire trousseau of seven or eight gowns, with shoes, parasols, hats, gloves, stockings, handkerchiefs, and under-linen all to match, and all bought from the wardrobe of the pretty, well-dressed Queen of Italy. Queen Margherita (says the *Illustrated American*) spends more on her clothes than any feminine sovereign in Europe—has all her good gowns from Paris, and, like the princesses in fairy-tales, never wears a pair of stockings twice; her gloves make but two appearances at most, and as her hats, shoes, parasols, and handkerchiefs are sent to match each and every gown, they are laid aside directly the queen has had three or four wearings of them. It is the privilege of the ladies-in-waiting either to wear her gowns entirely remodeled or to sell them to persons who will never wear them in the queen's presence. Now, as this thrifty American girl had spent nearly all her allowance in traveling about Italy, and had not the heart to ask for additional funds for shopping expenses in Paris, she turned to account some information she received of a very private sale to be held from the queen's wardrobe. Through her Italian maid, who had once been an assistant in the palace, she obtained an entrance to the sale, and, at one-half the sum necessary for the purchase of similar articles in Paris, she filled her big trunks, and has, with the assistance of an alteration dressmaker, turned herself out for the season in frocks as fine as the most fastidious could desire. "One doesn't mind, you know," she explains to curious friends, "wearing the cast-offs of a queen. In fact, there is a delightful sort of sentiment about my second-hand frocks that not the most accomplished *couturière* could give, and which quite doubles their value in my eyes."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old army officer, who knew little of law, had been appointed governor of a West India island. The most appalling duty which the governor had to perform was the administration of justice, and in his ignorance he addressed Lord Mansfield in a tone of great concern, saying he knew nothing of law, and asking what he should do as the presiding officer of the local court of chancery on the island to which he was going. "Tut, man," said Mansfield, "decide promptly, but never give any reasons for your decisions. Your decisions may be right, but your reasons are sure to be wrong."

Last winter, Mr. Justice Harlan delivered a lecture on the Behring Sea arbitration before a large audience of law-students in a Western city. His honor, after taking up the legal side of the question, described graphically and learnedly the habits, migrations, and peculiarities of the seal, with elaborate references to other animals which seemed to offer instructive analogies. A few days after, a student who had read law a few months was asked how he liked the lecture. "Oh, very much," replied he, "very much indeed—very instructive. In fact, I think I learned more natural history from Justice Harlan than from all of Blackstone."

Not long ago, a certain authoress, whose talents do not extend to the field of elocution, gave readings from her works at Mrs. Boree's "salon." The authoress read in a monotonous tone several essays, and then a realistic story, in which no one did anything. Mr. Boree succeeded, during the reading of this story, in making his escape into an anteroom by a roundabout way. The door of the anteroom was shut. In this room Mr. Boree found, asleep in a chair, the footman whose duty it was to usher in visitors. Mr. Boree shook him rudely by the shoulder. "Wretch!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, "you've been listening at the keyhole!"

One evening while John Addington Symonds was at Oxford, he dined with Professor Jowett. After dinner the latter sat staring at the fire, and would not speak, but yet he did not seem to want Symonds to go. At last he spoke oracularly: "When I don't say anything, people fancy I am thinking about something. Generally I am thinking about nothing at all. Good-night." At another time he said: "Mr. Swinburne is a most curious young man. He used to bring me long and eloquent essays. He had a very remarkable power of language; but it was all language. I could never find that he was following any line of thought."

At a dinner given in London by a well-known literary man, an equally well-known author and correspondent was most enthusiastic in his praise of Wagner, not only as a composer of music, but as a poet. "I have no doubt," he said, with great earnestness, "that in the years to come Wagner will be ranked above Beethoven and Schiller." "I quite agree with you," responded Alma Tadema, who was one of the company; "for certainly," he continued, as the author turned a face beaming with delight at this unexpected support toward him—"certainly no one can deny that Wagner is a finer musician than Schiller and a greater poet than Beethoven."

One day the Austrian Ambassador to the Federal Diet, Count Rechberg, received a dispatch instructing him to vote with Prussia for a certain important measure, accompanied with a confidential letter directing him to induce the representatives of the other German states to vote against the measure and thus defeat it. In his haste he handed the wrong paper to Bismarck, who read and returned it with the remark: "There must be some mistake here." Rechberg saw his blunder, and grew pale and excited. "Don't be disturbed," said Bismarck; "you did not intend to give me this document, and therefore you have not given it to me, and I am wholly ignorant of its contents." In fact, he made no mention of it in his official reports, and thus won Rechberg's gratitude, besides having him henceforth "on the hip."

Catalani, on one occasion when at Weimar, was placed next to Goethe at a fashionable dinner-party. Catalani knew nothing of Goethe; but, being struck by the fine appearance of the poet, she asked the gentleman on her other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the reply. "Ah, yes. Pray on what instrument does he play?" was the rejoinder. "He is not a performer, madame; he is the renowned author of 'Werther.'" "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalani; and, turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him: "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werther'!" A low bow followed in acknowledgment. "I never," continued the lively lady—"I never read anything half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" "Madame," said the poet, looking serious, "the 'Sorrow of Werther' a farce?" "Oh, yes; never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," rejoined

Catalani, still laughing heartily. It turned out that the lady had been talking all the while of a parody of "Werther," which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris. But fancy the mortification of the poet!

Though very fond of stories, and an excellent raconteur himself, Rubinstein was rather taciturn. Once, it is reported, a Scotch friend of his, whom he liked very much, went home with him one night after a concert at Glasgow. Both gentlemen sat down to tea and cigarettes, and as midnight struck they had not yet exchanged a word. Finally the guest risked a bold and novel query: "Do you like Beethoven?" Rubinstein emptied his cup and said, softly: "Beethoven good." Half an hour later came another question: "And how do you like Wagner?" To which Rubinstein, throwing away a cigarette: "Wagner—not good." Having exhausted his stock of inquisitiveness, the Scotch friend of the Russian pianist got up to bid his host a pleasant rest. "Stay yet, my friend," said Rubinstein; "I like your conversation very much." And both remained still drinking tea and smoking cigarettes in profound silence until three A. M. struck, when they wished one another good-night and parted.

William Bradford, the American artist, had begun life as a business man, and never quite overcame the traditions of trade. With this was combined a rigid conscientiousness, derived from his Quaker ancestry. He and Van Beest were living at one time in New Bedford. Van Beest was a genuine swashbuckler, gifted with unusual eloquence in the art of profane swearing. Once Van Beest requested Bradford to refund him a loan of fifty dollars. When the latter protested that it was inconvenient to return it then, and pleaded for time, Van Beest let fly a volley of red-hot oaths, swearing that he must have the money then and there. With considerable reluctance Bradford handed him a fifty-dollar note. Van Beest thereupon proceeded, with the utmost nonchalance, to light his pipe with the bill. Completely overcome by such an amazing act of folly following hard on such a blast of profanity, Bradford left the room in a state of stupefaction. After he had gone, Van Beest burst out laughing, and took the bill from his pocket, telling the bystanders that the bill which he had actually used to light his pipe with was a counterfeit fifty that he had dextrously substituted for the genuine bill, and that he got the money from Bradford at that particular time expressly to play off this trick on him.

* M. Hyrvoix, chief of police at Paris under the Empire, one night was awakened and informed that one of the most prominent ladies of the imperial court had just been arrested, when, with the assistance of her maid, she was attempting to place in a cab the dead body of a young man arrayed in full evening-dress. At the police-station she explained to Hyrvoix that her husband had gone on a shooting expedition and would return on the following morning, and that she had taken advantage of his absence to receive a young admirer, who had died at two o'clock in the morning, as was subsequently discovered, of aneurism of the heart. Appalled by the possibility of the body being discovered by her husband, she was in the act of getting rid of it when discovered and arrested. M. Hyrvoix, aware of the emperor's desire to avoid public scandals at all costs, immediately ordered her release. Some years later, after the war, M. Hyrvoix happened to be present at an afternoon reception on the Faubourg St. Honoré, at Paris. The death of the emperor and the fate of the exiles at Chislehurst formed the principal topic of conversation. As usual, small mercy was shown toward the fallen dynasty, and among the most bitter in their denunciation of the corruption and immorality of the empire was a lady in whom M. Hyrvoix recognized the heroine of the adventure described above. He made his way up to her, and, bowing low, exclaimed: "May I be permitted to pay my homage to Mme. la Marquise? I fear that you have almost forgotten me." She looked up at him, and, on recognizing who was speaking, fainted. Nor was she ever afterward known to open her lips on the score of Bonapartist immortality.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6:45 A.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	7:15 P.
9:00 A.	"Sunset" Limited, Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.....	1:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond" Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	11:45 A.
1:30 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	7:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.
11:45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	1:05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1:45 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:06 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	10:40 A.
3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
4:25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	8:06 A.
5:10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	7:38 P.

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SOCIETY.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop."

One of the most successful private theatrical performances by amateurs that have ever taken place here was given last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1919 California Street. The play produced was Bronson Howard's society drama, "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Mr. George Osbourne, the well-known actor, rehearsed the participants, arranged the settings, and acted as stage manager.

The pretty little theatre in the De Young residence was filled to overflowing at half-past eight o'clock, when the curtain arose on the first act. In a handsome little brochure was indicated the following cast of characters and scenes:

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Constance Winthrop.....Miss Deane
Mrs. Ruth Winthrop.....Mrs. Bessie Smith
Edith.....Miss Belle Cohn
Mr. Burton Scott.....Mr. Richard Hotelling
Mr. Douglas Winthrop.....Mr. George Osbourne
Herbert.....Mr. Edwin Gedge
Dr. Millbank.....Dr. C. T. Dean
The Maid.....Miss Neumann
and
Mrs. Dick Chetwyn.....Mrs. de Young

ACT I.....Mrs. Winthrop's Home
We felt out, we know not why.

ACT II.....The Same Room
For when we came where lies the child.

ACT III.....The Drawing-room

ACT IV.....Winthrop Home
We kissed again with tears.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, played the following selections:

Overture—"Pique Dame".....Suppé
"Love's Reverie" (valse lente).....Wiegand
Selection—"Carmen".....Bizet
"Charming Ballerina".....Herrman

After the performance tête-à-tête tables were set in the various rooms on the first floor and in the picturesque Chinese salon down-stairs, and an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. Then the guests proceeded to the hall-room, where several pretty figures of the cotillion were danced with Mr. Addison Mizner as the leader. In each figure handsome favors were given, such as flowers, sleigh-bells, Napoleonic hats, etc. The german ended with a "hoohy" figure, in which the favors were small trumpets tied with ribbons. Regular dancing was then commenced, and it was very late when the delightful affair terminated. Among the guests were:

Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. L. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lillenthal, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter, Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine, Mr. and Mrs. James Appleton Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. William Lyle, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Rev. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. de Marville, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Drexler, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Herold, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lillenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Deering, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington, Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., Judge and Mrs. John Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. C. Hasson, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badiam, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. John Deane, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. William Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mrs. A. Chahot, Mrs. William Willis, Mrs. Charles O. Hall, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. F. E. Monteverde, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mme. B. Ziska, Mrs. Richard T.

Carroll, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Bessie Smith, Mrs. M. Deane, Misses Bailey, Misses Chahot, Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Anna Hobbs, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Anita Neumann, Miss Mabel Reed, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Simmons, Miss May Sharon, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Maude Smith, Miss Estee, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Booth, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fanny Danforth, Miss Hattie Tay, Miss Alice Ziska, Miss Belle Cohn, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Mamie Deane, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. John Adams, Mr. de Bauville, Mr. Emil Bruguier, Jr., Mr. Northrop Cowles, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. William Gerstle, Mr. Harry Gray, Dr. C. T. Dean, Mr. Richard Hotelling, Mr. George Osbourne, Mr. Edwin Gedge, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. R. R. Grayson, Mr. H. Henry Veuve, Mr. C. von Gerichten, Mr. Alexander Heyneman, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Peter Robertson, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, General R. P. Hammond, Mr. Frederick Hotelling, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. A. Z. Loughborough, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Andrew Martin, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Mr. Max Sloss, Mr. A. B. Wilberforce, Mr. Henry Dimond, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. Clarence Walter, Mr. Douglas Tilden, Mr. James Bonnell, Mr. Albert Castle, and Mr. A. C. Hellman.

The Treat-Hayes Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Luke's Church last Saturday evening, when Miss Mary Curtis Hayes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, was united in marriage to Mr. Walter Parker Treat, who has been connected with George C. Shreve & Co. for many years.

The church was filled with friends of the popular young couple, and the chancel was attractively decorated with an arch of carnations and white roses at the entrance and festoons of smilax and japonica. The organist played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" at half-past eight o'clock, when Master George Hayes Walcott, a little nephew of the bride, entered between the extended ribbons lining the pews and made a passage-way for the bridal party. Heading the cortège were the four ushers: Mr. J. Eugene Freeman, Mr. George D. Easton, Dr. A. H. Taylor, and Mr. James W. Farrington. Then came the two bridesmaids, Miss Florence Hayes and Miss Hattie Tay, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Louise Hayes. Next came the bride walking alone, and she was followed by her father and mother. In the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. C. E. Hayes. The dresses worn by the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a stylishly designed robe of white moiré antique, made with a long court-train and trimmed with Duchesse lace. The corsage was trimmed with sprays of orange-blossoms and pearls, and a girdle of pearls fell from her waist. A diamond star confined the flowing veil of white tulle to her coiffure. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses.

The maid of honor wore a handsome gown of white satin-striped gauze, en demi-train, with trimmings of gold passementerie. She carried a cluster of pink roses.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in gowns of pink silk with overdrapes of white mousseline de soie and trimmings of pink satin. They carried bouquets of Cecil Bruner roses.

Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes wore a rich robe of gray brocade satin, en demi-train, with trimmings of Duchesse lace.

The marriage ceremony was performed impressively by Rev. W. H. Moreland, and at its conclusion the members of the bridal party and a few intimate friends proceeded to the Hotel Richelieu, where a delicious supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Treat left the next day for a southern trip. The wedding presents were numerous and costly.

The Owen Lunch-Party.

Miss Alice Owen gave one of the prettiest lunch-parties of the season last Thursday at the University Club and hospitably entertained forty-two of her friends. The long dining-table in the café was beautifully decorated with an abundance of pink plum-blossoms that were strewn over the damask, and through this mass of blossoms a long silk sash of pink, white, and green was artistically interwoven. At intervals there were pink howls holding clusters of fleur-de-lis, and there were also cut-glass lamps and candelabra with pink shades that cast a pretty glow over the table. The luncheon was commenced at half-past one o'clock, and in the enjoyment of a delicious menu, with a musical accompaniment by Huber's Hungarian Orchestra, a couple of hours were most pleasantly passed in dining. Miss Owen's guests comprised:

Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Harry Hinckley, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Frederick Green, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. William F. Bowers, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. Robert Knight, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Frederick P. Howard, Mrs. A. A. Penoyer, Mrs. Miss Haight, Miss Ives, Miss Pope, Miss Dunham, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Buckhee, Miss Whitney, Miss Goodall, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Sprague, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss O'Connor, Miss Nellie Hillery, Miss Anita Whitney, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Sparks, Miss Wright, and Miss Emma Butler.

Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art will be the scene this evening of the opening of the loan exhibition of portraits of women. The affair will continue one week and the proceeds will be devoted to the Children's Hospital, and the Children's Home which is under the charge of the Salvation Army. They are both worthy charities and are deserving of liberal support. The portraits are all carefully hung in the main salon and adjoining rooms, and it will require several visits to see them

all and study them. The exhibition of photographs of society girls is not the least interesting feature of the exhibition and will attract much attention. Mrs. F. F. Low's magnificent piece of Chinese embroidery occupies a prominent position in the front room and will be greatly admired. There will be music on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings. The Philharmonic Society will play on Saturday night. It is expected that there will be a very large and fashionable audience present this evening.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The American Concert Band of one hundred musicians, under the direction of Alfred Ronco-vieri, will give a musical festival and promenade fair at the Mechanics' Pavilion from February 25th to April 1st. Some new and startling electrical effects will be introduced. From February 25th to March 2d, the concerts will be given in aid of the new French Hospital.

The forty-third Saturday Popular Concert will take place at Golden Gate Hall this afternoon. The executants will be Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. A. A. Solomon, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Louis Heine. The string quartet, op. 11, by Tschalkowsky, and Saint-Saëns trio, op. 18, will be special features of the programme.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the last will of the late W. W. Stow, the following testamentary provisions were made:

Vanderlynn Stow, A. N. Drown, and W. F. Herrin were appointed executors, with full power to control the estate, and provision was made that testator's son, Sherman Stow, should fill the first vacancy. The estate consists of real estate and personal property in San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, Butte, Nevada, and Alameda Counties. The will commenced with the statement that all the testator possessed was the community property of himself and his wife, and the provisions he made for her in the will were in lieu of her share of the community property. He also declared that the stock and bonds given to his wife and his daughter, Nellie, belonged to them absolutely and were no part of his estate. He then made the following bequests: To his wife, the family residence, stable, and grounds at 1013 Pine Street, with all the furniture, carriages, pictures, etc., and, in addition, \$500,000 worth of property to be selected by her from any stocks, bonds, or notes belonging to his estate. If she does not accept the provisions in lieu of her community interest, then she shall take nothing except what the law allows her of the community property. In any event, he gives her the insurance on his life, as the policy is in her name. The testator bequeathed his pearl studs and cane, presented to him by the assembly of 1885, to his son, Sherman P. Stow, and made no other provision for him, as he had already received advances which were considered his full equitable share of the estate. The rest and residue of the estate is bequeathed to his executors as joint tenants, and not as tenants in common, to be divided into five trust funds, as follows: For his daughter Lena and her children, \$300,000; his son Vanderlynn, \$15,000; his daughter Nellie, \$50,000; his son Harry P., \$40,000; and his son W. W., \$10,000. If the residue does not amount to \$145,000, then the funds shall be divided pro rata. If it exceeds that amount, it shall be divided into six equal parts, one of which shall be paid to Sherman P. Stow and the others added to the funds created. As soon as the amounts are ascertained by the trustees, they shall be paid over to Vanderlynn, Harry P., and Nellie Stow. They shall invest and re-invest the share that goes to Mrs. Lena Cook, giving her the net income for life, and at her death it shall be divided among her living children. In addition to the \$10,000 for W. W. Stow, Jr., he shall receive the net income of the San Luis Obispo ranch, containing 2,300 acres, and all of the livestock, implements, etc., for life, and, at his death, the fund shall be divided between his wife, Henrietta, and her children. The trustees may, if they see fit, terminate the trust and convey the property to him absolutely. It is estimated that the value of the estate is \$400,000, including what he had given to his children prior to his death.

Miss Catherwood, who has many friends in this city, was on board the Ward steamer *Cienfuegos*, recently lost on Harbor Island in the Bahamas, near Nassau. Miss Catherwood, safely rescued with the other passengers, was on her way to Cuba to visit Mr. and Mrs. Brooks at Santiago. She is now at Nassau, where the passengers were taken, awaiting another boat to convey them on to Cuba. Miss Catherwood writes that although the ship was a total wreck, the passengers were at no time in any great danger, as the night was fine and the sea comparatively smooth when the steamer struck the reef.

Who was it originated the term "brownie" as used in San Francisco, to indicate male children used for dancing partners?

"Does Blykins understand horse races?" "He must, I never see him at the track."—*Washington Star*.

The Lurline Baths.

Situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. Every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock an exciting and interesting game of water-polo is played by clever amateurs. After the polo, there are clever feats of high-diving and somersaults. The baths are open from early morning until ten o'clock in the evening.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 68r.

KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.



YALE'S HAIR TONIC

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that Mme. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. Mme. Yale personally indorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY Hair Specific. It STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxuriant growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.

If Anybody Offers a Substitute Shun Them.

MME. M. YALE, Health and Complexion Specialist. Yale Temple of Beauty, No. 146 State Street, Chicago.

REDINGTON & CO., Wholesale Druggists, San Francisco, are supplying the Pacific Coast.

NATURE IS MIGHTY

in coping with human ailments, and nowhere else does she furnish waters of such powerful medicinal value as at BYRON HOT SPRINGS, Contra Costa Co., Calif. A descriptive analysis of the various springs and their effect on certain obstinate diseases will interest you. Send for booklet. Address

C. R. MASON, - - - MANAGER

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BALLENBERG'S ORCHESTRA

Furnishes the Latest European and Eastern Dance Music for all kinds of Social Gatherings.

THE PIONEER ORCHESTRA Established here for a Quarter of a Century

Address N. BALLEBERG, In Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.



SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The Lenten season will commence next Wednesday, February 27th, and end on April 14th.

The wedding of Miss Maye Bourn and Mr. James E. Tucker will be very quietly celebrated next Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. W. B. Bourn, corner of Gough and Broadway Streets.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Miles, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Department of California, and Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, First Infantry, U. S. A., will take place on Easter Monday, April 15th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1829 Sacramento Street. Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Church, will officiate.

The wedding of Miss Florence Reed, of Aeolia Heights, Auburn, and Mr. J. H. Toler, of Cheshire, England, will not take place until next fall. Mr. Toler is at present interested in mining at Auburn. Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ermentine Poole, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Burns, to Mr. Louis H. Long, of the Southern Pacific Company.

The Monday Evening Dancing Club will hold its final meeting next Tuesday evening at Lunt's Hall. The ladies are expected to wear masks and pink dominoes, but the gentlemen will appear in evening-dress.

The residence of Mrs. Robert A. McLean, on Pacific Avenue, will be the scene this afternoon of a tea, which will be given for the benefit of the Scheel Symphony Fund. The patronesses are Mrs. R. A. McLean, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. William P. Thomas, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Martin Kellogg, and Miss Bourn. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst will give a colonial hall at her residence in Washington, D. C., next Tuesday evening, in honor of Miss Bayard and Miss Anthony.

The members of the Vaudeville Club gave their first entertainment of this season last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets. There were about one hundred and fifty members and guests present, who enjoyed the programme greatly. A Bohemian supper was one of the features of the affair, and there were a number of dances.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained a large number of her friends last Saturday afternoon by giving a tea at her residence, 1900 Franklin Street, from five until seven o'clock. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Blanding, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss McNutt, Miss Ethel Tompkins, and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Mrs. William S. Wood and Miss Eleanor Wood gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Thursday at their residence, 1920 Clay Street, and entertained many of their friends. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. John Hunt, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Mrs. Richard Rising, Mrs. M. B. Kellogg, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Miss Spiers, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Schneely, Miss Breeze, Miss Graham, Miss Woolworth, Miss Ives, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Norwood, the Misses Hamilton, Miss Julia Crocker, and the Misses Schussler.

Mrs. J. S. Wethered and Miss Wethered gave a pleasant unatinee tea last Thursday at their home on Pacific Avenue. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. William Elliott, Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, Mrs. F. C. Selfridge, Mrs. J. Conner, Mrs. Henry Martinez, Mrs. Selim Woodworth, Miss Potter of Philadelphia, Miss Locke, of New York, Miss Buckhee, and Miss Norwood.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill gave a most enjoyable reception last Monday evening at their residence, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Sawyer, *né* Severance, who were married recently in Honolulu.

Mrs. James Stewart gave an enjoyable matinee tea recently at her residence, 2505 Pacific Avenue, and hospitably entertained many of her friends. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. F. A. Will, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, Mrs. John B. Nevin, Mrs. G. M. Frank, Mrs. J. W. Edwards, Miss Harrison, Miss Tillie Feldmann, Miss Julia Mau, Miss May Colburn, Miss Reid, Miss Wainwright, and the Misses Dunn.

Miss Alice Decker gave a very enjoyable matinee tea last Wednesday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. Augustus Taylor gave a large theatre-party at the Baldwin on Friday night, after which they entertained their guests at an elaborate supper.

Mr. Thomas McCabell and Mr. A. Andrews gave a box-party at the Baldwin Theatre last Wednesday evening, followed by a delicious supper. Their

guests were Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Anna Hobbs, Miss Minnie Jolliffe, Miss Isahel O'Connor, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

The Misses Morrison gave a house-party at their home in San José, from last Saturday until Monday, to Judge and Mrs. Bellinger, of Portland, Or., Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, and Judge W. B. Gilbert, of this city. A reception was given in their honor, and some four-in-hand drives were enjoyed.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell are now at the Palace Hotel, where they will remain about six weeks before returning to their home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Henry Glass and Mrs. J. M. Johnson were in Geneva, Switzerland, early in February.

Mrs. Louis E. Parrott left Paris late in January to make a brief visit to Nice, in the south of France.

Mr. Arthur Castle was in Egypt last week, preparing for a trip up the Nile with a party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and Miss Gertrude Forman will leave on March 5th to make a visit to Japan.

Mr. Louis Hirsch is expected to return from Central America about March 26th. Mrs. Hirsch is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fox Tay have removed to 3005 Jackson Street and will receive on Fridays.

Miss Burke, of San Francisco, is visiting Mrs. J. Naglee Burke, at the Naglee Place, in San José.

Miss Lizzie Carroll has been paying a visit to Miss Murphy at her home in San José.

Mr. James L. Flood arrived in New York city last week and registered at the Hotel Imperial.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Samuel W. Saalburg, and Mr. Bert Hecht will return from the East late in March.

Miss Anna Miller Wood left last Monday for London, where she will continue her musical studies.

Mr. Burns Macdonald is visiting his sister, Mrs. Duke Baxter, in Santa Barbara County.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Miss Kate McGrew, of Honolulu, is visiting Mrs. C. D. Havens at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Edwards Roberts, of Santa Barbara, is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard left last Thursday on the Sunset Limited to visit New Orleans.

Judge Edward A. Belcher, who has been confined to his home with an attack of the grippe for the past three weeks, is now able to resume his duties on the bench.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin left last Wednesday for Los Angeles, where he will remain several weeks.

Mr. Albert Wieland and Mr. John Siehe will soon leave for the East en route to Europe, where they will travel for a year.

Mr. Henry Stull, the artist, of New York city, arrived here last Sunday, and is staying at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wilkie are now residing at 713 Eighth Street in Oakland.

Colonel W. D. Sanborn has returned from a two week's visit at Santa Barbara.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear Admiral James A. Greer, U. S. N., the ranking officer of the navy, will be retired on February 28th. He will be succeeded by Admiral Brown, U. S. N.

Commander J. J. Brice, U. S. N., was placed on the retired list on February 1st.

Lieutenant-Colonel James S. Casey, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent from Angel Island, in command of Benicia Barracks.

Major Thomas M. K. Smith, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in command of the San Diego Barracks.

Major Frederick M. Crandal, Third Infantry, U. S. A., will remain on duty at San Diego Barracks until March 10th, when he will proceed to his home and await retirement from active service.

Assistant-Surgeon C. P. Bagge, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican* and ordered to the naval hospital at Mare Island.

Captain A. S. Barker, U. S. N., has assumed command of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Captain F. J. Higginson, U. S. N., is now in command of the *Monterey*.

Captain James Parker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is still on duty at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Captain Alexander Rodgers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty in the Bureau of Military Information at Washington, D. C.

Captain John R. Brinckle, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent from duty on a sick leave.

Captain Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., is still on special duty in Washington, D. C.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on general recruiting service at Minneapolis, Minn.

Captain James S. Pettit, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., will return to duty at Angel Island on April 6th.

Lieutenant John H. Moore, U. S. N., will soon be detached from the *Thetis* to command the *Patterson*, vice Lieutenant William J. Moore, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned from his leave of absence.

Lieutenant Alexander T. Dean, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, will return to duty on March 12th.

Lieutenant Edward T. Brown, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty with Battery M at Fort Canby, Wash.

Lieutenant George W. Gatchell, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Vermont Academy, Saxton's River, Vt.

Lieutenant Peyton C. Marsh, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty with Battery I at Fort Mason.

Lieutenant Samuel E. Allen, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is still on duty at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is undergoing instruction at the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant William R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the State University of Nevada, at Reno, Nev.

Lieutenant Harvey C. Carbaugh, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is undergoing instruction at the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Charles B. Vogdes, First Infantry, U. S. A., is still on duty at the State University of Iowa.

Lieutenant Thomas Connolly, First Infantry, U. S. A.,

is the acting Indian agent at the Round Valley Indian Agency, Cal.

Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Charles L. Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at San Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant N. P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Lieutenant Charles E. B. Flagg, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Fort Townsend, Wash.

Lieutenant Clough Overton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is visiting this city on one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Mrs. J. G. C. Lee is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mills, wife of Captain S. M. Mills, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., at Fort Niobrara.

DCCXLV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, February 24, 1895.

Cream of Celery Soup.

Devised Crabs.

Breaded Lamb Chops. Fried Potatoes.

Tomatoes. String Beans.

Roast Ducks, Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.

Carrot Salad.

Frozen Pudding.

Coffee.

FROZEN PUDDING.—Take stale plum and sponge cake; slightly butter a tin pudding-mold of a melon shape; put a layer of cake at the bottom, then a layer of either strawberry or raspberry jam; then cake, then jam, and so on until the mold is nearly full; turn on a teaspoon of strong sherry wine, or half a cup of brandy; make and hold a soft custard; fill the mold and let stand until the cake is soft. Place it in ice and salt; cover it all over; let it stand six or eight hours; dip the mold in boiling water quickly, and turn it on the dish.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

—MAN KNOW THYSELF. SEND TEN LINES OF handwriting, with fee of fifty cents, to "Chiro," this office, and receive full written delineation of character and vocation.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

Sizing up a favorite: "All the girls like him."

"Ah!—who supports him?"—Puck.

A Fig Cake

made with

Cleveland's
Baking Powder

is fit
for a queen.

Cleveland's, the best that money can buy.

It's easy to make. The recipe is in the Cleveland cook book, which will be mailed free on receipt of stamp and address.
Cleveland Baking Powder Co.
New York.

MONARCH BICYCLES



ARE GOOD BICYCLES

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE.

See them before buying your '95 Wheel.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

Junction Market, Pine, and Davis Streets

We are the Pacific Coast Delivery for Morgan & Wright Tires.

AUCTION!

RETIRING
FROM
BUSINESS

W. WUNSCH & CO., the well-known Wholesale Jewelers, who have been in business for the past thirty years, will now retire, and are daily offering for sale, at private and auction, their stock of

Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Etc.

AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

AUCTION SALE Daily at 2 o'clock P. M., until Stock is entirely disposed of.

M. WUNSCH & CO., Wholesale Jewelers,

P. J. BURROUGHS, Auctioneer. 111 SUTTER ST., under Lick House.

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ON HAND

GIBSON'S DRAWINGS.
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SUCCESSORS TO C. BEACH,

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THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest
Family Hotel of San Francisco.
Special Pride Taken in the
Excellence of the Cuisine.
Elegantly Furnished Rooms
Single and En Suite.
Permanent Guests Will be
Given Special Rates.
Elevator Runs Day and Night.

HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

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N. W. corner Sutter and Jones Streets.



Centrally located and adjacent to all of the principal cable-car lines. A fashionable family hotel, having all of the latest modern improvements. Sunny and elegantly furnished rooms, en suite, with baths, or single. Cuisine unsurpassed. Sanitary plumbing. Passenger elevator. Billiard Parlor. Barber shop

O. M. BRENNAN, Proprietor.

THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, Elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

Unexcelled in Appointments.
Unsurpassed in Cuisine.

THE PALACE HOTEL

GUESTS ENTERTAINED ON EITHER
THE AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN
PLAN.

THE GRILL ROOM

A UNIQUE INNOVATION.

Is the Most Elegant Dining Apartment for
Men in San Francisco.

RATES MODERATE.

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DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO.

City Agents,

THE CYCLERY, - 505-511 STANYAN ST.

Correspondence invited from nonrepresented territory.

E. C. STEARNS & CO.,
304-306 POST STREET, S. F.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

CITIZENS' WATER COMPANY.—NOTICE is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Citizens' Water Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, is hereby called for Wednesday, the 27th day of February, 1895, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., at the company's office at No. 13 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, to consider the proposition of creating a bonded indebtedness and issuing bonds of the company in the sum of \$500,000.00, with interest, payable semi-annually, at five per cent. per annum—principal payable in thirty years.

The above meeting is called by the Board of Directors, and the *Argonaut* was by them, in the order calling such meeting, designated as the newspaper in which this notice is to be published.

By order of Board of Directors of the Citizens' Water Company.

A. ANDREW, Secretary.

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Harry—"I always wear a hat to suit my head; hang the style." Dick—"Yes; I notice that a soft hat is your favorite."—*Boston Globe.*

Ada—"Why did Blanche break off her engagement?" Ida—"Her fiancé held two rehearsals of his bachelor's dinner within a week."—*L'ogue.*

He—"I envy that man who sang the tenor solo." She—"Why, I thought he had a very poor voice." He—"So did I. But just think of his nerve!"—*Life.*

Philanthropist—"How can I make sure that none but the really needy will receive the money I intend to distribute?" Journalist—"Buy poetry with it."—*Puck.*

"Going to a fashionable dentist's, eh?" "Yes, to get my tooth pulled. Where are you going?" "Going to a fashionable physician's to get my leg pulled."—*Life.*

"I shall expect you," said the justice to the colored culprit, "to tell the whole truth." "De whole truth, suh?" "Yes." "Jedge, jes' gimme six months."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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Witherby—"When we get our new house, I want to have a room by myself—a room that no one else will think of entering." Mrs. Witherby—"That's easily arranged, my dear; I'll let you select the wall-paper for it yourself."—*Puck.*

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"I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to his wife, as they sat in the family circle at the play—"I'll bet from the looks of it that the dress that that woman in the box is wearin' is one of them elegant dresses one-half off we seed advertised in the papers."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Brown—"Mrs. Smith is so disappointed about the outcome of her divorce suit." Mrs. Jones—"She obtained her decree, did she not?" Mrs. Brown—"Yes; but her husband made no defense. She had looked forward so to his cross-examination."—*Judge.*

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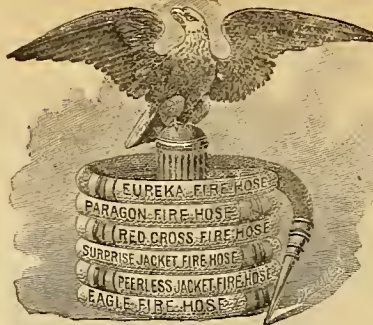
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As the Democratic Congress draws to a close, its record grows more black. By its blind and wicked tampering with the business interests of the country, it ruined hundreds of thousands of individuals throughout the land, and now, not content with the ruin of individuals, it strikes at the coun-

try's credit. It has looted the Treasury, depleted the gold reserve, borrowed money at European usurers' rates to make good its criminal deficits, brought the government almost to the verge of repudiation, and dragged the honor and the credit of this country in the mire.

During Mr. Harrison's term the gold in the United States Treasury reached the sum of \$327,000,000, including what is called the "gold reserve" of \$100,000,000. Under a Democratic administration, this vast sum has disappeared, with the exception of what is left of the gold reserve, about forty millions. Yet even this and more have in reality been wasted, for the Democratic administration during the past year has borrowed \$117,000,000.

Not content with this, the Secretary of the Treasury is borrowing more. He has made an arrangement with a syndicate of bankers and brokers—largely British—to borrow \$62,000,000, in gold, to be paid for by an issue of four per cent. 30-year coin bonds at 104.4, being on a basis of 3¾ per cent. interest. The administration claimed that the bonds could have been floated for three per cent. if Congress would make them payable in "gold" instead of "coin." On Congress refusing to do this, the Secretary of the Treasury concluded the deal in the terms we have given above. These are about the terms that the British money-lenders would exact from such countries as Venezuela or Ecuador. That such a bard bargain could be driven with a vast and rich country like the United States is most amazing. It points to one of these two conclusions: either this country is temporarily governed by men who are incompetent to conduct its financial business as successfully as its material conditions would warrant, and on as favorable terms as most well-governed nations require; or, the credit of this country, under a Democratic administration, has sunk to the level of a petty South American republic.

We prefer the first of these two explanations. We do not believe that the credit of this country has been permanently impaired. It has, it is true, been much shaken by the accession of the Democratic party to power. But such is the confidence of the world in our vast resources and in our national honor that even such a blunder as electing a Democratic President and Congress has not utterly destroyed that confidence. With the passing of that party from power, and the restoration of the political organization which brought the country safely through the financial throes of the Civil War, and successfully accomplished specie resumption eight years after the war, the confidence of the world will return. It is now only shaken, as was shown by the eagerness to take up the bonds offered for sale in Europe. They were subscribed for five times over, even though the word "gold" was not inserted. But the exorbitant terms which the money-lenders succeeded in exacting from this government were due to the monumental incapacity of the Democratic "financiers" at the head of the Treasury Department. The government practically made a present of sixteen millions of dollars to this syndicate of British bankers—sixteen millions over and above their "fair living profit," which was several millions more. The threat that the government could not have the money unless they inserted the word "gold" or paid an exorbitant rate of interest was what poker-players call a "bluff." If the government had stood firm, the syndicate of bankers would have dug up the money, and loaned it at current rates. First-class railway bonds, like those of the New York Central, Lake Shore, and Illinois Central, are now selling on a basis of three and three-fourths per cent. Is not the credit of the United States worth more than that of the railways within her borders, and which exist only by her sufferance?

No: Mr. Cleveland and his money-man, Mr. Carlisle, have been buncoed in this bond business by clever money-men than they. It serves them right, although it is a little hard on the rest of us, for the extra sixteen millions which they presented to the deserving British bankers means an assessment of twenty-five cents a head on every man, woman, and child in this great republic. A laboring man with a wife and four children will thus pay a dollar and a half—about a

day's wages—to make up the millions caused by Mr. Carlisle's costly blundering.

It seems hardly credible, but Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle apparently do not know that they have been buncoed. They think that when they went to the bunco men, they placed themselves "in the hands of their friends." They have agreed that if they want more money they will get it from the same syndicate and on the same terms. In their turn, the bunco men have made a sentimental agreement with Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle; by this preposterous document, they agree to discourage people from taking gold out of the Treasury for the purpose of exporting or hoarding it. They also agree to bring the gold from Europe to buy the bonds. While they were about it, they might as well have agreed to make the gold stay here, or to prevent its ever appearing on the gaming-table, or to keep people from spending it in evil ways. Such an agreement would have been fully as feasible as the one that they have made. They can not stop people from making money by dealing in gold—even if they wished to do so, which is doubtful. Any man can go and draw gold from the Treasury in exchange for currency, despite the agreement of these bankers. It is entirely probable that they will go and draw it themselves—through their clerks. And then, when the gold runs low, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle will go and be buncoed again.

We have always thought Mr. Cleveland to be a well-meaning, obstinate, and rather dull man, with an incapacity for noting incompetency in his subordinates. But we feel it our duty to warn him that if Mr. Carlisle is allowed to continue matching Kentucky financial ideas against those of European bankers, there will be no further danger of the President and his Secretary being buncoed out of any more of the country's coin, for there will soon be no more coin out of which to bunco them.

The fierce light that beats around the throne in a monarchy is as nothing compared to that which beats around a millionbeirss in America. The contemplated marriage of Miss Anna Gould to a young Frenchman named De Castellane has fired the reporters of the metropolitan press, and if they have neglected to mention anything connected with De Castellane, his family, or his friends, or Miss Gould, her family, or her friends, it would be difficult to discover what it is. Thus we learn that Count de Castellane "pads," that he "wears corsets," that he "curls his hair." We are told that Mr. Brockholst Cutting is to be an usber at the wedding, and we have a minute history of Mr. Cutting, who would seem to be a sort of professional best man. We are also told of Mr. Raoul Duval, who is another one of the ushers, that he is "tall, good-looking, and has a short mustache"; and we are also informed that he "shares a pleasant suite of rooms with his friend, De Castellane." Another usher is to be the Prince del Drago of Spain, who is "tall, wears a pointed beard, and has a pleasant expression." We are also told that the bridesmaids will be Miss Helen Gould, Miss Adelaide Montgomery, Miss Kitty Cameron, and Miss Beatrice Richardson. The "white sable-trimmed gowns" that they are going to wear; the "souvenir initial pins, combining G. and C.," with which they are going to be presented; the white broadcloth trousers—or shall we say "knee-pants"?—to be worn by the two little pages, sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould; the "rare old point-lace veil," which will be worn by Miss Anna Gould; other things to be worn by Miss Anna Gould, including even her most intimate garments—have not all of these things been set down with the utmost particularity by the faithful reporters of the New York press?

If the reporters neglected the relatives of Mr. de Castellane while they were in France, they made amends for it when they were in America. The Castellane family came over on the French transatlantic liner, *La Champagne*. When she came up to her pier, at the foot of the gang-plank there awaited her a dense mass of New York reporters. They watched with the utmost interest and described with the utmost minuteness the meeting between

Mr. de Castellane and his family. They noted with interest the fact that "his mother kissed him," that "he kissed his father," and that "he shook hands with his brother." They chronicled the fact that he wore "a silk hat," an "irreproachable coat," and "a violet houtonnière." There is some little discrepancy here in the accounts, for one paper states that he led his family at once to Mrs. Gould's brougham, and the party instantly drove away. Another paper, however, relates that he waited some time while the baggage was being examined, got tired, started to go, was stopped by a customs officer who demanded to look at his satchel, and finally drove rapidly away.

Did this foreigner and his family, by driving rapidly from the pier in Mr. Gould's brougham, think thus to evade the American press? If so, they failed ignobly, for the sleuth-hound reporter was ever at their heels. For we read that "the hridge-room-elect kept up a steady flow of conversation all the way to the Gould mansion." It is difficult to understand how the reporter could have known that Mr. de Castellane kept up a steady flow of conversation unless he was in the carriage too. But perhaps the reporter was on the roof of the carriage; or he may have been disguised as a footman; or perhaps he was running along behind. However this may be, he chronicles the conversation, and even fathoms the thoughts of the family, as will be seen when he says: "The marquis was silent. He was husy wondering if all New York was as unattractive as the old Ninth Ward." Mind-reading is always curious, but this is simply extraordinary. We do not know whether the marquis speaks English or not, but he probably thinks in French. That the reporter should divine his thoughts is indeed strange; but that he should divine these thoughts when they were not only unuttered, but formless and French, approaches the marvelous.

There is an old poem by Nathaniel Parker Willis which speaks of a viewless presence stalking by a lady's side. This is recalled to us by the pervading personality of the reporter. The party arrives at the Gould mansion. One would imagine that the reporter did not go in. But he describes everything as if he were a *matatma* and went through the walls of the Gould house like a fourth-dimensional shadow. He notes that Count de Castellane takes off his overcoat, and, handing it to the servant, says, "Please tell Mr. Gould that my mother and father have arrived." The reporter remarks: "All hands then adjourn to the sitting-room on the second floor." "All hands" evidently includes the reporter. Count de Castellane goes into another room (followed by the reporter) and "returns in a twinkling with his lady-love on his arm" (accompanied by the reporter). The future daughter-in-law receives from the marquise one "searching glance" (as noted by the reporter), and then "folds her in a warm, motherly embrace" (unaccompanied, we hope, by the reporter). While the young lady is being "complimented by her future mother-in-law until she blushes" (which blushes are chronicled by the reporter), the door-hell rings and Henry de Castellane and Raoul Duval are announced and enter (apparently unaccompanied by a reporter). "More felicitations followed, and the united family sat down to talk over the situation" (apparently with the reporter). Luncheon is served shortly after this, and Miss Anna Gould then announces that she must pay a visit to her sister, Helen (we suppose, with the reporter). This was the signal for the breaking up of the family gathering. "Mr. and Mrs. George Gould retired to their apartments," says the reporter, "and the members of the De Castellane family were left alone." But they were not alone; they were with their God—and the reporter.

We note with pain that when Mr. de Castellane and his bride are married on Monday afternoon, March 4th, they do not at once leave the country. They go first to the Gould cottage at Lakewood, and then sail two days afterward for England. We would advise them not to tarry in this country, but to sail immediately after the celebration of the ceremony. If they remain here for two days, it is our belief that they will find a reporter under the bridal bed.

On February 20, 1895, a resolution repealing the law of June, 1872, providing for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, was read a third time in the Reichstag and passed. Its fate in the Bundesrath is uncertain; in 1893 that body refused to concur in a similar measure, and this time the resolution encountered the opposition of the Conservatives and National Liberals in the popular chamber. There is a strong feeling among the landed class in Germany that the presence of the Jesuits is irreconcilable with the maintenance of order.

This feeling has lasted for over a hundred years. The great Frederick allowed the society to exist on condition that it should confine itself to the work of teaching; but Frederick William the Second abolished it altogether, and confiscated its possessions. It did not recover from the

blow till 1848, when, in the revolutionary movements of that year, the principle of toleration was proclaimed, and Jesuit establishments were founded in Brandenburg, Westphalia, and the Province of the Rhine. The old antipathy to the order cropped out in a constitutional provision adopted by Saxony forbidding their admission to that kingdom; but after the war with France, there was a general disposition to tolerate them, which they managed to defeat by their irrepressible tendency to meddle in public affairs. They planted themselves on the doctrine of Papal infallibility, and the deputies who were allied with them formed a coalition with the separatists in the Reichstag. This roused Bismarck, and the result was the expulsion of the Jesuits from the German Empire and the subsequent Kulturkampf. They hetook themselves to Switzerland, and very nearly succeeded in embroiling that republic with Germany; until the Swiss, for self-protection, followed the German example and expelled them from their country.

These proceedings were taken against the order in a Protestant country. But they have been assailed with equal violence in countries which were Roman Catholic. In 1759, Pombal, the prime-minister of Portugal, expelled them from that kingdom and from Brazil, on the ground that they had instigated an insurrectionary movement among the Indians of Paraguay. Five years later, they were driven out of France, the charge on this occasion being that they embarked in illicit commercial undertakings, and that they had published lax hooks of casuistry which demoralized the people. Three years later, all the Jesuits of Spain were exiled by a decree which went into effect at the same hour in every Jesuit establishment in Spain and in her colonies; the secret of the measure was said by the king to be "locked up in his own breast," but it was well known that Aranda had evidence that the members of the brotherhood had engaged in treasonable intrigues. Austria followed suit, and, in 1773, the Pope issued the famous brief—"Dominus ac Redemptor Noster"—which suppressed the Society of Jesus in all Christian states.

A reaction then set in. The Jesuits took other names—"Society of the Faith of Jesus" and "Society of the Sacred Heart"—and under these names they regained a portion of their lost ground. Cardinal Della Genga, who was the most powerful person in Rome, urged a reorganization of the society, so as to bring it in line with modern thought; but when he became Pope as Leo the Twelfth, he stopped on his way to the Vatican, where he was to be consecrated, to hless the general of the Jesuits and his household. The order was then restored to its dignities and its influence in most of the states of Italy. Once more it meddled in public affairs till it made itself intolerable, and one of the first acts of the new Parliament of the Kingdom of Italy was a law for the final suppression of the order in all parts of the peninsula. The experience of the Jesuits in France and Spain was similar. They were tolerated under Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth, were expelled under Louis Philippe, were allowed to return *sub rosa*, were exiled under the republic of 1848, were restored under the empire, and were finally driven out by the republic of 1870. In Spain, they were banished by the revolution of 1820, were recalled by Ferdinand the Seventh in 1823, were suppressed by Queen Christina in 1835, got back to their houses in 1844, were exiled by Espartero, recalled by O'Donnell, and finally driven out under the present dynasty.

But the decrees of exile have generally proved to be paper decrees without effective force. At the present moment, while the presence of members of the order is forbidden in most of the countries of Europe, there are not less than ten thousand Jesuit priests laboring in what are called the "assistancies" of Italy, Germany, France, Spain, and England. These priests are subject to rigid discipline, and are bound to pay implicit obedience to the orders of their general. Wherever they are, they are an *imperium in imperio*, which does not acknowledge subordination to the civil authorities, and which uses the influence it acquires for the promotion of its sectarian purposes. In case of a collision of opinion between the general of the Jesuits and the officials chosen by the people among whom they reside, they are bound to obey the former and to carry out his purposes so far as in them lies. This is the reason why no government, Protestant or Roman Catholic, has been able to endure them, and men as broad-minded and tolerant as Aranda, Choiseul, and Hohenlohe have been compelled to exile them for the sake of the public peace. Wherever they settle, they are an element of discord and intrigue. They have views of their own regarding government and social order, and they refuse to subordinate these views to the laws of the land in which they dwell. The complaint of the many nations which have banished them has always been the same—that the Jesuits set up an authority which is separate and often antagonistic to the civil authority, and that they teach their flocks that the laws of the land are only to be obeyed when they have been approved by the

general of the Jesuits. No government, whatever its character, can endure so palpable a violation of political principle.

If the bill of February 20, 1895, passed in the Reichstag, he passed by the Bundesrath, and the Jesuits he allowed again on German soil, Germany will always have occasion to mark the twentieth of February, 1895, as a black day in her calendar.

Mr. Thomas R. Reed, of Maine, has always occupied a conspicuous position in the political world, and has at times won the admiration of both friend and foe. But it is rarely that Mr. Reed has been so curiously criticised as he has recently been by two journals of opposing political faiths. The two journals to which we refer are diametrically opposed not only on civil service reform, Mugwumpery, Clevelandism, and cuckooism, but also on the silver question. One of them, *Harper's Weekly*, is the bitter enemy of silver and an organ of what is known as the "gold-hugs"; the other, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is the most vigorous advocate of unlimited free-silver coinage among the leading daily newspapers of the country. Yet the attitude of these two papers toward Mr. Reed is peculiar. In *Harper's Weekly* for February 23d, the leading editorial, a column and a half long, contains some severe criticisms of Mr. Reed, among them these:

"Mr. Reed has never been our ideal of an American statesman. But he was credited with an acute mind, more than ordinary general ability, and a reserve of genuine power. Especially with regard to the subject of sound money and the financial honor of the United States, he was looked upon as a champion without fear and without reproach. Many good citizens not in touch with the Republican party looked forward to the nomination of Mr. Reed for the Presidency as a desirable thing, feeling that with him in the Presidential chair the financial honor of the country at least would be in absolutely safe hands. The general sensation of disappointment when Mr. Reed showed himself capable of bidding for the favor of the silver men" [this refers to the debates on the recent bond bill] "was all the more painful as the general confidence in his loyalty had been so strong. Mr. Reed, as a prospective candidate for the Presidency, thought it necessary to reconcile to himself and to his party, by his concessions, the silver men and the Populists. Mr. Reed has already by his silly stagger lost prestige, and has not gained any votes."

This is certainly conclusive. A newspaper which is admittedly an organ of the gold faction in American politics, stigmatizes Reed for his "concessions to the silver men," and implies that these concessions to silver have imperilled his chances for the candidacy of his party for the Presidency. But listen to the remarks of a silver organ on Mr. Reed's action. This is the way it strikes the *San Francisco Chronicle* in its issue of February 26th:

"Tom Reed and most of the Eastern Republican members voted for the gold bill which Cleveland and the Democratic managers were urging. The action of Reed in voting with the administration for the gold-bond resolution, and against the solid Republican vote of the West practically, has led to the inquiry as to whether he can be elected Speaker. There is talk of bringing Hopkins, of Illinois, against him. It is said that it is now generally accepted that the attitude he has chosen to assume on the silver question has utterly destroyed any chance that he may have had for the Presidency."

From the foregoing it seems that the gold organs believe that by Mr. Reed's concessions to silver he has ruined his chances for the Presidency, and that the silver organs believe that by Mr. Reed's concessions to gold his Presidential chances are ruined.

The purchase of four millions of gallons of wine by the California Wine-Makers Corporation at twelve and one-half cents a gallon, with an agreement for future purchases amounting to fifteen millions of gallons more, is the latest step in the work of organizing the industry on a business footing. Up to the present time, the wine-maker has been at the mercy of the wine-dealer. The result has been that which always happens when prices are dictated by the buyer: the seller has not received a living price for his goods. But the wine-growers organized, and this step has already raised the price of wine from seven and one-half to twelve and one-half cents.

This is a pretty good proof of the value of organization. The orange-growers, like the wine-makers, have for years been at the mercy of middle-men. Last year they combined, and handled their own crop. A few doubting cranks and curmudgeons stayed out. But so successful was the Orange-Growers' Association that this year all are eager to join it, including the cranks and curmudgeons. It is probable, considering the failure of the orange-crop in other parts of the world, that this will be the best year the California orange-grower has ever had. If so, it will set the Orange-Growers' Association definitively and permanently upon its feet.

The systematization of the wine industry proceeds very slowly, but it does make progress. Twenty, or even fifteen, years ago, it was a matter of extreme difficulty to market California wine—as such—outside of the State, even when the quality was good and the price low. It was only introduced into general consumption in the great Eastern cities by being sold as French wine, in glass, with French labels.

This business assumed such proportions that the bulk of the red wines sold in Chicago, and in the river cities as far south as New Orleans, were grown in California though exhibited as French. The same traffic was carried on in New York, though there our cheap wines had to compete with horrible grapeless concoctions which were holdly offered as "California wine." Perhaps the most marked progress was made at New Orleans, where the people are red-wine drinkers. In the past two or three years, that city has come to consume prodigious quantities of the wine which we call Zinfandel, and which they drink as St. Julien. Altogether, unless the vintage of this State should show a marked increase, of which there are at present no indications, there is little doubt of the domestic consumption proving adequate to consume the entire surplus; the only question left open for solution is the price which consumers shall pay. That question the new association should presently be enabled to answer.

A commissioner from the Halles des Vins, the great wine market of Paris, lately visited this State, and took home samples of our leading wines which were analyzed and tested by connoisseurs. The report was to the effect that we can grow in California a good *vin ordinaire*, which will compare with French wine of the same grade; but that we have been unable to produce fine wines, with the bouquet and flavor of the choice wines of the Gironde or of Burgundy. Without questioning the justice of this verdict, it may be observed that the high-grade French wines which are served at the tables of the rich are the product of more than a century of elaborate study and toil; when we have been as long at the work, we may, perhaps, do as well. In the early days of the French Revolution we read of *gourmets* quaffing fine Bordeaux and sparkling champagne; Napoleon has left on record his commendation of Chambertin, which tasted like hotted velvet tipped over the lips. Give us time, and we, too, may make a wine like that which comes from the famous Golden Hill of Burgundy.

As it is—leaving out of the count the Mission wine, which is still made and drunk in some interior counties—our wines divide themselves into two classes, the reds and whites, which are gradually coming to bear the generic names of Zinfandels and Rieslings. Of late years, French and German cuttings, bearing various other names, have been planted in the viticultural districts, and now and then a very pleasant wine has been made from them. Such is Este's Cabernet-Sauvignon, which is as sound a wine as any man need drink, and which costs at the hotels one-fourth the price that is paid in the New York hotels for Ponte Canet.

But it has long been a demonstrated fact that the quality of the juice of the grape depends more on the nature of the soil in which the vine is grown than on the stock to which the vine belongs. Vines which in the Gironde have yielded a high-class wine have produced a second or third-class here, though they were tended by vine-growers from the Valley of the Garonne and matured according to French rule. The soil was not congenial, and that is a drawback which can not be overcome. It is no trick at all to pump effervescent gas into a sound white wine, and the thing is being done all the time in a dozen departments in France and four or five States in the Union, but although the pumpers succeed in making a sparkling wine, they never succeed in making a champagne.

The first requisite for a sound development of our wine industry is to make it profitable for those who engage in it. That is what the organized wine-growers are attempting to accomplish. The business of wine-making in California has been pursued under many difficulties, and at times the sky has looked very black for the vine-growers. They have built up fortunes for middle-men, and mortgages for themselves. But now it looks as if the skies were brightening for the growers of the vine.

The religious riot during the past week at Savannah, Ga., is not without its lessons. We do not greatly admire the "converted priests" and "escaped nuns" who go about the country lecturing on their experiences. It is our belief that, as a rule, they are not sincere, and earnest, and honest people, but that they are generally engaged in making a rather shady living by playing on the passions of the people. However, that is neither here nor there. So long as they are engaged in any lawful pursuit, they are entitled to the protection of the law, whatever may be the dislike entertained for them by the Roman Catholics. It is remarkable that the followers of that church should be so hypersensitive. Do they fear that verbal attacks will make their moldy church topple and fall? By their resort to violence in replying to criticism, they place themselves on the same plane with the ignorant Chinese and Mohammedan rahble, who attempt to kill foreigners who wittingly or unwittingly violate their sacred canons. In Savannah, however, the law was found equal to the emergency. We are glad to see that

the mayor—who is a Jew—upheld the law. He was petitioned by the Roman Catholics, "including the presidents of two Orders of Ancient Hibernians," to prohibit ex-Priest Slattery's lecture. He refused, saying that he "had no right to abridge the right of free speech guaranteed by the Constitutions of the United States and Georgia." That has the right ring to it. If the Roman Church had its way, there would be no free speech in this country. But—thank God!—the Roman Church has not yet had its way, and free speech prevails throughout this broad land. Ex-Priest Slattery delivered his lecture in Savannah with his lecture-room surrounded by soldiers and police. On his way to his hotel he was guarded by troops against the threats of the Roman Catholic mob. He may not be a very admirable person, but he has a right to speak freely, under the law, and the law of the land will see that he is protected in that right. If the Roman Catholic Church is so susceptible to criticism, it had better get out of the country.

The *Argonaut* is used to seeing its "stuff" reprinted in other journals. From the ends of the earth there come to us marked copies of periodicals containing matter copied from this journal—sometimes sent to us by enthusiastic *Argonaut* readers, and sometimes by clipping bureaus trying to work up trade. We have in the course of years grown so used to being copied that over our vanity there has accumulated a slight callosity. But the following letter, with its accompaniment, has aroused the dormant deadly sin:

THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

PUEBLO & STATE LINE DIVISION,

JNO. M. WALDRON, LEGAL DEPARTMENT,

PUEBLO, COLO., February 18, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of January 7th last, I read with pleasure and interest your spirited and truthful editorial concerning the will of the late James G. Fair on the impolicy of legislative sanction of testamentary trusts tying up or restraining alienation of estates for a longer period than one generation.

At the time of reading this article, I was engaged in the preparation of a brief attacking the validity of ex-United States Senator Chilcott's will, practically on the same lines as those covered by your editorial.

Your views on the subject seemed to me to be so apposite that I took the liberty of bodily incorporating the publication into my brief, giving your valuable paper, of course, due credit for the article.

Thinking that possibly you might be interested in an examination of the principles of law proper to be considered in connection with the interesting and important subject under consideration, I have this day mailed you a copy of my brief in which your editorial appears.

Trusting that you may find leisure time to read it, and that the subject may prove an interesting one to you, I beg leave to remain,

Yours very respectfully, JNO. M. WALDRON.

In the brief accompanying, Attorney Waldron prefaces his republication of our editorial with these words:

"In concluding this argument, we take pleasure in adopting as a part thereof an editorial published in a recent issue of the leading journal of the Pacific Coast, the *Argonaut*. It is peculiarly apposite to the present discussion. The article, written in the trenchant and virile style for which that journal has become famous, adequately reflects the trend of public thought and opinion on the question of testamentary trusts. The subject of the article is the trusts declared by the will of the late Senator Fair."

As we have said, it is no new experience to find the *Argonaut's* words and ideas reproduced in strange types and on unfamiliar pages. But this is the first time, to our knowledge, that one of our articles has been incorporated into an attorney's brief. It is not only incorporated, but it is annotated as well, such instances as this occurring. The first sentence is the *Argonaut's*, the foot-note the attorney's:

"Parliament made haste to pass a law by which such tying up of estates for a series of lives should be forbidden."

*The learned editor refers to statute 39 and 40 Geo. III., c. 98, restraining trusts for accumulation of income.

It is needless to say that we were gratified at our article being deemed of sufficient weight to warrant its being incorporated into an attorney's brief—particularly by an attorney who stands so high in his State as does John M. Waldron in Colorado. The article was based only on general knowledge of the law—such knowledge as is gained by any thoughtful reader who has not studied statutes but principles; who, if he has not absorbed Coke upon Littleton, has read with interest Blackstone and Bacon; who in his historical reading has studied the growth and evolution of the law. But the article was based also on a knowledge of men as well as of law. The belief was therein stated that millionaires could make wills, but courts construed them; that millionaires could tie up estates in trusts, but that the lawyers could untie them; and that millionaires could disinherit their children, but that juries would restore to them their own. So has it been with practically all of the wills contested in California. So will it be with the testamentary trust created by the late James G. Fair—it will be broken if the heirs, or any of them, choose to contest it. It ought to be broken. We are having too much of this testamentary trust business. Fortunes must not remain in the grip of dead hands. Dead men should let go.

The legislature now in session at Sacramento should cease sitting as a millinery committee of the whole, abandon its attempt to regulate the height of women's hat-feathers, and

pass a law which will forever abolish testamentary trusts in California.

Elbridge T. Gerry, who is famous as a humanitarian, has assumed a new rôle. He is posing as the champion, and the effective champion, of the whipping-post. He has prepared and had introduced before the legislature at Albany a bill providing that in addition to the penalties now prescribed, the lash shall be used with that class of criminals who beat their wives, maltreat their children, or commit crimes accompanied by physical violence. That such a man should father such a measure indicates how far public opinion has advanced from the point of view of those morbid sentimentalists who sympathize with the criminal because he is under restraint. The sentimental idea that the brute who heats his wife can be "degraded" by having his own medicine administered to him is rapidly giving place to the more rational view that such men are already thoroughly brutalized, and can only be reached through their hides.

One of the New York dailies has brought together what may be accepted as the best class of expert testimony regarding this bill, and the necessity for the lash for such offenders. The judges of the police courts, who daily have this class of offenders before them, are unanimous in declaring in favor of this punishment. One of the judges told of a man who, besides beating his wife, threw his two-year-old child across the room, breaking its leg and otherwise injuring it. The supreme penalty for this offense is six months' imprisonment and a fine of fifty dollars. Such a punishment, less severe than that prescribed for petty larceny, is wholly inadequate as a restraining force or as a punitive measure. The man looks upon it as a welcome rest—an interval during which he will be well clothed and fed without effort on his part. This in itself is sufficient to condemn the system, but it is open to the far graver objection that it punishes the wife rather more than the husband. Not only does she suffer a beating at his hands, but she and her children are left without support during the period of his imprisonment. As one of the judges pointed out, it is because of this fact—because, without the husband's support, the wife and children must starve—that these women come into court with blackened eyes and bruised bodies and beg for the release of the brutes who have beaten them.

The Gerry bill provides that in the case of all crimes amounting to felonies in which injury is inflicted upon the person of the victim, the court may, at its discretion, add to the penalties already provided a certain number of lashes across the bare back. The strokes are not to exceed forty in number, and are to be administered in private, none being present save the deputy who administers the flogging and a competent physician, who is present to see that no physical injury is done the victim. The provision requiring privacy is a concession to those who are so strongly impressed by the "degrading" aspect of the punishment. There has been not a little discussion as to whether the law would not be more effective were the whipping to be done in public. In Delaware, where for more than a century the whippings have all been in public, the lash has been a most effective punishment. This is particularly the case with hank hurglers and that class of criminals who endeavor to keep up a respectable appearance. They feel the disgrace of public whipping keenly, and as a result they generally give the State a very wide berth. As to this class of offenders, the privacy of the whipping provided for in the New York law would be a source of weakness; but it is really intended to reach another class who are keenly alive to physical pain, but care little for public opinion. These men can be made to feel the error of their ways in this manner, and in no other.

The New York bill is in a fair way to become a law. It is being pushed along with the hatch of reform measures inaugurated by the moral wave in that State. Such a law should be upon the statute books of every State, and the legislature now at Sacramento could do no better work than to enact such a provision for this State. The garroters, the sand-haggers, and the beaters of women and children if they could look forward to the certainty of having the lash applied to their backs as a punishment for their misdeeds, would soon conclude that life would be more comfortable for them elsewhere.

"Colonel" K. D. Chandler, a temperance lecturer of Jacksonville, Fla., is endeavoring to secure John L. Sullivan as a star. The temperance colonel wishes to take the expuglist around the country with him, and exhibit him on the lecture platform as a horrible example—that is, of course, a reformed one. The experiment would be interesting, but it is not unattended with danger. For if at any time John should appear on the platform with a jag concealed about his person, the temperance audience would at once resolve itself into a grand free-for-all sprint, while we are firmly convinced that the temperance colonel would be thrown through the roof.

JAKE'S SQUAW.

Carmen stood in the door of the cook-house, her hand shading her eyes, and gazed intently over the prairie toward the west. The level rays of the sun cast a rosy glow on her brown cheeks, and gave a reddish tinge to the coal-black hair falling straight over her shoulders, after the manner of married women of her tribe. Carmen was a Spanish-Indian half-breed, and a beauty. She was known at Star Camp as Jake Ringer's squaw. When Jake came back from Mexico, after the trouble about his knifing Longhaired Ike had blown over, he brought this woman with him.

Jake was not a man to be lightly questioned. He kept his affairs to himself, and his hand was ever ready to his pistol when he was pressed beyond his liking; but it was whispered among the boys that he had stolen his dusky bride from her mother's lodge on the night that was to have consummated her nuptials with Big Grizzly, the young Apache chief. Jake was kind to her in a fashion that decidedly astonished the men best acquainted with his fierce and gloomy character. As for Carmen, her soft, brown eyes followed her rough lord with the steady faithfulness of a dog; no white wife could have been so gentle or so helpful as this savage girl.

She had been alone for a week now, while the herders were off on the range, rounding up the horses for their yearly branding. To-night she looked for them home. There was a sound of bacon sizzling in the frying-pan, brown-jacketed potatoes peeped from their hiding-place in the hot ashes, and Carmen left the door for a moment to peep into the oven at the biscuit coloring delicately inside. Carmen cooked well, and the boys found her presence a welcome one, freeing them of irksome stewing over the stove when they rode home tired and hungry.

She glanced through the window as she rose from her biscuit inspection, then hastily returned to her post in the doorway.

Far off on the edge of the prairie a tiny moving cloud made its appearance, creeping snail-like toward her; gradually it rolled and swelled and came rushing over the intervening plain, taking shape into rounded puffs ever falling and renewing.

"La cahallada!" she murmured, in a satisfied tone.

At last there came a thunder of quick hoof-beats, and then the excited herd dashed after their leader into the big corral. The heavy gates banged, the chain rattled over the staple. Five hungry men sprang from their saddles, and, hastily picketing their ponies, made a heel-line for the cook-house.

They greeted Carmen with hoisterous jollity, flung themselves upon their benches, and, without further ado, began to devour the food set before them.

"Hey! this coffee is prime, my Carmen!" "Some white woman taught yer ter make biscuits, gal!" "Say, Jake, you bet it's fine to get back to Carmen's cookin'!" vociferated one and another, as, the edge of their appetites dulled, they began to ply their knives more slowly.

Carmen paid no attention to their rough compliments. She was standing behind her husband's chair, acting as waitress when occasion required, at other times fingering his sombrero or timidly touching his tousled curls. Each man was duly supplied with edibles; but the crispest bacon and brownest biscuit found their way to Jake Ringer's plate, until finally he looked up and announced: "I've had enough! Now eat, yourself."

The men rose from the table and scattered to their evening occupations; only Jake remained, smoking in the doorway, while Carmen sat down to her meal of fragments.

As the last slouching figure vanished toward the cahins, he turned to the woman with a slow smile, and asked in Mexican: "Has it been lonely these days, *cara mia*?"

"It is always night in my heart when thou art gone, O my husband!"

Then, still in the soft Mexican tongue, they talked together of such things as made up their life—of the range happenings, of the morrow's work, of what they would buy in Alamito when the herds were driven in to be sold.

Lastly, as Jake rose and knocked the ashes from his pipe, he remarked, in English:

"To-morrow and Friday's the brandin', but Saturday I'll make the boys get out the plover fix us a fire-break. The grass is uncommon long jest now, en it's dryin' fast. Ef we don't look out, we'll have the whole camp goin' up in smoke."

He strode through the starlit dusk toward his sleeping shack, and Carmen, shutting softly the door of the cook-house, followed slowly in the same direction.

The air felt stifling and oppressive. A stiff breeze came out of the south, but its hot breath filled the frame with uncomfortable languor. Old Tom Griffin, standing in the door of the boys' shack, halloed to Jake as he passed him. Carmen slipped by them and into her own little shanty.

"Looky here, Jake," growled old Tom, in an undertone, "the boys is snoozin' a'ready, but I can't turn in fer thinkin' er that pesky long boss-feed out yander. With this here breeze, a fire cud come a-gallopin'—what d'yer say ter you'n me goin' out now and burnin' off a bit? Jest fer luck!"

"Pshaw, Tom, 'tain't so awful dry yet, neither. Turn in, man, en quit botherin'. After the brandin's done, we'll up and plow a good breakin'. You bet I'm tired, en I ain't no mind ter go burnin' off this time o' night."

He turned on his heel and disappeared into the smaller cabin. Old Tom shook his head. "Them boys ain't keeful enough," he muttered; "seems to me them critters yander air oneasy." He glanced once more toward the corral, where an unusual stamping and pawing seemed to confirm his words; once more he shook his head doubtfully; then, after a look all round the horizon, where no uncommon sign was manifest, he at last sought his bunk. Tired nature soon drowned his fears in sleep.

Five hours later a slim, red tongue reached over the crest of the knoll that bounded the horizon of Star Camp to the

south. It writhed this way and that among the long grass-stems. Another and another followed it, then a wall of flame, reaching east and west as far as the eye could follow, rose over the ridge and hore down, with race-horse speed, upon the devoted little settlement below.

Jake Ringer stirred uneasily in his sleep, and flung a protecting arm over the quiet figure beside him. A glare of lurid light filled the little room with the brightness of noonday; but still they slept on. Outside in the corral, horses were snorting and stamping, their wild eyes staring at the distant but swift-coming danger. The animals picketed on the prairie tugged at their stout ropes, rearing and screaming.

Old Tom Griffin, waked by the rising clamor, sprang with a bound to the door. "Fire! Fire!" he shouted. "Quick, out of this, or ye'll smother like rats in a hole!"

Four half-clad figures rushed out into the night, and Dick Elland beat on Jake Ringer's door, calling: "Up! Up! if ye value yer lives!"

Roused from his heavy slumber, Jake stumpled across the floor; trembling, Carmen followed close behind.

One look at the oncoming demon brought Jake to his wandering senses.

"A back-fire, quick, you idiots!" he hawled, and made a break for the cook-house.

Old Tom laid a powerful, restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Too late, my lad!" he shouted above the din of the frantic penned-in herd. "That furnace ud reach us afore 'twas even started."

Indeed, the fiery breath of the advancing flames already scorched their faces.

"We must trust to our good horseflesh!" spoke up Dick Elland, quickly.

A rush for the picketed ponies—in an instant more each man was riding for his life.

Jake Ringer was first in the saddle; he curbed his frightened steed with one strong arm, and with the other swung Carmen's light form to a seat behind him.

It was old Tom who stopped at the corral, snatched the chain from its hook, and, flinging wide the gates, gave freedom to the poor, crazed creatures within the walls.

Fear lent wings to their feet—the ridden and the riderless together dashed eagerly toward the dark northern horizon, where, miles away, lay safety in the cool waters of the Brazos. No one looked back in time to see how, with a leap and a roar, the hungry flames pounced on the deserted buildings, and, in one short moment, licked up every trace of man's handiwork. On and on, mile after mile of dry prairie slipping back from their swift-heating hoofs, sped the fleeing band.

Anxious faces turned now and then to see if they kept their start from their evil pursuer. It was Carmen, cowering on old General's broad back—Carmen, clinging with a clutch of despair to Jake's shoulders—who turned the offense. It was Carmen who first noticed that the short distance—so terribly, hopelessly short—between them and the eddying flame-cloud was lessening. She shrieked aloud in her terror, but Jake made her sternly: "Take courage! It's only two miles more to the river!"

Only two miles!—but the pace was telling. The work-weary and laden ponies were already distanced by the flying herd. Old General, with his double hurden, still kept his place in the van, but Jake could feel he was weakening.

Nearer and ever nearer swept the destroying element. Slower and slower seemed to move the panting and straining horses.

A mile—a half-mile—now but a quarter—to safety! Could they make it? The fire was pressing them closely; the stinging smoke blinded men and horses; their skins parched and cracked in the awful heat. Inch by inch old General lost his frontage; in vain Jake plied the spur, in vain he swore and he pleaded; the good old horse was spent!

In one last, despairing glance backward, Jake saw that the flames were upon them; his brave beast still staggered forward, but at that pace nothing could save them. Carmen's face was hurried on his shoulder.

With parched lips the man muttered: "At least we die together!"

A wild scream rang through the pall of grass smoke. Old Tom on the river-bank heard it—"Adios, *cara mio*, one alone may be saved!"

The clinging arms relaxed; relieved of the woman's weight, the horse sprang forward.

For a second her figure stood haloed, as her hair and light garments blazed upward; then the swirling billows shut out the terrible picture.

Jake Ringer covered his eyes and fell forward on General's neck. He did not know that his hair was singed and his clothes already smoldering as his horse plunged into the Brazos. He did not know that his comrades lifted him gently up the opposite bank as the fire swept to the water's edge and died into sudden darkness. But when he came back to consciousness, then he knew that Carmen had given her life for him.

GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1895.

The Russian finance minister has taken a step which further illustrates the peculiar methods of officialism in that country. There has been wild speculation on the St. Petersburg Bourse, and M. de Witte has warned the public that the hulling of the shares of certain firms and companies is decidedly not intended for their benefit. The stocks which M. de Witte attacked fell at once, there being every reason to believe that M. de Witte took the step with disinterested motives.

A company has actually been organized in New York to "build, rent, and operate house-boats." If the location seems malarious or the neighbors are too noisy, it is left with the tenant himself to hire a tug-boat and be moved. Unwelcome guests can be avoided by the simple expedient of anchoring a little further from shore.

THE "GAIETY GIRL'S" SUCCESSOR.

Mr. "Owen Hall," Author of "A Gaiety Girl," Puts on a New Piece in London—How it was Received—
A Dreadful "Frost."

Mr. "Owen Hall," whose piece, "A Gaiety Girl," is running around the world, has just produced in London another play, "An Artist's Model." He has associated with him Harry Greenbank, who is considered in London quite a rival of Gilbert in lyric writing, and Sydney Jones has composed the music for the songs. Mr. "Owen Hall" produced the piece at Daly's Theatre, and Mr. George Edwardes, the manager, gave him *carte blanche*. The ball-room scene alone is said to have cost two thousand five hundred pounds, and the studio scene was also a very costly one. Altogether, it is estimated that an expenditure of eight thousand pounds had been made when the curtain rose. It is curious, but despite the judgment of these gentlemen—actors, authors, composers, song-writers, and stage-managers—it was a had investment, for the play is by no means a success.

The first act opens in a large art-studio in Paris, with the students busily at work drawing from the life and posing their models. The place is crowded with male and female students, two or three artists, and some visitors to the studio. Among the latter is a former model who had gone off with a millionaire, married him, hurried him, and who now returns a young and wealthy widow. This part is taken by Marie Tempest. She returns for the purpose of reviving an extinct love affair with a gentleman she threw over some years before, who is represented by Mr. Hayden Coffin, and the ups and downs of this revived love affair form the story of the piece. It is not much of a story, and before the dramatist had finished unraveling it, the audience grew rather weary. Among other characters is Lottie Venn, who takes the part of an ex-demi-mondaine who keeps a girl's school, and whose pupils have the curious habit of dropping into art-studios to sing choruses. Letty Lind, one of the school-girls, masquerades in hoy's clothes, and made quite a hit with her song as a *gamin*. The young lady who takes the part of the artist's model is Miss Hettie Hamer, who is well known by London audiences in the music-halls for her *espièglerie* and her beauty.

In the second act there is a complete change. The studio with its students, its models, its easels, and its pal-ettes, is swept away, and is replaced by a hall-room at an English country-seat. In this there are some magnificent costumes for the women and brilliant uniforms for the men. But already two of the scenes have been found to be identical with those in other productions. The hall-room, with a number of men in the brilliant uniform of the Yeoman Hussars, looks exactly like the scene of the Hussars' Ball in the "Derby Winner." Curiously enough, the studio scene, where the students are discovered drawing from a model, is precisely the same as a scene in "La Duchesse de Ferrare," a new comic opera which was produced in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiens about a week ago.

Mr. Sydney Jones's music is bright and lilting, but it is rather reminiscent at times; in fact, it is so strongly reminiscent of a chorus from the opera of "Mirette" in the song called "In Gay Bohemia," that the critics have rapped Mr. Jones over the knuckles, and advise him to change it. There are a number of songs in the piece which were well received, although I suspect that the words by Mr. Greenbank added as much to their success as the music by Mr. Jones. Mr. Greenbank's muse is strikingly like that of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and inasmuch as American readers may not be familiar with him, I give a stanza from one of his songs in this play. It is a ditty on "the popular art of the day":

"Though pictures as a connoisseur I don't pretend to criticise,
I know the points in painting that will make for notoriety—
A limb that's rather shapely, or a hand and foot of pretty size,
With just a slight suspicion of a proper impropriety.
The age that reads a Yellow Book delights to find how blue it is,
To-day's artistic idols are to-morrow's on-the-shelfy ones;
But I prefer to beard idlers and his female incongruities
The highly colored posters that are genuine Adelphi ones."

On the first night, the audience had come prepared to be pleased. They cheered Sydney Jones when he entered the orchestra; they cheered Marie Tempest; they cheered Hayden Coffin; they cheered Letty Lind; in fact, they cheered everybody. But as the play wore on, their spirits slowly sunk. The artists struggled valiantly, but they could not make it go. Marie Tempest sang exquisitely; Coffin was in admirable voice; Letty Lind's "Tomtit" song and dance were charming, and, as a street-boy, she won the approval of the audience. But all was useless—the piece was a failure. Since the first night, everybody concerned—the playwright, his collaborators, and the stage-managers—have been hacking at it, but it is scarcely believed that they can hack it into shape. Mr. "Owen Hall," who is, by the way, better known to newspaper circles in London as Jimmie Davies, has made a failure as colossal with "The Artist's Model" as his success was brilliant with the "Gaiety Girl." Mr. Davies is dazed. To use the words of the comic-song which is now most popular in London music-halls, "He dunno where he are."

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, February 9, 1895.

This is strange as fiction. On the ice-bound coast near a New Zealand village eight children were playing. In thoughtless, childish glee and impetuosity they ventured too far. The swift current that rushes through the narrow straits between Zealand and Falster tore away a portion of the ice on which they were, and hore them out to sea. A mist prevailed at the time. Their cries gave the alarm; but, though a boat was sent to the rescue, nothing could be seen or heard of the little ones.

Sheffield is not to be left behind by Manchester. More money has been subscribed than was asked for to build the canal that will connect the town with the sea at Goole, on the Humber.

JACQUES'S WIFE.

Dismissing his servant for the night, Jacques shut himself up in his library, where a clear wood-fire was burning briskly, and, slightly lowering the flame of the lamp, he was soon absorbed in a book.

The little clock on the mantel struck ten silvery strokes, and in the silence that followed the ringing of the street bell sounded shrilly through the apartment. As he was not expecting any one, he did not stir. A second peal sounded, and this time he arose and, taking the lamp, went to open the door.

A dark form awaited him in the vestibule. In the light thrown sharply out by the lamp-shade, Jacques recognized his wife.

"You!" he stammered.

She did not move, she did not speak, but stood silently waiting.

Above them opened the shaft of the stairway, down which the single jet of gas cast a softened light, as of dusk. The sound of voices ascended to them from a lower floor.

"Come inside," he said.

He led the way to the library and made her sit down in an easy-chair, and then they looked at one another. It was five years since he had seen her. One evening she had left him; coming home, he had found the house empty, with a note on the table—two lines of farewell hurriedly scrawled in pencil.

Now, after five years of absence, she had come back, she was there opposite him, handsome still, but with an intangible suggestion of extinguishment, of dejection, of being faded, revealed in her air of weariness and suffering. She was dressed in a simple black gown, so worn that it shone at the elbows and the seams were white. A strand of silver showed among the brown tresses on her brow. It seemed to Jacques as if something within him were sealed up, dead, for he was not at all moved.

Then, as he did not question her, she told him in a few words, without pretense of shame, that, abandoned in her turn, she had been alone since the evening before, that she had spent the entire day crying. She had eaten nothing, had gone out in the evening, wandered aimlessly about, found herself at his door, and had come in.

Still he said nothing, and in a chill silence five years of their life passed before their mental vision, his five years for him and her five years for her.

When she had left him, when he had found the house empty, it had been the destruction of all his joys, the shattering of his happy life; he had thought he could never recover from the blow, and he had lived on like a broken thing, feeling his reason totter. That had lasted six months—a year. No news of her had come to him, and the hope that kept vigil in the ruins of his home died, too. Then he had ceased to think, had let himself drift like a wreck, like a lost thing. His home, a luxurious little nest, had redeemed him: he had been recalled to himself by being in his accustomed rooms, surrounded by familiar furniture; forgetfulness had come to him as it comes after all great griefs, as it comes at the end of all things, and Jacques had settled down to the even, satisfied life of an old bachelor.

She who had deserted him to run after what is thought to be happiness, had imagined herself happy, a queen, for six months, a year—just the time he had spent in lamenting and suffering. But the awakening had been terrible. Her passion satiated, she had judged in cold blood the man she had chosen, for whom she had broken all restraints, braved the conventions of the world, and denied her vows. He was small, mean, not to be compared with her husband, and the life of which she had serenely dreamed, a life of joy and unalloyed delight, had become her crucifix. For five years, tied to that man, she had tasted drop by drop the bitterness of that loveless, faithless, sunless life until the day when she knew the desolate despair of dead passions. Then money had been lacking, chilling misery had come, and the bond had worn till it broke. In her turn she found herself abandoned, weeping in misery and alone.

And now life had brought together again this husband and this wife: he grown stout, commonplace, comfortable; she weary, conquered, miserable.

In the silence between them, the noises of the street below sounded distinctly in the room. A cab rattled by, a shop-man put up his shutters, a passer-by coughed and the sound echoed in the distance. Jacques moved his keys in his pocket, and their sudden jingling roused him. He recalled his wife's last words.

"You are hungry," he said, and he went to the kitchen.

There was some soup still warm, and the remains of a chicken, which he brought in. He served her on one corner of the table, where he spread a napkin, and as she ate, he made another trip to the kitchen and brought back a bottle of wine, from which he filled her glass.

He watched her eat now, saw the color return to her cheeks and, her hunger satisfied, a sense of content gradually pervade her entire being. When she had finished, they began to talk.

"I have met you twice," she said, almost at ease under the influence of food and warmth. "The first time was three years ago, in a shop. You passed so near, you brushed against me. I turned pale as that napkin, but you went on without seeing me."

He seemed surprised.

"The other time," she continued, "I think you did see me. It was raining, and I was waiting for an omnibus. You came along, and I immediately hurried off, but you followed me. I walked very quickly, but I could hear your steps behind me. Then you lost track of me, for I looked back and you were no longer there."

He did not recall the incident; he was quite sure he had never seen her.

She went on to tell him that she lived quite near by in the same quarter; and he was astonished that, living so near her, he had been entirely unaware of her existence.

Now she settled back cozily in the chair, feeling relaxed,

grown tender. She found this arm-chair just as she had known it before; she found all the things about her in their old places. Nothing was changed: the hangings were the same, the furniture, the ornaments—all had a friendly air, an air of welcome. It was good to be in this home, of which she was taking possession again after five years' absence. For did not this dinner on the corner of the table attest their reconciliation? The lamp on the table was the same that had lighted them when they kissed each other in the old days. It was all at an end now—that equivocal existence, the misery and disgust of those five years of slavery. She would resume her place in her home beside the husband who forgave her; she would make many happy days for herself after this leaf which was torn from her life.

Jacques considered her calmly, without anger and without tenderness. There came to his lips no word of pity. The woman seated there was a stranger to him. The other woman, the one whom he had loved, the wife, no longer existed; his love was dead, and it seemed to him he could feel its ashes under his restless fingers.

Without a word he went into another room, and returned with a piece of paper—a bank-bill of one hundred francs—which he handed to her.

"You have need of money," he said, "and if you should be in want again, pray let me know."

He took up the lamp and waited for her to rise. As one in a dream, she looked at him, followed him. At the door, as he opened it, she comprehended that her dream was ended, that he was sending her away, that she should return to the black street, to her cold, bare lodging, that he was implacable.

Her eyes implored him. Jacques opened the door as if he did not see her. When she was in the vestibule, he held his lamp aloft, flooding her with light, as when she entered, and repeated in a calm voice that seemed to have a casual gentleness in it:

"When you are in need, pray let me know."

And the door was closed upon her. In the silence he heard her tottering steps descend the stair.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Louis de Robert by L. S. V.*

END OF A LOVE-MATCH.

The Quarrel of Young Léon Daudet and his Wife, Jeanne, Granddaughter of Victor Hugo—The Impending Divorce—A Parisian Scandal.

There was once upon a time a very pretty little girl and a very handsome little boy—this is not a fairy-tale—who lived together a great deal, loved each other dearly, and, both precociously earnest in character, instead of playing hide-and-seek, played they were little man and wife. Their respective parents smiled complacently and said to each other: "Why not marry them when they become of age?"

Everything prophesied that they would be well matched in every way. They were born, even, in the same sphere of life. She bore the illustrious name of the greatest poet of this century, who has immortalized his dear little granddaughter Jeanne in verse. Victor Hugo—our readers have already divined that we allude to him—wrote a whole poem in honor of her and of her elder brother, Georges, entitled "L'Art d'être Grandpère." Having lost their father, Charles Hugo, when they were very young, they lived with their illustrious grandfather. Their mother lived also in the same house, although married a second time to M. Lockroy, the son of an actor, himself a very mediocre dramatic author, who, having inherited a large fortune from a distant relative, threw himself into politics, and is a senator to-day.

Mme. Lockroy, a very handsome, indolent woman, who has often been compared to one of the sultanas of whom the poet sang in his "Orientales," did not take much care of her children, who grew up under the shadow of the wings of the old man, the jewels and playthings, as it were, of his old age. He amused himself with them more than he developed them, being, as all the world knows, very selfish and perfectly indifferent to everything but himself and his own renown. At his Sunday evening dinners, followed by a reception, the children were always present instead of being in bed. Georges was attractive and cajoling, already attentive to women; Jeanne, prematurely proud of her prettiness and imbued with the greatness of her birth, played the rôle of a young queen, expecting all the world to do homage to her little person. The result of this education, or, rather, want of education, on the boy's side was that he became an indifferent student; the respect for the glorious name he bore was too weak to triumph over his indolence, and his life was one of absolute idleness. Moreover, guided by his stepfather—who had remained a man of pleasure in spite of his gray hairs—into the circles of gallantry and into the world of theatrical foyers, where in contrast to his great ancestor he was familiarly called "Le Petit," the young man became precociously a debauchee to such a degree that, when he became of age, it was found that for the benefit of the fast women about town he had contracted debts to an enormous sum and found himself entangled in numerous disagreeable law-suits with the Jews. Called upon at this epoch to render his obligatory military service, which his family obliged him to execute in the navy, he married a short time ago, and gossips, on bearing this, shook their heads and said "Wait!"

Jeanne, meanwhile, two years younger than her brother, still dreamed of her childhood's romance. She had developed into a handsome girl—blonde, with an exquisite complexion and forget-me-not blue eyes, a little too opulent in form for her age, resembling a delicious, ripe peach. The "little husband" had grown into a handsome young man of twenty-two, with a pale complexion, intense black eyes, and curly hair as dark as night. A delicate, black moustache shaded his red lips, that disclosed, when open, teeth as white and as sharp as a young wolf's.

He was also of a literary line, for Léon Daudet is the son of the great novel-writer, Alphonse. But, in contrast to his friend and future brother-in-law, Georges Hugo, he possessed a bright and precocious intellect, very laborious, very earnest, and devoured with ambition. He at first took up medicine; but, being all the while possessed by the demon of literature, he worked at science too capriciously to succeed in its arduous study. He failed to pass an examination, and, in a revolt of intense pride, which is the keynote of his curious and interesting character, he shook the dust of the hospitals off his feet and replaced the scalpel by a pen. And at this time he married Mlle. Hugo.

Sentimental people went into ecstasies over the satisfactory marriage of the two young and handsome lovers, who possessed everything to make them happy, money included, for at the death of her grandfather, Victor Hugo, Jeanne and her brother shared the large fortune amassed by the very practical poet, who was generous only in verse. However, a false note was heard in the nuptial epithalamium: by a singular translation of her grandfather's ideas—who, however, always spoke with respect of God and the future life—the young girl, who, truth to tell, had been brought up without any religion, decided that as the great poet, whose name she bore, called no minister of God to bless his death-bed, she should not ask the church's blessing on her marriage.

But the Daudet family is of Provençal extraction, where religious feeling is very strong. The great novel-writer was extremely pained to see his son accept this condition—indeed, to such an extent, that he made a pretext of his health, which is always bad, in order not to be present at the ceremony. "A bad sign," declared the croakers. However, this did not prevent the wedding from being very brilliant—a Parisian event, in fact, which was talked about for a long time.

Civil marriages are very rare in the higher classes in France, and the few that occur generally take place in private. But on this occasion all the pomp of religious nuptial ceremonies was displayed at the town hall of Passy—a wealth of flowers, music, superb toilettes, and an enormous affluence of invited guests. Curiosity, as well as the interesting personality of the young couple, attracted an immense crowd, which, not being held in bounds by the respect felt in a church, stood up on the chairs and talked in loud tones. At the moment when the noise was at its height, as well as the crush to congratulate the newly married pair, the orchestra began to play a very lively march, and some one in the crowd screamed out in a disgusted voice: "It is just like a public dancing hall!" The criticism was severe, but a true one.

Four years have passed since that day, during which time the young couple have frequently been seen in artistic and literary salons. Léon Daudet has written in quick succession several very curious novels of extremely violent character, at once brutal and subtle, bitterly satirical, and with a depth of thought which sometimes touches on obscenity: First "Horès," then "L'Astre Noir," in which he has typified in the most transparently cynical manner his illustrious grandfather-in-law, who is therein depicted under the most repulsive colors. A very true portrait, however, for the great poet's character was not commensurate to the height of his genius. This book occasioned a great scandal. Following this, "Les Morticoles," a frightful satire against doctors, a revenge, perhaps, for the unpardoned blow the faculty had given to his pride, containing portraits which all Paris at once recognized, and, side by side with manifest exaggeration, bringing to light, with pitiless scorn, the too real defects and vices of the medical corps. If ever Léon Daudet has need of the assistance of a doctor, especially of a surgeon, the latter will need to possess true Christian charity not to take advantage of the situation to poison him or to cut his throat.

And the private life of the young couple? you will ask. It has been known for some time that in spite of the birth of a child, this great love marriage was turning out very badly. A few days ago it ended suddenly. On coming home one evening, Léon Daudet found the house empty. Jeanne had gone back to her parents, taking her little girl and all that belonged to her personally with her. A divorce after this is only a question of legal form.

The causes? There are divers versions and some truth in all of them. On the one hand, the young husband, it is said, gave his wife very just causes for complaint by certain disorders in his conduct; on the other, they say that the Lockroys, who are half ruined by unlucky speculations, and who have desired to have Jeanne return to them with her large fortune, have taken advantage of her troubles to urge her to break her marriage. They also say that the young wife, who is not over-intelligent, of an apathetic nature, but kind and good at the bottom, has suffered much from the venomous virulence of her husband's mind, in the first instance, and of that of her father-in-law, Alphonse Daudet, who is known for his sharp tongue, and from that of her mother-in-law besides, who has no talent to redeem the disposition to malignity which is the principal trait of the family. Moreover, the putting into a literary pillory of her grandfather, whom she devotedly loved, pained her deeply, which can easily be understood, and she has grown tired of living in an atmosphere poisoned with satire. Finally it is said that the handsome young fellow, who was at the first such a passionate lover, has turned into a cold and neglectful husband, and he, on his side, avers that his wife was overexacting, and that he could not satisfy her demands upon his time without harming his literary career.

It is difficult in all this to discover where the greater fault lies. One fact is true, that the rupture is final, and thus the universal prediction of the wedding day is verified: "A godless marriage bereft of paternal blessing is destined to end badly." A philosopher would add that to begin to love for fun at twelve years of age is an unwise condition for loving in earnest later on. It is what might be called eating your grain in the green.

DORSEY.

PARIS, January 24, 1895.

GAYETY IN GOTHAM.

The Close of the Opera—The Flight of the Song-Birds—The End of the Social Season—The Arion and French Masquerade Balls.

The famous opera season of 1894-95 has at last come to a close. The song-birds are about to wing their flight to other cities. At the last matinee the bill was "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Emma Eames, Zélie de Lussan, Sofia Scalchi, Maurel, and Russitano in the cast. The matinee girls crowded the house. Every seat had been sold, there was not a foot of standing-room remaining, and there were women sitting on the steps and in the aisles between the seats. There was a most enthusiastic recall at the end of the opera, and the women made almost as much noise as an audience of men would have done with their cries for Eames, Scalchi, and Maurel. Again and again the favorites came out, the divas took up their baskets of flowers and wreaths and retired, and came out again, and the scene went on for fifteen minutes. At last, in despair, the managers turned out the lights. But even this was ineffectual, and the audience remained, still shouting for their favorites. Again they came out, Mme. Eames in a blue silk and lace negligé, evidently having started to change her dress. Maurel was balf Frenchman, half Falstaff, while De Lussan had her hair flowing down her back. The audience insisted that Mme. Eames should sing for them, which she did, and, when she finished, they demanded a speech from Maurel. Maurel was carrying a large wreath in his hand, with streamers of the French colors. He made a brief speech of thanks, and then asked the audience to blend the French colors with those of America; so saying, he tossed the wreath into the midst of the people, and the ladies fought for the pieces of ribbon until they were divided into the most minute scraps. The evening performance was the last of the season, the bill being "Faust"; Melha, Jean de Reszké, Edouard de Reszké, and the rest had a similar experience to that of the afternoon. Tired of calling for the singers, the audience at last called for Maurice Grau and Henry E. Ahhey, the managers, and when they appeared, Melha came out with them and sang "Home, Sweet Home," which was enthusiastically applauded. So closed the New York opera season of 1894-5.

Apropos of the singers, there are not many of them who have consented to sing at private musicales this season. Jean de Reszké persistently refuses to sing in private. Mrs. Bradley Martin offered him two thousand five hundred dollars for a single song at one of her entertainments, but he refused, saying that he wished to be heard only from the stage. His brother, Edouard, has appeared at many musicales during this and last season, but Jean has always refused to appear. Maurel and Plançon have also been heard in private, but rarely. Mme. Eames, Mme. Melha, and Mme. Nordica have all been in the habit of singing at private houses, but not for pay. Sihyl Sanderson sang at a musicale at the Hotel Renaissance, and was very enthusiastically received. But her season here has not been a success in every way.

The Italian season is to be followed by a German opera season, beginning on the twenty-fifth of this month. The troupe is under the management of Mr. Walter Damrosch, and the season is to last four weeks. Only sixteen performances are to be given, and that the public interest is considerable is proved by the fact that subscriptions in advance have been made to the amount of forty-eight thousand dollars. The season begins with "Tristan und Isolde," and the other hills are to be "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," "Goetterdaemmerung," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tannhauser." Among the artists are Max Alvary, Rosa Sucher, Emil Fischer, Conrad Behrens, Nicholas Rothemuhl, Marie Brema, Johanna Gadschi, Elsa Kutschena, Marcella Lindh, Franz Schwarz, Rudolph Oberhauser, and Paul Lange. The Kautski Brothers, the famous scenic artists of Vienna, have made special designs for the scenery. It was at first intended to produce "Lohengrin" with the tenth-century costumes and accessories used by Mme. Cosina Wagner at Bayreuth this last summer. These are said to be historically correct, but they are not so beautiful as the usual costumes used in "Lohengrin," and therefore Mr. Damrosch decided to adhere to the regular costumes and settings. A new stage-manager has been secured, as Adolph Bannam was one of the unfortunates who went down in the luckless steamer *Elbe*.

The town is just recovering from the excitement of the two great halls of the year, the Arion hall and the French ball. In both halls there are two curious combinations, the respectable, middle-class French and German element, and the dissipated American crowd. At the Arion hall, for example, it is not uncommon to see an entire German family, papa, mamma, and the children, out for a good time. They often bring their supper with them in a brown-paper package, and they wash it down with beer purchased from the bar. It is a droll sight to see a respectable German mother of a family attired as a female warrior of the Niebelungen type, with short skirts, tin greaves upon her elephantine calves, a tin cuirass surrounding her enormous girth, a tin helmet crowning her flaxen locks, and a good-bumored smile upon her fat face, putting down the baby upon a table amid the beer-glasses, while she goes forth to dance with an honest German neighbor attired as Frederick Barbarossa. At the next table will be seen some actresses from the Tenderloin District—from Souhrette Row, possibly—drinking champagne with a number of swell youths in evening-dress.

It was at such a table, at the Arion hall, that a peroxide blonde called for a certain brand of champagne when one of the young swells at the table had ordered another. Possibly she was getting a commission on her brand of wine—you never can tell nowadays. At all events, the youth did not order the wine she wanted, but another, and when it was served and the glasses filled, the peroxide blonde gathered up her skirts, and, with a sweep of a shapely silken-clad

limb, swept all the glasses off the table into the young men's laps. After that she got the wine she wanted.

It is not probable that among the women who attend these balls there are to be found many of respectability. Occasionally, however, it is possible that such are found, led there by curiosity. At the Arion hall there was one party of three women in black dominoes and closely masked, who were seated in the front of a box. Behind them were three colored maids, apparently acting as duennas. As the ball wore on, the three young women grew curious to see what was going on elsewhere, and leaving their maids in the boxes, they wandered off to other parts of the hall. While they were gone, three vinous young men thought it would be funny to "brace the maids," so they entered the box and began opening wine. When the three ladies returned to their box, they found the three maids and the three men in a bilious condition of intoxication. Was not "the way of a man with a maid" a famous riddle of antiquity?

Numbers of women present lit on the idea of holding one foot in the air, removing a slipper, and demanding of the passers-by whether they "did not have Trilby feet." This shows that Mr. du Maurier's novel has extended its ravages to all circles, even doubtful ones. The costumes were, as they always are at the Arion ball, extremely scanty. Scanty as they were, however, the police did not demur until Miss Angelina Allen appeared upon the floor. Miss Allen is the lady who made a sensation, a couple of years ago, at Ashury Park, a very moral bathing-place, where the rules in regard to bathing-dresses are extremely strict. Miss Allen's startling revelations so alarmed the guardians at that chaste place of resort that she was ordered off the beach. Miss Allen, who is familiarly known as "Curves," evidently desired to repeat her celebrity at Asbury Park. She came down from the ladies' dressing-room in a long opera-wrap, and when she reached the floor she removed this garment and handed it to an attendant, revealing her charms to the spectators in a complete suit of silk tights, which suit of tights extended from her neck to her feet, unbroken by trunks or other articles of apparel. Inspector McGlaughlin saw her, bade the attendant wrap her up again in her cloak, and ordered her to go to the dressing-room and dress herself. She retired for a few moments, and when she re-appeared, she had put on a black satin corset, around the bottom of which she had pinned a few inches of black lace. Somewhat reluctantly, Inspector McGlaughlin allowed her to remain upon the floor, and she spent the rest of the evening informing people, with much indignation, that the police had "made her put on skirts."

There were two French dancers on the floor who wore a compromise between skirts and tights. They wore long blue satin skirts slit up the sides, with red tights underneath, and the combination excited so much interest on the part of the men that the two girls were followed by a crowd during the entire evening, and could always be located by the black-coated group which surrounded them upon the floor. A favorite act was drinking the healths of ladies out of their slippers. Altogether, both halls, the Arion and the French, were as bad as they ever have been as far as regards the shameless attire of the women and the amount of intoxication among both women and men. If New York has experienced any moral revival within the last couple of months, it was by no means apparent at the annual masquerade halls.

When the masquerade season is in full swing, these halls are by no means confined to such large affairs as the Arion and French halls. The mania extends into the working classes, and balls are given by "The John J. McManus Association," "The Dry-Dollar Sullivan Club," and kindred organizations. It is also not unusual for the employees of factories to give such halls. One of the humors of the masquerade season was developed at such a ball, given last Saturday night, across the ferry in Williamshurg. It was given by the employees of Vernon's blank-hook factory. There were some fifteen hundred maskers there, and they kept up the ball until Sunday morning. When daylight stole into the room, the maskers realized how late it was, and rushed for the coat-room. But to their horror it was discovered that thieves had been through the coat-room and stolen a lot of their wraps and other street clothes. Miss Ellen Nutshell, the forewoman of the blank-hook factory, was attired in a costume consisting principally of tights and a little lace, and when she realized that she would have to walk through the streets on Sunday morning in this rig, she nearly fainted away. But the ladies had to brace up, for very few of the gentlemen had any wealth in their trunks to waste on cabs. So the masqueraders started for home, and a procession of some fifteen hundred clowns, Aunt Sallies, tamhourine-girls, peasants, ballet-dancers, and Indian warriors took up their line of march through the streets of Williamshurg. They were headed by a dismounted platoon of twelve shapely young women who had gone to the hall in Highland costume—as laddies, not as lassies—in kilts, breeks, tartan stockings, sporrans, and everything like a Hielan' gillie, with the exception of the interim between the breeks and the tartan stockings. When this procession encountered the devotees of Williamshurg going to early mass, they created a profound impression. The circus wasn't in it.

The social season is closing with great brilliancy. Two entertainments have attracted much attention during the past week. One was a dinner-dance at the Waldorf by two bachelors, Center Hitchcock and Edward H. Bulkeley. This was a *bal poudré*, and the ladies, in addition to powdered hair, wore the patches, or "heavy-spots," which our great-grandmothers wore. The servants were dressed in black satin coats, black satin knee-breeches, black silk hose, white wigs, and low shoes with silver huckles. The guests were received by Mrs. Prescott Lawrence and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, acting for the bachelor hosts. The guests sat down to dinner at eight o'clock in the state apartments of the Waldorf. Supper was served at two o'clock. It was a very brilliant affair, and the picturesque costumes of the ladies, with their powdered hair, was added to by numbers

of the gentlemen who belonged to hunting clubs wearing pink coats. Another entertainment in contrast to this was the musicale given by Miss Callendar and Miss de Forrest, who are known as "the two bachelor maids." This was a great success also.

There is some talk about the coming marriage of Anna Gould and Count de Castellane—mostly in the papers. Divorces are making more of a sensation here. The Coleman-Drayton case is to come up in a short time, and there is no doubt that it will be very bitterly contested. It is said that the two factions of the Astor family have espoused the causes of the two contestants, and as both factions have unlimited millions, it promises to be a very heated contest. Another separation which is causing much gossip is that of the Yznagas. Mrs. Yznaga was a Miss Mahel Curtis Wright before her marriage to Ferdinand Yznaga. She is the daughter of a carpet designer, and inherited his taste for decoration. A number of water-color drawings and pastels by her attracted much attention, and, although she was not in the Four Hundred and was an artist, she was taken up, and at Newport and Narragansett she became the rage. At Narragansett she was popularly known as "Venus," partly because of her beauty and partly because of her fashion of appearing from the waves as the goddess is said to have done—not, *bien entendu*, so lightly attired. She was married to Mr. Yznaga in March, 1890, and it is only within the last few months that it was known that there were any dissensions between the married pair. They are now in Europe, where they went together last November, and the news of their separation has caused much surprise. This is not Mr. Yznaga's first experience of this kind. His first bride was Miss Gerry Smith, one of the beautiful Smith girls of Mohile. Another of the three sisters is the wife of W. K. Vanderbilt; in that ménage also a divorce is threatened. The first wife of Mr. Yznaga, when dissensions broke out between them, went to California, and spent some time in your city of San Francisco. She obtained a divorce in the West—I think in California. Afterwards she was married to W. G. Tiffany, of Baltimore, who also lived some years in California. They now live in Paris. Mrs. Tiffany is still, although her hair is touched with gray, a very beautiful woman, and is a prominent member of the American colony in Paris. She and Mr. Tiffany seem to be very happy in their wedded life. As for Mr. Yznaga, if his second marriage proves a failure, he will probably try again. He seems to have a marked taste for marriage, divorce, and for beautiful wives.

NEW YORK, February 18, 1895.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

La Tricoteuse.

The fourteenth of July had come,
And round the guillotine
The thieves and beggars, rank by rank,
Moved the red flags between.
A crimson heart, upon a pole—
The long march had begun;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.

The red caps of those men of France
Shook like a poppy-field;
The women's heads, with gory hair,
The standard-bearers wield.
Cursing, with song and battle hymn,
Five hutchers dragged a gun;
Yet still the little maid sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

An axe was painted on the flags,
A broken throne and crown,
A ragged coat, upon a lance,
Hung in foul black shreds down.
"More heads!" the seething rabble cry,
And now the drums begun;
But still the little fair-haired child
Sat knitting in the sun.

And every time a head rolled off,
They roll like winter seas,
And, with a tossing up of caps,
Shouts shook the Tuileries.
"Whizz!" went the heavy chopper down,
And then the drums begun;
But still the little smiling child
Sat knitting in the sun.

The Jacobins, ten thousand strong,
And every man a sword;
The red caps, with the tricolors,
Led on the noisy horde.
"The Sans-culottes to-day are strong,"
The gossips say, and run;
But still the little maid sits there,
A-knitting in the sun.

Then the slow death-cart moved along;
And, singing patriot songs,
A pale, doomed poet bowing comes,
And cheers the swaying throngs.
Oh, when the axe swept shining down,
The mad drums all begun;
But, smiling still, the little child
Sat knitting in the sun.

"Le marquis"—linen snowy white,
The powder in his hair,
Waving his scented handkerchief,
Looks down with careless stare.
A whirr, a chop—another head—
Hurrah! the work's begun;
But still the little child sat there,
A-knitting in the sun.

A stir, and through the parting crowd
The people's friends are come;
Marat and Robespierre—"Vivat!"
Roll thunder from the drum."
The one a wild beast's hungry eye,
Hair tangled—hark! a gun!—
The other kindly kissed the child
A-knitting in the sun.

"And why not work all night?" the child
Said to the knitters there.
Oh, how the furies shook their sides,
And tossed their grizzled hair!
Then clapped a bonnet-rouge on her,
And cried: "'Tis well begun!"
And laughed to see the little child
Knit, smiling, in the sun.

—George Walter Thornbury.

CONFESSIONS OF A JOURNALIST.

Being Extracts from "The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala"—A Young Mohock of the Days of Tom-and-Jerryism—Famous Persons he has Met.

We have already given some space to George Augustus Sala's memoirs (Lippincott's), but it is so full of amusing anecdotes of famous persons and interesting details of his long and eventful career in London journalism that we have deemed it advisable to lay before our readers a series of extracts from its entertaining pages.

Sala's grandfather, a Roman, Claudio Sebastiano Sala, came to London in 1776, and was concerned in the management of a theatre. His mother was the daughter of a Demerara painter, and was left a widow, in the year of our author's birth, with five young children to support. She used to supplement her earnings as a music-teacher and singer on the stage by giving annual concerts, for which great artists generally gave their services gratuitously. On one occasion she secured the services of Malihran at thirty guineas and of Paganini at fifty guineas for a solo, and when the concert was over and the time came to settle with the artists, the widow thought they might be induced by pity to forego their honorariums, and to that end brought her youngest along on her visit. Says Sala:

I was duly washed, and waxed, and polished up. I believe even that my hair was curled, and in a new "skeleton" suit, and a very large, white cannie collar, and a frill around it, I was taken first to the hotel where Malihran was staying. The renowned singer smiled, patted me on the head, chuckled me under the chin, told me to be a good boy, and then she very calmly took the thirty-one pounds ten shillings which, with trembling hands, my mother placed on the table. She had a good cry, poor woman, in the fly which conveyed us to the Old Ship, where Paganini was stopping. I can see him now, a lean, wan, gaunt man in black, with bushy hair, something like Henri Rochefort, and a great deal more like Henry Irving. He looked at me long and earnestly; and somehow, although he was about as weird a looking creature as could well be imagined, I did not feel afraid of him. In a few broken words my mother explained her mission, and put down the fifty guineas on the table. When I say that he washed his hands in the gold, that he scabbled at it, as David of old did at the gate, and grasped it, and haulted it up into little heaps, panting the while, I am not in any way exaggerating. He bundled it up, at last, in a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief with white spots, and darted from the room. And we—my poor mother convulsively clasping my hand—went out on the landing, and were about descending the stairs, when the mighty violinist halted again from his bedroom-door. "Take that, little boy," he said; "take that," and he thrust a piece of paper rolled up almost into a ball into my hands. It was a bank-note for fifty pounds.

Our author is very frank in his account of his early poverty. He says:

It is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to state that, in these days of my earliest editorship, when I was eking out my small journalistic income by odd guineas and half-guineas, yea, and sometimes the humble but welcome five shillings, by making drawings in wood or water-colors, I was very, very poor. Was it miserable poverty? Well, it was poverty; and the vast majority of people hold that poverty and misery are the same thing. . . . Yes, poverty was anguish, and of the bitterest. It was vastly fine for Béranger to sing, "Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans." But how is it when at twenty years even the garret is not attainable; or, having one, you are locked out by the landlady for not paying the rent? Béranger talks of his Lisette, of his credit at Mme. Grégoire's cabaret, of his pawing his watch to defray the cost of a carouse. How is it when you have no Lisette, no wine-shop keeper to trust you, no watch to pawn? Béranger had a trade; he was a compositor, and an industrious workman need never starve. In the days of which I speak I could do nothing which could secure me a regular livelihood. I could not draw, nor engrave, nor paint, nor write well enough, although I dabbled in all those crafts, to be received as a skillful journeyman in any workshop. It was not until I was twenty-three that I scraped together enough money to deliberately apprentice myself to an engraver on steel and copper, in order that if the worst came to the worst I might be able to earn forty or fifty shillings a week by engraving visiting-cards or billheads for tradesmen. . . . I know that I have often turned heartsick when I went into a tavern for half a pint of porter, to see a swaggering customer throw down a sovereign and rattle in his hands the shining change which the barmaid handed him. I had early fallen a slave to tobacco, the great consoler, the merciless usurer, and I know that when I have not had the means of purchasing a solitary "screw" of "bird's-eye," and have probed all my short pipes in the fruitless hope of finding in some forgotten bowl a remnant of "mundungus," I have taken a wretched pleasure in walking in the street behind some gentleman who was smoking a good cigar; and the aroma of his Havana-wafted me into a kind of sensuous ecstasy which was half gratification and half despair. . . . Although I have known a good many extremely poor men and women who were not only resigned, but cheerful when the icy hand of poverty was pressing most pitiously upon them, I am inclined to think that, in the main, indigence and misery are convertible terms.

One would expect much talk about Thackeray in these reminiscences, but, as a matter of fact, the only such passage worth quoting is the following, telling of a time when Sala was acting as hook-keeper for a tailor named Crellin:

Ascending the stairs of my hook-keeping pulpit, I just saw the back of a very tall gentleman in a cloak. Cloaks, I have already said, were generally worn by gentlemen in the '40's. After the gentleman had left, Crellin told me that he was a very clever man, somewhat impecunious; but he was on the staff of *Punch*, and he wrote tales and sketches in the magazines under the pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. A year or two afterward, I was presented to him by my brother at a little convivial club in Dean Street, Soho, known as the "Deanery." The name of the tall gentleman was William Makepeace Thackeray. It was my fortune to know him long and intimately, and he was wont to laugh very heartily when I reminded him of the cloak he had once worn, and of my view of the back of that cloak when he had called at 4 St. James's Street.

Of Dickens more is told. Sala met "Boz" when the "Pickwick Papers" were coming out, and of his popularity at that time he says:

He was then a very young and eminently handsome man. The present generation, I should say, can scarcely form an idea of the absolute furor of excitement which reigned in reading England during the time that the monthly parts of the novels in the green covers were in progress of publication. We have all heard the story of the invalid when Dr. Gravelly told him that he feared that he, the sick man, could not possibly survive for another month, but who, as the physician was leaving the room, was heard to mutter to himself: "Well, at all events, the next number of *Pickwick* will be out in a fortnight."

In 1851, Sala sent his first contribution to *Household Words*, then edited by Charles Dickens, and with that event began a period of comparative luxury, for scarcely a week passed, in the next six years, when he had not one or two

articles—stories, essays, sketches, book-reviews—in the paper. As to the financial results of this, Sala says:

There was the five guinea fee for every article I wrote; I often got through two in the course of one week, and if, as one more than once happened, I overdrew my account—I did so on one occasion to the extent of twenty pounds sterling, and, on another, of seventy pounds sterling—Dickens would, after a while, laughingly suggest that the sponge should be passed over the slate and we should begin again.

It may not be inappropriate here to mention Mr. Sala's nose, which was damaged like Michael Angelo's and Michael Angelo Titmarsh's in its owner's youth. He tells the story himself of how that damage was inflicted by a gentleman whom he calls Mr. Jehosaphat, the proprietor of a certain "hall of dazzling light," with whom he had a dispute over a bottle of champagne:

There was a fight. I took the floor, Mr. Jehosaphat kneeling on my chest. By a cleverly directed blow with his left hand, the fingers of which were plentifully garnished with diamond-rings, he split my nose throughout its entire length. Then he dexterously rolled me into the street.

The damaged organ was repaired at Charing Cross Hospital. It was doomed to have a great influence over the future destinies of Mr. Sala. In the first place, during the fortnight when he was confined to his room, he seriously made up his mind that it was about time to give up Bohemia. So, after a few days' holiday with his mother in Brighton, he went and married the girl of his heart. He had known her ever since she was a child.

At last he had his misunderstanding with Dickens and severed his connection with *Household Words*. Then began his connection with the London *Daily Telegraph*, which has continued to the present time. The Levys—who subsequently changed their name to Lawson—had got control of the paper, and they had new ideas of journalism. They wanted humorous, descriptive, and social articles as well as the news and political leaders, and Sala was one of the men they employed. Sir Edward Lawson recently gave our author this picture of himself as he first appeared in the office of the *Daily Telegraph*:

He said that I had got myself up for the interview, and that I was attired in a chocolate-colored frock-coat, a double-breasted plaid velvet waistcoat, trousers of uncertain hue, and much too short for me, and Blücher boots. I pleaded guilty to the chocolate frock-coat and the too brief trousers; I acknowledge also the Blücher boots; but I join issue with my friend on the subject of the waistcoat. It was not of plaid or of velvet, nor was it double-breasted. It was a black camel-tail, profusely embroidered with beads and hughes of jet. I had two allies of the Hebrew persuasion who were in the "reach-me-down" or second-hand clothes line of business, and whose shop was in the Strand, nearly opposite the Somerset House. They were very worthy, obliging, warm-hearted people, and over and over again had they "rigged me out" when I wanted to go to the opera, or to a masquerade, or when I was asked out to dinner in polite society. When I called at the *Daily Telegraph* office, I was badly off for waistcoats. I wanted an exceptionally smart one, and my Semitic friends in the Strand lent me this particular garment with *passementerie* of jet.

Sala was not a university man, but he was well informed and a facile writer, and he was well fitted for his work. He says:

I did not go into society, but I knew all about it. With low life I was, perhaps, more conversant than I should have been; in fact, as I have elsewhere hinted, it would have been difficult to find in London town a more outrageous young Mohock than I had been for the last five or six years; but, seeing that I am about to celebrate my sixtieth birthday, that my hair is unblanched, that I have a good appetite, that I am only partially deaf and but partially blind, and that I can work eight hours a day without turning a hair, I am entitled to hint that there is no use in moaning and groaning over the old days of Tom-and-Jerryism. I remember once at a dinner at poor Edmund Yates's, his wife propounding to three of her male guests—her husband, Don Bouicault, and myself—the grave question, "whether we were sorry," you know what I mean, sorry in the all-round sense, unreservedly penitent, as Catholics must declare themselves to be in a *confession générale*. Bouicault was the first called upon to speak. The bright-witted dramatist, who, as all his friends are aware, was the very model of sincerity and veracity, replied, with truth beaming from his expressive countenance, that he was deeply, unforgivably sorry for all his sins. Then came my turn. I replied diplomatically that I was going to be sorry. "Mieux tard que jamais." Then the dread query—remember it was many years ago—was put to Edmund. He looked at us; he looked at the ladies; he looked at his plate, and then, bringing his closed hand down on the table-cloth, he said, sternly and decisively, "No."

Sala seems to have been particularly intimate with Spanish royalty. In one place he says:

While I was living in Guildford Street, Russell Square, there came to me one forenoon a foreign gentleman of slight stature and dark complexion, who brought with him a letter of introduction. The visitor handed me his card, and I asked him to take a chair; I may add that the interview took place in my study, that I was clad in a very ragged silk dressing-jacket, and was smoking a short pipe. I looked at the card, and found that it bore the name of some Spanish grandee—*conde* of something or other. Would I look, asked the foreign gentleman, at the other side of the card? I turned over the pasteboard and read: "Don Juan de Bourhon." Of course I stood up and made the gravest of reverences. My interlocutor was the son of Don Carlos and grandson of Ferdinand the Seventh, consequently the legitimate King of Spain. The heir to a phantom crown only smiled, and, saying, "It is such a very little matter," made me resume my seat. He wanted me to render him some newspaper service, and I was, fortunately, able to meet his wishes. After that he used to call on me three or four times a week, and talk about books and pictures and photography, of all of which subjects he had considerable knowledge. In politics he seemed to be a thorough-going Liberal, and frequently regretted that his son, Don Carlos number two, who signs himself Duke of Madrid and pretends to be king of both France and Spain, had been brought up by the Jesuits, and was full of reactionary tendencies.

His wife naturally told her maid who the little dark foreign gentleman was. Coming home to dinner one evening, Sala asked the parlor-maid: "Anybody been here to-day, Jane?" "No, sir," she replied; "only that king's been bothering here to-day."

Again, in 1886, he had this encounter at Monte Carlo:

I had a constant neighbor at the tables in the shape of a comely gentleman, with a full glossy beard, who apparently had scarcely reached middle age. We used to meet not only at the Casino, but on the terrace, in the gardens, and the concert-room. At first we used to converse in French; but having incidentally remarked one day that I could speak Italian, our parley was thenceforth in the Tuscan tongue. I had not the slightest idea as to who he was, and if I hazarded a conjecture, it may have been that he was either an operatic singer or a secretary of the Italian Embassy at Paris. He was fonder of that gay enchantress, roulette, than of the austere *trente-et-quarante*, and as at the former game he persistently backed the numbers, he generally lost his money. One day, however, he made a coup; it was not a very large one: only thirty-five five-franc pieces, which he had won by putting a single piece *en plein* on the number mentioned. As he laughingly gathered his gains together—to lose

them five minutes afterward—he showed me one of the pieces, saying: "I think that I have seen that face before." In those days they took all kinds of money at the Monte Carlo gambling-tables—French and Belgian five-franc pieces, American, Mexican, and South American dollars, and Italian five-lire pieces, and Greek five drachma ones. I looked at the piece which the gentleman with the glossy beard had handed me. It was a Spanish dollar; on the reverse, the Pillars of Hercules and the proud device, "Plus ultra"; on the obverse, the profile of the comely gentleman with the glossy beard, with the inscription, "Amadeo, Rey de Espana y de las Antillas." Only a few months before he had disdainfully refused to rule any more over a people who hated him because he was an *extranjero*, and who insulted his wife. He had become once more the Italian Duke of Aosta.

Decidedly funny was Sala's meeting with young Alfonso the Twelfth, with whom he traveled by train, shortly after his accession, from Madrid to the north of Spain. He and a fellow-journalist were invited to breakfast in the royal carriage, and when they attempted to wash their soot-grimed hands and faces, found that the water in their car was frozen solid. Says our author:

I feel confident that in such a predicament Archibald Forbes would have asked for a basin of hot water from the kitchen of the royal car; but we had not sufficient muscle of mind to proffer such a request. I remember having been once pounced upon after a hard day's work in London by a friend who told me I was to join then and there a dinner-party given by a howling swell. I only asked for a few minutes' time to wash my hands. "Oh, hother your hands," exclaimed my friend, who was of an impetuous temperament, "come along at once," and I was literally dragged away to the hospitable board. Fortunately, when I took my seat, I descried by the side of my plate a crusty loaf of Viennese make. I seized the bread, and, remembering that when Mohammedan pilgrims in the desert are unable to find water they perform their ablutions in sand, slipped my hands under the table-cloth, and practically washed them with the nice, fresh crumbs. In that shade of splendid misery, however, the private car on the railway in Northern Spain, there was not a morsel of bread. Suddenly a happy thought struck my companion. "Did you ever try candles?" he asked. "Candles for what?" I repeated in amazement. "Why, to wash with," was the reply; and, suiting the action to the words, he took one of the wax-candles from its gilt metal socket and proceeded to roll the taper backward and forward over his face and hands. I followed his example, and I believe that, with the aid of a couple of wax-cylinders, we did manage to get off a considerable quantity of our griminess, and even to endure our skin with the slightest veneer of wax. At all events, we did the best we could with the dry polish. Then we entered the royal saloon, where we were graciously received by his majesty, and partook of a truly royal breakfast. The condition of our complexion did not excite the slightest notice, for during the meal everybody was fully occupied with his knife and fork; and directly breakfast was over the saloon was filled with a blue haze emitted from some thirty lighted Havanas and papetitos. But as the temperature gradually grew warmer and warmer, "tears such as tender fathers shed" began to trickle down my face; the thin veneer of wax had melted.

Sala's two visits to this country, the last being a lecturing tour in 1885, brought him in contact with many of our leading men. Here is an amusing fling at two well-known New Yorkers:

Among the after-dinner speakers were the facetious General Horace Porter and the equally humorous lawyer and orator, Mr. Chauncey Depew, who made a great point in his speech by saying that I was going to Australia, by way of Portland, in the State of Maine, a city which I never had the pleasure of visiting; but he repeated the assertion over and over again, and every time he reiterated it, the company laughed uproariously—a circumstance which strengthened a long-existing conviction in my mind that in after-dinner speaking and "stage-gagging" you have only to continually repeat something—"What's o'clock?" or "That's the idea!" or "How do you feel now?" or "Still I am not happy!"—to excite the hilarity of your hearers.

Later he met General B. F. Butler, who seems to have impressed him rather favorably:

At the Capitol I was introduced to an American warrior, lawyer, and statesman, of whom I had heard a great deal and concerning whom, during the War of Secession, I had written frequently, not altogether in a complimentary manner. This was General Benjamin Franklin Butler. He was most genial, and asked me whether I had ever been at New Orleans. I replied that I had sojourned for a considerable time in the Crescent City in 1879. "Ah!" he cheerfully remarked, "if you had been down at Orleans in 1864, I would most certainly have hanged you—yes, sir!" And I thoroughly believe that the general would have been as good as his word.

In February, 1889, Mr. Sala received a note written in hot haste by Mr. Henry Labouchère, which ran thus: "Can you leave everything and come here at once? Most important business.—H. L." In a quarter of an hour he was seated in Mr. Labouchère's library. The member for Northampton was not alone. Says Mr. Sala:

Enconced in a roomy fauteuil a few paces from Mr. Labouchère's desk, there was a somewhat burly individual of middle stature and of more than middle age. He looked fully sixty, but his elderly aspect was enhanced by his baldness, which revealed a large amount of oval *frontis* fringed by gray locks. He had an eye-glass screwed into one eye, and was using this optical aid most assiduously, for he was pouring over a copy of that morning's issue of the *Times*, going right down one column and apparently coming back again; then taking column after column in succession; then he resumed the resuming sequence of his lecture, ever and anon tapping that ovoid frontal bone of his, as though to evoke memories of the past, with a little silver pencil-case. I noticed his somewhat shabby-genteel attire; and in particular I observed that the hand which held the copy of the *Times* never ceased to shake. Mr. Labouchère, in his most courteous manner and his blindest tone, said: "Allow me to introduce you to a gentleman of whom you must have heard a great deal, Mr.—" I replied, "There is not the slightest necessity for naming him. I know him well enough. That's Mr. Pigott." . . . Mr. Labouchère continued: "The fact is that Mr. Pigott has come here quite unsolicited to make a full confession. I told him that I would listen to nothing save in the presence of a witness, and remembering that you lived close by, I thought you would not mind coming here and listening to what Mr. Pigott has to confess, which will be taken down, word by word, from his dictation in writing." . . . The veracious Pigott, ostensibly studying the *Times*, had clearly been trying to screw his faltering courage up to the sticking point of his now famous confession. At length he rose and stood beside Mr. Labouchère's desk. He did not change color, he did not blench; but, at first in a half-musing tone, then louder and more fluently, he told his shameful story, coolly confessing that he alone had forged the letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell, and minutely describing the way in which he had done it. No pressure was put upon him; no leading questions were asked him; and he went on quietly and continuously to the end of a story which I should have thought amazing had I not had occasion to hear many more tales even more astounding. He was not voluble, but he was collected, clear, and coherent; nor, although he repeatedly confessed to forgery, fraud, deception, and misrepresentation, did he seem overcome with anything approaching active shame. . . . Whether the man with the bald head and the eyeglass in the library at Grosvenor Gardens was telling the truth or uttering another hatch of infernal lies, it is not for me to determine.

We have made but a light levy upon Mr. Sala's book, but it has been enough to give our readers a taste of its good things. Few hooks of the past decade can approach it in the quantity and excellence of its anecdotes.

LITERARY NOTES.

An Unpleasant Novel.

When that style of book of which the principal types are "The Heavenly Twins," "A Yellow Aster," "Wreckage," and "Discords" began to flood the bookstalls, paragraphs appeared from time to time in the English and American press announcing that Grant Allen had written a novel which several London publishers had refused to touch. This novel has now been brought out by John Lane, of London, and Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and its title is "The Woman who Did." The particular thing the woman "did" was to give herself to a man, refusing on principle all marriage ceremonies or forms.

Grant Allen is a purveyor of cheap "popular science" and cheaper fiction, and in this book he has shown the literary hack at his worst. He himself says in "The Woman who Did": "The men who take in the end to writing novels have generally begun with other aims and other aspirations, and have only fallen back upon the art of fiction in the last resort as a means of livelihood." The book, we are informed, was "written at Perugia, Spring, 1893, for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and my own conscience." Evidence of the man's taste, in addition to that provided by the story itself, is to be found in the dedication: "To My Dear Wife, to whom I have dedicated my twenty happiest years, I dedicate also this brief memorial of a less fortunate love." Comment on this is unnecessary. Let us turn from Mr. Grant Allen to the story he has written:

Hermia Barton is a Girton girl, and her "advanced" views are condoned because she is a dean's daughter, so long as she confines herself to paying her own way and living in town in bachelor apartments. She meets Alan Merrick, a commonplace young Englishman, and they discover that they are kindred souls; he even concedes that she is theoretically right when she declares that the political and financial independence of woman is less important than her social emancipation. They confess their mutual love, and he asks "how soon may we be married?" To quote Mr. Allen:

"At sound of those unexpected words from such lips as his, a flush of shame and horror overspread Hermia's cheek. 'Never!' she cried, firmly, drawing away. 'Oh, Alan, what can you mean by it? Don't tell me, after all I've tried to make you feel and understand, you thought I could possibly consent to marry you.'

"The man gazed at her in surprise. Though he was prepared for much, he was scarcely prepared for such devotion to principle. 'Oh, Hermia,' he cried, 'you can't mean it. You can't have thought of what it entails. Surely, surely, you won't carry your ideas of freedom to such an extreme, such a dangerous conclusion?'

But she did, and to his query as to what alternative she has to propose, she replies:

"'Propose?' Hermia repeated, taken aback in her turn. It all seemed to her so plain, and transparent, and natural. 'Why, simply that we should be friends, like any other very dear friends, with the only kind of friendship that nature makes possible between men and women!'

They argue the matter, and when the possibility of children is urged—to quote again:

"She had duly considered it. She would give her children, should any come, the unique and glorious birthright of being the only human beings ever born into this world as the deliberate result of a free union contracted on philosophical and ethical principles."

Herein, as the author virtually acknowledges by the climax from which he could not turn his story, lies the fundamental error of his meretricious and illogical argument. But to continue the tale: Alan gives in; he pays clandestine visits to Hermia in a little cottage she has taken in the suburbs, until, in due course of time, she is persuaded to leave England until a certain interesting event has taken place. To cut the narrative short, Alan dies, she is left penniless, and her child grows up to loathe the mother who has laid such a grievous burden on her young life.

If it were not for the pathos of Hermia's suicide when her daughter has shown her the great wrong she has done, one might imagine "The Woman who Did" to be a ponderous English joke. On the other hand, Mr. Allen's reasoning is so palpably false that one can not believe he wrote the book from conviction. The conclusion is inevitable that "The Woman who Did" was intended to be a daring and attractive example of modern nastiness. But it is not attractive; it is heavy, flat, and deadly dull.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Principles of Money and Coinage," by Thomas B. Buchanan, is issued as the first number of the first volume of the Denver Chamber of Commerce Bulletins. Published by the Chamber of Commerce, Denver, Colo.; price, 25 cents.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," translated and furnished with a biographical and critical introduction by Melville B. Anderson, of Stanford University, has been issued in the tastefully printed Laurel Crowned Tales published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"Billtry," by Mary Kyle Dallas, is a parody on "Trilby"; in it we are told how three young women—the Giraffe, the Lady of Shalott, and Beckie—fall in love with Billtry, a model who used

his feet as others use their hands. The book emphasizes the difficulty of writing a parody that is really funny. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Woman of Impulse" is the title of a new novel by Justin Huntly McCarthy, and it fitly describes his heroine. She is a student, and we first meet her browsing among the antiquities of the British Museum; but she is beautiful, and soon strikes up an acquaintance with a young archaeologist in tweeds. Then he gets into a fight with a Hindoo snake-charmer, who has a mission of vengeance, and the girl turns out to be a great heiress. The story is a lively one, and makes up in romance and picturesqueness what it lacks in probability. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Schoolmaster in Comedy and Satire," a companion-volume to "The Schoolmaster in Literature," contains extracts from famous works in which the pedagogue figures in an amusing light. It begins with "The Education of Gargantua and Pantagruel," from Rabelais's satire, and thereafter follow extracts from Roger Ascham, Shakespeare, Fénelon, Dean Swift, Pope, Arnaud Berquin, Colman the younger, Maria Edgeworth, Eugène Scribe, N. P. Willis, Dickens, Gogol, J. G. Saxe, T. W. Robertson, C. W. Bardeen, D'Arcy W. Thompson, and Ernst Eckstein. These are arranged and edited for the use of teachers' reading circles and round tables. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.40.

"A Son of Hagar" is the title of Hall Caine's new novel, in which his aim has been "to penetrate into the soul of a bad man and to lay bare the processes by which he is tempted to his fall." However well or ill he has succeeded in this task of character analysis, there can be no two opinions on the interest of the story. The scene is laid in London and its suburbs and in the mountains of Cumberland, which Mr. Hall describes as vividly as he painted the Isle of Man in other books, and the action of the tale is intensely interesting, though, when one comes to think it over, it comprises incidents as improbable as those that go to make the most lurid of melodramas. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Pierre de Lano, whose recent books on the Second Empire have been read with interest in France, England, and America, has brought out still another volume which has been translated into English by A. C. S. and given the title "Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart: An Episode of the Tuileries." It has for its frontispiece the portrait of a very beautiful woman, such as must have been this Englishwoman who, with wealth, title, and sufficient position in her own country to insure her presentation at the French court under the personal conduct of the British Ambassador, still so hungered for power that she became the emperor's mistress and mother of his child. The episode was full of dramatic incidents and its narrative is punctuated with anecdotes of notable personages; but, as it is here translated, the author's language is so stilted as to be almost repellent. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Old Pictures of Life" is the title given a brace of little volumes such as delight the book-lover. Their severely plain green-cloth covers attract the eye, and the pleasant anticipations they arouse are not disappointed by the contents, which consist of a number of essays or lectures by the late Professor David Swing, preceded by an introduction by Franklin H. Head, a manly, straightforward "appreciation" of an admired friend's character. Professor Swing was a man of broad sympathy and high culture, and these essays, while probably intended for the young, will afford pleasure and food for thought for more mature readers. Their scope is indicated by the following list of titles: "An Old Picture of Life," "A Greek Orator," "A Roman Gentleman," "Thoughts on Greek Literature," "Cordelia and Antigone," "Dante," and "The Enlarged Church," in the first volume, and "The Submerged Centuries," "The Novel," "The Scholar in Politics," "Romeo and Juliet," "A True Love-Story," "Humanity to Man and Beast," "Excess," "Peculiarities of Man," and "An Injured World," in the second. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

One of the most popular creations of the newspaper writers of recent times is Chimmie Fadden, of whom Edward W. Townsend has been writing in the New York Sun for a year or more. He is a typical New York street Arab, expressing himself in up-to-date Bowery slang that is very diverting, though it is well nigh incomprehensible to the uninitiated; and by making him footman in a well-appointed New York household and self-constituted special guardian to the daughter of the house, whom he has protected from insult in the street, Mr. Townsend has placed him in a milieu where very funny incidents occur and are made even funnier by Chimmie's picturesque style of narration. The series of tales in which are set forth Chimmie's adventures with Miss Fanny, and Miss Fanny's "felly," and Mr. Paul, and "de Duchess," and "is Whiskers" have caught and preserved an American type as flies were caught and held in amber ages ago; and, if

the Chimmie Fadden stories are not to be handed down to posterity, they will at least afford entertainment for many readers of the present day. They have recently been collected and are now issued in a little volume entitled "Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and Other Stories." The "Major Max" stories are another series of New York sketches, in which Major Max alternately tells tales of thrilling adventure at frontier army-posts, and quizzes his delightfully inconsequential wife; it was these stories that gave Mr. Townsend the sobriquet under which he was challenged to mortal combat by Richard Harding Davis. The "other stories" comprise a number of breezy tales of a reporter's life and amusing episodes in the Bohemia of art. Seven of them were written for the Argonaut by Mr. Townsend, and will be pleasantly recalled by our readers; their titles are: "A Lost Chord," "An Immoral Providence," "The Lady at the Morgue," "The Rehabilitation of Casey," "Me Side-Pardner," "André was Fresh," and "At the Olivados." Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price: cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The two large and handsome volumes of "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution," by Charlemagne Tower, Jr., LL.D., constitute a valuable addition to the history of our country. Among all the foreigners who aided the colonists in the Revolution, no one secured so warm a place in the American heart as has been accorded La Fayette, the brilliant Frenchman whose generalship and bravery in the field and whose earnest advocacy and shrewd diplomacy at court contributed in no small degree to the successful establishment of our republic. Curiously enough, it was the brother of George the Third, the Duke of Gloucester, who sent La Fayette to America, for at a dinner at which the young marquis was present he discussed the differences between King George and his colonists so fairly that La Fayette then determined to offer his services to the oppressed colonists, and soon set sail for America in spite of the serious objection of the French Government. He sailed on April 20, 1777, and, soon meeting Washington in Philadelphia, participated, though without a command, in the battle of the Brandywine; thereafter he served the young nation with his sword, having a separate command in the Virginia campaign, and with his enthusiasm and wit, when he kept alive the cause of the struggling revolutionists at the Court of Versailles until his return to France after the surrender of Cornwallis, in 1781. This adventurous career, and the attitude of France toward the War of Independence, Mr. Tower has set forth with great particularity of detail, his chief sources of information being La Fayette's memoirs and correspondence, Doniol's "Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Establissement des Etats-Unis d'Amérique," and a large number of manuscripts and official documents of the Department of State. It is interesting, by the way, to recall the difficulties under which La Fayette's letters struggled, as illustrated by this passage from an epistle to his wife:

"You will receive this letter, perhaps, in the course of five or six years, for I am writing to you by an indirect opportunity of which I have no great hopes. Fancy the long journey that my letter will have to make. An officer of the army will take it to Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), three hundred miles in the interior of the continent; thence it will be sent by a boat down the great Ohio River through a country inhabited only by savages; when once it reaches New Orleans, a little vessel will take it to the Spanish Islands; from there a ship belonging to that nation will carry it—God knows where—whenever it goes back to Europe. Even then it will be a long way from you; and only after passing through the sticky hands of all the Spanish postmen will it be able to cross the Pyrenees. It may have been opened and sealed half a dozen times before coming to you."

Etched portraits of La Fayette and the marquis serve as frontispieces for the two volumes, which are full of notes and citations and are voluminously indexed.

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THE History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States, by President Andrews, begins in the March number of
Scribner's Magazine
It is a striking, illustrated account of the events of our own day and generation.



In his play, "A Temperance Town," now running at the California, Mr. Charles Hoyt has made another attempt to struggle out of his environment. As he has made money and acquired fame, Mr. Hoyt has honestly endeavored to write plays. He knows—no one better—that his first productions were not plays. They were horse-plays. But if they were not plays, they paid. The public flocked to see them. And the curious combinations of drummers, tramps, bell-boys, and black-stockinged, short-skirted young women who used to line up before the footlights in the "Parlor Match," the "Hole in the Ground," and kindred Hoyt productions, and do variety business, was just what the public wanted to see. As for the plot, or the absence of plot, that made no difference. The public is a donkey, and when Mr. Hoyt proffered it thistles, it was pleased, and brayed its approval.

But Mr. Hoyt took for his motto "Altiara peto." His soul yearned for higher things. He began to dream of writing a play with a plot. Fortunately for Mr. Hoyt, he has a shrewd New England temperament, which restrains him from any wild follies. Therefore, while he began writing plays with plots, he continued producing plotless plays. These kept the pot boiling while the great American Play with a Plot was being incubated. At last it came. It was called "A Midnight Bell." It was coherent, fairly funny, but it did not seem to go. People came out with the general air of a man who has dined on *consommé* and toothpicks. They resented the intrusion of a plot, they missed their drummers, they missed their bell-boys, they missed the familiar line-up before the footlights for the variety business, and, above all, they missed their black-stockinged, short-skirted girls.

So is it with this other piece of Mr. Hoyt's, "A Temperance Town." It, too, is handicapped with a plot. It, too, lacks variety business. It is true that Mr. Hoyt is irresistibly led to give his audience just a taste of black-stockinged girl. It is with an effort, for the scene takes place in the study of a New England clergyman. There enters from the kitchen one young woman in black stockings and short skirts—a servant; there enters from the street another young woman in black stockings and short skirts—a visitor; there enters also an aged man with a jag—the town drunkard. These three, as is the custom in all New England houses, give a song and dance, in which the young women with black stockings and short skirts dance a modified skirt dance. But this is the only time throughout the entire play that Mr. Hoyt falls back on lace underwear. It is but a momentary return to his early manner. On the whole, Mr. Hoyt in "A Temperance Town" conscientiously labors to make his effects with dialogue and plot.

He fails. The dialogue is at times amusing, but it is a mosaic of jokes culled from the comic papers. Most of them are old friends, such as the man who had to begin at the top instead of the bottom, because he was a grave-digger. These jokes are not evolved naturally by the dialogue, but are pinned on to it, so to speak. Was it Dumas *filis* or Sardou who said that every word and every line in a play which does not bear some part in the evolution of the plot should be cut out? If this rule were followed, we fear that nearly all of Mr. Hoyt's dialogue would disappear.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Temperance Town" is to be continued for two weeks longer at the California Theatre.

Young Salvini is said to be studying the characters of Hamlet and Othello, with a view to adding them to his repertoire.

Emily Bancker will succeed "A Temperance Town" at the California in "Our Flat," a farcical comedy of the "Charley's Aunt" order, which ran two years in London and nearly six months at the Lyceum in New York.

Marion Abbott, of Marie Burroughs's company, is a granddaughter of the Rev. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn; for two years she was a member of Augustin Daly's company. Another member of Miss Burroughs's company, Eleanor Perry, is descended from Commodore Perry, of Lake Erie fame.

Half a hundred Amazons of greater or less beauty, elaborate scenic effects, and handsome costumes are the accessories amid which Thomas C. Leary, Florence Thropp, the Spanish dancer, Matilda, and the rest of the Alcazar company disport themselves in the spectacular burlesque, "A

Black Crook Up-to-Date." The second week of the entertainment begins on Monday, March 4th.

Sarah Bernhardt recently produced at her Renaissance Theatre in Paris a French version of Sudermann's "Die Heimath," which Mme. Modjeska produced in this country some months ago under the title of "Magda." The Renaissance was packed with Germans on Sarah's first night, and the play was received with tremendous applause. Bernhardt will go to London for her summer season at Daly's in May, and will spend a month there, presenting "Gismonda" among her other plays.

That charming music-hall celebrity, Bessie Bellwood—was it not she who thumped a cabman, some months ago, for a fancied slight to the lordling who was then enjoying the honor of her protection?—recently made things lively at the Pavilion Music-Hall in London. She was hissed for singing two indifferent songs, whereupon she proceeded to tell the audience her opinion of them in language more forcible than polite, ending by expressing an earnest desire to meet at the stage-door any malcontent of about her age and weight. It may be added that she had no takers.

The American Concert Company is a new incorporation consisting of leading members of the American Concert Band now playing at the Mechanics' Pavilion during the French Hospital fêtes, and it has been formed for the purpose of continuing a monster musical festival and promenade fair until the first of April. In addition to the concert by the American Concert Band of one hundred selected musicians, there will be lectures on music illustrated by stereopticon views. A grand sacred concert will inaugurate the series this (Sunday) afternoon, and at each of the four Saturday matinees, the pupils and teachers of certain of the public schools in the city will be admitted free.

César Thomson, the new violinist who is creating a furore in the East, is said to bear a striking likeness to Svengali, as Du Maurier pictured him; and like that now famous musician of literature, Mr. Thomson in real life seems almost to hypnotize his audiences with the marvelous power of his interpretations. He played in Chicago on the twenty-first and twenty-second of December with Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and the *Bazar* says: "It was interesting to observe the way in which he swayed his hearers. It was as if he was playing upon their very heart-strings. For the moment, each member of the vast audience seemed only to draw breath with his howl, and tears or smiles were called to their faces at his will. Even the members of the orchestra were carried out of their usual calm enthusiasm, and the artist was recalled so many times and so vociferously that Mr. Thomson permitted him to give two encores, for him a most unusual proceeding."

The Tivoli is going to put on "Olivette" for next week. Besides the pleasure its lively music and amusing situations give, it will recall a number of noted comic-opera stars who have appeared in the title-role, running back to Marie Jansen's memorable appearance at the California, with John Howson as that sad sea-dog, Captain de Merrimac. As sung at the Tivoli next week, the cast will be as follows:

Captain de Merrimac, John J. Raffael; Valentine, Phil Branson; Duc Deslis, George Olmi; Coquelicot, Ferris Hartman; Marvejol, John F. Wilson; Olivette, Gracie Flaisted; Countess of Kousillon, Belle Thorn; Veloutine, Alice Nielson; Moustique, Kittle Loomis.

Lecocq's "Giroflé-Girofla" will follow "Olivette," and "Blue Beard, Jr.," and "Princess Nicotine" will be given during the Lenten season.

Marie Burroughs begins a two weeks' engagement at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night. The fact that she is a Californian has always brought local pride to the aid of her beauty and talent to make her popular here. Her long training with the Madison Square and other stock companies has taught her to make the most of her abilities, and her appearance as a star, far from being deemed presumptuous, has received hearty support in the East. If it had not been for Stoddard's Seth Preen and Jacob Fletcher she would have been almost a star in "The Lights of London" and "Saints and Sinners," and her rôles in Pinero's "The Profligate," which she plays all the first week, and Henry Arthur Jones's "Judah" are much in the same line.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What interesting stories of travel Duffix tells. He must have roved a great deal." "No-o—he's always been here. But his mind wanders."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Tom—"Didn't the encore unnerve Miss Twitter?" Jess—"Not a bit; she is used to having the neighbors pound on the floor when she sings."—*Puck*.

Watts—"Did you ever know of any one dying for love?" Potts—"Once. I knew a fellow who starved to death after being refused by an heiress."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Smith—"What's that on your card—K. G. ? Great Scot, man, you're not a Knight of the Garter!" Lushington—"No; but I'm a Keeley Graduate."—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Jones—"Charles has an unconquerable spirit." Mrs. Smith—"Indeed?" Mrs. Jones—"Yes; he was two hours unlocking the front door early this morning."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Ticker—"What time is it, Sam?" Book-keeper—"About five minutes of six." Ticker—"It can't be as late as that." Book-keeper—"Guess it is, sir; the office-boy has begun to whistle."—*Ex*.

Professor von Blitzen (the conjurer)—"One of my tricks is to draw an egg from the pocket of every man in the audience." Barnes Tomer (the actor, sadly)—"That is one of mine, too."—*Bazar*.

On the road: First actor—"There ought to be a souvenir performance to-morrow night." Second actor—"Why?" First actor—"It will be the fiftieth performance since we got our salaries."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Westend—"I am afraid to go down-stairs in the dark." Mr. Westend—"Why?" Mrs. Westend—"Suppose I should meet a burglar?" Mr. Westend—"Nonsense! I don't like so exclusive."—*Puck*.

Little girl—"I'm afraid to go to sleep in the dark." Mamma—"Nonsense; remember that little angels are with you." Little girl (ten minutes later)—"I can't go to sleep, mamma; one of the little angels is biting me."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

New York girl—"Lord Dumley, did you ever hear the joke about the museum-keeper who had two skulls of St. Paul—one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man?" Englishman—"No; what is it?"—*New York Recorder*.

"Papa and Mr. Stalate are getting very much interested in each other," said Ethel. "Indeed?" "Yes; papa says he can't see how Mr. Stalate does with so little sleep, and Mr. Stalate says exactly the same about papa."—*Washington Star*.

Chronic grumbler—"Look here! There's no meat in this sandwich." Affable waiter—"Then why do you call it a sandwich? I am surprised that a gentleman of your erudition should commit such a solecism in rhetoric."—*Boston Transcript*.

Lady (widow)—"Do you know that my daughter has set her eyes upon you. Herr Müller?" Gent (flattered)—"Has she really?" Lady—"Certainly; only to-day she was saying: 'That's the sort of gentleman I should like for my papa.'"—*Tagliche Rundschau*.

"You must be very careful to have nothing to do with those bacilli," said a germ mamma to her small daughter. "Why, mamma?" "Because we belong to the very exclusive artificially propagated bacilli, while they can lay no claim whatever to culture."—*New York Sun*.

"Are you bothered," asked the farmer with top-boots, "by people hanging around your place at night?" "No," returned the type of Southern civilization with the buckskin coat; "I don't mind it as long as the condemned ain't permitted to keep me awake with any long speeches."—*Judge*.

Shakespeare Bluff (unappreciated tragedian, to stage-hand in one-night stand)—"Prithee, lad, tell me the truth! Hast ever had a big house in this jay town?" Reuben Green (with an air of injured pride)—"Oh, yes! There used to be a three-story brick on the Doodittle corner, but it burnt down last winter."—*Puck*.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is said that Hoke Smith is ambitious to be governor of Georgia, and it is also reported that Postmaster-General Bissell aspires to a place on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Oliver Wendell Holmes left an estate amounting to seventy-two thousand one hundred and seven-tens dollars. This is quite a property for a poet, but it must be remembered that Dr. Holmes was an expert in medicine as well as in metre.

Aubrey Beardsley, whose capacity for making the grotesque in art attractive has made his name a household word on two continents, is only twenty-two. His entire "artistic training" was embraced in two years' service as a draughtsman in an architect's office.

When he was at Eton, the Duke of Westminster was known as "Jack Sheppard," and for this nickname his mother was responsible. The duke, then Lord Belgrave, was a small, thin boy, with a sharp figure and a sharp face. Lady Westminster had caused his hair to be closely cropped after the French fashion, so that he was the very living image of Cruikshank's pictures of Jack Sheppard in Ainsworth's famous novel.

Ohio contributes the richest member of Congress in the person of Paul Sorg, who represents the Middletown district. Mr. Sorg has made fifteen millions of dollars out of the manufacture of plug tobacco, and he is said to have an income of one million dollars a year. In 1852, he was a molder's apprentice in Cincinnati, and his education was received at a night school. Mr. Sorg and his wife are probably the plainest and most retiring people in official life in Washington.

Rochefort returns at sixty-four from an exile that was rendered as agreeable to him as enforced absence from one's native land can be. London received him hospitably and made much of him, while he drove one of the finest turn-outs in the park, lived comfortably and in some style, and had books and friends about him. To go back to Paris now without a cause to champion, with no Boulanger to assist, without even a political duel in prospect, may seem to the fiery editor humdrum and tame. The poor of London will miss him, for he was prodigal in his charities.

On the *Teutonic*, on her last outward voyage, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, with Fred. Beach and a Mr. Holden, was the life and soul of the ship the entire voyage. On arrival at Liverpool, he rushed at once to London, and was at the Gayety Theatre that night with Fred. Beach and "Winnie" Hoyt. W. W. Astor was the greatest possible contrast in his demeanor to Mr. Vanderbilt on the trip. He remained in his stateroom the entire voyage, appearing only for meals. Differing from the rest of the American passengers, he donned a tall hat to land in Liverpool, which is considered excessively English.

Prince Henry of Orleans has been declared at Paris a perpetual minor. His father, the Duc de Chartres, asked that Henry be placed under a guardianship. He won the case by default, as Prince Henry is now in Indo-China. The prince has been in the habit of contracting debts far in excess of his allowance. When he became of age he contracted a debt of honor exceeding in amount a whole year's income of his father and mother. He was sent to Central Asia under the care of a tutor, and when he returns to Paris will find himself completely tied up, so far as being a spendthrift again is concerned.

Mayor Strong, the new Republican mayor of New York, has just appointed the following commissioners for the heads of the city departments: For civil service commissioners—Everett P. Wheeler, lawyer and Democratic candidate for governor last fall; E. L. Godkin, editor of the Democratic *Evening Post*; E. Randolph Robinson, lawyer and Democrat; and Charles W. Watson, retired merchant and Republican. For commissioner of public works, to succeed the Tammany man, Michael Daly—William Brookfield, manufacturer and Republican leader, appointed in opposition to Platt's candidate, Colonel Fred Dent Grant; General C. H. T. Collis is appointed deputy commissioner, *vice* Maurice Holahan. For corporation counsel, *vice* William H. Clark, Bourke Cockran's former partner—Francis M. Scott, lawyer and one of the founders of the Young Men's Democratic Club in the fight against the Tweed ring. For commissioners of public parks—James A. Roosevelt, president of the Equitable Trust Company, trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, wealthy, and a member of one of the oldest New York families; Augustus D. Juilliard, merchant, Republican, and close friend of Mayor Strong; and George Griswold Haven, banker and, strangely enough, member of both the Union League and Manhattan Clubs. For police commissioner, *vice* Sheehan, of unsavory reputation—Avery D. Andrews, aged thirty-one, a West Point graduate, son-in-law of General Schofield, lawyer, and Democrat. And, finally, for aqueduct commissioner—George Walton Green, Harvard graduate, lawyer, and Democrat. Quite a difference from the Tammany toughs and heelers of the Democratic régime.

THE BRITISH BLONDES.

Extracts from Lydia Thompson's Autobiography.

Lydia Thompson, the famous burlesque actress who brought the "British Blondes" over from England twenty-odd years ago, has written her autobiography, from the advance sheets of which, as printed in the New York *Herald*, we make the following extracts.

Her American experiences begin midway in the volume. Says Miss Thompson:

"On August 12, 1868, I sailed for the first time for America, bringing with me Miss Ada Harland, a charming little lady, now the wife of Mr. Brander Matthews; Liza Weber, Pauline Markham, Michael Connolly, musical director, and Harry Beckett. Not any of us had been to America before that time. Alexander Henderson, our manager, whom I afterward married, was with us, Mr. Colville having preceded us."

Their first appearance in America was at Wood's Museum (now Daly's Theatre) in New York, in "Ixion," a burlesque by F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, and the cast, with the exception of Venus (Pauline Markham), Mercury (Liza Weber), Jupiter (Ada Harland), Minerva (Harry Beckett), and Ixion (Miss Thompson), was composed of American actors and actresses. Grace Logan was the Cupid.

Appropos of the costumes worn in burlesque, Miss Thompson says:

"Is it the modern costume, or rather the want of it, that has made the change? I am quite sure some costumes I have seen would easily be packed in a glove-box. I may state here at once that the accusation against me of ever having worn attire too scant is entirely unfounded, as my numerous photographs can testify. When I produced 'Blue Beard,' 'Keelworth,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' etc., and carried the ladies of the chorus with me, I would always go among them and see that their dresses were suitably put on, the principals as well, and when on the stage I had only to look at the young lady who had pinned her trunks up too high at the side, and whom I might not before have noticed, and I would see her hand seek the offending pin and quietly remove it."

"The dresses I wore in 'Penelope,' the last burlesque in which I played (1893), were about an inch shorter in the skirt than those I wore originally in 'Ixion'; but instead of having ten yards of material in the dress, about five yards would now be sufficient. I still have the dress I wore upon my first appearance in America as Ixion, and a more cumbersome garment could not be made. The dresses for some years past for opera, burlesque, and extravaganza have been so exquisitely designed by Wilhelm, Alfred Thompson, and others, that they are not the least immodest. It entirely depends upon the wearer."

"A great deal has been said and written upon tightbodies. Some ladies upon the stage object to put them on. Why? Shakespeare's most lovely heroines wear tightbodies—Rosalind, Viola, Imogen don them, and Joan of Arc as well. A visit through many of the drapery shops will show that in many cases in private life tightbodies have supplanted the loose underwear formerly worn. Tightbodies were worn by men hundreds of years ago, and if a burlesque is produced upon the subject of 'Keelworth,' 'Henry the Eighth,' etc., and a girl has to personate a male character, where would that girl be if she did not wear tightbodies? Where would Stebel in 'Faust,' Maffio Orsini in 'Lucretia,' always sung by women, be if they did not wear tightbodies? I have a photograph of the late Mme. Trebell in the latter character, wearing full tightbodies, but she does not look the least indecent, and would not shock the most prudish."

Refuting the charge that she was the pioneer of burlesque in America, Miss Thompson says:

"The Worrell sisters, the Chapman sisters, Alice Dunnig and Horace Lingard were playing burlesque before I came to America. I remember before I appeared going to see the beautiful Alice Dunnig and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Lingard at a small theatre on Broadway, above Nihil's, in the burlesque of 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' called 'Pluto.'"

"The Chapman sisters, Blanche and Ella, had played through the country, and were called the 'violets of the stage.' Ella Chapman, that dainty little creature and clever dancer, joined my company later, in London, and appeared in all the burlesques produced there and in America. Mrs. John Wood had played burlesque for some years before I came here. Stuart Robson had also made his great bit in Burdand's burlesque of 'Black-Eyed Susan.' Many aver that it was I who brought legs into prominence both in England and America, which statement is ridiculous. Legs were very much in evidence long before I was born or crossed the ocean. 'The Black Crook' was played in America two years before I ever saw the country, and legs were very much to be seen in the burlesque of 'Pluto' I have just mentioned. I do not suppose the Worrell sisters played 'Ixion' and the Chapman sisters their numerous burlesques in train skirts or ulsters."

After her engagement at Wood's Theatre, Miss Thompson went to Nihil's and produced the "Forty Thieves," the "Yellow Dwarf," and then "Sinbad the Sailor." She then had in her company Pauline Markham, Eliza Weathershy, Liza Weber, Lizzie Kelsey, Bessie Sudlow, and Lina Edwin. The late W. J. Hill was a very funny Hadji in "Sinbad."

Of her first experience in this city, she writes:

"My first trip to San Francisco was such a pleasant journey that I felt sorry when we arrived at our destination. Eliza Weathershy and Harry Beckett had deserted me then and opened a week before I did in San Francisco. Rose Massey was a member of their company, but the organization was not a success, and they played only a short time, rejoining my company again some time after I returned East. Marie Longmore, an excellent burlesque actress, had replaced Miss Weathershy in my company, and an English actor, named Brinsley Sheridan, had replaced Beckett. Sheridan, however, did not stay with me long. Fortunately for me, there had just arrived from Australia a very good burlesque actor, named John L. Hall. He was accompanied by John Morris. We engaged them at once, and they were with me for some time."

"A great success was made with the production of the burlesque of 'Lurline,' Mr. Hall being excruciatingly funny as the Seneschal, Harry Beckett afterward making an immense hit in the part. We did a fight at the end of the burlesque with boxing-gloves. He had a large, red nose made of wool, which toward the end of the fight almost covered his face."

"We opened at the California Theatre under the

management of John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, and played an immensely successful engagement of six weeks. For my benefit I appeared as Nan, in 'Good for Nothing,' and Pauline in the comedy of 'Delicate Ground,' with Lawrence Barrett as Citizco Sangfroid and W. Mestayer as Alphonse. Pauline was a favorite part of mine, and I was delighted to appear in comedy once again."

On their return East, the company played in Virginia City. Miss Thompson says:

"It was rather a rough kind of place then. There was no railway to Virginia City, so we made the journey from Reno by the Wells-Fargo coach. It was a lovely but a fearsome journey, almost flying around the edges of precipices. The hotel at Virginia City was a wooden building, like nearly all the houses in the place at that time. Every floor had a broad veranda running around it, and each veranda had a flight of stairs communicating with the floor and entering your room by the window. At least, I could do so, my widows being to the ground, and many rooms were the same. It was not very pleasant, as some of my windows had no fastenings. Miss Marie—, a young lady of my company, whose windows were like mine, asked Mr. Henderson if he would lend her his pistol, as she was awfully nervous about thieves and burglars. He did so, taking care to put only blank cartridges in it."

"One night the fire-bell began to ring most furiously. A fire in Virginia City at that time meant probably every house in the place going, so Mr. Hall and other gentlemen of my party rushed around to all the rooms, so that we might be up and ready in case the fire could not be got under. Poor Marie was frightfully nervous. I can see her now, staggering in her fright down the corridor in her night dress, with a tiny, little check shawl upon her shoulders, a long switch of hair held out in one hand, and Henderson's pistol dangling between the fingers and thumb of the other hand. It was an awfully funny sight, and, as happily we had nothing to fear from the fire, we all burst into a roar of laughter at the comical figure she looked, particularly when she said she thought Mr. Hall was a burglar, and in her fright she didn't know which end to fire the pistol from. Just at that moment, gaining some courage among us all, she put her left hand on the pistol, and in doing so, it must have caught in the switch of hair she was holding so tightly, for bang! went the pistol. We flew right and left, the weapon fell from her hand, and down she flopped in kicking and screaming hysterics."

Miss Thompson returned East to open at Wallack's Theatre (now the Star) in August, 1877. This paragraph about her re-organized company contains some familiar names:

"Miss Markham had then resigned her engagement with me. One of the prettiest and cleverest girls in my company, the end of my third season, was Alice Atherton. She had a most beautiful face. We met her in Mobile, where she lived with her parents, brothers, and sisters. When she joined me, they all came East and made New York their home. When I returned from Loodoo I brought to America my first large company. It included Camille Duhois, Carlotta Zerbin, Eliza Weathershy, Millie Cooke, Kate Everard, Lottie Myra, Kate Heathcoat, and Nellie Kemp, all very pretty girls. I have always delighted in surrounding myself with beauty, though my company should have gained the appellation of the 'Blondes' I can not imagine, for they were nearly all dark. 'Blue Beard' was an immense success. My song of 'His Art Was True to Poll,' afterward brought into prominence by the late Rosina Vokes, fairly caught the town."

We have given here only a few extracts, but they are enough to show that Miss Thompson has written an entertaining book.

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VANITY FAIR.

Twenty-five vigorous Brooklyn girls, who are members of a little club, have infused an element of sport into ring bicycle riding. Two afternoons in the week (says a writer in the *Evening Sun*) they gather to do some fancy wheeling in a large, airy hall, and arrayed in neat little costumes, with petticoats down to their ankles, and every member wearing a numbered silver shield on her breast, with long bamboo poles they wheel at a word and pick off pressed paper rings, hanging from projections along the wall. A handkerchief is laid on the fixed wheeling track and every young woman, timed by a stop-watch, attempts to dash at it; the rule reading that she must dismount, pocket it, and resume her saddle, all in a given space of time. Battledoor and shuttlecock is played by couples on their wheel; flying at top speed past a board fastened upright in the floor, the effort is made to stick a postage-stamp in the right corner on a blank envelope tacked to a board, and carrying a glass of water three times around the hall without spilling a drop is considered a proof of very perfect wheelwomaniship.

Baltimore women have organized for the purpose of discountenancing plays of an immoral tendency. "The society as a whole will not boycott any particular play which may be considered improper," said one of its organizers to an *Evening Sun* writer; "the members simply promise to weigh carefully in their own minds whether they honestly ought to attend the performance of any play which is generally considered immoral, or whether they ought to encourage bad conduct among people on the stage by going to see stars whose general reputation is that of being immoral persons. Any other course, any vote against a particular play by the society would, if made public, very likely have a result directly opposite to the purpose of the society by sending hundreds of people to see the play. The elevation of the morality of the stage will also be aimed at more indirectly by a series of fortnightly meetings in the height of the theatrical season. At these gatherings papers on the drama—critical, historical, and otherwise—will be read and discussed, and distinguished actors and actresses, whose moral character is not questioned, will be invited to meet the members of the society socially and to present their views on the drama and stage. The morality of current plays can also be talked over at such meetings. Whether the society will be restricted to ladies or whether it will also include men, is one of the questions not yet decided. It will be a rather loose organization of large membership, because its objects will be better accomplished with large numbers." The idea of such an organization started with Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, the wife of Professor Fabian Franklin, of the Johns Hopkins University, and a member of the Woman's Literary Club and the Arundell Club. It first occurred to her during a discussion of "Trilby" at an afternoon tea. From the morality of Du Maurier's novel, the discussion drifted to the morality of Ibsen and current dramatists, and it was then that Mrs. Franklin proposed the new society.

A Hungarian woman of rank and fortune has conceived an original way of obtaining a husband. She has petitioned the Hungarian finance minister to permit her to issue a lottery loan of seven hundred thousand tickets of one florin each, with her fair self as the capital prize. According to the conditions, the winner is to marry the lady, who retains one-third of the money as her dowry, gives one-third to the bridegroom, and devotes the other third to charitable purposes.

The moneyed aristocracy of Berlin had their annual carnival, the subscription ball, at the Royal Opera House some three weeks ago (says a *Sun* correspondent). This is the great opportunity of the season for those Berliners who are sufficiently rich to help public charities and are debarred from the capital's high life and the charmed circle of the old castle. The emperor goes to draw the big bankers and shop-keepers and their families, and thus swell the charity fund, and the ladies and gentlemen of his household go because he does. The parquet of the big opera-house had been built over with an even dancing floor. The space seemed ample until the guests began to arrive, but as early as five o'clock it was evident that dancing would be hardly possible. The guests were then densely packed, standing shoulder to shoulder without even room enough to shift positions unless by risking torn clothes and frowns of remonstrance. They were waiting the hour officially set for the arrival of the court and the opening dance. Persons coming between seven and nine were obliged to jam themselves into small spaces along the walls, struggle through the crowd to the front, or give it all up and go back home. After four hours of crushing and sweltering, the patient throng heard somebody moving about in the royal box. A few minutes later, about nine o'clock, Count Hochberg, the intendant-in-chief of the royal opera, appeared at the front of the box, tapped on the rail three times with his wand, and the orchestra and chorus began the hymn of welcome. All eyes were fixed

intently on the middle box, whose broad stairs lead down to the floor of the house. In a moment, Count Hochberg, leading the Baroness Gersdorff, came down the steps. Behind them were the emperor, in hussar uniform, and the empress, in an antique rose-colored costume, with a collar of large pearls and an abundance of silver embroidery and gauze over all. The crowd tried to make itself small, and after intense jamming and packing, succeeded in leaving a narrow lane for the imperial party. It was close quarters, and as the emperor walked round the room, his arms constantly brushed the wall, while the empress's train swept over the troubled surface of boots and shoes in the front line of spectators. As soon as the hymn of welcome was over, the orchestra struck the opening notes of the polonaise, and the dancing was supposed to begin. The chief dancer, specially named by his majesty to lead the ball, then came forward, and, by strenuous effort, cleared space enough for several couples, who did some formal but conscientious work in the little circle. Most of the other guests stood in stolid silence watching the imperial party in their box, and the conspicuous officials, noblemen, and diplomatists near them. Everybody who possessed a decoration had it on, and the women displayed overwhelming quantities of diamonds, pearls, and rubies. After the imperial couple had ceased to be the one centre of interest, the costumes of the court ladies were discussed generally. The general opinion was that the extravagance of dress at court during the present season must have been all that the newspapers have depicted it. The emperor and the empress stayed until eleven o'clock. The emperor greeted all his acquaintances warmly, and visited freely the occupants of the diplomatic boxes. He and the American Ambassador exchanged stories with such success that the parquet rang with their laughter. During the rest of the evening the Runyons got a good share of public attention, as they were supposed to have been especially favored by the emperor. With supper over and the court gone, the crowd on the floor began to decrease rapidly before midnight. By half-past twelve it was possible to dance, and between one and two, when the ball closed, there were many couples on the floor.

A Kansas girl, with four married sisters, received a proposal of marriage recently, and asked a week to think it over. She went to see all of her married sisters. One, who used to be a belle, had three children, did all her own work, and had not been to the theatre or out riding since she was married. Another, whose husband was a promising young man at the time she married, was supporting him. A third did not dare say her life was her own when her husband was around, and the fourth was divorced. After visiting them, and hearing their woes, the heroine of this narrative went home, got pen, ink, and paper, and wrote an answer to the young man. She accepted the young man, and said she could be ready for the ceremony within a month.

The "British Ladies' Foot-Ball Club," of which Lady Florence Dixie is the president, seems to be doing pretty well, so far as enrolling playing-members goes, and it has matches regularly, in which ladies of ages varying from fifteen to twenty-six take part, some of the players being married. Although their contests take place in private, they are hoping before long to give a public display of their prowess. A pictorial contemporary has just given a sketch of the costume which the club adopts. The lady secretary and captain of the club talk of the lower part of the dress as a "divided skirt," but it is so only in the same sense and to the same degree that a man's shooting or cycling "knickers" are a divided skirt. The skirt is, in fact, a pair of blue serge knickerbockers, surmounted with a very loose blouse, which is of pale blue or cardinal, according to the sides into which the club separates itself. Into the front of the blouse is "let in" a vertical band of some white material, and this, no doubt, somewhat relieves the severe monotony of the rest of the costume, which seems to be modeled on that of a sailor, with a faint suggestion of a bargee thrown in. This style of dress might possibly suit a woman of Amazonian proportions; but there must be many ladies of an athletic turn of mind, many whose figures are petite and slim, and on them its effect, to put the matter mildly, would not be pleasing. Another feature of the costume seems to be the use of thick cricketer pads round the ankles and up to the knee. When they give their promised public performance, there will be an opportunity for forming a more decided estimate as to the suitability of the dress they have selected both to captivate the eye and allow free movement of the limbs. Ladies' cycling costumes are sometimes a little startling; but the new foot-ball club goes a good deal beyond what has hitherto been regarded as correct form in the most advanced circles of wheelwomen.

It was clearly meant that all men, as well as all women, should marry (declares a writer in the *North American Review*); and those who, for whatever reason, miss this obvious destiny are, from nature's point of view, failures. It is not a question of personal felicity (which in eight cases out of ten may be more than problematic), but of

race responsibility. The unmarried man is a skulker, who, in order to secure his own ease, dooms some woman, who has a rightful claim upon him, to celibacy. And in so doing he defrauds himself of the opportunities for mental and moral development which only the normal experience can provide. He deliberately stunts the stature of his manhood, impoverishes his heart and brain, and chokes up all the sweetest potentialities of his soul. To himself he is apt to appear like the wise fox that detects the trap, though it be ever so cunningly baited; that refuses to surrender his liberty for the sake of an appetizing chicken or rabbit, which may after all be a decoy, stuffed with sawdust; while, as a matter of fact, his case is that of the cowardly servant in the parable, who, for fear of losing his talent, hid it in a napkin, and in the end was deemed unworthy of his stewardship.

An address on the "Importance of Good Manners," delivered on Founder's Day last year at Vassar College by Professor Edward S. Morse, of Salem, Mass., has been issued in pamphlet form suitable for distribution in schools. Professor Morse spent five years in Japan, and in his address to the Vassar girls he contrasts the marked and universal politeness of the Japanese with the rudeness of his own countrymen. It is to be feared that we are not yet a polite people. In his narrative of the experiences of an amateur emigrant, Mr. R. L. Stevenson records as the results of his first short experience with the people of New York that they "were all surprisingly rude and surprisingly kind." After landing from his ship, he went around town all day in a pouring rain, doing various business. His impression of the manners of the people, confirmed by his later experience, was that "by the time a man had about strung me up to be the death of him by his insulting behavior, he would himself be just upon the point of melting into confidence and serviceable attentions." Professor Morse thinks deplorable things of the native American boy. He finds the German children immensely better behaved than ours, and as for the Japanese children, the superiority of their conduct is almost incredible. The Japanese never crowd. One can get through the biggest assemblage of them without pushing and without difficulty. They never throw papers, or orange-peels, or tin cans, or any trash in the streets. Their back yards are as well kept as their front yards. In truth, they are courteous to a fault.

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The late Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, officiated at the funeral of one of Buffalo's notoriously rich and wicked citizens. After noting the deceased's parentage and date of birth, he closed his tribute by saying: "Our dead friend had one noble virtue. He always got up early in the morning."

A brace of pheasants were once forwarded by a theatrical manager to one of London's best-known and ablest play-tasters. He did not know what to do with them; it seemed a foolish fuss to send them back, and yet— So he told his editor what had happened, and asked his advice. "How long have you had them?" asked the editor. "Eight days," he answered. "Then eat them up quickly, or it will be worse than a case of bribery; it will be bribery and corruption."

The late Professor Hyrtl was very fond of animals. Some years ago, one of his fellow-professors undertook some experiments to ascertain the loss of weight in cases of starvation, using for the purpose a lot of rabbits. The subjects of the experiment were weighed every day, but, to the experimenter's astonishment, they gained flesh instead of losing it. It was some time before he found out that Professor Hyrtl had been keeping them well supplied with food.

Marshal Lefevre, created Duke of Dantzic by Napoleon the First for his services in battle, was called upon one day by an old comrade who had not succeeded in the world. He seemed very envious of his friend's riches and beautiful house, and made unkind remarks about them to the marshal. "Well, now," said Lefevre, at last, "you shall have it all, but at cost price. We will go down into the garden; I will fire at you sixty times; and then, if you are not killed, everything shall be yours."

The beadle in a rural district in Perthshire had become too feeble to perform his duties as minister's man and grave-digger, and had to get an assistant. The two did not agree well, but after a few months, Sandy (the beadle) died, and Tammas had to perform the last service for his late partner. The minister strolled up to Tammas while he was giving the finishing touches to the grave, and casually remarked: "Have you put Sandy weel down, Tammas?" "I hev that, sir," said Tammas, very decidedly; "Sandy may get up, but he'll be among the hindmost."

"Unc' Toby," a man for whom Bartlett's Creek has more attractions than the hot cotton-field, not long ago took a "day off" in pursuit of his favorite amusement. He baited his hook, and long and patiently sat upon the bank of the stream, vainly waiting for a bite. At last, under the combined influence of the warmth of the day and the sluggish movement of the stream, Unc' Toby fell asleep. While our weary angler slept, an enormous fish took the bait and pulled him in the creek. Of course this awakened the old man, and he was overheard to inquire, as he floundered about in the water: "For de Lord's sake, Toby, am dis nigger a-fishin', or am dis fish a-niggerin'?"

At an entertainment once, where Lady Randolph Churchill was playing on the piano (says *Kate Field's Washington*), a tall youth was observed paying a languid and rather insolent attention to the music, standing close enough to the performer to have his comments easily overheard by her. "Lord Randy" was close at hand, too, and presently heard the vapid youth remark: "Deuced fine music, you know, but it lacks weal soul—it lacks weal soul." To the critic's astonishment a muscular young man, with a big mustache, whom he had not noticed before, whispered in his ear: "For a shilling I'd wallop the life out of you!" He hastened to withdraw, but without discovering the identity of the author of the menace. The next day, to his delight, he received an invitation to the Churchills' home, which he accepted with avidity. On entering the house he was met by his threatening neighbor of the night before, who, he at once discerned, must be Lord Randolph. He proceeded no further than the entrance-hall, for Churchill beckoned to the drawing-room, and out floated Lady Churchill. "This fellow has come to apologize to you for his remarks of last night," rissed Lord Randolph. "Now," to the stranger, "down on your knees!" Down went the dandy, isping out the most abject plea for forgiveness. Then he was turned over to a footman to be put gnomously out of the door, while the host allowed his retreating figure with a roar of deisive laughter.

A well-groomed, up-to-date young lady, with a big fur cape over her arm and a magazine in her hand, invaded the Senate gallery the other day says the *Washington Post*, evidently unaware of the sacred ground upon which she was treading. He stood in contemplative mood back of the seats surveying the scene, when the door-keeper bustled up to her and told her in a whisper that it was

"agin the rules to stand." So she tripped down to a front seat, and, putting her cape on the stone coping, leaned over to study the styles in bald heads. In about two minutes the attendant rushed noisily down the steps and, in the same sepulchral whisper, told her it was "agin the rules to put anything on the railing." Senator Peffer was giving some information, and under his soporific influence she nearly went to sleep, with her head on the back of the seat and her half-closed eyes studying the ceiling. In her abstraction she dropped her magazine. Back came the door-keeper with another piece of information: "She 'must not drop things; it disturbed the senators." Half a dozen senators looked up to see if an anarchist had got in the galleries, and the girl back of her giggled. She held her ground, however, and presently opened the magazine and began to read. Again the door-keeper: "You ain't allowed to read in this here gallery; it's agin the rules." She sat for a moment, wrath in every feature, glaring down at the heads below. Just as the door-keeper sat down, she turned and beckoned him vigorously. He came clumping down, and, as he bent over her, she asked him in a tone that must have rattled the weather metre in the marble-room: "Can I yawn?" The laugh that rippled around was not caused by the remarks of the senator from Kansas, and the young lady was not again molested.

At Sebastopol, during the siege, a Captain Samoiloff, wishing some wine, ordered an officer to send a man after it. The man, a young soldier, took the money and started to do the errand. Just then, however, a French battery had concentrated its fire upon the very spot where the young man must go outside the works. He stopped, and then turned back. "I wouldn't go out there for the world!" he said. The officer, of course, reported the act of disobedience to the captain. The captain, in a rage, ordered the man into his presence, and demanded why he had not obeyed his captain's order. "I beg you to pardon me, captain, but I was terribly afraid." "Afraid!" cried the captain; "afraid! A Russian soldier afraid! Wait a minute. I will drive the fear out of you. Come with me." The captain led the way to the rampart, mounted it, and there, with the bullets raining round him, began putting the man through some military exercises. The lookers-on in the fort held their breath. If a hat was put on a bayonet and lifted above the walls, the bullets came that way on the instant. Not many seconds elapsed before a bullet struck the captain in the arm. He did not wince, but kept on with the drill, while the blood dripped down his hand to the wall. Next a bullet went through the tail of the soldier's coat and another through his knapsack. Then suddenly the firing ceased. The soldier begged for grace, and promised to go wherever he was sent. Still the captain continued his drill. When he thought the lesson had been learned, or, perhaps, when his arm grew too painful, he dismissed the soldier and went himself to the surgeon and had his wound dressed. The French explained afterward that they ceased firing out of sheer astonishment at the sight of the two men exposing themselves so recklessly.

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SOCIETY.

The Tucker-Bourn Wedding.

There was a very quiet wedding at the residence of Mrs. William W. Bourn, 2020 Broadway, last Tuesday evening, when her daughter, Miss Maye Bourn, was united in marriage to Mr. James E. Tucker, the United States Appraiser at this port. Only a few relatives and intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed in the handsomely decorated parlors at nine o'clock by Rev. H. D. Lathrop, of Oakland. Miss Ida Bourn and Miss Helen Wheeler were the bridesmaids, and the best man was the bride's brother, Mr. W. B. Bourn. After the ceremony, congratulations were extended to the happy couple, and a supper was served. A string orchestra played concert selections during the evening. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker left on Wednesday to enjoy a visit at Del Monte.

The Stillman-Welsh Wedding.

St. Mary's Cathedral was the scene, at five o'clock last Tuesday afternoon, of the wedding of Dr. Stanley Stillman and Miss Josephine E. Welsh, daughter of the late Charles Welsh and niece of the late Senator Philip A. Roach. Quite a large number of friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Rev. Father Varsi, Rev. Father Murasky, and Rev. Father Jente. Miss Mabel Gross was the maid of honor and Mr. Dixwell Hewett acted as best man. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her guardian, Mr. Martin J. Burke. There was an informal reception afterward at the home of the bride's mother, 705 Chestnut Street. Owing to the illness of Mrs. Welsh the affair was quietly celebrated. Some beautiful wedding presents were received. Dr. and Mrs. Stillman left on Wednesday to make a three weeks' tour of Southern California, and when they return they will reside at the Hotel Richelieu.

The Morgan Lunch-Party.

Miss Ella Morgan gave a delightful lunch-party last Monday in the ladies' dining-room at the University Club. It was a yellow luncheon. In the centre of the table was a Mexican jardiniere containing a budding plant, and radiating from it were rows of bright yellow daffodils among which yellow ribbons were entwined. Handsome candelabra, with yellow shades, gave illumination to the scene. At each cover was a water-color sketch bearing the name of the guest. Those present were:

Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mrs. H. E. de Marville, Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mrs. H. Alston Williams, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Mamie McMullin, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Schussler, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Julie Conner, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Hobart, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Dorothy Collier, Miss McNutt, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Ives, and Miss Ella Morgan.

The McLean Reception.

Mrs. Robert A. McLean gave a delightful reception last Saturday afternoon, from three to six, in aid of the Scheel Symphony Fund. Her spacious house was elaborately decorated with branches of plum and apple blossoms and a profusion of violets. A choice musical programme, under the direction of Mrs. W. J. Younger, was given for the entertainment of the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Marquardt, solo violinist and harpiste, of the Scheel Orchestra, gave some very choice selections, and also accompanied Miss Anna Selkirk in her singing of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," Mrs. Younger presiding at the piano. Mr. George McBride sang a fine bass song, "The Mighty Deep," and was warmly encored. Mrs. J. M. Pierce sang several lovely ballads, and the Berkeley Glee Club—Mr. Banks Sommers, Mr. Thomas Bakewell, Mr. Harry Taylor, Mr. Stringham, and Mr. Whittenmeyer—pleased the large audience with their part songs.

Mrs. McLean received in a gown of heavy white satin, trimmed with rare old point lace; her ornaments were fragrant violets. The young ladies receiving with the hostess were Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Bessie Younger, Miss Mollie Pierce, Miss Woolworth, Miss Ives, Miss Evelyn Christy, Miss Ida Thompson, and Miss Burling. Delicious refreshments were served during the entire afternoon. About five hundred guests were present during the hours of the reception, and as the tickets of admission had been placed at one dollar each, the affair was a distinct financial as well as a social and artistic success.

Notes and Gossip.

It is now definitely settled that the wedding of Miss Alice Decker and Mr. Elliott McAllister, will take place at Grace Church about the middle of April. The wedding will be celebrated very quietly.

The wedding of Miss Alice Simpkins and Mr. Robert L. Coleman will take place on Wednesday, April 24th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret

Foulkes, daughter of the late Dr. Foulkes, of Oakland, to Dr. J. Mora Moss, of this city.

Mrs. Gerritt L. Lansing gave an enjoyable lunch-party at her residence on Pacific Avenue recently, at which she entertained Mrs. M. R. Lansing, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mrs. William P. Thomas, Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. W. M. Gwin, and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor.

Mrs. Rounseville Wildman gave a pleasant lunch-party at her residence last Tuesday, at which she entertained Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Mrs. William H. Mills, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Mrs. E. S. Tewksbury, Mrs. William Mintzner, Mrs. Aldrich, and Mrs. John H. Jewett.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class gave its final meeting of the season last Tuesday night at Lunt's Hall. The affair was very successful, there being a large attendance. The ladies appeared in pink dominoes and wore masks, and the establishing of their identity caused considerable merriment. Dancing was enjoyed until midnight and light refreshments were served.

Mr. Augustus Taylor and his sister, Miss Carrie Taylor, gave a box-party at the Baldwin Theatre recently, followed by a delicious supper in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Hobart, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Failing, Miss Pope, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Alice McCutchen, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. A. Macondray, Mr. A. Dibblee, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Lieutenant Wilcox, U. S. A., Mr. Page, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. H. N. Stetson, Dr. H. L. Tevis, and Mr. Landers.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Saturday at her home in Oakland, which was attended by many of her friends. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. George W. McNear, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. W. Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. C. C. MacMahon, Mrs. G. W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. A. R. Church, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Miller, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Violet Whitney, Miss Wilcox, Miss McKee, Miss Bertha Wilcox, Miss Knowles, Miss Spinney, and Miss Alice Owen.

Miss Alice Decker gave an informal tea last Wednesday at her residence, 2127 Pacific Avenue, and hospitably entertained several of her friends. Mrs. Decker was obliged to withdraw her invitations owing to a sudden attack of la grippe.

Mrs. Ernest Dichman gave an enjoyable tea from three until seven o'clock last Saturday afternoon in her rooms at the Palace Hotel, and pleasantly entertained many of her friends.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst gave a brilliant colonial ball last Tuesday evening at her residence in Washington, D. C., in honor of Miss Bayard and Miss Anthony.

The Flower Festival Association of Santa Barbara will hold its annual fête this year from April 17th to April 19th, inclusive. The same features that have made it interesting in past years will be reproduced, and there will be many additions of a novel character.

The following ladies were elected officers of the Laurel Hall Club for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. I. Lowenberg; vice-president, Mrs. T. W. Collins; recording secretary, Mrs. Irving Moulton; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. T. Hill; treasurer, Mrs. Stephen Roberts; executive committee: Mrs. J. Brandt, Mrs. G. P. Ayers, Mrs. Harry Powell, Mrs. William Parnell, Mrs. P. D. Jewett, Mrs. M. Isadore Knox, and Mrs. C. E. Peterson.

The sufferers in the drought-stricken districts of Nebraska have been supplied by sympathizers with sufficient clothing to satisfy their wants, but they are still in want of money to supply seeds and other necessities. Money for them may be sent to the Omaha National Bank, of Omaha, Neb., to the credit of Thomas Norbury, Secretary and Treasurer of the Callaway Central Relief Committee.

A pathetic story comes from Russia about the last present received by the dowager-empress from the late Czar:

Last summer the Czar and empress visited a great shop in St. Petersburg to buy jewels for their son's future bride. The empress greatly admired a beautiful bracelet, and told the Czar that she wished to possess it. On their return, one of the serious attacks to which he was subject came upon him, and the empress forgot the bracelet. The Czar died, and to the empress, in the early days of her widowhood, came November 14th, the first birthday she must pass alone. On her other birthdays the Czar had been wont to place a bouquet in the morning-room of the empress. Inside the flowers was always folded some gift, chosen months beforehand. The empress had avoided the room so full of painful memories, but this morning—the morning of his wedding-day—Nicholas requested his mother to go there as a favor to him. The first thing she saw was the bouquet in the usual place, and inside the flowers was a case, fastened and sealed by the Czar's own hands. It contained the bracelet. He had ordered it on the same day that the empress saw it, and on his death-bed had given instructions for the birthday gift, bidding his son to hear to comfort her when she received it.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Loan Exhibition Concert.

At the art loan exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Monday evening, a concert was given by Mr. Henry Heyman, assisted by Mrs. Etta Bayly-Blanchard, contralto, Mr. Frank Coffin, baritone, Mr. Otto Fleissner, organist and pianist, and the California Quartet, comprising Mr. C. I. Wendell, Mr. R. W. Smith, Mr. C. L. Gage, and Mr. E. G. Macbaioe. The following programme was presented and greatly enjoyed by the large audience:

Organ solo, "March Athalia," Mendelssohn, Mr. Otto Fleissner; song, "For all Eternity" (with violin obligato), Mascheroni, Mr. Frank Coffin; violin solo, scherzo capriccioso, op. 59 (first time in San Francisco), Hans Sitt, Mr. Henry Heyman; songs, (a) "Love," Godard, (b) "Serenade," Tschalkowsky, Mrs. Etta Bayly-Blanchard; organ solo, andante and variations, Stearns, Mr. Otto Fleissner; quartet, "Breeze of Night," Macy, California Quartet; violin solo, nocturne, op. 74 (first time in San Francisco), Reginald de Koven, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Good-bye, Sweet Day," Vannah, Mrs. Etta Bayly-Blanchard; organ solo, grand postludio, West, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The forty-third Saturday Popular Concert took place at Golden Gate Hall last Saturday afternoon, and was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

String quartet, op. 11, (1) moderato e semplice, (2) andante cantabile, (3) scherzo, allegro non tanto, (4) allegro giusto, Tschalkowsky, the Saturday Popular Quartet; recitative and aria, "Waft her, Angels," Handel, Mr. Frank Coffin; sonata for piano and cello, op. 58, (1) allegro assai vivace, (2) allegretto scherzando, (3) adagio, (4) molto allegro e vivace, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Heine; song, "Thine, My Greetings," Nevin, Mr. Frank Coffin; trio for piano, violin, and cello, op. 18, andante, scherzo, presto, allegro, Saint-Saens, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine.

The forty-fourth concert will take place next Saturday afternoon. Mr. Willis E. Bacheller will be the soloist.

A Symphony Concert.

The Metropolitan Musical Society, under the direction of Fritz Scheel, gave a symphony concert last Thursday evening at the Auditorium. The following excellent programme was presented:

Overture, "Die Fingalshoel," Mendelssohn; "America," symphony No. 5, E minor (first time), (1) adagio, allegro molto, (2) largo, (3) scherzo, molto vivace, (4) allegro confuoco, Anton Dvorak; symphonic variations, C minor (first time) F. C. Nicode; suite, bal costume, Rubinstein; rhapsodie No. 3 (first time), Liszt.

The Metropolitan Musical Society will give popular concerts at the Auditorium on Tuesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, and there will be symphony concerts every Thursday evening, of which public rehearsals will be given on Wednesday afternoons. Sunday evening, March 3d, will be devoted especially to the music of Italian composers. The orchestra is under the direction of Fritz Scheel.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, the contralto of the Temple Emanu-El, left for London February 22d by way of Portland, Or., where she sang at one of Mr. Edgar Courson's chamber music recitals on February 25th. Miss Wood will be away about six months, and upon her arrival in London will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, *nee* Curtis.

During the past week a series of fêtes have been given each evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion in aid of the new French Hospital. There have been attractive booths for the sale of fancy articles and interesting tableaux have been presented on the stage. A great attraction has been the playing of the American Concert Band of one hundred pieces, under the direction of Alfred Roncovieri. A highly interesting programme will be presented this evening which will be the last night of the fête.

Baroness Seefried now has a little girl. The baroness is the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, who a year ago eloped with a young cavalry lieutenant, whom she married. Her mother is the Princess Gisela, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

The Waldeck Sanitarium.

With the natural advance of medical science comes the absolute necessity for proper care for those who are ill. This can not always be secured at home, and, in fact, many people who are ill do not have homes with loved ones around them to minister to their welfare. It was for this reason that the Waldeck Sanitarium, at 404 Eddy Street, was started, and the excellence of its management is attested by the support it has received from many of our most prominent physicians and the patronage of the public. All of the comforts of home are obtainable, every room, every instrument, every piece of furniture, is scrupulously clean. The operating-room is one of the best in the city, and is frequently used by physicians here. No violent nor contagious cases are taken. The terms range from ten dollars a week upward, and are as low as is consistent with first-class service. To any one interested the place is well worthy of inspection.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have been in New Orleans during the past week.
Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and Miss Gertrude Forman will leave next Saturday on a voyage to Japan.
Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing registered at the Ghiesbrec Palace Hotel in Cairo, Egypt, on January 31st.
Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith have returned from San José.
Mr. W. H. Chickering arrived in Paris early in February.

Miss Rosalie Block returned to her home, 1613 Larkin Street, last Sunday, after a year's absence in the East.
Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. D. B. Davidson, and Mr. Edward Schmiedell left last Thursday to pay a prolonged visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd, who are traveling in Southern California, will visit Del Monte for a few days while en route home.

Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann and Mrs. Paulsen have arrived in Bremen.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major-General John M. Schofield, U. S. A., was appointed to be lieutenant-general on February 5th, to fill an original vacancy.

Lieutenant-Colonel James S. Casey, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed to the rank of colonel.

Major William B. Kennedy, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Passed Assistant-Engineer George D. Strickland, U. S. N., has been detached from treatment at the naval hospital at Mare Island, and ordered home and placed on the retired list.

Lieutenant Clough Overton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of two months on his present leave of absence.

Brigadier-General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., has received the appointment of lieutenant general.

Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Patterson, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Snelling, Minn. He may be assigned to this department.

Major William H. Comegys, Paymaster, U. S. N., has been ordered to proceed here for temporary duty.

Captain Leopold O. Parker, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Fremont P. Peck, Ordnance Corps, U. S. A., was killed at Sandy Hook, Tuesday, February 19th, by the bursting of the breech of a Hotchkiss 4.7-inch rapid-firing gun.

Captain Frank Heath, the commanding officer of the Proving Ground, and Major Frank H. Phipps, the president of the ordnance board, were present at the time.

Lieutenant Peck stood almost back of the gun, and pulled the trigger for the third time. The breech of the gun burst and the breech-block flew backward.

His injuries were such that he died within fifteen minutes.

Sergeant John Thorpe was slightly injured in the leg, but nobody else was hurt. It is thought there was a defect in the metal of the breech-block. An official inquiry will be made to determine the cause of the explosion.

Lieutenant Peck was a native of New York city. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1883. He was graduated on June 12, 1887, and was then appointed second lieutenant of the Second Artillery.

He was transferred to the Ordnance Corps on March 9, 1891, and promoted to first lieutenant. He was then assigned to duty at the Sandy Hook Proving Ground. He was a popular man, both with his fellow-officers and the rank and file, and all were greatly shocked by his untimely death.

Mrs. Wilber E. Wilder, wife of Captain Wilder, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and her children have returned to Fort Walla Walla, Wash., after a visit to friends in New York.

Miss Florence Hartsuff, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Hartsuff, U. S. A., is visiting friends in Macomb, Ill.

Rear-Admiral James Greer, U. S. N., was retired from active service last Thursday on account of age. Rear-Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard, is now senior officer of the navy.

The new building of the San Francisco Polyclinic, at 410 Ellis Street, was opened Saturday evening, February 16th, by the trustees and patronesses, and the interior was inspected by several hundred guests. The building is admirably constructed for the purpose, and is equipped with almost all of the necessities for which it was designed. The reception was made enjoyable by an excellent programme of music and the service of refreshments. The polyclinic is non-sectarian, and is exclusively for the use of the sick poor of this city, who are treated free of charge.

DCCXLVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 3, 1895.
Rice and Tomato Soup.
Escaloped Lobster.
Beef Tongue, Sauce Piquante, Mashed Potatoes.
Asparagus, Oyster-Plant Fritters.
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.
Lettuce.
Charlotte Russe, Pineapple Jelly.
Coffee.

PINEAPPLE JELLY.—A pint and a half can of pineapple, a scant pint of sugar, the white and shell of an egg, a box of gelatine, the juice of a lemon, one quart of boiling water, half a pint of cold water. Cut the pineapple in fine pieces, put with the boiling water and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for one hour. Add it, the sugar, lemon, and pineapple juice, and the white and shell of the egg, to the boiling mixture. Let this boil up once, and set back for twenty minutes where it will keep hot, but will not boil. Steam through a napkin, turn into molds, and set away to harden.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

THE PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

The loan exhibition of portraits of women held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art during the past week has been such an artistic treat and such an eminent success that the managers have, by general request, decided to keep it open one week more. The exhibition has been a novelty to San Franciscans, and as a consequence the beautiful galleries of the Hopkins house have been crowded since the opening night, which was last Saturday, when there was a great crush of visitors. The exhibition has been of benefit in two ways: it has aroused an interest in portraiture, and it has financially aided two very deserving charities, the Children's Hospital and the Children's Home, which is under the charge of the Salvation Army. These two institutions have many helpless little wards to clothe, feed, educate, and otherwise care for, and money can not be diverted to better channels.

This afternoon and evening there will be extra attractions: the Angel Island band will play concert selections and tea will be served by Miss May Hoffman, assisted by a heavy of other society girls. It is expected that the attendance will be very large and fashionable. During the coming week, the exhibition will be open in the daytime only. There are almost five hundred portraits on exhibition, including photographs, which are not catalogued.

Miss Ruth Burnett, of Boston, after whom "Baby Ruth" Cleveland was named, has been received into the Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart at Albany, N. Y. Miss Burnett was a close friend of Mrs. Cleveland.

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The wedding of Mis
Robert L. Coleman will
April 24th.
The engagement is anno.

The Argonaut.

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The Fifty-Third Congress has passed into history. The Cuckoo Congress is dead.

For the first time since the country, in the weak hands of James Buchanan, was stabbed in the back by the treacherous hands of his Democratic Cabinet, and then plunged into a bloody civil war, the Democrats have had entire possession. The Presidency, the Senate, and the House were in their control. Let us see what they have done.

The platform of the Democratic party, passed at the national convention of 1892, was the one on which Cleveland and the Fifty-Third Congress were elected. That platform promised a tariff for revenue only—a free-trade tariff—and denounced the Republican plan of protection to American industries as "unconstitutional, and a fraud upon the people." It promised the suppression of trusts. It promised the restoration of unearned railroad land grants to the people.

It promised the repeal of the prohibitory tax on State bank-notes. It promised to begin the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. The platform made half a hundred other promises, not one of which has been fulfilled.

So much for its promises. Now for its performances. The Fifty-Third Congress held three sessions, including the special session convened by Cleveland in 1893. It wrangled for months over the currency problem, and finally, at the behest of Cleveland, repealed the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. It was then that it won its sobriquet of "Cuckoo Congress," when a United States Senator said in the Senate Chamber that "when it struck twelve o'clock at the White House all of the administration henchmen in Congress stuck their heads out of their boxes and cried 'Cuckoo!'" From the repeal of the purchasing clause we were assured that great results would flow. The Democratic organs throughout the country began to see "waves of prosperity," and Mr. Cleveland in a state paper prophesied a return of the old-time prosperity—which had terminated with the close of the Republican administration. But if any "wave of prosperity" has struck this country in consequence of the repeal of the purchasing clause, it has not struck the country very hard.

The next performance of the Fifty-Third Congress was their war upon the Republican protective tariff. For months they shuffled, quibbled, and dallied with their attempts at tariff legislation, until the business of the country was at its last gasp, and the land was filled with idle, hungry, and desperate workmen. Then, regardless of their platform promises, they made a law which was not a free-trade tariff, nor a tariff for revenue only, but a modified protective tariff—a law which was laid on Republican lines, but not with Republican common sense—a law under which the expenses of the government have been steadily exceeding its receipts.

The next performance of the Democratic Congress was to begin borrowing money. Having depleted the treasury and almost wiped out the gold reserve, they were forced to borrow money to pay the expenses of the government, which their sham sugar-trust tariff utterly failed to do. During the life of the Fifty-Third Congress, in a time of profound peace, the United States Government has been forced to borrow nearly two hundred millions of dollars—something unheard of since a Republican administration was forced to borrow money to put down a copperhead civil war.

That is about the measure of the performances of the Fifty-Third Congress. Its list of broken promises is long; its list of performances is short. But aside from the measures of great national importance, which it dodged or defeated, such as the Nicaragua Canal bill, it passed a horde of private bills, pension bills, and grab bills generally, so that its expenditures are enormous. Four years ago, when the country was Republican and prosperous, the Democrats bitterly denounced the Republicans for what they termed "the Billion-Dollar Congress." Now that the country is Democratic and poor, the Democrats have equaled if they have not exceeded the expenditures of that Congress. The accounts are not yet all made up, but the Fifty-Third Congress at its first session spent five hundred and three millions, and at the one just closed it had some time ago spent over four hundred and eighty millions. It is almost certain that it has passed the billion mark.

The Fifty-Third Congress had a Democratic majority in the House of one hundred and five. The next Congress will have a Republican majority in the House of one hundred and thirty. The people have already seen the error of their ways. When, a third of a century ago, they intrusted the untrammelled possession of the government to the Democratic party, it cost them a bloody civil war, with a vast expenditure of treasure and of precious lives. When, after thirty years of peace and prosperity, they again intrusted the government to the Democratic party, it brought the country to a condition of panic and poverty which has already cost as much as the Civil War. The people are slow to learn, but when they have learned a lesson, they are slow to forget it. They have learned their lesson now. It is our

belief that the Congress just ended is the last Democratic Congress that this country will see for many years to come.

The third day of March was the seventeenth anniversary of Pope Leo's coronation. He celebrated mass in the Sistine Chapel, which was crowded. It was noticed by all that the Pope looked weak and bent. It is the general belief that his health is failing fast. He is eighty-five years old; and, though Popes are proverbially long lived, after they pass eighty the term of their years is always near at hand. Just sixteen years ago, when Cardinal Joachim Pecci was raised to the pontifical throne, he was not supposed to be likely to live long. He was, in fact, elected as the result of a "dead-lock" in the cardinal's conclave, two bitter rivals voting for him, partly as a compromise and to defeat the other, and partly because his age and frail body seemed to presage a new election soon. He was then seventy, and he observed to the prelates that he would not wear his robes long. His hopes of a long reign would have been even fainter than they were, if he could have foreseen the troubles of his administration.

His term has been one long period of strife with the king and the people of Italy. His first act, after he was crowned, was to proclaim himself a reactionary, wedded to absolutism and Italian Toryism. He refused to acquiesce in the improvements which have been introduced into the Papal Church. What the church was in the Middle Ages, he insisted that it should be to-day, and he thus threw down a challenge to intelligent ecclesiastics, who would fain have saved the church by small concessions to science and modern thought. The consequence of this has been that progressive members of the clergy in Italy, France, and Germany have been forced into a position of antagonism to the Vatican.

A couple of centuries ago, or before, then, the election of a Pope was a political event of the highest magnitude. Spain, Italy, France, Portugal, Austria, and Bavaria each presented a candidate, and the intrigues which were undertaken to secure the success of one of those were notable examples of wire-pulling and log-rolling. On the day of election each cardinal took his station in a little lodge, like a sentry-box, in the Vatican, and cast his ballot from there. If no cardinal had a majority of the votes, the election was declared to be over for the day; the cardinals came out of their little lodges, and went to wire-pulling and log-rolling. On the following day, at the hour appointed, voting was resumed; it went on from day to day, under the same rules, until some cardinal was chosen. After each unsuccessful attempt, the ballots were burned, and the smoke curling to heaven was a signal to Rome that the new Pope was still to be chosen.

The election of a successor to Leo the Thirteenth will differ from previous elections in this, that the Government of Italy will not view it with complacency. For a century or more it has been an unwritten law that the Pope must be an Italian. When he wielded temporal authority, there was a manifest incongruity in choosing a foreigner to fill the post. Even after the abolition of the temporalities, the case of church against state would have presented itself in a new aspect if the church had been represented by a Frenchman, or a Spaniard, or a German. It has thus been a settled rule that the head of the church must be a son of the soil. This has involved no inconvenience in purely ecclesiastical matters, but it has fostered in Italy an Italian *imperium in imperio*, which has claimed coördinate authority with the king, and in some respects superior authority.

When Leo the Thirteenth dies, a body of cardinals will assemble to choose an official who will proclaim temporal dominion over Central Italy and supreme authority over the Italian mind everywhere. The King of Italy is expected to look on serenely without interfering. Yet if the newly chosen official should happen to rally a sufficient force of Italian peasants and foreign sympathizers to his flag, he might make his proclamation a practical reality, and King Humbert and his family might go to join the banished Pope in exile. Will he display ordinary prudence if he allows his antagonists to complete their plans and the Pope to

ments without warning them that they are committing high treason?

This is not a matter of theology, but of practical politics. There is a section of the Italian people who have been ready to rise in arms on the Pope's behalf ever since the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy. In the other Roman Catholic countries of Europe, these Papal partisans can count on allies, how numerous or well equipped the public are not aware; but it is certain that quite a considerable contingent of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Belgians, Bavarians, and Austrians would take the field if the Pope called them to arms. The contributions of money to the Vatican in the shape of Peter's Pence have been very liberal of late years; the Papal treasury is probably quite able to defray the cost of a campaign.

It would seem that the King of Italy will neglect his duty to his subjects if he allows this canker to go on festering in the side of Italy. It is absurd enough that one who was a common priest yesterday should, by the vote of his fellow-priests, be invested with infallibility to-day. But that merely provokes ridicule. The tangible danger of the hour is that some fiery, hot-blooded cardinal may be elected to succeed Leo the Thirteenth, and that he may set the monarchy and the administration at defiance, calling upon the Italian peasantry to rally in arms for the defense of the church, and upon pious foreigners to grant them substantial proofs of sympathy. A Pope who took such an attitude as this would seriously endanger the government of the king. The great mass of the Italian peasantry are on the side of the church as against the crown. Signor Crispi will be unwise if, for the sake of maintaining ancient customs in full vitality, he permits an insurrectionary movement to assume such proportions that it may test the power of the government to suppress it.

Rarely has the action of a European government been so fraught with meaning to the civilized world as is the determination of Germany to bring about a conference looking toward the rehabilitation of silver. It was after the Franco-Prussian War, in the early seventies, that the German Government, flushed with victory and feeling that all things were possible to it, conceived the plan of retiring its silver coinage and placing its currency upon a single gold basis. The indemnity of one billion dollars, paid by France in gold, offered the most favorable conditions for the successful consummation of this plan. To-day, after two decades of experience, Germany acknowledges defeat. The single gold standard has proved inadequate, and Germany invites her neighbors to assist in rehabilitating silver.

When the Brussels conference adjourned, two years ago, to reassemble at some indefinite future time, the friends of international bimetalism had reason to feel discouraged. Judged by its immediate results, that conference seemed as idle as had been its predecessors. Its deliberations resulted in no conclusion being reached, and the delegates departed to their homes with no real expectation of being called together again. England and Germany were distinctly opposed to the coinage of silver, France was at best lukewarm, and this country alone openly favored bimetalism. During the two years that have elapsed since that adjournment, however, events have moved in a direction that makes international bimetalism seem near at hand. The United States has abandoned the attempt to sustain silver alone and unaided; the mints of India have been closed to the white metal, and the results of the conference are seen in the increased attention and respect paid to bimetalism.

The last three conferences were held on the invitation of the United States—France joining in issuing the invitations for one of them—and this country was then alone in opening its mints to silver. The invitations necessarily partook somewhat of the nature of a cry for help. To-day the position is changed, and the invitation comes from a nation that curtly refused to send delegates to the conference of 1878, and, while sending delegates to the two subsequent ones, refused in both cases to be bound by any action of the conference.

France has always been more or less favorable to bimetalism, and that the sentiment has not changed is proved by recent utterances of her leading statesmen. M. Ribot, Premier and Minister of Finance, declares that "the abolition of the free coinage of silver, in which the German Government took the initiative, precipitated the agricultural crisis. The solution of the money question is necessarily international. We must come to an understanding with other nations." And he continues: "The French Government will take a position calculated to encourage the movement of opinion in the neighboring countries." M. Edmond Levy, editor of *L'Economiste*, points out the fact that Germany having led in demonetizing silver must also lead in rehabilitating it, and finds in the call of this conference a promise of successful termination. More

eloquent of the feeling in France than even these utterances is the willingness of the French to follow Germany.

It is strange that, with the European sentiment thus turning toward silver remonetization, the only discordant notes should be heard in this country. Senator Stewart, who has always done much harm to silver by his intemperate, demagogic, and preposterous speeches, demands that the American delegates to the proposed conference shall have iron-clad instructions to exact a sixteen-to-one ratio or none at all. This would inevitably insure a disagreement in the conference and defeat its purposes. The question of ratio, with all other questions of detail, must be left to the decision of the conference. It is not called to adopt the views of any one country, but to agree upon a compromise satisfactory to all. There is no more reason why the views of the United States should prevail than those of Germany, of France, or of England. The delegates should go with power to come to an agreement, not instructed to disagree.

The *Argonaut* has always maintained that silver could be rehabilitated if the extreme free-silver men would moderate their claims. We have always maintained that it is useless for this country to attempt to carry the silver load alone; that it would be madness for us to throw open our mints to the coinage of all the silver of the world; that the most we could do would be to coin American silver alone, and that there is no reason, under existing conditions, why we should receive foreign silver for coinage, when foreign mints will not receive American silver for coinage; that no good or honest reason exists for the maintenance of the arbitrary ratio of sixteen to one; that if this country can bring about an international agreement, fix upon a ratio which is fair, and induce other countries to carry their part of the silver of the world, the silver question would be solved, and prosperity would return. These propositions, involving the maintenance of the money of the United States Constitution—"gold and silver"—we have always supported. Those who have supported them are the true friends of silver. Those who, like Senators Stewart and Jones, maintain propositions which are not bimetalism but silver monometallism, are the enemies of the white metal.

The proposed conference has every prospect of success. An agreement satisfactory to France, Germany, and the United States will be accepted by Russia, Italy, and Switzerland; Austria-Hungary will abandon its present strenuous efforts to secure sufficient gold to adopt the single gold standard; Holland, Belgium, and the other Continental countries will not hold out. England alone will remain obdurate and sulky.

The response of England to the invitation for this conference is characteristically selfish. She will humor her neighbors to the extent of sending delegates, but warns them that "the English monetary system will not be changed." London is the clearing-house of the commercial world. The present supremacy of England may be admitted, but that dominance is held by no divine right. It is perfectly conceivable that the world's clearing-house should be transferred elsewhere. Is England able to hold out against the combined action of all the other nations of the world?

There would, of course, be no boycott, no navigation laws or embargo, no conspiracy to bring England to her knees. But the laws of trade are stronger than Parliamentary enactments. England produces nothing that can not be furnished by other countries. The iron and steel manufactures of the United States are now successfully competing with those of England in the markets of the world; France and Germany, as well as the United States, are producing textiles as good as those of England. Should England demand payment in gold alone for goods that could be paid for elsewhere in either gold or silver, any advantage she may now have would soon be lost to her.

Trade follows the lines of least resistance, and British opposition to international bimetalism might be sufficient to transfer the centre of trade to Berlin, Paris, or to New York. By such a change the whole commercial world would be revolutionized. It would be curious should the proposed conference have such wide-reaching results, and such results are not improbable should England persist in its attempt to enforce its monetary views on the rest of the world.

The death of Ismail Pasha closes one of the most curious lives and one of the most eventful eras in the history of Egypt. Ismail was the son of Mehemet Ali; he was appointed Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt thirty-two years ago, when he was thirty-three years of age. Contemporary statesmen had marked him as a man who was destined to revolutionize the great province of Turkey; he made no concealment of his purpose to raise Egypt to its ancient power and its ancient wealth if the powers would only let him alone. Civil war was raging in this country, and cotton was worth a dollar a pound; Ismail promised to supply the British mills with all the cotton they needed if he

were permitted to inaugurate a new agricultural system on the borders of the Nile, and practically to establish compulsory labor among the fellahs.

It must be admitted that he very nearly accomplished his purpose. He converted the army of Egypt into an instrument which established involuntary servitude on Egyptian soil. By borrowing forty millions of dollars in England, he planted a system of irrigation which increased four and five-fold the area of cultivated soil. On this soil he not only grew the wheat for which Egypt had been famous since the days of the Cæsars, but likewise cane-sugar and long-staple cotton, each crop of which was worth a fortune. All this was done in broad daylight, in the presence of English and French travelers who declared that history contained no example of such a transformation. Never in the whole course of its history had Egypt been so prosperous before. Not content with enlarging the cultivated area on either side of the Lower Nile, Ismail sent armies into the rich valley of the Upper Nile and turned the June overflow to account there. All along the river, cotton-mills and sugar-mills, supplied with English machinery, began to rear their heads, and during the period of reconstruction in this country, England was assured that the result mattered little, Egypt was ready to take the place of our Gulf States.

The Suez Canal, which was to revolutionize the trade between Europe and Asia, was opened in 1868, in the presence of three mighty sovereigns, amid the booming of cannon, and by way of commemorating the fifth year of Ismael's reign. But this was the crowning point in the Khedive's destiny. He had dotted the shores of the Nile with princely palaces, full of bejeweled *houris*, French cooks, and *dansesuses* from the boulevards; the old *dahabehs*, so poetic in their slumbrous orientalism, had made way for steam yachts, on which a fortune was spent each season. Such splendors beggared the treasury of Cairo. Ismail did not know much of finance, but he knew enough to be aware that he was bankrupt. His straits drove him to desperation. He sold jewels and Circassians. For counselors who protested, he prescribed the bastinado or the bowstring. At last he threw himself into the hands of an Englishman and a Frenchman, who were experts in finance; they saw no remedy but liquidation and abdication.

Even then Ismail Pasha saw clearly that his plans would not only extricate him from his financial embarrassments, but would make Egypt rich; and he refused to surrender. The representatives of the foreign bond-holders did not waste time in arguing; they agreed upon a joint occupation of the country; the Egyptian army was placed under the command of an English officer, and a quiet but resistless pressure was brought to bear on the Sultan, which ended in the revocation of Ismail's commission as Khedive and the appointment of his son Tewfik in his place. The change was distasteful to the Egyptian people. They rose in arms under the cry that "the foreigner must go." A body of Egyptians mustered under the command of Arabi Pasha, and gave battle to the English at Tel-el-Kebir. It was the only battle of modern times, at which entrenchments were taken by the bayonet by riflemen with empty pieces and walled cities were captured by charges of cavalry.

Meanwhile Ismail Pasha went cheerfully into exile. His first choice of a new home was the city of Constantinople, where he had spent his youth. But the Sultan was too wise to harbor in his vicinity a statesman of such surprising resource and audacity. Ismail was quite capable of making a trade on his own account with the Emperor of Russia. Nor were Great Britain and France disposed to suffer the concoction of Egyptian plots on the banks of the Bosphorus. So Ismail was notified that the powers would allow him an annuity of twenty millions of dollars a year and a palatial castle if he would retire to a spot in the neighborhood of Naples, where there was good anchorage for his yacht, and he could solace his declining years with the refining influence of female society; the bargain was struck.

Ismail surrounded himself with an assemblage of beauties which could not be equaled in Paris or Vienna. In his heyday he had imported Verdi to Cairo in order that the *maestro* should superintend the production of "Aida." The veteran composer did not disdain to join the ex-Khedive's court once more, and to lead the orchestra in Ismail's private opera-house at Naples. Some of the greatest princes of Europe have been guests on his royal domain.

And now the old voluptuary is dead. Let us remember to his credit that he was something more than a voluptuary. The Suez Canal is largely due to him, and he made vast wastes of sandy desert blossom like the rose.

The records of the probate court in England and America furnish interesting details regarding the large sums of money left by will during recent years. Excluding estates below £100,000, or \$500,000, the English records show that in 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894, the total averaged about £35,000,000, or \$175,000,000. Five of the estates

which fell in exceeded \$5,000,000 each in 1894, and fifty-one disposed of personal property exceeding \$500,000 and less than \$750,000. The testators were in almost every case persons of advanced age. Nineteen of them averaged eighty years. One was a banker who left £1,163,000, another a brewer who left £1,018,000, another a maltster who left £1,078,000, and another a dyer who left £1,077,000. Other opulent brewers were Mr. Worthington, of Burton-on-Trent, and Lord Tweedmouth, the maker of Meux's Entire, each of whom left £600,000 in personality; Robert Courage, of the Anchor Brewery, left £861,000; Thomas Cairnes, of the Drogheda Brewery, left £368,000; Frederick Tooth, of Tooth's Brewery, Sydney, left £339,400; there were others whose personality, disposed of by will, ranged from £100,000 to £200,000.

Wine merchants are noted who left personality to amounts varying from £872,000 to £352,000 and £194,000. Altogether, the manufacture of beer in its various forms and the importation of wine appear to be among the most lucrative callings pursued in Great Britain. Among the bankers who died in 1894, only one, Thomas Guy Paget, of Leicester, left personality in excess of a million dollars; the personal estates of the others were generally below half a million. When an Englishman becomes rich, his first impulse is to invest in real property. It is interesting to observe that the votaries of letters and art did not all die paupers. Sir Henry Layard, of Nineveh, bequeathed £86,000 by will; John Tyndall, the scientist, £21,000; Calder Marshall, the painter, £48,000; Sir Samuel Baker, £50,000; Anthony Froude, the historian, £12,000; Henry Pettit, the dramatic author, £47,490.

The incomes of the clergy are derived from the posts they fill, and they can bequeath to their families only their savings during their life-time or their private fortunes. These sometimes amount to quite a sum. Thus the rector of Ludlow bequeathed £155,000; he of Rugby, £168,000; the rector of Bryanstone Parish, in London, £154,000; the prebendary of Chichester, £107,000; the rector of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, £122,000.

The amounts bequeathed in England for religious, charitable, and educational purposes average about a million and a quarter annually, say five millions of dollars. Most of the testators are laymen. One is the Roman Catholic squire of Lithstone Park, Essex, who left £110,000 for these purposes; Clark, the thread-maker, left £66,000; Weston, the yarn-maker, £170,000; Gyde, a dyer, £101,000; Honan, a merchant of Cork, £75,000; David Belasco, the actor, £40,000.

The property of the noblemen in Great Britain being mainly invested in landed estates, their personality is not as large as that of the middle class. Among noblemen who died in 1894, with large sums in money, stocks, or bonds at their bankers, was the third Duke of Sutherland, whose personality amounted to £1,275,000; the Marquis of Headfort, who left £67,770; the Earl of Warwick, £155,000; the Earl of Lovelace, £189,000; the Hopes, of Edinburgh, who between them left nearly £500,000. A few baronets died very rich. Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing left personality valued at over a million sterling, and Sir George Elliott, who had made his money as a colliery owner and engineer, nearly half as much.

In the American probate courts the wills show the gross amount bestowed on charitable or educational purposes by the testators; they are generally larger than the correspondent bequests in England. In 1892, Mrs. Mary Stuart, of New York, bequeathed \$4,950,000 to public institutions, and in the same year Mrs. Elizabeth Coles left \$750,000 to the same objects, thus making \$5,700,000 left to charity by two testatrices in a single year. In 1893, Charles Bathgate Beck, of New York, left \$4,600,000 to charity. No such large requests were made in 1894; but the aggregate of the bequests to public charities footed up \$2,000,000. Where these charities were selected on denominational lines, it proved that the church which got the most was the Presbyterian, next the Congregational, next the Baptist, next the Episcopal, and next the Roman Catholic. About one-fifth of the whole was given for missionary purposes; four-fifths went for charitable and educational purposes. If the money wasted on foreign missions were placed at the disposal of the churches at home, their usefulness would be increased.

It may easily be imagined that the disposition among rich men to increase their bequests to charity is stimulated by the growing tendency to limit the power of distributing property by will. In most of the Eastern States, the tax on inheritance is growing year by year; it is quite within the possibilities of the future that a rich testator's "right" to enrich his relatives by will will be much curtailed by the State.

From the point of view of theory, there would he no injustice in gradually increasing the testamentary tax even to the point at which it would absorb the bulk of the inheritance. A descendant has no vested right in the property of a dead man; he ought to be satisfied with getting a reason-

able share of it. The natural inheritor of the accumulations of citizens is the State.

The San Francisco *Call* under its new management has caused quite a shaking-up among the other morning papers of San Francisco. The *Call* has brought this about by a daring innovation. Being published on the Pacific Coast, in the State of California, and in the city of San Francisco, the *Call* has begun publishing the news of San Francisco, of California, and of the Pacific Coast. To add to its daring, the *Call* has put this news prominently upon its first page. If anything more were needed to complete its revolutionary practices, we may add that it puts just as large headings on the local news as it does on the Eastern and European news.

This new departure of the *Call* has filled the other dailies with a mixture of disgust and alarm. Disgust—because it is contrary to the canons of San Francisco's daily journalism. Alarm—because it seems to be applauded by the public. It is freely stated, and generally believed, that the *Call* has added several thousand subscribers to its lists during the past few weeks.

The principal canon of San Francisco daily journalism which the *Call* has been violating is that which concerns the relative importance of news. According to the San Francisco canons, a thing to be important must have happened somewhere else. Thus the dailies have lately been giving columns to a Minneapolis murder case, in which nobody here was interested, and which probably nobody read, while they have been giving half-columns to a Santa Clara will case, in which many people here were interested, in which some of the leaders of the California bar were retained, and which nearly everybody read. But the Minneapolis murder was telegraphed from a distance, and hence, according to the San Francisco canons, was "good stuff." Correspondingly, any amount of drivel from abroad is first padded, then printed, because it is "cabled." A London person who, in consequence of a horse slipping, is thrown out of a hansom in the Strand, and lights upon his occiput, plebeian or noble, as the case may be, is frequently given more space in the San Francisco dailies than would be accorded a similar accident to even so distinguished a local personage as Mayor Sutro. Columns of scandal from Paris, London, and Berlin about American millionaires and their mistresses, about foreign princes and their mistresses, about all sorts and conditions of men and women, whom nobody here knows or cares anything about—for scandal, back-biting, and calumny, to interest us, must be about our friends, or at least about our acquaintances—all this stuff is set before us by the yard, with a whoop and a halloo. Nobody reads it—nobody can read it—nobody wants to read it. What on earth do the dailies print it for?

It is our belief that the function of a daily morning newspaper is to print the news—primarily the news of the place in which it is printed, and secondarily the news of the world. People do not care for other matter in a morning newspaper, and few have the time to read it, if they had the inclination. The daily papers of San Francisco have for a long time been wandering far afield. In their efforts to distance each other in reaching what is apparently an undetermined goal, they irresistibly remind one of a gang of bumpkins shambling variously across a field in a "sack-race," their heads enveloped in bags. The *Call* has apparently marked out its goal, and knows where it is going. It will be curious to see whether the experiment of a San Francisco newspaper publisher publishing San Francisco news will succeed in San Francisco.

The Democratic administration organs, and even some Republican journals which are being used to pull Democratic chestnuts out of the fire, have been excusing Cleveland and Carlisle's late bunco-bond business at the expense of Congress. Some journals have even gone so far as to say that it was "unpatriotic" for Republican congressmen to refuse to indorse the Cleveland-Carlisle plan. As we remarked last week, it is preposterous to expect a Republican minority to support a measure for which a Democratic President can not command the support of a Democratic majority—a measure which is looked upon with doubt and suspicion by many earnest and patriotic members of the Democratic majority. As the days pass by, the wisdom of Republican non-intervention is made more apparent. The bonds out of which the British bankers buncoed Messrs. Cleveland and Carlisle were placed at 104; they are now selling at 118 to 120. Rather a large margin for profit there. But a more striking proof of the inexpediency of the procedure into which the British bankers tried to bulldoze the American Government is shown by a remark of Senator Sherman, the veteran financier and ex-Secretary of the Treasury—that Republican statesman who brought the currency of this country back from a paper to a specie basis, and removed the premium on gold—that premium which ceased to exist seventeen years ago, and was only threatened within recent months in conse-

quence of Democratic incompetency. After the defeat of the attempted bulldozing of the American Government by the foreign syndicate of bankers, Mr. Sherman said: "Sixteen millions of money is a good deal. But had that bill passed and this government steered away from its time-honored record and adopted the word 'gold' in these bonds, it would have caused the depreciation of the present outstanding obligations of the government in the markets of the world within twenty-four hours more than double sixteen millions of dollars." Senator Sherman is right. When Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle were buncoed out of sixteen millions, the country lost a good deal of money. But even that was better than depreciating all of its outstanding obligations. Just think this over, Mr. Cleveland.

As usual, the San Francisco delegation in the legislature is lost to shame. An attempt is being made to repeal the fee bill, passed at the last session, by which county officials must turn over all fees to the county treasurers, and receive their compensation in the form of salary. The present movement is engineered by Sheriff Whalen, who would rather make sixty thousand dollars in fees than eight thousand dollars in salary. The San Francisco delegation, against the protest of the press and public, voted for this steal. The city has often before been forced to appeal to the country legislators to protect her from her own. In this case, the appeal was fruitless. The Board of Trade sent up a formal protest, but the San Francisco delegation paid no heed. It is to be hoped that Governor Budd will veto the bill. It has absolutely nothing behind it but private greed. It is not an honest bill.

Another will is broken in California. The last testament of Edward Barron, of Santa Clara County, has just been set aside. The dead man had discriminated against one of his sons by tying up a portion of his estate and leaving him only the income for life. There were skilled attorneys on both sides. John Garber, who battled for the will, is one of the most able advocates in California. But while he laid before the jury, with most convincing eloquence, the right of a testator to do as he chooses with his own, and to discriminate between his children, the jury refused to be convinced. They broke the will, and the estate will now be divided according to the laws of succession as they stand in the codes of California. Again has it been carried home to the minds of the people that the State is not only the custodian of dead men's money, but the distributor as well. Dead men own nothing. The State is their heir-at-law, and out of its generosity it gives to the kindred of a decedent what it chooses and in the manner it chooses. Rich men may make wills, but if their testamentary devises are unnatural, or counter to the public sentiment, their bequests are futile. Rich men think they make wills, but the State inherits the money, and its citizens, acting as jurors, direct its disposition.

A number of bills have been passed by the California legislature which are the result of scandalous bargains. One of these is the coyote-scalp bill, which was rushed through on a trade of votes on the anti-scalpers' bill. The supreme court of the State has just knocked out the last coyote-scalp bill. This measure appropriating money for it is an outrage. So is the anti-scalpers' bill. Governor Budd has an opportunity now to show the people whether his prelection pledges are going to be kept or not. He has won golden opinions during his brief term. The people of the State approve of him. Whether he is worthy of their confidence and approval will speedily be determined. There are any number of bad bills awaiting his signature to become the law. If he vetoes them, his political fortunes are made. We think that Governor Budd will veto them.

It will be remembered that when Grover Cleveland was nominated for his second term, bands of men paraded the streets singing a campaign ditty, the refrain of which was something like this:

"Grover! Grover!
Soon we'll be in clover!
Out they go and in we go!
Four more years of Grover!"

We may be permitted to point out to these vocalists that two of the joyful years of which they sung expired last week, on the fourth day of March, 1895, yet very few of these lyrical Democrats have been in clover, although doubtless many of them have been in the poor-house, and probably some of them have been in jail. We are very glad that two of the joyful Grover years have gone, and we think that the American people share our feelings. During the next two, the presence of a Republican Congress may somewhat mitigate the severity of the prosperity which has reigned in this country since Grover came in. Only two more years of Grover—Praise God, from whom all blessings

DEAD SEA FRUIT.

A Story of the Army.

The assertion is frequent and well supported that quite two-thirds of the frontier posts are within rifle-range of Hades. This is not strictly true, however, of more than a half-dozen. It is truest, too, of Cummings. The sun is hot and the air is fiery, the wind is scorching and the sand is blinding in many places upon the face of the earth, but not as they are in Cummings. Before reveille it is pleasant to arise and take in one breath of endurable air, and once again at tattoo, but between those times the fiery furnace of old would make an abiding-place quite as pleasant.

Human life there partakes of the character of the vegetation; it is apt to be blasted, or scorched, or withered—what there is of it—more than in most places. It may be that all pity was dried up in the major's soul; that remorse had been burned away from Hartley by the sun; that resistance was melted in the major's daughter; howbeit, the three of them managed to add one more heart of ashes to a big list.

Truman came straight from the green byways of Leavenworth to Cummings, and not even the responsibilities of his exalted rank of second lieutenant could prevent his being put very speedily upon the sick list. It was some sort of fever, and took a fine hold upon him, because there was more than the maddening dryness to worry the poor boy; he let it all out to the doctor in his delirium, but the doctor was careful not to divulge the fact that he had learned a great deal from the ravings of the family life and disgrace of his patient. Truman's first question when it was over was to ask if he had "talked much"; the surgeon said "yes," but added that the mutterings were quite unintelligible, and was glad of his falsehood when he saw how Truman's face relaxed, and he took in a long breath of furnace air from very relief. Of course the doctor advised a sick leave, and told the boy to go home, knowing all the while that there was no home. Truman acquiesced, and would have gone off upon his wanderings as soon as he was able to endure the seven miles' ambulance drive to the railroad, if things had not happened as they did.

It came about that one day, the first that he was up, Truman managed to travel as far as the front door of his quarters, to open it, and to stand upon the sill looking over the white parade-ground; he turned his head and saw a woman in the door of the house next to his. The sun and the glare had blinded his eyes, used for the past month to a room darkened by horse-blankets tacked up at the windows, and he could not distinguish the face. However, there was only one woman who was at all likely to be in that particular spot—the wife of the major commanding, the only officer's wife in the fort. So Truman raised his voice and called a feeble "Good morning," and was surprised that he did not recognize the tones of the reply, which were surely not those of the high soprano of the major's wife. The surprise made him sway a little uncertainly, but when his eyes suddenly distinguished the face of the lady in the doorway, he lost entire control of his muscles, and, being startled, all but fell face downward upon the sand, from sheer weakness.

It was not until some days later that he knew that only a pair of soft, warm arms had kept him from measuring his six feet upon the ground and perhaps seriously damaging the dried and yellowed skin of his face, nor that those same arms had held his unconscious, heavy form there until the striker had come and carried the leaden hurden back to its hunk.

When he did learn of it, and when he was able to say a half-dozen words in succession, he inquired who the woman might be, and was told it was the commandant's daughter, just returned from school "hack East." Truman did not remember the face very clearly and was too tired to think, so he went to sleep again, which was the very best thing he could have done, and dreamed that he was in the midst of a plain where there was neither grass nor shade, where the white dust threw back the sun like a mirror. Two steers, gone mad from the heat, gored each other's sides without a sound coming from their dried throats, and clouds of fine dust flew about them. A flock of crows circled above in the steel-blue sky and waited to see which wild creature would be their food. Then Truman dreamed that he, too, died and made flesh for the birds, but his soul went away to a land where the sky was not to be seen for the branches of trees, nor the ground for grass and flowers, where fountains and streams were all about, and the air was fresh and cool. Then he awoke and found a bit of cracked ice between his lips and felt the air from a fan about his head; but between the dark gray blankets, with their eternal yellow U. S., which were tacked up at the windows, and the window-casings painted brown-red when the Q. M. had had an oversupply of that color, he saw a bit of the hot, gleaming sky, and he sighed and turned his head.

Every day the man saw that sky, and grew to loathe and hate it. His one idea in life was to get as far as possible from under it, and he counted the hours until the doctor should tell him that four mules might hear him to the railroad, and one iron steed carry him away—away to any other place on the earth.

The commandant's wife brought the lieutenant a great many dainties, and read and talked, treated him very like her own son, for all are comrades in the army, whether in misfortune or good luck. Truman asked about the daughter, and wanted to thank her for having saved him a bad fall. The mother offered to carry the message, but not to bring the girl in as an angel visitor. Truman gathered that she was a very sedate young woman, bred in strict conventionality, and, moreover, that she was not a school-girl, but had been for the past year in the unrest of Washington and Bar Harbor society.

Before all these revelations he had cherished just the least bit of a romance deep down in his heart, and had thought quite a little about those slender arms that had held him,

all unconscious of the bliss; but now a different image grew up within him, a tall, fair, quiet, and cold-natured woman who moved along a track trodden by thousands of feet before, and which goes, narrow, hard, unlovely, and straight, until at last it forks, and one path leads to despair and pain, and the other to a frozen heart and soul, both bounded in time by the steep precipice of death and the unending void of eternity. He grew quite afraid of his erstwhile gauzy idol, and was uncomfortable with the thought of her in his mind.

One day, at retreat, the major's orderly brought over a dog-eared note and handed it to the mother. She read it and took her departure, leaving the note lying upon Truman's bed-spread.

The lieutenant reached out his bony hand and picked up the paper. It smelled very slightly of violet, and was the most proper thing in stationery. The writing was pointed, and heavy, and firm, and added to poor Truman's affright. He closed the letter unread, of course, though he felt a vast anxiety to know what was written above that stately signature of "Olga."

It was an hour after retreat and quite comfortably cool, by comparison, when Truman ventured to leave his quarters the next time and crawl slowly over to the commandant's house. He was met at the door and literally taken in the arms of the major's kindly wife; a steamer-chair was stretched out for him and cooling drinks all ready. But nowhere was the daughter to be seen—the calm, impassive Olga of his mind. The elder lady and he were all alone for an hour or more before there came a sound upon the close night air which made the lieutenant start and look around.

A girl's voice, a deep voice and sweet, was speaking outside, then a form in white, a tall and very slender form, was framed in the doorway against the background of a South-Western night. Afterward Truman could only remember that her hands were cool and her eyes tawny as a lion's and very soft.

She stretched her goodly length upon another steamer-chair and joined in the commonplace conversation. Truman wondered if she were commonplace, too, and concluded that she was—hy molding, not by nature. She had been for a stroll down to the spring-house with her father and Lieutenant Hartley, and they had stopped to rest under the willows and enjoy the only bit of green within miles and miles.

They spoke of the heat and of the dust, of the newspapers and the mail. The major went over to the adobe sutler's store after a time, but Hartley declined his invitation to "come along"; he seemed to prefer the girl to the father, Truman commented mentally, then watched to see how matters stood with the girl. Either, however, she was too well bred to show her feelings or she had none to show. Truman rather thought it was the latter, for it was not conceivable that a woman could admire a short, thick, heavy fellow, both by nature and by form, like the first lieutenant. Once Truman caught the girl's fine eyes fixed on him, but she didn't seem to care that he had surprised her non-committal gaze, which might have been of pity, of wonder, of dislike, or of indifference for all its expression told.

Truman went home pretty soon. He was conscious that he was very much number three, and also that he was desperately tired. The girl put out her long, browned hand, soft and firm and cool. The invalid took it, and went on Hartley's arm back to his quarters. He wondered what he really thought about that girl, whether he admired her or not. Physically he certainly did, for she was undoubtedly handsome, but of her mental qualities he could form no opinion. At any rate, he was not disappointed; he had expected no more.

Now, if all that had happened so far had only happened in the great wide world, there might have been no more of the story. Truman might have been carried onward with the tide of affairs and never have met the stately Olga again, or only rarely in public gatherings; Hartley might have held his place alone, and the girl have considered herself fortunate to get a husband with an assured income and certain promotion. But here there were two men and but one girl as chief actors, a pair of stern parents in the background, and a stage-setting of desolate loneliness. One of these two men had the advantage of higher pay and rank, the other of physical beauty; both were good-hearted, and the one found favor with the worldly-wise parents, the other with a hot-natured girl. For despite her impassive, trained exterior, a burning soul looked through the tawny eyes and passionate blood ran under the dark smooth skin.

And it came to pass, as it was bound to do, that these two young people, who in form and face were blessed of the gods, saw each other day by day, and loved each other well, which is quite in the accepted scheme of things; also that Truman's recovery was so rapid that he did not longer need a sick leave, and that his loathing for the sky under which his superior officers had been pleased to call him to do his duty vanished into air. So, for a while, they were happy, these two, and even fancied they were to be happy forever; but it was merely the madness with which the gods cursed them before they should stretch out their hands and smite.

As long as the major and his wife were blind to the course things were taking, it was smooth sailing; but in time they began to notice the frequent strolls in the twilight to the spring-house; the walks across the parade in the blazing sun, when stable-call sounded to the sally-port and the stables; the frequent trips through the scorching sand to the sutler's on every and no pretext. They noticed, and they watched, and they drew their own conclusions, which were, in the main, correct.

Olga spent a very bad quarter of an hour between the major and his wife. They taxed her with being in love, and she, like a most conventionally molded maiden, resented the suggestion, and treated the whole affair in so careless and light a manner that the old people had their suspicions quite disarmed. Had they seen their cool daugh-

ter, in the dusk, by the spring-house, so out her troubles on the shoulder-straps of Second Lieutenant Truman, they might have felt less easy. Howbeit, she went back to the quarters with quiet self-control, and sat in the bosom of her family, casting equal glances upon the first and the second lieutenants.

The first lieutenant was so encouraged by her manner, in fact, that he took advantage of a moment when Truman had gone home and the commandant and his wife were away, and asked Olga if she would not consent to becoming his wife. Olga said "No, she wouldn't," and treated the matter as a very casual affair. Hartley demanded her reasons, and she said she was going to marry some one else. Hartley thundered "Who?" and Olga yawned that it was not his concern, and when he "bet it was that confounded Truman," begged him not to become violent, and left the room.

She should not have left the room—it was a bad move, for Hartley got hold of her father and mother and told his troubles, enlarging upon the advantages of his slightly superior rank and pay. Now the major came to believe that his child was opposing his authority, and the major was a martinet; the mother came to believe that she would be doing her daughter a kindness in the end by preventing her from becoming the victim of a second lieutenant's penitence.

A week later, a cool little note, in the very best of form, broke off the engagement between Olga and Truman, and the latter went back to his first estimate, and remembered his thoughts when he had seen that handwriting for the first time. The next *Army and Navy* announced the betrothal of Olga and the first lieutenant. At Olga's express request there had been no "fuss and feathers"; she was bred with a deep hatred of a scene; it would be better form to obey her parents, even though it should kill her, than to give people a chance to talk. Besides it would not kill her, she knew that, and quoted to herself the proverb that a "hood horse holds up its head until it drops." So she gave in before the storm of her father's wrath and her mother's entreating. A few more dollars per month and a little less happiness would balance in the scale of life—or of society, at any rate.

Truman's health failed again. The doctor feared a relapse, and packed him off to the East on a three-months' leave. He rejoined his troop two days before the clergyman was to come up from Deming and make Olga and Hartley man and wife.

Truman made semblance of having forgiven and forgotten, and Hartley was glad that such should be the case. He accepted the younger officer's invitation to a wedding dinner, and Olga, with her usual good grace, made no objections.

At seven o'clock, on a close New Mexican night, with no sound out-of-doors but the barking of coyotes up by the grave-yard and none within save the monotone answers and questions and prayers, Olga and Lieutenant Hartley became man and wife. At eight o'clock, the passive and not indecorously joyous bride sat at Truman's table and avoided meeting the eyes of her host. She, in her white gown, and her mother, in gray, were the only women amid a half-dozen officers.

Mrs. Hartley conducted herself with a propriety so marked that several worthy officers formed the opinion that she certainly was an icicle; only the mother began to see what had been done, and was nervous and uneasy.

At last came the sparkling wine, cold as things are rarely cold at Cummings. Olga saw it with relief; she felt that something of the sort was needed to help her keep up her part. The glasses were filled, and she toyed with the stem of hers.

Then the host proposed the health of the bride. It was drunk and a short speech made, the bride looking down unblushingly and answering with a formal smile.

There was something of a pause; then, as prearranged, up rose Hartley's captain, never suspecting the ghastly joke he played, and gave out for his toast the just announced promotion of their host.

Olga raised her glass and caught, at the moment, the new first lieutenant's eyes. Only the glance of an instant and a quiver of lips already white—then the bride wiped some spilled wine from her gown and drank the second health.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1895.

The thermometer has gone to thirteen degrees below zero in the British Islands during the past month, and has been there or thereabouts for many nights in succession. Owing to the freezing of pipes, thousands have gone hatless who never missed their morning tu before. One has even heard of respectable gentlemen arriving in the city from their suburban or extra-suburban residences absolutely unwashed. In Scotland, grouse and blackcock have been coming into the gardens and feeding among the poultry; what the loss of live-stock and of game has been it is too early to estimate. Sledges have been common objects in the roads and lanes of Jersey; and in Cornwall we hear of plover on the lawn of a house within five minutes' walk of Penzance; while wild duck and woodcock have been frequenting pond and orchard within a stone's throw of the front door.

A well-known New York girl (says *Vanity*), in a recent letter from Pau, after describing her new gowns, draws a most doleful picture of the dullness of the present season there, and expressing her desire "to be back in dear old New York, with all its fogs and snows and dirty streets," closes very tersely and brightly as follows: "I would rather be a living picture in New York than to be dressed by Worth in Pau."

Students of economical housekeeping will be interested to know that the expenses of the Queen of England's household last year amounted to eight hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, three-quarters of which was salaries.

FROM THE RIVIERA.

Americans at Monte Carlo, Mentone, Nice, and Cannes—The Lazy, Luxurious Life of the Pleasure-Seekers—Queens and Actresses, Kings and Cocottes.

All the world comes to the Riviera. There are many Americans as well as English people along the beautiful Mediterranean shore, some even from the distant cities of the western verge of the American continent. I note among the Californians who have been stopping at the various cities along the Littoral the names of Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Lily Coit, Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Johns, and Mr. Henry Redington. Recently also there passed through the Riviera Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon on their way to Egypt. There are many Americans scattered along the coast, among them Lady Wolseley (who formerly lived in San Francisco), Mme. Emma Nevada, Mr. Ogden Golet, Mrs. Lyon Campbell, Mrs. de Charette, Miss Loie Fuller, Miss Van Buren, Miss O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, of Baltimore, Captain and Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Salmon Clark, Miss Rice, Miss Hale, Miss Nobel, Miss Pultney, Miss Loveland, Miss Peyman, General Meredith Reed and daughter, Miss Reeves, Mrs. Milner, Mrs. Mellinge, Mrs. Nuttall, Miss Batcheler, Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Goodrich, Miss Walker, Mrs. Waldo Richards, Mr. Brevoort, the Misses Reid, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dickinson, of New York, Mrs. Ingle A. Hooper and Miss R. G. Hooper, of Orange, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bassler, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Outhwaite, and Mr. A. J. Drexel and family. Mr. Drexel, by the way, has his yacht in Mediterranean waters, and recently sailed for Rome. His yacht is now at Civita Vecchia.

There are many celebrities among the people who have collected here from the ends of the earth. Perhaps the most stared at are actresses, *cocottes*, and royalties. Among the first two, those who attract the most attention are Liane de Pougy, the Parisian *cocotte*, and Otero, the Spanish dancer. They are both at Monte Carlo, and every day you will see them breakfasting on the terrace at Ciro's restaurant. Ciro is an Italian, who, like most of the *restaurants* at Monte Carlo, is a skillful and successful robber. But he has acquired the art of satisfying all tastes, come from whatever country you may, and the Russian can get *vodka* so strong that it would scorch the throat of the ordinary man, while an American can get a whisky cocktail made here by a "bar-keep" in a white jacket, and shaken up in a nickel-plated "shaker." In Ciro's place you will see breakfasting on the terrace Sir Arthur Sullivan, the well-known composer. He is accompanied by a young English nobleman, Lord Gray de Wilton, while at the next table are Lord and Lady Wolverton, the gentleman rapt in the *Times*, the lady gazing fixedly at Otero, the beautiful Spaniard. Otero has her friends, and Pougy has hers. The Spaniard is a brunette, and the Parisian a blonde, and they seem to divide the well-dressed Monte Carlo mob into two factions. One set swears by Pougy, and the other by Otero. "Under which queen, Bezonian, speak or die."

In addition to the Café de Paris and the Hotel de Paris, which are both across the square from the Casino, are two other favorite hotels, the Grand and the Metropole. The Metropole is run by the English company which has the hotel of the same name in London, and is admirably kept. There is no doubt, however, that most of the celebrities and swells who go to Monte Carlo prefer the Hotel de Paris, as it is only a few steps from the door of the hotel to the Casino. The Grand Hotel is perhaps the most famous for its dinners, while Ciro's is for its breakfasts. The proprietors of the Grand are perhaps not quite such successful robbers as Ciro, but they do the best they can. "La plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a." But everything is good there, from the soup to the Turkish coffee. During the dinner hour a band of Tziganes, in rich blue uniforms, play in the hall. The Empress of Austria dined here a few days ago, and in addition to the imperial bill that she doubtless had to pay, sent the *chef* a present of five hundred francs. At one of the tables you will see the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Fitzgeorge, Mr. Christopher Sykes, and Major Davidson. Mr. Sykes belongs to that celebrated circle of intimate friends of the Prince of Wales. Colonel "Fitzgeorge," by the way, is the illegitimate son of the Duke of Cambridge, as his Norman name would indicate; "Fitzgeorge"—the son of George. Although the duke can not transmit to him his title, he can leave to his bastard much of his large fortune. He has advanced him in the army until he is now a colonel, and Colonel Fitzgeorge holds one of the best social positions in London. Near by is Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the white-haired African traveler, dining with his wife. At another table you will see Duke Eugene of Leuchtenberg and at the next is Henri Rochefort. Across the room are Lord Francis Hope and Lady Hope, who was May Yohe, the actress, while near them are W. K. Vanderbilt and Nellie Neustetter.

There is always something to do at Monte Carlo, aside from the gambling-tables. Many people never enter the Casino gambling-rooms. There are, of course, plenty who play, but there are numbers who go to Monte Carlo for its natural and artificial beauty, its climate, and the many amusements to be found there. For example, in addition to the daily concerts given by the magnificent Casino orchestra, either in the garden when the weather is fair or in the concert-hall when it rains, there are also operatic performances with excellent artists. We have lately had "Pagliacci," Patti is announced in "The Barber," and Sigrid Arnoldson is booked for the Casino, beginning with "Mignon," one of her best rôles. Mme. Arnoldson is a most accomplished linguist. She speaks five languages, but sings only in French and Italian. Mme. Emma Nevada has appeared in "Romeo and Juliette," and although her voice was not in the best of condition, she was very well received. She is very popular not only on but off the stage. Among the singers to appear

with the orchestra of the classical concerts are Mme. Axeline Sundin and Mme. Elsnér Littä.

Loie Fuller has made an enormous hit at Monte Carlo with her skirt and serpentine dancing. She has brought these peculiar dances to a marvel of perfection, and the costume she now wears requires five hundred yards of material. It is a sort of China silk or gauze, and prismatic lights are cast upon it through glass screens. Miss Fuller has had a play prepared for her as a frame-work for her dances. It is called "Salomé," and is to be produced soon at the Comédie Parisienne. The libretto is by Armand Silvestre and the scene is laid at Jerusalem. It is the old story of John the Baptist, Herodias, and Salomé.

Monte Carlo, in addition to its theatres and concerts, has a Salon, as Paris has, although it is scarcely up to that of the Champs-Élysées or the Champ de Mars. Much of the work, however, is very good. Among the English and American exhibitors are Walter Blackman, Fred Boyden, Alfred Elias, Walter Gay, Bernard Gribble, Albert Lynch, Mrs. E. Wentworth Roberts, Mrs. Celine Wentworth, Mr. S. Farrington, and Mr. James G. Harris. Every afternoon at the Salon there is music by a fine orchestra. The Salon adds much to the attractions of Monte Carlo. The honorary president is her Most Serene Highness, Princess Alice of Monaco, wife to that most high, mighty, and puissant prince, Albert, head of the House of Grimaldi and Prince of Monaco and Monte Carlo, and sovereign lord over some fifteen thousand Monegasques.

The pigeon-shooting is in progress still at Monte Carlo, but the pigeon-shots from New York have not done as good work as was expected. The competition is not yet over, however, and our American shots may do better in the end. The prizes are very handsome ones. Yesterday two men who were tied divided ten thousand five hundred francs between them.

It is not alone at Monte Carlo that gayety prevails on the Riviera. Nice is probably the centre of gayety. It is crowded at this season, and there is a continual round of entertainments. Nice is near to Villa Franca, and there always are war-ships and yachts at both places, so that there are numbers of naval officers and yachtmen to draw upon for social entertainments. There is a swell club in Nice known as the Cercle de la Méditerranée. This, by the way, is the club which raised a row last year by refusing a card to Sibyl Sanderson. About a week ago they had what they call a *thé dansant*. It was scarcely according to our Anglo-Saxon idea of a "tea," for it began at nine o'clock, an elaborate supper was served at midnight, a cotillion followed, and the "tea" was over at three o'clock in the morning. But there is a continual round of dances for those who like that sort of thing. For example, last Wednesday there was a cotillion at the Beau Rivage; the next night there was a dance at the Hotel Milliet; and on Saturday night, another club, the Cercle Masséna, gave a dance in its beautiful ball-room. The Riviera Palace, a new establishment, gave its first ball on Monday, and there was another one at the Palais Marie Christine the same week. Mrs. Jervis Waldy gave a reception, and a large dinner-party was given at the Grand Hotel by Messrs. Rastall and Neill, two wealthy bachelors, which was followed by a dance at the hotel. On the same night there was a cotillion at the Hotel Milliet. Patti and Nicolini are at Nice, and the other evening the diva sang "The Barber of Seville" to a crowded house; next week she gives "Traviata."

The third annual tennis ball takes place on the eighth of March. This will be the wind-up of the international tennis tournament, which is set for March 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th. In addition to tennis, pigeon-shooting attracts much attention, although the bead-quarters of the pigeon clubs are at Cannes and Monte Carlo. Golf is a favorite game at Cannes, where the English element predominates, but the golfers have been much put out by the weather lately, because the ground has been alternately frozen and slushy for about two weeks. There is much bicycling around Cannes, and you will see scores of lady cyclists on their wheels going out to the golfing links.

In addition to the many amusements on the Riviera, a trotting club is now being incorporated. James Gordon Bennett has offered prizes amounting to ten thousand francs, and has offered to give five thousand more if the municipality of Nice will raise an equal sum. It is expected that the owners of American trotting horses will send over to compete for prizes.

All, however, is not *couleur de rose* on the Riviera. All is not beer and skittles. Although charming people by the hundreds come here from all over the world, there also come all sorts of sharpers. A very unpleasant affair took place at Monte Carlo some weeks ago, when a young American was drugged and robbed. Monte Carlo not being in French territory and having only a simulacrum of a government, it was rather difficult to find out whom to apply to for indemnity. Finally the American consul at the nearest point on French soil took the matter up, and is endeavoring to have justice done. At Nice, the other day, a young man was robbed by two clever rascals on exactly the plan adopted by American confidence men, *i. e.*, changing a pocket-hook. It may be well to warn Americans that Nice and Monte Carlo are infested with a gang of British and American sharpers, male and female. Both are to be avoided—particularly the latter.

There are at Cannes, as well as the other places which I have mentioned, a number of visitors of note. His Imperial Highness the Archduke Reiner of Austria and his wife are at the Hotel Bristol; the Grand Duke Michael, who is the father of the president of the golf club, is also at Cannes. Joseph Chamberlain, the brilliant member of Parliament, and Mrs. Chamberlain are at the Hotel Bellevue. Did he not marry a Miss Endicott? I am reminded of that by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Endicott are also at Cannes. Among the Austrian notabilities there are at the Hotel d'Angleterre the Prince and Princess Esterhazy, Prince Feurstenberg, and Countess Andrassy, three of the oldest and proud-

est names of the Austro-Hungarian nobility. Among other celebrities are Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone. The Gladstones are stopping at Cannes. The Count and Countess Tassilo Festetics are also there. This Count Festetics, by the way, married the divorced first wife of the reigning Prince of Monaco, who is himself married again. Among other notabilities are the Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, General Gourko, Mr. Arthur Rothschild, and the Marquis de Rudini. The marquis, it will be remembered, was Italian foreign minister when the United States and Italy had trouble over the New Orleans riots. Ex-President Casimir-Périer, his wife, daughter, two governesses, and several servants arrived at Nice a few days ago. A large crowd collected, and just as he was leaving the station, an elderly man shouted from one of the windows, "A bas le franc-fleur," which might be freely translated "Down with the man that skipped!" The crowd seemed to sympathize with the man who did the hooting.

The Emperor of Austria has arrived at Mentone. He was met by the empress and her sister, Countess Trani. The empress drove him in her victoria to Cap Martin, where they are stopping at the new hotel built about five years ago by an English company. It is a handsome, white stone building on the cape which juts out between Mentone and Monte Carlo. The emperor occupies a suite of ten rooms in addition to the sixteen which the empress already uses. The day after their arrival, the Empress Eugénie came over from her villa and took lunch with the Empress of Austria. The next day the Empress Elizabeth returned Eugénie's call. The President of the French Republic, M. Félix Faure, sent a telegram of welcome to the Emperor of Austria. It was intended to pay him some official honors, but Franz Josef instructed the Austrian Ambassador to decline them, as he was traveling *incognito*. To add to the royalties at the south, the ex-queen of Naples is here, and Queen Victoria's coming is daily expected. Vast quantities of luggage have already arrived, and the queen's personal effects already here fill three large luggage vans.

People who have come to the south for summer have not found it this time. The weather has been something unusual. On the second day of February there was snow all over the house-tops in Mentone, sprinkled over the orange-trees and covering the rose-bushes. At Nice it snowed up to midnight, and in Cannes it was even more severe. One of the finest gardens on the Riviera has been almost ruined by the snow and frost. It belongs to Miss Alice de Rothschild's "Villa Victoria," where she always spends the winter. People have suffered much from the cold down here, and the hotel-keepers have begun to fear that Egypt, the Riviera's rival, will ruin the Riviera. But we hope not. At all events, the Battle of Flowers was announced to take place as usual, although it looked as if we would bombard each other with snow-balls instead of bouquets. But all turned out well. The floral fight was started at Mentone on the twelfth; the snow had melted away, and the sun was so hot that sunshades were necessary. The affair was a great success. The two carriages most admired were the victoria of Mlle. Liane de Pougy, the Parisian *cocotte*, and the landau of Miss Stevens, daughter of the American painter. Queer contrasts—eh?

Talking of Egypt, we hear from Cairo that it is filled with American and English pleasure-seekers, the Americans principally affecting Shepherd's Hotel. Among the Americans at present in Cairo are Mr. and Mrs. Stanton K. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Tihbits, Colonel B. Donohue and his sister, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. James Eldridge and Miss Eldridge, Miss Sanders, Major J. H. Smith, and Colonel and Mrs. Harrington. There are several Californians up the Nile. Mr. D. O. Mills and Colonel Fred Crocker, of California, have been making the Nile trip, accompanied by Mrs. Easton, while Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt, of New York, chartered a Cook steamer for the Nile, and had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Purdy, of New York, and Messrs. W. and H. Babcock, of California. This party has returned, and the Babcock brothers have made some excellent hags of snipe and teal on the lakes near Cairo. In one day last week, nineteen hundred and thirty-five birds were shot by seventy guns at a lake, about thirty miles from Cairo, preserved by Prince Omar Toussoun. The Vanderbilts and their party have been stopping at the Continental. Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. William C. Whitney, who have been in Cairo recently, were presented to the Khedive.

In a couple of weeks the stream of pleasure-seekers will pour back toward the Riviera again. For in a fortnight the great annual yachting cruises begin at Cannes, and then comes the spring season in Paris. WANDERJAHN.

RIVIERA DI PONENTE, February, 1895.

A number of people who had bought tickets for the Mediterranean tour, starting with the French liner *La Touraine*, which sailed from New York three weeks ago, were too timid to make the trip, and hacked out at the last moment. The loss of the *Elbe*, and the rough voyages reported by the incoming steamers, led some of the intending tourists to decide that they could be more comfortable on land than on the bosom of mother ocean in a winter's gale. Tickets for the tour, which cost six hundred dollars, were offered, half an hour before the *Touraine* pulled out, for as little as fifty dollars, and, in one instance, a Chicago man gave his ticket away to a friend who expressed a desire to make the tour.

Lord Brassey, who was recently appointed Governor of Victoria, will be the first colonial governor to sail to his government in his own ship. He will go to Melbourne in his famous *Sunbeam*, and take with him in tow his twenty-ton cutter, the *Dragon*.

A clever woman said the other day that the secret of success, from a woman's standpoint, "is to let no man know how much one likes him, and no woman how much one dislikes her."

THE BOOMING OF ROME.

Charles Dwight Willard in "The Land of Sunshine."

July, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-seven; and the mid-summer madness of the great Boom prevailed in Southern California.

Three men stood on the top of a low, flat hill and examined a map.

"Name it—Rome," suggested one of them.

"Rome?" said another, doubtfully. "It wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Rome, Italy, was not," said the first speaker, "but Rome, California, shall be."

Those who played the parts of Romulus, Remus, and Celer were the President, Vice-President, and Treasurer of the Glorious Climate Land and Water Company. Their names are not material, but conveniently to distinguish them one from another, we shall make use of their titles, respectively General, Colonel, and Major. *Dulce et decorum est* to serve one's country on the field of battle, vanquishing her enemies, and upholding the honor of her flag. That is one way to secure distinction and a military title. A somewhat simpler method is to provide occasional drinks and cigars for the Gentlemen of the Press. The pen is mightier than the sword.

The Major had been a citizen of Los Angeles one month—he still sometimes inadvertently said "you" when he meant "we."

The Colonel had two months longer to his credit, and intended to run for the office of County Supervisor at the next election.

The General was a veritable old-timer. He had been living in Los Angeles now nearly a year.

Nobody knew whence they came. There they were: that's all. In this matter they were no worse off (or shall we say no better) than many others at that same time and place. The General, for example, when he was introduced to strangers had a way of saying in a loud voice: "Yes, sir! My name is Bangs, sir. And that was my name before I came here." Then he would look aggressively around, and it happened not infrequently that of them that heard him one or two would turn a little pale and cast down their eyes.

Ah, whither have they gone, those judges, commodores, and generals who for a brief time seemed to own the town? Can it be that they are all in Oklahoma?

The capital stock of the Glorious Climate Company was five millions of dollars, of which sum four hundred and fifty dollars had been subscribed and paid in. It was well known, however, that the company was backed by a powerful English syndicate. In those days, when a man desired to enter upon any little enterprise, such as building a railroad, constructing a deep-water harbor, or founding a large manufacturing centre, he would always take care first to secure the backing of some powerful English syndicate. They were always powerful; nobody ever heard of a weak one.

The only other assets of the Glorious Climate Company was a document bearing the signature of a degenerate scion of a once illustrious Castilian house—an option on a piece of land favorably located for a town-site.

The General, for all that the seams of his coat were shiny and his cuffs somewhat frayed, carried about with him, nevertheless, a secret talisman. He had a "pull" with the railroad. The information had come to him "from the inside" that the California or Bust Railroad (projected) was to pass directly through the tract covered by their option.

Believe in this railroad? Well, they knew the public did, anyhow—the dear, trustful public that always believes in things.

The Colonel had been a newspaper man in his early days, and understood the gentle art of "working the press." In a surprisingly short time, everybody in Southern California knew that great things were in store for the new city of Rome—there could be no doubt of it, because the newspapers said so.

On a certain day in August, the tract was to be thrown open to the public in a grand auction. In the meantime a few lots were disposed of at private sale—principally to newspaper men, public officials of high standing, railway magnates, famous writers, and actors.

The Major was to act as auctioneer. He admitted to his partners that he had never sold lots in his life, his greatest efforts heretofore in the line of misrepresentation having been limited to the trading of horses.

"The principle seems to be about the same, however," he said. "Ask five times what it is worth, and then take whatever is offered."

He was a cool and easy speaker. The crowd, the music, and the enthusiastic cheering of the cappers moved him to extraordinary effort. Many of those who came to scoff remained to buy.

No one was more astonished at the result of the sale than the conspirators themselves. There was money enough to transform the option into a deed, pay all the debts of the company, establish a handsome bank account, and fill the pockets of all three with coin.

So much prosperity terrified the Major, who anxiously inquired whether they had not better divide up and bolt. The others laughed at his fears. They had accomplished thus much with no money at all. There was no limit to what they could do now with reestablished credit and a full locker.

"But we must change our tactics," the General admitted. "Heretofore it has been faith and not works that we have offered the public. We must show them that we mean business, that we are laying the foundation of a great city."

The next day fifty men went to work in Rome, and the dirt began to fly in all directions. They were laying out a city on a grand scale.

A second auction sale was to take place in a few weeks. In the meantime brokers in the employ of the company

went about buying back a few of the lots already sold, thereby stiffening the market. Several thousand street railway ties, rented for a short time, were scattered through the tract to foreshadow the coming tramways.

To hear of these things through the newspapers did the public seriously incline. When the second sale took place, the crowd in attendance was enormous. People fought for places, and offered to pay such amazing prices, that the Major, hardened horse-dealer that he was, almost hesitated to accept the bids. When the day was done, the city of Rome had passed completely out of the possession of the company.

Now it was the General who counseled immediate flight. He had received a little more "inside information"—the C. B. R. R. was not coming to California at all! "We must get out of the country before that is sprung," said he, "or we shall be tarred and feathered."

"And the many promises of the Glorious Climate Company," said the Colonel—"the boulevards we were to build, parks to lay out, public buildings to construct—how about them?"

The General smiled. "Let the English syndicate take care of all that," said he.

A few days later, the trio had disappeared. So had the laborers upon the foundations of Rome. As a matter of fact, the great boom in Southern California was at an end. The impression began to leak into many people that somewhere they had heard something about "a fool and his money."

As for the three, they certainly were no fools. But—

The General went to New York and lost it all in Wall Street.

The Colonel went to Ohio and lost it all trying to found a newspaper.

The Major went to Europe and lost it all at Monte Carlo. Naturally each, when stranded, appealed to the others. Naturally, too, the reply in each case was depressing. It was seven years after the episode of Rome that the three men drifted together again in Chicago.

The General's coat was again shiny at the seams and his cuffs frayed as before. The Colonel drank beer and smoked cheap cigars. The Major had evidently taken to strong liquors.

Each confessed to discontent, though none of them was disposed to go into particulars. All lamented the halcyon days of the founding of Rome.

"There was no such combination as that at Monte Carlo," said the Major.

"No such lambs in Wall Street," sighed the General.

"No such suckers in Ohio," echoed the Colonel.

"Why not go back there?" asked the General. "I don't mean to Rome, for the coyotes must have jumped that claim, but to Southern California."

"Walk?" said the Colonel, briefly.

"I can get the transportation," said the General. "My pull with the road still holds good—one way."

"One way?" repeated the Major.

"Yes—away from New York, where my swell relatives live. The return is not so easy."

"Shall we go by the California or Bust line?" asked the Major, with a grin.

"You needn't laugh," said the General. "That road was built after all, and I intend to get passes over it."

Four days later, as the C. B. R. R. "Overland" was nearing the end of its run, the three comrades, deep in a poker game in the smoking-car, were electrified to hear a passenger saying:

"This station is Rome. Grown quite a city, hasn't it?"

"Wha-a-t!" cried the General, dropping his cards. "Is there a Rome on this line?"

"Is there?" echoed the passenger. "Just look out of the window and see!"

The three rushed to the platform just as the train drew up at a handsome station surrounded by a well-kept park. In plain letters over the door they read the name:

R O M E .

"Yes, it's the place," said the Colonel. "Don't you see the hills covered with beautiful residences—just as I predicted they would be."

The General led the way out into the main street. It was built up solidly with substantial-looking business blocks. The sidewalks were crowded with people moving briskly. Several street-cars and omnibuses passed, well-filled with arrivals from the train.

The officers of the one-time G. C. L. & W. C. walked on for some distance without speaking.

At length the Major, turning to the General, broke out: "What do you suppose property is worth here in the business section?"

The General groaned, but did not speak.

"If we had only held on!" said the Colonel. "If we had only believed a little bit of our own lies!"

"And these lots that we let go for a song," said the Major, indignantly, "are now crowded with big buildings, and worth no end of money. We were robbed, gentlemen! I say robbed!"

"What are we doing here?" growled the General, sarcastically. "Think of taking an option on the city? Let's get out! I see no particular opening here for the geese that didn't save Rome. The walking is good. Come along out of this!"

And three figures moved down the track in solemn, silent, single file.

Near Moulins recently a vicious bull gave the occasion for testing the power of the Lebel carbine. The soldiers were called out to kill the bull. A bullet from an army gun entered at the bull's shoulder and came out at the crupper, completely traversing the bull's body; the large bones were pierced with round holes without splintering. It is believed that the bullet would have passed through eight men in a row.

STROLLING PLAYERS IN THE EAST.

Choice Bits from Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln's Pleasant Tale of Travel—The Life of the Orient, as Viewed by an American Actress.

"When We were Strolling Players in the East" (Scribners) is a title that seems to promise much pleasant reading, and so it does, though not of the kind expected. For it mentions theatrical affairs only incidentally, and is really an entertaining account of the people and customs of the Orient as seen by Mrs. Miln and her husband while returning from Australia to England by way of Ceylon, India, China, and Japan.

Ceylon was the first place the adventurous couple touched; and before the lady had left her cabin—indeed, before she had had time to put on her clothes—she was introduced to a characteristic Oriental type and scene:

A Cingalese man had his head thrust well inside my port-hole. His fine aquiline features were covered with a rich brown skin. His long, black hair was twisted into a small but prominent knob at the back of his square head. In the knob was thrust eight inches of convex tortoise-shell, which in the bright sunshine of the early morning sparkled like a queen's coronet. "Salaam, beautiful English lady!" he cried, before my astonishment had let me speak; "I bring you many beautiful silk—much beautiful sapphire, pearls, not white as your neck, but white as the neck of another." He threw a square foot of morocco at my naked feet. I picked it up to throw it back, but it opened, and I held it a moment. I had seen the Mediterranean when it was good-humored, and the sky in Italy. I never saw blue until I looked into that leather casket of rings. Oh, those sapphires, cunningly relieved here and there by a glinting cat's-eye or a gleaming pearl! "Go away," I said, handing up the box, "I'm not dressed." "Beautiful English lady, buy," he replied, ignoring his gems. I glanced into the diminutive P. and O. mirror. My nose was unbuckled; my hair was in curl-papers. I have seen uglier women, but not many. That naturally annoyed me. "Take your rubbish away," I said, sharply. "I don't want. I've no money." The first statement was untrue. I did want them. Only a blind woman could look on Ceylon sapphires without longing to wear them. With the poetic sense peculiar to the East, it was my last and true statement that he disregarded. "Lady take one ring, two ring, six ring. I come hotel get money." "I'm going to London," I said, lying glibly. I was anxious to get on deck. I wanted to dress. "Lady send me money from London. I trust. No English sir, no English madame, cheat poor native man." I have heard English honor upheld in Westminster. I have heard it praised directly and indirectly by almost all the peoples in Europe and in America; but, to me, that was the establishment of English honor. And it was so all over the East. I was not an Englishwoman, but I was the next best thing, the wife of an Englishman, and I could buy on credit half the curios in the East if I wished.

A passage which brings out delightfully the difference between the European and the Oriental attitude to women is the following, in which a local guide is the hero of the story:

He never would tell us his real name. I used to try to bribe him. His master would threaten him. He had but one reply for threat or bribe: "Andrew is my Christian name. I am a Cold Water Baptist." He never seemed able to lessen my dense ignorance of the interesting subject of Cold Water Baptists. But he could talk glibly enough about the faith he had forsown. And I observed that he seemed on intimate terms with the priests at all the native temples, and never failed to drop a copper in the temple box. I concluded that his conversion had been purely commercial. He told me that the "Padre Sahib" had given him three coats. It is easier to give a native a coat than a belief.

On the day of the first performance at Colombo, Andrew manifested his faith in the relations of the sexes:

I went to the theatre about four o'clock to see if the *ayah* I had engaged to help me at the theatre had put my dressing-room into proper trim. As I passed in, I noticed Andrew sitting on the lowest rung of a bamboo ladder. He was looking very vicious. He muttered "Salaam" rather than said it, and did not rise. . . . "Would you mind speaking to this young imp of your husband's?" said the stage-manager; "he won't let us take the governor's things into the dressing-room." My heart warmed to Andrew. "Quite right," I said; "the room certainly must be cleaned out first." "Oh! he doesn't in the least mind the dirt," explained Jimmy; "he's offended because your dressing-room is better than the governor's." I had known a prominent actor in—well, never mind where—who used to dress luxuriously off the stage, while his wife climbed up a flight of narrow stairs, and wandered down a dark corridor to a grewsome little closet. But that any one would ever expect my husband to be brute enough to allow me to do anything of that kind had never occurred to me. I felt vexed for the moment. Then we came upon Andrew, sitting on the ladder, doggedly guarding his master's luggage. . . . His master came in. Andrew sprang to him. "The memsahib has a more nice room," he said, impressively. "The memsahib has a beastly hole. Go and tell that Madrassi old in front that I want a carpet, and a sofa, and some nice chairs here in half an hour, for the memsahib's room—mind you."

Poor Andrew gasped and went out. But his manner to me changed from that moment.

And, finally, here is Andrew's whole philosophy and last word as to woman:

Andrew and I grew better friends. He used to bring me some little present every morning—three or four flowers, or a basket of coconuts, or a spray of cinnamon. He said one day, to my nurse: "The master like the memsahib. I want please the master—I must please the memsahib. When the memsahib grow old and her teeth drop out, the master will sell her and buy a new wife." We overheard this remark of Andrew's. My husband was delighted, and to this day often holds the threat over my silencing head. But I grew to really like Andrew, he was so unmistakably fond of his master. I believe that he grew to really like me, for the same reason.

Mrs. Miln is more enthusiastic over the Burmese than over any other of the Eastern races she encountered. "The Burmese," she says, "are a tender-hearted, affectionate race, and the most affecting death-bed parting I ever saw was between a Burmese man and his dying mother." "I have often thought," she says in another passage, "the Burmese the cleanest people on earth; certainly they are the cleanest people in the East." One of the secrets of this hold the Burmese established on the heart of Mrs. Miln was their intense brightness of spirits. She writes:

A Burmese village burns; the entire property, all the belongings of the inhabitants, are destroyed. The men set to work and build a theatre on the smoldering ruins; the women gather plantains from the nearest tree, until their silk pootoes are full; the pretty Burmese children climb the trees and drop the yellow fruit down into their pretty mothers' out-held garments; the men complete the impromptu theatre, while the women roast the fruit. Then they eat, and wash their meal down with brook-water, with laughter, and with song; then they bathe their hands and lips in the nearest stream, which is sure not to be far away; then they have a theatrical performance, and so console themselves for the loss of their homes and their little earthly all. But for the loss of a relative or a close friend they are never consoled. They grieve quietly—which is very un-Eastern—but they grieve persistently.

And here is a pretty picture of how the Burmese enjoy themselves:

A Burmese feast is a very pretty sight. The meal is usually spread on a very low table, about which the diners sit—sit on the floor, of course. Sometimes the meal is eaten out of doors. Then the howls of food are arranged on the ground. The dishes are intertwined with strings of fragrant flowers. The Burmese string the blossoms of the sweetest of their flowers on long threads, and make slender, perfumed flower-ropes which they wear about their necks, twist among their hair, hang over their doorways, and with which they decorate their tables. Nothing could form a prettier picture than a number of Burmese in festival dress. Their flower-twined heads, their lithe, graceful bodies, deftly wrapped in delicately hued silks, their sleeves of embroidered net, and their jackets of flowered velvet or of brocade silk, are enhanced here and there by milky pearls, by curiously carved gold, by quaintly wrought silver, by softly blue turquoise, and mystic moonstones. . . . Each viand is put on the table in one large bowl, out of which every one present eats (as you or I should have done had we lived in the time of Chaucer) with their fingers. While they eat, they drink a great deal of water. After they have washed their hands and lips, they smoke. All the Burmese smoke—men, women, and children. I have seen a mother giving a child, who cried for the breast at an inopportune moment, by puffing him her cigar, and the baby made a rather successful attempt to puff it. The Burmese cigars are very large, but they are extremely mild.

When Mrs. Miln comes to speak of the position of her own sex in Burmah, she is especially enthusiastic. "In Burmah," she cries out, "marriage is not a failure; it is a stupendous success." "I know," writes Mrs. Miln, "of but one other race of women who are upon an equality, socially, legally, and financially, with men as are the Burmese women—the American woman is as free as the Burmese woman, but no more so." And, finally, listen to this glowing eulogium on the Burmese woman: "The Burmese women are as graceful as the women of Japan; as gentle, as lovable as the women of Denmark; as vivacious as the women of France; as capable as the women of America; and as feminine as the women of England at their best." Of Burmese marriage Mrs. Miln writes:

I know no other country in the world in which so overwhelming a proportion of marriages are extremely happy. I never knew a Burmese husband and wife to quarrel, and Europeans who have spent many years among the Burmese tell me that such quarrels are almost unknown. This may be, in part, because the Burmese are dowered with kind, easy-going, affectionate, faithful temperaments. The Burmese are tenderly devoted to their children. A common love of little children cements many a broken marriage, strengthens many a real love—the world over. But I believe that the reason of reasons for the universality of happy marriages in Burmah is the sensible way in which marriage is undertaken, and the just way in which it is carried out. . . . The Burmese women . . . are on an absolute equality with men as nature will permit. All the equality that man can give woman he has given her in Burmah. . . . The women of Burmah accept gracefully the limitations of nature—that is the great, great lesson they can teach the women of England. The limitless consideration of the Burmese men for the Burmese women has not enervated the women of Burmah. The Burmese women, though they never bustle, are never loud-mouthed, are never slovenly, yet are the most energetic, the most industrious women in the world. Petting has not spoiled the women of Burmah. That is the great lesson they have for the women of America.

Especially interesting is Mrs. Miln's account of the Burmese courtship. She says:

When a girl reaches a marriageable age—when she has reached young womanhood and feels inclined for the greater womanhood of marriage—she very simply places a light in her own particular case; then the would-be Benedicts gather about her. Night after night they "call." Night after night she and her parents receive them. The Burmese women are always most careful in their toilets; but at this period their care becomes superlative. The Burmese women are always pretty; their taste in dress is exquisite; and when a Burmese maiden lights the incense lamp and sits down to await her suitors, they can teach a picture of pretty humanity of which the women of Europe may well be envious. The Burmese maiden who desires marriage, and tells it through her pretty lamp, is not overbold, nor does she seem so to her countrymen. The Burmese regard marriage as so much a woman's greatest right—they so entirely believe it to be her highest and best career—that the girl who announces her readiness for marriage is neither ashamed nor shamed.

Here is a delightful picture of the Burmese maiden at this interesting moment in her life:

The lamp is lit; the suitors are coming. Yes, she is vastly pretty. Her long black hair is quaintly, carefully, but not grotesquely dressed; it is softly perfumed, and fresh, dewy flowers rest amid its silken coils. Every feature is pretty, but prettiest are her dainty ears and her small hands and feet. In her ears gleam twin pearls and rubies, and her little hands are heavy with the same gems. . . . Mah Me wears a petticoat, a graceful silken petticoat. It has been woven in a Burmese loom. The colors are bright and varied, but they are matchlessly blended, and the pattern is as exquisite as it is Oriental. An outer skirt (indeed, it is a straight piece of soft silk) falls above the petticoat. It is a soft, bright pink; it is striped with dull, dark colors, and with gold and silver threads. It falls behind Mah Me in a pretty demi-train way. Under her arms is folded a broad band of red silk; it forms a pretty, simple bodice, and keeps in place the pretty, simple skirts. A sheer muslin jacket covers her shoulders and her upper arms. It is open from her bosom. She half wears, half carries, a blue and silver shawl. Her soft brown neck is modestly covered by chains of pure gold, in which glitter the gems of Burmah—gems dug from the invaluable mines for which we so eagerly long. Mah Me is smoking a big Burmese cigar. The Burmese cigars look very formidable, but in reality they are the mildest of weeds. But the Burmans are devoted to them, and only cease to smoke when they sleep. To-night is her first night "at home to suitors." A dozen or more will probably come. She will give them pickled tea, and they will chat, and sing, and play upon their tinkling native instruments. Every Burman is a musician, skillful and inveterate, if somewhat primitive. The Burmese, unlike the other Oriental peoples, do not drink tea, they eat it. The Burmese pickle it with oil and garlic. As rice is the staff of Burmese life, so is pickled tea the dish of Burmese ceremony; so Mah Me gives her suitors pickled tea. Night after night they come, until she smiles on one more than on his fellows, then their ranks thin; the favored remains, the others go; the betrothal is accomplished; the mothers of the young couple confer; the bridegroom presents his bride with a dowry; the marriage is celebrated by a feast; the bride and bridegroom sit side by side and eat from one dish. No marriage ceremony could be simpler, none could be more significant. On the marriage night, the friends who have partaken of the marriage feast pelt the house with stones. This musicless serenade is kept up for an incredible time, but the silence and the dark come at last, and the young husband and wife drift quietly into the happiness of peaceful Burmese married life. I have sometimes thought, when looking at the Burmese women, that perhaps one secret of the constant affection of the Burmese husbands was the constant neatness of the Burmese wives. No one, I believe, has ever seen a Burmese woman untidy; their persons and their garments are always fresh, bright, and spotless. Some one asked me recently, "What about divorce in Burmah?" I never heard of divorce in Burmah. I am not, of course, prepared to say that there is no such thing; but certainly it is very rare. When it is necessary, I daresay they deal with it as simply and as sensibly as they do with marriage. But the only divorce of which they are very generally cognizant is the great divorce, the divorce decreed by death.

Lack of space alone forbids further quotations from this charming book. It is undoubtedly one of the most entertaining of the year.

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

New York Society Going to the Dogs—The Success of the Bench Show—The Close of a Brilliant Season—Mrs. Dinsmore's Dinner Dance.

During the past week society has been going to the dogs. On Tuesday, February 19th, the Westminster Kennel Club opened its nineteenth annual Bench Show in Madison Square Garden. Some sixteen hundred dogs were on exhibition and about fifteen thousand dollars distributed in prizes. Every kind of dog, from mastiffs to terriers, were in evidence, although lap dogs and toy dogs do not seem to be such favorites with the women as they were. Fox-terriers and Skye-terriers seem to have displaced the others in the female heart. Sir Bedevere, the magnificent St. Bernard dog, winner of the challenge prize for several years, was probably the star of the show. He is a very sedate dog, and received the attention of his feminine worshippers with grave dignity. Rivaling him are Major McKinley, the great Dane champion, and Beaufort's Black Prince, the king of mastiffs. This latter dog is valued at two thousand five hundred dollars. George Gould has a fine exhibit of pointers, and won a number of prizes in that class. J. Pierpont Morgan won most of the collie prizes. But the list of prizes fills some three columns of fine type in the dailies, and is too long even to cull from. Among the well-known ladies who were exhibiting are Mrs. Edwin W. Fiske, Mrs. T. H. Benedict, Mrs. Frank Rivers, Mrs. Trevor, Mrs. S. A. Nickerson, and Mrs. Perry Tiffany. One of the ladies who exhibited was unfortunate enough to lose eight dogs. Mrs. Ferdinand Senn had eight spaniels in the Bench Show, and some person gave them poisoned food. All died. The Westminster Kennel Club has offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the conviction of the miscreants. When this news was circulated among the exhibitors, it was very unfortunate for the other dogs, for the excited ladies who owned them feared that the entire outfit had been poisoned. So there were any number of terriers, spaniels, pugs, and poodles dosed with emetics by their excited owners until the dogs came to the conclusion that life was a failure and woman a fraud. The last day of the show there were over fifteen thousand persons in Madison Square Garden.

Society generally has been in a dizzy whirl as the end of the season approached. The *bal poudré* of last week has been much discussed, and the appearance of the ladies in powdered hair and patches is admitted to have been very fetching. It was the general impression that commonplace faces were improved and that beautiful ones were not. There has been nothing so striking in New York since the famous fancy-dress ball of the Vanderbilts about twelve years ago, when a *rapprochement* was brought about between these two American princely houses, and the Astors admitted the Vanderbilts into the charmed circle of society. At that ball most of the women were in white from coiffure to slippers, and a number appeared in monochrome costumes at the *bal poudré* of last week. The next event to be the talk of the town was Mrs. Clarence Grey Dinsmore's dinner dance at Sherry's. Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore, who are about to sail for Europe, gave this entertainment as a species of farewell. Sherry's entire establishment was engaged, and the decorations were of the most elaborate description. The guests were received in the Pink Room, and the dinner was set in the ball-room. In this room were twelve circular tables, set with fine silver and glass, and a huge silver punch-bowl was in the centre of each table, supplemented by silver vases filled with flowers. From the centre of the dome over the ball-room hung a mammoth ball of red roses dotted with minute electric-light bulbs. The flowers came from the conservatories of the beautiful country home of the Dinsmores, at Staatsburg. A string orchestra played while the guests were assembling for dinner, and ceased when dinner began. Mrs. Dinsmore led the way to the dining saloon, escorted by Mr. Peter Marie, the famous old beau of New York. She wore an elegant gown of miroir blue velvet, trimmed with old lace, and her diamonds were regal. Mr. Dinsmore took in Mrs. Brockholst Cutting. The twelve tables were designated by the letters of the alphabet, the hostess being at table A. The gentlemen, before entering the reception-room, were each furnished with cards and diagrams showing the positions of their tables, the letters of their tables, the places at their tables, and the names of the ladies they were to take in. The dinner was a very elaborate one, and after dinner the guests repaired to the small ball-room, which had been turned for the nonce into a theatre. Chairs were placed around small tables, at which coffee was served, and the gentlemen were allowed to smoke, which gave a faintly Bohemian air to the gathering. A vaudeville entertainment then took place, the programme beginning with Miss Maggie Cline, who gave her celebrated song, "T'row him down, McClosky." Another star was Miss Cissy Loftus, in her imitations, Santelli, the skirt-dancer, and Cinquevali, the equilibrist. For over an hour the guests sat witnessing the vaudeville performance, after which they returned to the ball-room, which in the interim had been cleared for dancing. As it was a ball, the dancing was general, there being no cotillion. About two o'clock an elaborate hot supper was served, and after a few dances by the younger and more enthusiastic members, the party broke up. It was one of the most successful affairs given in New York this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore spend nearly every summer in Europe. They have a town-house and a beautiful country place on the Hudson, and when they are in America divide their time between these two. But they are much abroad. They generally leave here in the spring, returning in the early autumn, spending the Indian summer months at their country place, the winter in New York city, and then sail for Europe again. They are truly birds of passage. Mrs. Dinsmore was a Miss Jerome, and is a cousin of Lady Randolph Churchill. She is a sister of Harry Jerome, who

married Miss Lilly Hastings, of San Francisco; both are well known on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Dinsmore is a woman of great beauty, and in Paris she is looked upon as one of the belles of the American colony.

As Lent begins, many New Yorkers are in the habit of sailing at once for Europe. They generally go first to the south of France or to Italy, and then repair to the north as the spring weather sets in. In addition to the Dinsmores, the Bradley Martins, the John Jacob Astors, and the newly married De Castellanes sail in a few days.

There were a number of musical and dramatic first nights on Monday, February 26th. The German Opera Troupe, opened at the Metropolitan, in "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Walter Damrosch was received with great enthusiasm, and at the end of the first act there were six curtain-calls, several at the end of the second act, and at the close of the performance Mr. Damrosch was called twice before the curtain, but declined to make any speech. Many flowers were banded over the footlights for Frau Sucher, as well as a wreath for Herr Alvary. Despite the enthusiasm, I do not think the performance was a good one. Such is the factional feeling in New York that the Wagneromanes consider it their duty to applaud frantically every performance of the music of their favorite master. But the Damrosch rendering of "Tristan and Isolde" was only mediocre. Alvary has grown—in bulk, that is—but he has not grown musically. Wagner music is so exigent that carelessness on the part of the artists is infinitely more dangerous to the success of the *ensemble* than is the case with the operas of the Italian school.

Mr. Daly revived on Monday night "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." He has cut the comedy into four acts instead of five. He has equipped it with beautiful scenery, has fitted the actors with handsome and correct costumes, has introduced music by adequate singers in picturesque ways, and still the play seemed to weary the audience. As a matter of fact, despite Miss Ada Reban and the other finished artists in Mr. Daly's company, the star of the evening was a Scotch terrier. This is the dog that accompanies Launce. It is sad to have to relate that the star rôle at a Daly performance was only a thinking part done by a dog.

At the Bijou, Miss Camille d'Arville appeared in a comic opera, called "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss," by Stanley Stange, the music by Julian Edward. Miss d'Arville was in good voice, and was very well supported by Aubrey Boucicault, who takes the rôle of Baron de Grim, a septuagenarian who is made young again by a maiden's kiss. The music of the new piece is conventional, and the orchestration is very thin. The libretto is poor.

At Hoyt's Theatre, Frohman's company produced a farce-comedy in three acts, called "The Foundling." The star of this piece is Cissy Fitzgerald, who is a deserter from the ranks of the "Gaiety Girl" troupe. Mr. E. M. Holland appears in the piece as an old *roué*, who is unmercifully henpecked. He has flirtations with a music-hall dancer, the rôle taken by Miss Fitzgerald. The piece abounds in suggestive scenes, and so, for that matter, does Miss Cissy Fitzgerald's dancing.

But the dramatic event of the week was the appearance of Réjane in "Madame Sans-Gêne" at Abbey's Theatre. It is only a few weeks since I gave you the plot of the play in an account of the English production here by Kathryn Kidder. But the people did not come to see the play—they came to see Réjane. She is not pretty, but she has a piquant face, a turned-up nose, a saucy mouth, laughing eyes, red-brown hair, and a trim and shapely figure. She makes a very lavish display of this in the second act, where she is trying on bats, boots, slippers, gowns, and riding-babits. It was in this second act that the New York audience began to think that she was overdoing her part—broadening her lines—playing down to the comprehension of the barbarous foreigners. But they were mistaken. She played the rôle exactly as she played it in Paris and London. The Parisian critics condemned her for her broad methods in this act, which, in truth, ran perilously near to burlesque. But she did not change her methods.

To be frank, Réjane did not make a hit last night. The audience in the prologue and the first act were interested, but after that they began to yawn. The waits between the acts were frightfully long. The company was only a mediocre one. The costumes and scenery were not as good as they were at the Broadway theatre. In fact, many said that the English production was the better of the two.

The French actress had a very fine house to receive her. As representing art and letters, I may mention Mr. C. Dana Gibson and Mr. J. A. Mitchell, of *Life*; as representing the borse, Mr. Fred Gebhard and Mr. de Courcy Forbes; as representing sugar, Mr. Theodore Havermeyer; as representing "the styge," Mr. "Abe" Hummel, Mr. Frank Sanger, and many others; as representing Paree, Mr. and Mrs. Grau and M. Parel (who is Mister Réjane); as representing the ancient régime, Mr. Peter Marie; and as representing "sassiety," Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, and the rest of the *Life* list. A party in a box that was much stared at was one of which young J. W. Mackay was the host. It included Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, Miss Mary Turnure, Mr. Frederic H. Baldwin, and Mr. Clarence H. Mackay. The party had just come from the Waldorf, where Mr. Mackay had given them a "First Empire dinner." Everything, from the plates to the dinner-favors, was Napoleonic. By the way, the attentions of young Mr. Mackay to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt have been quite marked of late. Her mother will probably secure her divorce decree from William K. in a day or two, when mother and daughter sail for Europe. It is whispered that young Mackay will follow them, and try to win Miss Consuelo. I wish him luck. These counts and princes and things are too numerous. The American boys had better get in, and keep some of our heiresses home.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1895.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Readers of Marion Crawford's story, "Casa Braccio," now appearing in the *Century*, will be interested in knowing that the facts as given by Mr. Crawford are true, the actual scene being in South America instead of Italy. The nun who ran away with the Scotch surgeon was the niece of a bishop. A skeleton was placed in the bed before it was set on fire, instead of the body in Mr. Crawford's story. After much suffering, the surgeon and his wife reached the sea-coast and found a vessel sailing to England. They lived for many years in Edinburgh. That part of the story which has not already appeared is imaginary. In reply to the accusation that he stole his plot from another writer, Mr. Crawford clears his skirts entirely by saying in a letter to a friend:

"The paper in the old *Appleton's [Journal]* was written by Mrs. Hobson, my wife's aunt, who told me the story. The paper in *Appleton's* contains the exact facts as they happened, and Mrs. Hobson gave them to me from memory, saying that she regretted her inability to find the old number of the magazine. She and I agreed that it could not be a plagiarism to make use of a true story. . . . Mrs. Hobson lived many years in South America, where she actually knew the man's daughter."

Mr. Crawford's story has given great offense to the Roman Catholic press of this country.

"Gallia" is the title of a story of modern society which the traveler in the Carpathians, Miss Menie Muriel Dowie (Mrs. Norman), is about to publish. It "sets forth the modern view of elective affinities in a frank way."

A novel by Hermann Sudermann, "The Wish," is soon to be published by the Messrs. Appleton. Sudermann holds a high position among modern German story-writers as well as dramatists, but is not very well known in this country, although one of his books, "Dame Care," was published in Harper's popular Old Number Series. A biographical and critical introduction by Elizabeth Lee will accompany "The Wish."

The (London) *World* gives the following severe critique of John Oliver Hobbes's latest book:

"In a story entitled 'A Study in Temptations,' forming part of 'The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes,' we find the following passage, apropos of a brand-new widow's views of second marriage: 'It wanted a Shakespeare, she thought, to make Lady Anne accept Richard the Third over her husband's coffin: it must have been then or never!' The italics are ours. This erudite writer who carefully calls the vagrant husband of Penelope 'Odysseus,' who mentions Oedipus with casual familiarity, informs us that there were men 'taller' than Agamemnon, talks of 'the Venus of the Luxembourg' and the goddess of Milo, and makes a painter propose that he and his wife should go to Mount Athos (!) in the interests of the lady's painting, differentiates the Stoic from the Epicurean philosophy as follows: 'Men heap together the mistakes of their lives and create a monster which they call Destiny. Some take a mournful joy in contemplating the ugliness of the idol. These are called Stoics. Others build it a temple like Solomon's, and worship the temple. These are called Epicureans.' When the author deals with things she does understand, she writes with a certain labored cleverness, which she conceives to be assisted by short sentences, many capitals, and a plentiful sprinkling of irreverence occasionally approaching profanity. If she has found the prototypes of the singularly unpleasant and unwholesome people of her stories—the goddess, heartless, worthless women, and the unmanly, affected, posing men—among her acquaintance, we should say the latter wants weeding. But we are inclined to regard the actors in 'The Sinner's Comedy,' the components of 'A Bundle of Life,' and the objects of 'A Study in Temptations' as so many examples of her own creative power."

It will be a pleasure to the admirers of the sonnet to know that Maurice Francis Egan, whose "Maurice de Guerin," "Flowers," and "Theocritus" are in all the anthologies of sonnets, has at length broken the silence of many years. His "Resurrection" will appear in the *Century* for April.

Auguste Vacquerie, the dramatist, poet, and journalist, who died in Paris on February 19th, was born in 1819, and was one of the founders of *L'Evenement* (1838) and *Le Rappel* (1869).

Professor Max Nordau's book, "Degeneracy," is coming from the Appleton press. The author ascribes the mental unrest and thirst for novelty observed at this end of the century to the over-stimulated nerves of two generations. These strained nerves, he believes, have produced a phrase of alienism which has found expression in Maeterlinck's hectic gaspings, in the French decadent "literature," and in the weariness of Ibsen.

The New York *Sun's* correspondent sends the following paragraph from London:

"Fleet Street and Grub Street are in a state of pleasurable emotion upon the apparently well-founded announcement that the queen is elaborating a scheme for establishing a 'literary order of merit for the recognition of those who, as journalists or writers of books, have done good work.' There are to be three grades, as in most other orders, the first consisting of twenty-four Knights of the Grand Cross, the second of one hundred Knights Commanders, and the third of two hundred and fifty Companions. British literature and journalism are pretty poor just now in great men, and one shudders to think of the mediocrities who will get the new decorations if the three classes are even half filled."

Mr. C. C. Buel contributes to the March *Century* a paper on "Blackmail as a Heritage; or, New York's Legacy from Colonial Days," in which he shows that the modern custom of levying blackmail, as revealed by the police investigation, may be regarded as outgrowths of practices prevalent

here since the time of the Dutch. Mr. Buel is one of the editors of the *Century*.

"California's Great Grievance" is the title of a striking article by Julian Ralph in *Harper's Weekly* for March 2d. It is the result of a careful investigation of the railroad question in this State, for which purpose Mr. Ralph was sent to this city some weeks ago by the Harpers. In next week's issue (that of March 9th) Mr. Ralph will write of "Reform in San Francisco," and in that of March 16th on "Last Year's Gold Increase."

Rolf Boldrewood—who is in reality Police Magistrate Tom Brown, of Victoria—has written a new novel, which he calls "Sphinx of Eaglehawk."

The late Charles Gayarré, the historian, of Louisiana, left an unpublished essay on "The Octoroons of Louisiana" and the manuscript of a long novel translated from the Spanish of Quevedo. These papers are to be edited by Miss Grace King, who has become their owner.

Congress has under consideration a proposition coming from the Secretary of State for the publication of the Revolutionary archives, both the official correspondence on file in the State Department and the correspondence of Revolutionary leaders, which has been purchased by the government from time to time and added to the collection of which the Secretary of State has charge. Writing in *Harper's Weekly*, George Grantham Bain says:

"This seems to be the only practical way of preserving these valuable documents, and still making them available for historical purposes. Some of this matter has appeared in the columns of 'Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolutionary War,' edited by Wharton; but he made excerpts from the correspondence, using his own judgment to determine their value. The result is that historians who desire to consult the correspondence do not depend on Mr. Wharton's compilation, but go to the original manuscripts, which can be consulted at any reasonable time for such a purpose; and in consequence of the wear and tear from constant handling, the manuscripts are gradually being destroyed. For several years the Secretary of State has had a force at work mounting the letters and 'restoring' them; but even when restored and mounted, the constant handling will destroy them in time. These papers cost the government one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars in cash. This is the aggregate of the amounts appropriated by Congress to purchase the papers of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, and Monroe, now in the department files. It will require only one hundred thousand dollars to have transcripts made for the printer and a full edition of all these papers published. Then the old manuscripts can be free from danger, for they will be valuable only for their historic associations, while the matter which they contain will be available for reference in every large library in the United States."

A series of little books dealing with various branches of knowledge, and treating each subject in clear, concise language, as free as possible from technical words and phrases, though written by writers of authority, is announced by the Appletons. The series will be entitled *The Library of Useful Stories*, the first of which will be "The Story of the Stars," by G. F. Chambers, with twenty-four illustrations. Other volumes in preparation are "The Story of the Earth," by Professor H. G. Seeley; "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd; and "The Story of the Solar System," by G. F. Chambers.

A volume of letters of Baudelaire is to be published in Paris during the present month.

Georges Rodenbach is to publish a novel on maternal love. It is the analysis of the sentiments of a mother who, having only one son, tries to keep him from marriage, and leads him into a monastic life. She begins her struggle again on the other extreme when he decides to become a priest.

The table of contents of the *Century* for April is as follows:

"Josephine, Empress of the French," frontispiece; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte"—V., by William M. Sloane; "Eugene Ysaye," by H. E. Krehbiel; "An Errant Wooing"—IV., by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Hermann von Helmholtz," by Henry Childs Merwin; "The Horse Market," by Timothy Cole; "Cheating at Letters," by H. C. Dunner; "Two War-Time Conventions," by Noah Brooks; "Beyond the Adriatic," by Harriet Waters Preston; "Casa Braccio"—V., by F. Marion Crawford; "Jean Carriés: Sculptor and Potter," by Emile Hovelague; "A Vital Question," by George A. Hibbard; "Blackmail as a Heritage," by Clarence Clough Buel; "The Hard Trigger," by Harry Stillwell Edwards; verses by Edmund Clarence Stedman, William Prescott Foster, Josephine H. Nicholls, and Henry Van Dyke; and the departments.

Napoleon's marriage with Josephine is reached in the March *Century*. Professor Sloane describes Josephine as a successful intriguer both in politics and pleasure, and says there is no doubt that Napoleon was desperately in love with her, though her physical charms were already fading.

Some one rushed into print the other day with the observation that of all American writers of fiction, Hawthorne was the only one who possessed genius. Charles A. Dana neatly capped that sweeping statement. Thackeray once said to him, it appears, "that he thought Cooper a greater genius than Walter Scott, and an immortal story-teller."

D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements include:

The fourth volume of McMaster's "History of the People of the United States"; "Degeneracy," by Max Nordau; "Evolution and Effort," by Edmond Kelly, who discusses evolution in its application to the religious and political life of the day; "The Wish," by Hermann

Sudermann; "Majesty," a novel, by Louis Couperus, translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos and Ernest Dowson; and two new novels in the Town and Country Library—"The Honor of Savelli," by T. Levett Yeats, and "Kitty's Engagement," by Florence Warden.

William D. Howells occupies a handsome flat on Fifty-Ninth Street, New York, overlooking Central Park.

Mark Twain on French Wit and Humor.

Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," the European humorist, is very angry over Twain's article criticising "Outre Mer," by Paul Bourget. To a Chicago reporter he said, a few days ago:

"Mark Twain has offered a gratuitous insult to women of the French nation. It is no excuse for him that 'Outre Mer' is pretentious, ridiculous, and foolish. Bourget had written, jokingly: 'I suppose life can never get entirely dull to the American, because whenever he can not strike up any other way to put in his time, he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was.' See how Mark Twain answers this: 'I reckon the Frenchman's got his little stand-by for a dull time, too, because when all other interests fail, he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was.' Now I call that answer an unwarranted, gratuitous, vile insult."

The fact that M. Blouet is mad clear through, and even hints at his willingness to accept a challenge to mortal combat, gives particular interest to a recent interview with Mark Twain by a *Sun* correspondent in Paris, in which the American humorist discusses the French people. When asked if there was such a thing among modern French writers as humor, Mark Twain replied:

"Ah! now you ask me something about which I dare not express an opinion. I have thought about that a hundred times, but I have never been able to arrive at a concrete opinion which I would feel I had a right to express. I have even tried to put my thoughts on paper, to see if in that way I could come to a more definite conclusion. But I don't know. We hear so much about 'French wit,' as if it were a particular kind of wit, different from that of other countries. And 'French polish,' too. Now, a nation may claim to be the politest nation in the world. But that proves nothing. And it may claim to be the wittiest nation in the world. And that proves nothing. Only, by advertising the statement sufficiently, the nation makes everybody, including its own people, believe that it has told the truth."

"Now, take Saint-Simon. I read three large volumes containing it, it is to be supposed, the best things he said and wrote. Well, and the creator of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn shook his great head slowly, 'to me it was a work of despair. Those three big volumes! And I did not find them witty! That's going back a good ways, to Saint-Simon, so let's come down further. There was Talleyrand. There is no doubt that he said brilliant things; but I do not find that his wit differs intrinsically from the wit of other countries. Then, too, one must take into account the man. Every brilliant thing he said was repeated and recorded, because Talleyrand said it. Suppose somebody else had said these same things, people would have paid no attention to them."

"Oh, he never originated that," they would have said. 'He got it from somebody else.' And so it would have been lost."

"Yes," Talleyrand said good things, but when it comes to brilliancy, why, I've heard Tom Bailey Aldrich keep up a running fire of the most inimitable repartee. Talk about wit, why, Tom Bailey Aldrich has said fifteen hundred, if not fifteen thousand, things as brilliant as the things Talleyrand said and which are labeled 'French wit.' And he has humor, too. He can pass from wit to humor, fusing their characteristics. Tom—Thomas Bailey Aldrich," Mr. Clemens hesitated, put his pipe in his mouth, drew a long puff, looked unutterable things through the smoke, and bled his peace.

The American humorist replied to a query as to whether French people found his books amusing:

"I don't think they do," said Mr. Clemens, at last sitting down and treating himself and his visitor to a quizzical smile. "A friend of mine told me of a little conversation he had with a Frenchman, and I feel pretty sure, since then, of the way I strike the French mind. This Frenchman is a great critic and is authority on all literary matters. I don't remember his name, because I never remember names, but he is an authority. That is what makes it so hopeless."

"I myself," he said, "have read a great many American books, and I have heard the opinions of others who are familiar with your literature. This being the case, and knowing the French mind as I do, I think I may claim to speak for the nation itself in what I say. In the first place, then, we regard Edgar Allen Poe as your greatest poet. The French who know his writings look upon him as a great genius. Bret Harte we think your greatest novelist. He is an artist, a great artist. Emerson—well, Mr. Clemens supplied a beautiful French shrug and lifted his heavy eyebrows—we don't understand what you can find in Emerson to admire. I believe you Americans think him great, but we can not understand why. And lastly, there is Mark Twain, but when it comes to him, we are in despair, because no intelligent Frenchman can make out your reasons for thinking Mark Twain funny!"

When it was suggested that perhaps we lose the quality of the French humor as completely as they lose the quality of ours, Mark Twain exclaimed:

"Oh, unquestionably! That is the reason why I say I am not competent to express an opinion on the subject. A man may study a language for years and years and yet he is never inside of the holy of holies. He must get into the man himself, the man of another country, and he can not do that."

"But as for French wit being different from any other wit, I do not know about it. To decide a point like that, a man would have to gather hundreds of instances and compare them as a naturalist compares his specimens. He would be obliged to sift them, assay them, and find out the real essence of each. Then, if he could say, 'I have among the specimens from this country five hundred where the wit turns upon a certain point, while I find no more than fifty similar examples from the specimens from any other country, and those I regard as accidental,' he would be justified in describing that particular form of wit as specially belonging to that one country. But no one has done that to prove that 'French wit' is a unique product of the French brain."

"As for humor, well," wheeled round suddenly, "I don't think any nation that has a sense of humor would go around sniveling over that great Russian bear the way France has been doing. You wouldn't find America playing the ridiculous part that France did in the late Russian craze, and it is for such reasons that I think Americans have a better sense of humor than Frenchmen."

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Christianity and Our Times," a collection of essays, by R. P. Brorup, on religious, ethical, and social topics, has been published in paper covers by the International Book Company, Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Income-Tax Law and Treasury Regulations relative to its Collection," a pamphlet containing also Senator David B. Hill's elucidation of the law, has been published at Brentano's, New York; price, 10 cents.

"Pages from a Young Man's Journal," by Edward D. Casterline, consisting of poetical effusions, has been issued as the initial number of the California Literary Series published by Smith & Eaton, San José, Cal.; price, 50 cents.

William Dean Howells' "Traveler from Altruria," in which that happy citizen of a perfect state observes and comments upon the institutions of American civilization, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Uncle Sam's Cabins," by Benjamin Rush Davenport, "a story of American life looking forward a century," is an imitation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the oppressed farmer taking the place of Mrs. Stowe's negro slave. Published by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"American Literature," by Mildred Cabell Watkins, has been issued in the Literature Primers. It is intended for young Americans, and gives a concise review of the history of letters in this country from the early colonial times to the present day. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 35 cents.

"The Table Game," by Hélène J. Roth, and "Das Deutsche Litteratur Spiel," two card games intended to familiarize the players with the French names of the articles of table service and with the names and works of German authors respectively, have been published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 75 cents each.

"Roman Life in Prose and Verse," a collection of illustrative readings from Latin literature, selected and edited by Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia College, and Professor Robert Arrowsmith, of the Teachers' College, in New York, has been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign," by Herbert H. Sargent, First Lieutenant Second Cavalry, U. S. A., is a compilation from military histories, and Mr. Sargent makes elaborate analyses and criticisms of the various engagements from the strategist's standpoint. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

A "Standard Dictionary," measuring three-fourths of an inch wide, one inch long, and one-fourth of an inch thick, in spite of its three hundred and eighty-four pages, has been issued in a small, nickel-plated case, in which is set the magnifying glass necessary to use the book. It is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Inevitable and Other Poems" is a little book of verse by Sarah K. Bolton, who is well known through her books of biography and her occasional poetic contributions to the minor periodicals. It contains several of these latter which have attained popularity, as evidenced by their being widely copied in the press of the country, and also a number of verses which now see the light for the first time. Among her narrative poems may be mentioned "A Queen's Undying Love" and "The Battle of Cuzzola," and others are personal, lyric, descriptive, and love poems. A photogravure portrait serves as a frontispiece. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Jack O'Doon," by Maria Beale, is a story of life on the Virginia coast, where Mercy Blessington lives with her father, a sea-captain, and her Aunt Polly, an elderly maiden much given to tracts. Mercy is loved by her foster-brother, Jack O'Doon, but while Jack is away and it is believed that he has been lost at sea, a painter named Abercrombie fascinates the girl, and when Jack comes back she is in a quandary as to which she loves best. The two men getting into a quibble, Jack proves to Mercy's satisfaction that he is the nobler man of the two by saving Abercrombie's life at the cost of his own; whereupon Mercy marries Abercrombie. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

The fifth volume of the new edition of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M. A., F. R. S.," transcribed from the short-hand manuscript in the Pepysian Library, Magdalen College, Cambridge, by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M. A., late fellow and president of the college, with Lord Braybrooke's notes, edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F. S. A., continues his amusingly frank narration of public and private affairs from July 1, 1665, to October, 1666. In this volume the plague is most prominent. An etched portrait of Mrs. Pepys, after Hayls, serves as frontispiece to the volume,

which is further illustrated by a fac-simile of the first page of the manuscript in the Pepys Collection and an etched portrait of Sir William Penn, after Lely. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Eleven short stories by Guy de Maupassant are contained in "Allouma and Other Stories." "Allouma," a tale of a French resident's relations with a gypsy-natured Arabian girl, has, probably, not been printed in English heretofore; the other tales are: "The False Gems," "Terror," "Two Little Soldiers," "Diary of a Madman," "In the Moonlight," "The Spectre," "In the Frozen Sky," "A Repulse," "Solitude," and "Father and Son." The translation is by Arthur Hornblow. Published by the Holland Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"From a New England Hillside" is the title of a collection of letters which William Potts—well known in political and financial circles in New York—wrote from his Connecticut home, "Underledge," from October, 1893, to the same month in the following year. They were contributed to the Springfield *Republican*, and appeal especially to those New Englanders whose guide, philosopher, and friend that journal is. Flowers, trees, and the aspects of nature and men, books, and things are the topics of these pleasant, meditative essays, and in writing them Mr. Potts has evidenced a warm sympathy with New England aspects and ideas, sound judgment tempered by wide reading and observation, and a happy faculty of apt quotation. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Source and Modes of Solar Energy throughout the Universe," by I. W. Hesyinger, M. A., M. D., is a very interesting study, in which the author presents the theory that it is not the sun itself, but the potential energy of space that is the source of solar energy. All the leading astronomical authorities are cited and made to contribute to the support of this proposition. The first chapter is a statement of the problem of solar energy, the second treats of the constitution and phenomena of the sun, and thereafter the author takes up and discusses the mode, source, distribution, and conservation of solar energy, the phenomena of the stars, temporary stars, meteors, and comets, the resolvable nebulae, star-clusters, and galaxies, the gaseous nebulae, the nebular hypothesis, and the genesis of solar systems and galaxies. The Mosaic cosmogony is considered and its differences from the Egyptian are pointed out, and the book concludes with a reference list of authorities cited and a classified index of subject-matter. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

"The Ralstons," the second novel of Marion Crawford's series on American society, in which are narrated the further fortunes of Jack Ralston and his secretly married wife, Katherine Lauderdale, has already been noticed in this column. It may interest our readers, however, to see what an English journal, the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, has to say of the story; it calls "The Ralstons" "a latter-day story of American commercial and artistic society," and continues:

"In transporting his fictional scene of action from romantic Rome to prosaic New York, Mr. Crawford has taken a departure in which many of his most sincere admirers on this side of the Atlantic are scarcely prepared to follow him. Possibly by so doing he has widened the sphere of his popularity in the United States. Here, however, few novel readers, even of the more inveterate and insatiable, experience an eager desire to peruse introspective and elaborate studies of the manners and customs of American men of business and their female relatives. The chief personages in 'The Ralstons' are a misanthropical old millionaire, a miserly insurance-office manager, a partner in a banking firm, a clerk in a counting-house, and a second-rate portrait painter, all provided with a reasonable allowance of mothers, wives, or daughters, sisters, cousins, or aunts, as the case may be. These people are not, for the most part, intrinsically interesting, and Mr. Crawford has not quite succeeded in making them so artificially. We should advise the author of 'Saracinesca' to hark back to the Eternal City."

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Episodes" is the title of a little volume of short stories by G. S. Street, who made something of a stir in England last year by "The Autobiography of a Boy." These episodes resemble their predecessor in being clever and, occasionally, witty; otherwise, they are brief scenes and incidents of life in London, in society, in Grub Street, in the theatres—in the haunts, in fact, of modern pleasure-seekers and those who purvey to them. The first of the stories, "The Blackmailer," tells of a man who learns some disgraceful secret about another man and thinks that fact may establish a sufficient basis for the negotiation of a loan; but when the other timorously and grossly offers him money, he is inexpressibly outraged. "The Emancipation of a Curate" has for its hero a young man who has gone into the church, not from conviction, but because it offered a living; he meets, becomes enamored of, and is used by an actress of intense respectability, but through her meets another actress "with a past," and eventually prefers Bohemia to smug respectability. It is to be noticed that most of the women in Mr. Street's "Episodes" may be described as "with a past." Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Benediction.

[The announcement that François Coppée, the famous French poet and prose-writer, is coming to America to deliver a course of lectures gives an added interest to the following translation of one of his best known poems, a translation in which the spirit of the original is admirably preserved, though the beauty of the French alexandrines is, of course, wanting in blank verse.—Eus.]

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"Tis the priest's doing!" was the word passed round;
So that, although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,
In such a dangerous hell-hole, not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but heated hack
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, brandished so well
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in truth, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.
The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax-candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so calm
Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

"Vos benedicat
Deus Omnipotens!"

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Unstopping still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.


"Pater et Filius!"
Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.
The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated Host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard,
"Et Sanctus Spiritus!"

He said; and ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameful murder and at sight
Of such a martyr—with a chuckling laugh,
"Amen!"

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

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Of all the English dramatists, Pinero is the one who has been most influenced by the French school. He has many of the good and some of the bad points of the Gallic playwrights. From them he has learned to construct his plays with a tight closeness, a well-balanced neatness that, in the pure technique of play-building, places him at the head of his compatriots. Like them, he has the gift of dialogue by nature, and has perfected it by art.

Most closely, however, does he resemble the dramatists of France in his adherence to one class of subject. That the playwrights should perpetually harp upon this one discordant string is excusable. Lapses of the sort that form the pivot of comedy-dramas like "The Profligate" are easier to write a play about than lapses of any other kind. It took Sir Charles Young many years of play-making before he made a successful drama on a gentleman-forgery, whereas all the new and the young playwrights annually loom up from obscurity with their four acts of dialogue and tears, "all on account of Eliza," or Eliza's husband, or Eliza's husband's sweetheart.

Pinero, with his French training and his French admirations, is particularly wedded to the story of the triangular love-affair. There is a touch of the younger Dumas in this clever Englishman, with his talent for writing crisp dialogue, his penchant for making his characters stand about and obstruct the action of the play by preaching high-sounding sermons about how wrong it is to do the wicked things that the author is taking a covert pleasure in using as his theme; in that suggestion of a smiling and gentlemanly hypocrisy which taints the piece like a first, faint flavor of corruption. Both Dumas and Pinero have chosen to announce themselves to the world as two stern moralists who use the stage as an artistic form of pulp; but the preaching is always sufficiently sensational to promise a large audience, and the preacher finds that his method of presenting his sermon is piquant enough to pay excellently.

"The Profligate" is as Gallic in treatment and point of view as is every other of Mr. Pinero's dramas. It has the group of women that these plays always have, and that are fast solidifying into cast-iron types. No nation but the French could ever have invented those two false and unpleasant figures, the idiotically ignorant young girl and the preternaturally knowing young woman. The French ideal ingénue that Mr. Pinero has so enthusiastically adopted is a creature invented by a nation which, with all its art, is yet inclined in its artistic demonstrations to the sentimental and theatrical. It is a man-of-the-world's young girl, which has about as much resemblance to the genuine article as a young girl's man of the world. Occasionally the few straightforward, simple spirits who have strayed on to the French stage have left there a figure at once real and ideal—a genuine woman, standing isolated and alone among that concourse of sinpering, artful maids and calculating matrons, a perfect creation of an artistic mind in which the balance has been justly maintained. Jules Sandeau left one of these in his immortal Mlle. de la Sieglère. Let all the playwrights who want to depict the ideal young girl study this exquisite type to see wherein may lie its delicate, elusive charm, its fragrance of youth and purity, its old-world grace of simplicity and high-breeding.

Leslie Brudenell, Mr. Pinero's heroine, might, in the hands of an artist with exceptional lightness of touch and an ethereally delicate style, have come out triumphant from the ordeal of having to repeat sentence after sentence of sentimental silliness. She might have triumphed over the perpetual references to herself as a mere untutored, savage school-girl. She might have succeeded in banishing the bad impression made by the rooted determination of every person in the play to regard her as a rare, radiant, and useless being, a sort of attractive curiosity in the human kingdom that everybody talked about and stood around staring at.

The character, either through Mr. Pinero's desire or Miss Burroughs's stage-manager's devising, is thrown into undue and exasperating prominence, and the persistence with which its charms and perfections are dwelt on is distinctly irritating. An author in a novel may fall in love with his heroine, and weary one to death by chanting her praises; but, like a clergyman in the pulpit, he has the upper hand of you, and there is nothing for it but to suffer and be strong. But for a playwright to make an ideal heroine, and then begin to insist on her fascinations and get everybody else in the play

to connive with him in telling the audience how perfectly, wonderfully wonderful she is, is really going a little too far. One has to bear that in real life, now and then, when men one knows get engaged to be married. But the theatre is a place for recreation, not for living over again had quarters of an hour.

The innocent and ingenuous charm of Leslie Brudenell is as heavy on Miss Burroughs's mind as it is upon everybody else's in the play. Miss Burroughs does not let Leslie Brudenell remain a simple, light-hearted, inexperienced school-girl. She insists upon the gay ingenuousness of the happy young creature to a point which passes the limits of art, and the characterization becomes heavy and overdone. Why can not American actors learn the value of being natural? Why can not they take lessons from the French in this? To hold a mirror up to nature! There lies the whole alphabet of acting. Yet with most of our second-rate and some of our first-rate actors the main endeavor seems to be to get as far away from nature as possible. One would suppose that any actress with fair intelligence would realize that the whole value of the characterization of Leslie Brudenell would lie in its delicacy and reserve. The character, called up before the mental vision on a single reading of such a play, would rise before one with all the frail, evanescent fineness and fragility of some perfumed woodland blossom. To keep it from being foolish on the one hand and affected on the other, the actress must adhere to simple naturalness. A deviation from this standard reduces the complete characterization to affectation or vulgarity, and all suggestion of charm vanishes forever.

What Miss Burroughs's company appears to need is a good stage-manager, or director, or whatever the person is called who trains the actors in their lines. The performance of "The Profligate" shows the need of a governing intelligence. Many of the actors have ability, but somebody has been wanting to direct and subdue that ability into artistic proportion. Everybody acts determinedly and conscientiously, and generally too much. A competent theatrical director would insist on Miss Burroughs toning down the silvery-tongued ingenuousness of her performance in the first two acts. When the play begins to be serious and intense, she fits into the character much better, and at the end of the third act she rises to complete realization of the dramatic requirements of the situation. An advance movement to naturalness and simplicity is also needed in the acting of the young woman who depicts the blighted object of the Profligate's fickle affections, and who seems to think that an effective way of showing her general dejection is by talking in a voice like that of a person recovering from laryngitis. This girl has talent and an attractive stage presence, and it is absurd for her to spoil a good performance by a ridiculous affectation.

"The Profligate" is, however, a play requiring artistic acting. It is a crude play, and like crude plays, its crudeness can be overcome only in the hands of able performers. It is Pinero in more or less of a savage state. None of the finish, none of the easiness of poise notable in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is found in it. We may here study Pinero's talents in the rough. Here, not yet master of that great art of knowing how to say enough and never too much, we may see his ability to write gay and sparkling dialogue rioting onward in unchecked vivacity. He simply can not stop making his people say smart, cutting things when they are happy and care-free; and when the dismal days come, and they begin to grow impassioned and dramatic, they talk poetry like Bulwer's heroes. The rhapsodical language into which Renshaw falls when his wife tells him he must go, must be a trial to any actor. On the lips of such a man as Renshaw it sounds particularly incongruous. His glibness in falling into such flowery phrases makes one feel rather dubious about him and his repentance. One might suspect a man who has got such a command of book-talk of never in his life being entirely sincere. It is an evidence of the rawness of the play that everybody, on the least provocation, falls immediately into this kind of florid, overdone language which no living being ever used out of Richardson's novels.

From the dramatic standpoint, the play again shows Pinero as an untrained, unskilled craftsman, his talents hardly obedient to his guidance. The situation at the end of the third act, if meretricious, is yet conceived in the pure spirit of drama. Here, touched by the fire of the true-born playwright, all affectations of fine writing and high talking fall away from him, and his people for one moment dare to be natural and to express themselves in the stiff, short sentences of an emotional climax. But the manner in which the girl Janet is introduced into the Renshaws' home is as clap-trap a device as one could see in the works of the most pompous amateur. And, once in the house, the celerity with which she and young Brudenell proceed to fall in love with each other is forced and overdrawn, and reduces the whole Janet episode to the level of careless, slovenly craftsmanship.

Here and there, there are clever, confident strokes of the pencil that show the embryo Pinero who afterward is to write great plays. One of his special talents—that of sketching in light figures

from the London world of scandal and fashion who seem to stand forth sharp and clear through the medium of a little caustic dialogue—is here plainly indicated. The little group of the Stonehays and Lord Dangars might, in the keen-edged, firm dash with which their portraits are touched in, have come from that later period when the artist hand had grown strong and confident enough to produce such complicated studies as Paula Ray and Aubrey Tanqueray.

As for the morality of the play—that is another matter. Everybody is getting so tired of problems and moral meanings in plays, that soon nobody will look for them or discuss them any more, and just take their theatre unquestioningly and gratefully, asking no questions and hothering their heads over no problems. Pinero has got the passion for problems in a very exaggerated manner, and in "The Profligate" he propounds the usual series of customary questions with his usual solemn importance. Each person may solve them as he or she pleases, and each person may come to his or her estimate of what sort of future Leslie and Renshaw were going to lead together. But on the subject of Renshaw and his desperate repentance one has doubts and recurring memories of the stanza that Congreve's truthful hero sang to his beloved:

"I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my vows and oaths renew;
But, to be plain, I never would be true."

STAGE GOSSIP.

M. Got's retirement leaves M. Mounet-Sully as the senior actor of the Comédie-Française.

Marie Burroughs will be seen as Vashti Dethic, the fasting girl, in Henry Arthur Jones's "Judah" at the Baldwin, next week.

The last of the old school of "Sir Peters" passed away in the person of Charles Wheatleigh, the veteran actor, who died a few days ago.

"A Black Crook Up to Date" has proved so popular at the Alcazar that it is to be continued through next week. The following attraction will be the Charles F. Riggs Company in "A New Clemenceau Case."

"The Fencing-Master," a romantic light opera by Reginald de Koven, which has been a decided success throughout the East for two or three years, is to have its first presentation in this city at the Baldwin Theatre after Miss Burroughs's engagement. It will be sung by the Whitney Opera Company, of which the prima donna is Miss Dorothy Morton.

Louis A. Morgenstern, the treasurer of the Baldwin Theatre, is to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit on Sunday evening, March 17th. During his long service at the Baldwin, Mr. Morgenstern has made many friends among the patrons of the theatre, and they will doubtless pack the house for his benefit. The performance will consist of "Judah," presented by Miss Burroughs and her company.

Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" commences the last week of its engagement at the California Theatre on Monday evening. The engagement of Emily Bancker in "Our Flat," for two weeks, commences on Monday, March 18th. "Our Flat" is a comedy with specialties and musical numbers. It is still on at the Strand Theatre, London, and had one hundred nights at the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Miss Bancker is assisted by John Ricketts and others.

The Tivoli announces Lecocq's sparkling comic opera, "Giroflé-Girofla," for the week of March 11th, the cast being as follows:

Giroflé, Girofla, Gracie Plaisted; Aurora, Fanny Liddiard; Paquita, Kittie Loomis; Pedro, Alice Neilson; Don Bolero, Farris Hartman; Marquisin, Phil Branson; Mourzouk, John J. Raffael; Pirate Chief, G. Napoleoni; Matamoros, George Harris.

Following it will be a revival of "Nanon," with an admirable cast, and "Princess Nicotine" and a new burlesque by John P. Wilson and Joseph Hirschbach, entitled "Little Robinson Crusoe," will be given later.

Grand opera has captured Washington, if one may judge from the financial showing made. The manager puts the receipts for the largest audience at \$12,000, and the four nights netted \$45,000. Inasmuch as many seats were held by speculators, it is evident that the public paid even more than this. The boxes were sold at auction. The highest brought, for the four performances, its regular rate of \$240 and \$600 premium. It was purchased by Mrs. Leiter, the wife of the Chicago millionaire. The next highest brought \$740, and was bought by Mrs. Hitt, the wife of the representative from Illinois. Mrs. Richard Townsend paid \$800 for two balcony boxes. The French ambassador and the Brazilian minister paid equally large sums for a box each.

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MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.

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MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
Saturday and Sunday Evenings. Audran's Ever Popular Opera,
-- OLIVETTE --
Monday, March 11th.....Giroflé-Girofla
In Preparation.....Blue Beard, Jr.
Look Out For.....Princess Nicotine
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

BALDWIN THEATRE.
AL. HAYMAN & Co., (INCORPORATED)....PROPRIETORS
Next Week, Monday, March 11th. Second and Last Week of
-- MARIE BURROUGHS --
And Revival of the Successful and Powerful Drama,
-- JUDAH --
Monday, March 18th, The Whitney Opera Company, in
THE FENCING MASTER!

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
AL. HAYMAN & Co., (INCORPORATED)....PROPRIETORS
Third and Last Week. Every Evening (Including Sunday).
Matinée Saturday. Only Appearance Here
this Season of Hoyt's Brilliant Comedy,
A TEMPERANCE TOWN!
Specially Selected Cast From Hoyt's Theatre, New York.
L. R. Stockwell as "Mink Jones."

March 18th, Emily Bancker in OUR FLAT
ALCAZAR THEATRE.
J. P. HOWE.....MANAGER
Continued Success of the Great Spectacular Production,
A BLACK CROOK UP TO DATE!
Next Attraction, Charles F. Riggs' Company in the
NEW CLEMENCEAU CASE!
Prices.....25c, 50c, 75c.

AUDITORIUM.
Metropolitan Musical Society's CONCERTS.
HERR FRITZ SCHEEL, Kapellmeister.
Sunday Evening, March 10th,
-- Scandinavian Night Popular Concert --
Beginning Tuesday, March 12th, POSITIVELY LAST WEEK. Last Symphony Rehearsal Wednesday afternoon. Last Symphony Concert Thursday evening. Last Three Popular Concerts, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings.

Sunday Evening, March 17th, Irish Night
Prices: Popular Concerts, 25c Admission; Symphony Concerts, 50c Admission; 25c extra for Reserved Seats. Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s daily 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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GOLDEN GATE HALL,
-- FORTY-FOUR --
GARR-BEEL SATURDAY POP CONCERT
Takes place To-Day, March 9th, at 3:15 P. M.
MRS. CARMICHAEL-CARR, Soloist.
MR. WILLIS E. BACHELOR, Vocalist.
Admission.....50 cents

A SERIES OF THREE EVENING TALKS
TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
To be given under the auspices of
The Viavi Company
-- ON --
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AT THE VIAVI HALL,
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This series is free.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Cleveland and Chief-Justice Fuller are said to be "out," the cause being an official appointment which the Justice desired made. The President became angry, and bluntly told the Chief-Justice that a man in his exalted position should be in better business than running around hunting up Federal patronage.

On one occasion, when Mr. Wilcox, the husband of the poetess of passion, was traveling, he placed six or seven photographs of his wife on the mantel of his room in the hotel. The pert chambermaid, whisking them off with her feather duster, electrified the loving spouse by exclaiming: "My! What a lot of girls you've got!"

Senator J. C. Pritchard, of North Carolina, says that his father was a Union man, but was drafted into the Confederate army. Senator Pritchard's last recollection of him is seeing him mounted on a horse, his feet and hands bound, on his way to the front, where he died, an unwilling co-scrip in a cause in which his sympathies were not enlisted.

M. Brunetiere's visit to the Pope, says the *Figaro*, was to obtain a divorce for Mme. Buloz, wife of the proprietor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which is needed to arrange the affairs of the *Revue*. M. Zola was in Rome at the time, unable to obtain an interview with the Pope; so M. Brunetiere obligingly asked the Pope the questions which M. Zola wished to have put to him.

President Faure's campaign of popularity in France is being carried on with unabated skill and persistence. He has just paid a bill of twenty thousand dollars for a quarter of a bottle of wine supplied to every soldier in the army, with which to drink his health. He has completed a long round of visits to the hospitals of Paris, going through all the wards, including those where there are cases of infectious diseases. He visits the kitchens of public institutions, and eats and drinks the regulation food and wine supplied there. The Parisians now recognize the president on these tours, and cheer him wildly in the street.

Henri Rochefort, who has just returned to France after a long exile, has made a fortune, it is said, in dealing in works of art. When Victor Hugo was in exile in Brussels, he asked Rochefort to stand godfather to his son Charles. Rochefort accepted, and in looking for a suitable present saw in a curiosity-shop window a silver table ornament which attracted him, and which he bought, though the price was thirty-five thousand francs. When, after 1870, Rochefort was sent to New Caledonia and his property confiscated, Victor Hugo sold the ornament for the benefit of Rochefort's family. It turned out that it was the work of Bevenuto Cellini, and it brought to two hundred thousand francs. Rochefort's salary, years ago on the *Figaro*, was thirty thousand francs a year. His various publications have also brought him in large amounts of money.

Joseph Tasker is the successor to "Jubilee Juggins" in England, rivaling Max Lebaudy as a speedthrift. He is just now suing, on account of alleged overcharges to the amount of \$85,000, a Bond Street jeweler from whom he bought \$450,000 worth of jewelry in two or three weeks. Among the trifles which he testified to buying from the persuasive canvasser for the jewelers, were the famous Agra diamond at \$75,000, seven large brilliants at \$150,000, a beautiful bow brooch for \$25,000, the Stafford collection of colored gems for \$50,000, and a model of the Holy City for \$6,000. He wanted to buy the renowned Hope diamond, and offered \$160,000 for it, but the sale was not completed. The plaintiff created a good deal of amusement, and disgust as well, by his behavior in court. He professed the utmost indifference for the whole matter, and was much annoyed when he was urged to recall the particulars of transactions involving fortunes. Frequently he replied to questions by such words as "Oh, it don't matter," and "Blowed if I know."

"Mars," the famous French caricaturist of *Le Journal Amusant* and other papers, is in private life Maurice Boo Voisin, and chose his particular nom de guerre because it "seemed sufficiently warlike." His first appearance in print was twenty-two years ago, in the *Journal Amusant*, and the issue contained only two copies, for when the censor saw them—it was during the German occupation—he refused to pass them. "Mars" is largely self-taught as an artist; he used to sketch from memory the guests at his father's table, and, though he had the usual drawing-lessons at school, he never studied in a studio. He dislikes hired models as being unnatural, and loves above all subjects children, who have been his studies on two hundred and fifty beaches, from the coast of Holland, round Belgium, France, and as far as Genoa. For the past nine years he has annually brought out a book of pictures of children. "Mars" claims, by the way, to have originated the phrase *fin de siècle* in a cartoon for *Charivari*, in which an old roué at the bal de l'opéra, with a stout lady on one arm and a pretty, scantily clothed girl on the other, inquires: "Suis-je assez fin-de-siècle?"

CYCLE VERSES.

Bewitching Evolution.
The fabled witch of olden time
Was scrawny, cross, and old;
She wore a number seven hood
Most dreadful to behold.

Her nose bent down to meet her chin,
Which had an upward turn,
And in their sunken sockets deep
Her eyeballs seemed to burn.

Befriending none except her cat,
In darkness she abode;
And, when she wished to take the air,
A broomstick she bestowed.

The modern witch is beautiful,
Mild-tempered, young, and sweet;
A pair of cunning oxford ties
Incase her dainty feet.

Her nose is slightly retroussé,
A dimple dents her chin;
Her eyes are limpid, magic pools
Where hearts keep falling in.

Surrounded by a loving throng,
In splendor she abides;
And on the lively boulevard
A wheel she deftly rides.
—Wallace D. Vincent in Truth.

Never Beed There.
She stepped up with a hashful smirk,
Her manner shy and coy;
And asked the smiling dry-goods clerk
To see some corduroy.

He showed her blue, and brown, and red;
She hesitated long;
"I think I'll take this kind," she said,
"You're quite sure that it's strong?"

"How many yards, miss, shall it be?"
She blushed a rosy hue;
"Fact is—it's bloomers, and (tee-hee!)—
I don't quite know, do you?"—Anon.

Her Spinning-Wheel.
Her spinning-wheel she deftly guides,
As by the homely hearth she hides;
Within a quaint, old, straight-backed chair,
A damsel with a modest air,
Over the treadle swift, presides.

But through the years, time onward glides,
Careless if good or ill betides;
Nor will his ruthless changes spare
Her spinning-wheel.

Another cycle he provides,
Right readily she mounts and rides;
The modern maid, fearless and fair,
Daintily gay and debonaire;
Trimly equipped, she deftly guides
Her spinning-wheel.
—Carolyn Wells in Puck.

At the Bicycle Academy.
'Twas at a female cycling school,
Where bloomer costumes are the rule;
And fairy forms in trousers hid,
Essay the hike as she is rid.

A rare and radiant vision she!
A dream! a song! a rhapsody!
To whom none other there was like,
Came forth to tame the festive hike!

She cast about a hashful glance,
Gazed at her wiry steed askance;
Then eyed her bifurcated skirt,
And wondered if a tumble hurt.

Then, at the master's stern command,
She grasped her steed with trembling hand;
A gasp, a sigh, with anguish pent,
A bounce, a boost, and up she went.

Prate not to me of dire alarms,
Of fire and floods and martial arms;
For depth of woe there's nothing like
A frightened female on a hike!

She stuck, she strained, she vainly strove
To make that pesky pedal move;
She pumped, she pushed, turned ghastly white,
And worked both feet with all her might!

And now she starts! she seems to feel
A thrill of life along her wheel!
But, oh! a hump! a zigzag slump!
Girl, hike, spokes, legs, all in a lump!
—Evening Sun.

CCCXLVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 10, 1895.
Cream of Cauliflower Soup.
Fried Calves. Cold Slaw.
Quail on Toast. Saratoga Potatoes.
Green Peas. Spinach.
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Lettuce.
Baked Apple Pudding.
Coffee.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Take about six grated apples, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter rubbed to a cream, the rind of two lemons and juice of one; stir this all together; then add two cups of cream or milk and five eggs; line the dish with puff-paste, and bake one hour. This may be made without crust.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

— "CHIMMIE FADDEN" AT COOPER'S.

— "CHIMMIE FADDEN" AT COOPER'S.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The American Concert Band, of one hundred pieces, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Rocovieri, commenced its regular concert season last Monday evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and has been playing nightly to very large audiences. The selection of the programmes is excellent, and the music is of a high order. Some of the selections in each evening's programme are "illustrated" by excellent stereopticon views on a large scale.

The famous violin virtuoso, Herr Edouard Reményi and a concert company of distinguished artists, will shortly give a farewell concert here. The violinist returns to Buda-Pesth, Hungary, from San Francisco, where he will remain at the head of the Conservatory of Music.

The forty-fourth Saturday Popular Concert will be held at Golden Gate Hall this afternoon. Mr. Willis E. Bacheller will be the vocalist. A string quartet by Meodelsohn and one of Dvorak's quartets will be features of the programme.

The concerts that have been given at the Auditorium by the Metropolitan Musical Society will be discontinued after next week, owing to lack of patronage.

The two most attractive young married women in Vienna, according to the verdict of the slim-waisted, spur-jangling warriors by the blue Danube, are Mrs. Fred. Duocan and Mrs. Townsend, the latter, wife of the first secretary of the United States Legation. Both are Americans, and both hold their own against all comers. Of another Viennese beauty, a correspondent of *Vanity* says:

"Miss Hakim, the daughter of an Egyptian hanker, is an extraordinarily beautiful girl, and on dit that Baron Nathaniel Rothschild neglects his camera and his orchids for her society. The hanker is a widower, is good-looking, able to support a wife, and must needs marry again. Miss Hakim is the rival of the Empress Elizabeth, so far as regards her hair, which is as black as night, and absolutely touches the ground when she stands up. She wears it in enormous coils, and says that it is a nuisance. The brushing of the empress's hair consumes two hours of every morning and the 'elbow oil' of four tire-women. A white satin carpet is laid down, upon which a chair is placed, in which the empress sits, allowing her hair to fall about her like a cataract and all on the floor. She was for cutting off this 'glorious crown,' after the grim and ghastly death of her son, but the emperor pleaded so hard that she relented. She never wears a jewel now, and made presents of all that she possessed."

Mme. Joniaux, the Belgiao poisoner, has entered upon her term of life imprisonment of such a hideous form that death must soon follow. They put her in a cell into which daylight can not penetrate. She will never see a human being, never hear a human voice again. They will push her food in through a slit in the wall of her cell. She will go mad at the end of a few months if death does not come first. Even the most stupid and degraded have succumbed to this horror of living burial within two years.

NEW SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Safes \$4.00 to \$150.00 per Annum.
The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery Streets, are the strongest, best guarded, and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts as executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge.
Valuables of all kinds taken on storage.

The Johnny (sentimentally)—"When I am away from you sometimes I wish I was a bird." Actress (practically)—"I wish you were now. You'd go well with a small bottle."—Pick-Me-Up.

A THRIVING COMPANY.

The Statement of the Phenix Shows a Net Surplus of \$406,359.58.
The statement of the Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn shows that it is in a splendid condition financially. The statement which appears in another column is up to January 1st of this year, and shows assets of \$5,350,275.93 and liabilities of \$3,943,916.35, leaving a net surplus of \$1,406,359.58.
The company, which has New York offices at No. 47 Cedar Street, is steadily winning its way among insurance companies, and its conservative business management has attracted the attention of those who stand in need of insurance. The nature of the securities has been the subject of a great deal of praise, as showing the safe manner in which the affairs of the Phenix are conducted.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

The Lurline Baths, Situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. Every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock an exciting and interesting game of water-polo is played by clever amateurs. After the polo, there are clever feats of high-diving and somersaults. The baths are open from early morning until ten o'clock in the evening.

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— "CHIMMIE FADDEN" AT COOPER'S.

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VANITY FAIR.

"In any capital of Europe," writes G. W. Smalley in the New York Tribune, "the opera-house will give you a good notion of the degree of beauty and of taste in dress of which that capital can boast. The best society—at any rate, the most fashionable—is likely to be there. The same is true of New York. I went to the opera the evening I landed. The house had been rebuilt since I last saw it. No doubt it is better than the old, though I heard complaints that the boxes were too open, and that none of the privacy one expects in a box was to be had. There is a compensation for that. The general effect of the house is far finer than if there were high partitions, or if each box were inclosed as is common in the opera-houses of Europe. Perhaps the American system is more democratic—at any rate, it is more splendid. The eye takes in at a glance the whole range, the whole company of beautiful and admirably dressed women. I thought I had never seen anything equal to it, and this view was confirmed by an English lady who beheld this spectacle a few nights later on her arrival in New York, and pronounced it far superior to anything anywhere to be seen in England. There were other more private opportunities of judging, and the impression was always the same. It has been said before now that an American lady, who has been in Paris a little, probably knows what to wear and how to wear it better than any other woman in the world. Those who have not been in Paris are, I presume, the rosebuds of the season, to whom no lustre of French art is needful. I will venture to say that there seemed to me to have been in one respect a considerable social change. It used to be thought that the American Girl had the best of it while she was a girl and that when she married she retired a little into the shade, as if to make room for other girls. London, we were told, was the paradise of the young married woman; or, to quote a lady who knew both worlds, it was better to spend your unmarried life in New York and after marriage to live in London. It seems probable that the American need no longer come to London. The bride, and also the brides of more than a year's standing, have come to the front in New York. Dining out the night I landed, I sat opposite one of these—beautiful enough, no doubt, to make her an exception to all rules, if there were any rules, perfectly dressed and with a perfect manner, and that kind of attractiveness which the French call *seduisante*. I met this radiant young creature afterward in many assemblies, and everywhere she was surrounded with adorers. In her person the young married woman had once for all floated softly into her true place in society. There were other evidences of the change if this one were not enough. It may be thought enough, since every one agreed in describing her as the youthful queen of New York society."

"New York," continues Mr. Smalley, "has always had a social code of its own, and still has. Some of the ordinances in this body of organic social law seem strange to eyes used to the less rigid observances of London. Never in London or anywhere in Europe would you see quite the same degree of ceremony which is maintained in New York. I own that when I went to dances at Sherry's or Delmonico's, I thought it odd to be 'received' by half a dozen ladies, executing in unison that kind of reverence which is called a courtesy. To be exact, let us say there were four. The four received all comers in the same stately and decorous manner, sweeping the floor with their gowns as they sank and rose. It was done with infinite grace, a thing in itself beautiful to see as these beautiful beings accomplished it with their easy precision of movement. Only it was not easy to understand why it should be done at all, and especially why mere men, young or old, should be thought entitled to the mark of deferential welcome. After I had passed safely through the ordeal, I stood awhile observing what happened. The same thing happened always, except that a guest on friendly terms with one or more of the four ladies was admitted to the privilege of shaking hands with them; the others meantime performing their reverence punctually. It was all done in a way so charming and well-bred that no criticism on the doing of it was possible; the sole question you asked yourself was why it should be done at all. That it was strictly correct I know; the ladies who discharged this duty were of the highest position; it is the very correctness of it all which provokes curiosity. The inquiring stranger is driven to ask why it should be thought correct, and why a mark of respect which in Europe is reserved for royalty should in New York be bestowed indiscriminately on every guest at a ball? If it be because in America we are all sovereigns, there is no more to be said. This is no great matter."

"But it is, in a degree, typical. New York is, in many if not in most social matters, more punctilious than London. There is an anxious attempt at conformity to etiquette in minute particulars which does not prevail. I heard of the obligation to leave cards, and of the offense that would be taken if you did not.

These bits of pasteboard must, it appears, be deposited with the servant at the front-door of every house at which you have dined, or, I believe, at which you have enjoyed any kind of hospitality or friendly attention. If you omit it, you are never asked again. There is, however, a mitigation. Not so long ago you had to call in person, ask for your hostess, go in if she were at home, and make a visit not less than ten minutes long. The stringency of this rule is now, I am told, relaxed, and you need not resort to the stratagem of the well-known lady who told her footman to ask if Mrs. A—was at home and not hear his answer. In London no such duty devolves on the guest. Nobody leaves cards after a dinner. Hardly any cards are left, except through the medium of the stationer who contracts to deliver them at so much a hundred, according to a list furnished him; and sometimes does. One of the best-known men in London, an indefatigable diner-out, told me he never left a card in any circumstances, and never even had one till a change of title made it convenient for him to notify his friends of his promotion. But this is an extreme case. Nor in London are cards left on young ladies. The young lady in London, even after she is out, makes few exactions of this kind. And between the social codes of London and New York there are many other differences, all in the same direction; the conscientious exactness of New York always in sharp contrast with the carelessness of London. The note of London is to take things for granted."

Curiously enough, women are not responsible for the existence of the corset at all, for the first corset of which any mention can be found was worn by the Greek poet, Cinesias, and Aristophanes ridicules him for it in his comedies. Cinesias was vain to a degree, and as he thought himself too tall and thin, he conceived the idea of adding symmetry to his figure by surrounding it with a cuirass made of little planks of wood. Later this corset was adopted by yet another man—the Emperor Antonius Pius. It was some little time before the Roman women affected it, and then it only encircled the waist—the bust was left free. Gradually, however, it extended above and below the waist-line until it reached modern proportions. Catherine de Medici was the first woman to wear the bust corset in France; but it was worn commonly many years before her reign in Italy.

A considerable sensation is being created in Paris club circles by an article which has just been published by the Hungarian Count Szechenyi in the *Nouvelle Revue*, ridiculing the equestrianism of the Parisian anglo-manics, who mostly belong to the party of the young Duke of Orleans. It seems to be the fixed opinion of these young men that an Englishman on horseback sits glued to his saddle without rising in his stirrups, rounds his back like a racing cyclist, sticks out his elbows at right angles, and projects his legs as far forward in a horizontal position as he possibly can. The count describes an amusing scene he once witnessed near Paris at a hunt given by the Marquis de l'Aigle. An elderly French nobleman inquired of an English visitor, who was present on horseback: "I beg your pardon, but would you mind telling me where you learned to ride? You ride exactly as we do." "Well," replied the Englishman, "I learned in England; that is how we ride there; but over here people seem to ride in a most eccentric fashion. I noticed that you rode all right, but I was told that you are an old army man, and I put it down to that." The eccentric riding to which the Englishman referred is that of the gilded youth of Paris, who fondly imagine that their antics will stamp them as being quite English as regards all that relates to horses.

Among the new women bicyclists in New York on the road this spring will be Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. James Andariese, Mrs. Walter Chapin, Mrs. George Freeman, the Misses Leigh, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Daniel Worden, Miss Sylvia Strong, and scores of other well-known women. What to wear upon these coming outdoor rides is a constant topic of discussion among the fair bicyclists, most of whom are now daily visiting their dressmakers and milliners, preparing for the same. From all indications, some remarkably handsome and novel combinations in the way of bicycle costumes will soon see the light, and the first road-run of the Michaux Club will be as interesting to the women who participate in it as any opening of a fashionable dressmakers.

"In the matter of wines and spirits," says *Vogue*, "a curious change has taken place. So many clubmen, it is said, who are in the habit of dining out every night, find their health so much damaged by the mixture of rich wines they have to drink that they have given up champagne, Burgundy, and even sherry and claret entirely, and limit themselves to spirits at dinner. As a consequence, hostesses now have small, and what young girls would call 'the cunningest,' decanters, containing about a gill of whisky, arranged on the sideboard, and when the butler perceives that the first course of wine is refused, he immediately places one of them before the gentleman who has

conscientious scruples about the juice of the grape. Whether this is a movement in the direction of total abstinence it is difficult to say, but that it tends to longer life and better health is beyond a doubt."

In answer to the question of "What is your ideal of a wife?" a young man wrote the following: "She must be several years younger than her husband, and must have a love of dress, with just enough common sense to keep that love within the bounds of her husband's income. She need not be beautiful, but with the love of dress she will be neat, and with the common sense mentioned she will be able to manage herself, and therefore to manage a house. She should be jealous of her husband, because jealousy never goes without love; and, as for education, that makes no difference, so long as she can speak good English. The above-described woman, with a slight seasoning of temper and good manners, is my ideal of a wife."

London society has been provided with a new amusement in the form of a shooting-gallery, and it promises to become almost as popular as the real ice-skating rink at Niagara. Only smokeless powder is used, and as the range is well ventilated and well lighted, its being underground is no particular drawback. Its patrons, however, must be necessarily limited to people to whom guineas are of little consequence, as the lowest price is two shillings for half a dozen shots.

We have come upon an age of dinners and oratory, and the inclination to mix the two is leading to interesting consequences (says *Frank Leslie's*). From the first of November to the first of May the public dinners given in this country average more than a hundred a night, and as there are at least six speeches at each, the total is unusually impressive. At many of these dinners the same stories are told; a speaker who originates a happy illustration or a successful *bon mot* is re-echoed wherever his performance is known. There is an awful suspicion that the people who buy ten and twenty-dollar tickets, and who simply eat, and drink, and listen, may get tired of being bored. It is one of the disadvantages of the growth of total abstinence that it makes the after-dinner audience more critical. When under the full inspiration of unnumbered bottles, the banqueter cares very little about the quality of the speeches. All that he hopes to do is to keep his eyes open, his body steady, and occasionally to pound the table by way of showing those around him that he is the soberest man in the company. It is easy for a prosy speaker to work off moss-covered anecdotes upon an intellectual condition of this kind. And it is still easier for the victims of the evening to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," whether they really think he is or not. But nowadays intemperance, even at banquets, is distinctly unfashionable. The many wines are tasted more than they are drunk. The quality is praised, while the man who "goes in" for mere quantity is set down as a vulgarian. There are exceptions, of course, and there are many dinners which end in mental fog and physical uncertainty. But the great majority of the banquets are sober affairs, and the post-prandial orator finds before him a hundred or more of clean, keen, intelligent faces that measure him at his own height, and do not magnify his size or his words through an alcoholic atmosphere. The increase of sobriety, therefore, distinctly threatens to bring after-dinner speaking down to a practical basis on which a bore will be recognized as a bore, and a plagiarist as a plagiarist.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Duc de Montpensier, when he resided at the historical Castle of Vincennes, was inclined to indulge in lavish expenditure, which made his rather parsimonious father, Louis Philippe, say of him: "C'est Montpensier. Il faut que je lui trouve une femme riche." The citizen king found the rich wife, with the results that all the world knows.

John G. Whittier was greatly loved by strangers, who not only called on him, but thriffully insisted on putting up with him all night. "Thee has no idea," said his sister, "how much time Greenleaf spends trying to lose these people in the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says: 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him. But I can never lose a her. The women are more pertinacious than the men; don't thee find them so, Maria?'"

Once when Cardinal Manning was preaching in Rome, he recognized John Bright among his listeners. On the instant he determined to preach to him, and dwelt with as much force and effect as he could on the claims of the Blessed Virgin to our veneration. Two or three years later he met him and reminded him of this incident. "I remember it perfectly," said John, "and I shall never forget it. I was delighted with everything that morning—a gratified smile came on the cardinal's face—"excepting your sermon."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, while visiting, feeling rather weary and wishing to rest, was asked by a fellow-guest, whom he did not admire, if he did not wish to accompany her for a walk. Glancing out of the window, Sheridan replied: "It is very cloudy. We shall be caught in the rain." The other waited awhile. Shortly the sun came through the clouds. "Shall we go now?" she asked; "it has cleared up." "Why, yes; so I see," said Sheridan; "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two. You go."

Sir John Macdonald, the first Prime Minister of Canada, was fond of relating this story to illustrate the need of an Upper House: "Of what use is the Senate?" asked Jefferson, as he stood before the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, pouring the tea into the saucer. "You have answered your own question," replied Washington. "What do you mean?" "Why did you pour that tea into the saucer?" "To cool it." "Even so," said Washington, "the Senate is the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool."

Dr. Black, once the leading minister of Glasgow, and another clergyman, having a holiday in Cumberland, attended a little Scotch church, and purposely went late and got into a remote corner of the church so that they might not be seen by the officiating minister. They learned, to their dismay, that they had been "spotted" when they heard the minister say, in the intercessory prayers: "Lord, have mercy on Thy ministering servants who have popped in on us so unexpectedly, one of whom will preach in the afternoon and the other in the evening."

Senator Allen caused a little quiet amusement in the Senate recently (says the Washington Post). Mr. Chandler was talking at an unusually late hour, and everybody was impatient to close the debate and go home. Suddenly Mr. Allen arose and motioned apologetically to Mr. Chandler, who paused in his remarks to hear what the Nebraska senator had to say. "Will the senator allow me to interrupt him to make a motion?" asked Senator Allen. "Certainly," said Mr. Chandler. "Then I move," said Mr. Allen, "that the Senate do now adjourn."

A Kentucky judge on one occasion, after a night with the boys, was considerably "how-come-you-so," and for a lark the mischief-lovers reversed the wheels on his honor's old cradle-shape wagon, putting the fore wheels behind and the hind wheels in front, thus raising the fore part of the wagon to an unwonted eminence. When he reached home, near morning, his wife naturally wanted to know where he had been all night. He explained by saying in uncertain tones: "Maria, I've been to Louisville. I started in good season, but it was ten miles, and uphill all the way."

The average Englishman is public-spirited, and for the public good denounces any imposition upon himself, no matter how slight it may be. Near the summit of the Righi Mountain, in Switzerland, there is a hotel frequented by people who wish to see the sun rise over the Alps. A "complaint book" is kept, in which travelers record real or fancied grievances. Recently this book was found to contain the following entry: "I desire to call the attention of the management and the general public to the fact that I have been up here two mornings for the express purpose of seeing the sun rise from this mountain; and that on both occasions I have seen nothing whatever but clouds. One failure to keep the understanding with me—

an implied contract—I might have passed over, but two failures I regard as a distinct imposition. J. ROBINSON, Liverpool."

Not infrequently Lady Holland, in her casual sort of way, invited more people than the table would hold. On one occasion, when a superfluous guest arrived after the diners were already seated, Lady Holland called out: "Luttrell, will you make room?" "I must certainly make it, for it does not exist," was the ready rejoinder to the imperious lady. It may have been the same evening that Luttrell, known to be an epicure, caused much surprise to his friends by letting the side-dishes pass by. The fact being that he was absorbed in contemplating a man opposite, who was listening to Sydney Smith's jokes without moving a muscle of his face.

Once Rossetti asked Whistler how he liked a sketch he had made for a picture. "It has good points," was the answer; "go ahead with it." A few weeks later he was asked about the picture. "Doing famously," said Rossetti; "I've ordered a stunning frame for it." Some time later Mr. Whistler saw the canvas, framed, but still virgin of paint-brush or paint. "You've done nothing to it," said Mr. Whistler. "No," replied Rossetti, but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you would care to hear it." When the recitation was over, Mr. Whistler said: "Rossetti, take out the canvas and put the sonnet in the frame."

A now distinguished jurist, says an exchange, migrated to a Western town; months of idleness, with no prospect of improvement, induced him to seek a new home. Without money to pay his fare, he boarded a train for Nashville, intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said: "I am on the staff of the ———, of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me?" The conductor looked at him sharply. "The editor of that paper is in the smoker, come with me; if he identifies you, all right." He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained; Mr. Editor said: "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right." Before leaving the train, the lawyer again sought the editor: "Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper." "I am not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

While Nathaniel Hawthorne was consul at Liverpool, a young Yankee walked into his office. The boy had left home to seek his fortune, but evidently had not found it. Homesick, friendless, nearly penniless, he wanted a passage home. The clerk said that Mr. Hawthorne could not be seen, and intimated that the boy was not an American, but was trying to steal a passage. The boy stuck to his point, and the clerk at last went to the little room and said to Mr. Hawthorne: "Here's a boy who insists upon seeing you. He says he's an American, but I know he isn't." Hawthorne came out of the room and looked keenly at the eager, ruddy face of the boy. "You want a passage to America?" "Yes, sir." "And you say you're an American?" "Yes, sir." "From what part of America?" "United States, sir." "What State?" "New Hampshire, sir." "Town?" "Exeter, sir." Hawthorne looked at him for a minute before asking him the next question. "Who sold the best apples in your town?" "Skim-Milk Folsom, sir," said the boy, with glistening eyes, as the old familiar by-word brought up the dear old scenes of home. "It's all right, sir," said Hawthorne to the clerk; "give him a passage."

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

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LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.....	6.45 A.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsen, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and "Santa Rosa".....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and "Oroville".....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
* 9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited" Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.....	1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East".....	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	11.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.....	7.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.05 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	7.38 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
* 7.00 * 8.00 * 9.00 * 10.00 A. M., * 12.30, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, * 4.00, 5.00 and * 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—* 6.00 * 7.00
8.00 * 9.00 * 10.00 and * 11.00 A. M., * 12.00, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00 and * 5.00 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Spiers Colonial Dinner.

Mrs. James Spiers entertained a house-party of fifteen young ladies and gentlemen at her home in Berkeley last week, and on Friday evening gave a colonial dinner, previous to attending the Colonial Ball held in Shattuck Hall. The table was exquisitely decorated with jonquils and violets, the cloth also being heavily embroidered with yellow and white silk, and the lamp-shades were of the same color. The guests were in full colonial costumes, and the scene presented, as all were gathered around the hospitable board, was like a picture of "ye olden time." The costumes are described as follows:

Mrs. Spiers presided in a beautiful dress of ashes of roses and steel brocade; her hair was dressed in puffs and powdered.

Miss Eleanor Wood wore a gown of yellow silk; hair dressed very high and powdered.

Miss Julia Crocker, a short-waisted gown of white tulle; coiffure with an old-fashioned comb.

Miss Ida Gibbons, a pink velvet dress over a petticoat of brocade silk; dainty mits finished this pretty costume.

Miss Ethel Lincoln, an old-time magenta silk, with a petticoat of white; patches and powdered hair.

Miss Ella Morgan, a black velvet over-dress and petticoat of white satin.

Miss Evelyn Norwood, white silk dress, with undershirt of yellow silk.

Miss Schussler, a pink silk, richly embroidered; hair à la Lady Washington.

Miss Alice Schussler, old-fashioned blue satin, with white satin petticoat.

Miss Katherine Spiers, a pink chiffon slip, made with a Watteau plait, embroidered in rosebuds over a pink silk skirt.

Mr. Morton Gibbons, blue satin costume, white wig.

Mr. James Spiers, Jr., costume of white satin, with gold braid; powdered wig.

Mr. Houston, costume of chocolate-colored satin.

Professor Richardson, Mr. Frank King, Professor Sanford, and Mr. William Spiers wore conventional evening-dress.

At nine o'clock, the guests were driven to the ball, which was under the patronage of Mrs. Garber, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Spiers, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Pennoyer, Mrs. Sutton, and Mrs. Whiting, and was one of the most successful functions ever held in Berkeley.

The Art Loan Exhibition.

The great success that has attended the art loan exhibition of portraits of women at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art has been such that the managers have concluded to keep it open one day more Sunday, March 10th. This (Saturday) afternoon the attractions will be varied. Tea will be served by a bevy of society girls, and commencing at half-past three o'clock a concert will be given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The following excellent programme will be presented:

Organ solo, "Coronation March," Meyerbeer, Mr. Louis Schmidt; aria, "Romeo and Juliette" ("Se Romeo"), Bellini, Miss Katherine Black, (accompanied by Miss Edith Johnson); violin solo, Romanze op. 87, Jadasohn, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Aime Moi," Chopin, Mrs. William Taylor; organ solo, selections, Wagner, Mr. Louis Schmidt; song, "Orpheus with his Lute," Parker, Miss Katherine Black; violin solo, (a) "Burlesque," op. 30, Marcello Rossi, (b) "Chansonnette," H. Saint-George, (both first time), Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Tell me my Heart," Bishop, Mrs. William Taylor; organ solo, overture, Auber, Mr. Louis Schmidt.

In the evening a concert will be given by the Angel Island Band. It is expected that the attendance, both in the afternoon and evening, will be large and fashionable.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mrs. Addie Moulton Davis, daughter of Mrs. A. W. Moulton, and Mr. Charles H. Abbott, a member of the Pacific Union Club, took place last Tuesday evening at the residence of Dr. Alexander Warner, 2323 Franklin Street. Rev. John Hemphill performed the ceremony in the parlors, which were handsomely decorated with smilax and violets. Only relatives were present. After an elaborate supper, the bride and groom left

for their new home, 1632 Vallejo Street. On Thursday they departed on the Sunset Limited for a two months' tour of the Eastern States.

Cards have been issued announcing the marriage of Mrs. Frances Griffiths Vaux and Mr. Walter John Barnett, a prominent young attorney-at-law of this city, which took place on February 26th at Lakeport, Cal.

Miss May Whittier Loveland has issued cards announcing the wedding of her sister, Miss Jule Whittier Loveland, and Mr. William Bela Wellman, which took place in this city on Tuesday, March 5th.

Mrs. S. C. Bigelow will give a lunch-party to-day at her residence, corner of McAllister and Pierce Streets.

The closing ball of the Calliopean Club will take place on Saturday evening, March 16th, at Golden Gate Hall.

The members of the San Francisco Verein will give an entertainment to-night at the club-house. There will be a presentation of living pictures, followed by a ball and an elaborate supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding gave an elaborate dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence on Franklin Street, and entertained sixteen of their friends.

Mrs. William J. Younger gave a pretty lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence, 1414 California Street, as a farewell compliment to her daughters, Misses Maud and Bessie Younger, who left on Thursday for Europe to resume their musical studies. The table was handsomely decorated and the afternoon was most pleasantly passed. The others present were Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Claire Tucker, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Buckbee, Miss Hilda Castle, and Miss Alice Ames.

Miss Daisy Van Ness gave a bicycle-party last Tuesday evening, having as her guests several friends who enjoyed a long ride over the park roads and afterward partook of supper at the home of Miss Van Ness, on Taylor Street. Her guests comprised Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Marquita Collier, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Potter, of Philadelphia, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. A. Maconrady, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Lawrence S. Adams, Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, and Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle.

Mrs. Louisa Auzerais gave an enjoyable dinner-party at her residence, 2517 Pacific Avenue, last Thursday evening. Covers were laid for twenty.

A parlor meeting of the Woman's Congress was held in Mrs. A. D. Sharon's rooms in the Palace Hotel last Monday afternoon. About thirty-five ladies were present, and listened to addresses given by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. Helen Campbell, and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson. The plan of the congress to be held in this city in May next was outlined, and a most instructive week is then promised. Many of the ladies present at once offered the use of their homes for similar meetings, and the speakers readily proffered their services at any of the occasions to explain and define the work to be accomplished. The subject of the entire seven days' congress will be "The Home."

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Alexander Center, Mrs. Alfred Moore, and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard sailed for Yokohama last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sprague have rented the Taylor cottage at San Mateo for six months.

Mrs. William L. Elkins, of Philadelphia, is expected here soon to visit her father, Senator Charles N. Felton, at Menlo Park.

Mrs. George Loomis has been entertaining Miss Isabel McKenna at Menlo Park during the past week.

Mrs. J. C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, and Miss Rathbone have returned from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre will leave next week to occupy their home at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, of Hartford, Conn., are visiting General and Mrs. James F. Houghton at their residence, 1900 Washington Street.

Mr. James S. Robinson and Mr. S. E. Rawlins, with their families, are up from their country homes at Hartford for a few weeks' sojourn in the city, and are registered at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Charles A. Cockerill is en route here from New York, and will leave on March 14th to join her husband, Colonel Cockerill, in Yokohama.

Mr. J. B. Crockett has returned from a trip to the Eastern States.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins has returned from the East after a long absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Hopkins have returned from the East, and are staying temporarily at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have returned from a trip to the Eastern States and Europe.

Mrs. A. D. Moore and the Misses Miriam and Frances Moore have returned from a prolonged visit to friends in Washington, D. C., and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnett have taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston and Miss Preston will leave soon to pass the season at Portola Hall, their country residence near San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Parker Treat, *né* Hayes, have returned from their wedding-trip and are at the Hotel

Pleasanton, where they will remain until April, when they will go to Sausalito to pass the season at Holyoaks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy are occupying their new home, 2726 Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hale are passing the season at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn is passing a couple of weeks at Cragthorn, her villa in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. A. Phillips, manager of the French bank, is among the guests of the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and Miss Gertrude Forman left last Tuesday on a voyage to Japan.

Mrs. W. D. O'Kane and family are passing a few weeks in San Rafael.

Mrs. Scammell and Mrs. Turpin, of New York, are among the recent arrivals from the East at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam have been at Santa Barbara during the past week.

Mr. L. B. Feigenbaum has returned from New York city.

Mrs. William M. Lent and Mrs. Fannie Lent have been in San José during the past week.

Mr. T. M. Osmont and his family have given up house-keeping and returned to their former residence at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Marie Voorhies is visiting Mrs. H. C. Smith at Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease expect to leave for New York during the coming week.

Captain A. B. C. Dohrmann arrived in Germany on February 28th, and is now attending the Leipzig fair.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, *né* Welsh, will receive on the fourth and fifth Mondays in April at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. S. B. Schloss, formerly United States Consul to Cassel, Germany, has returned to the city. Mr. and Mrs. Schloss will pass the season at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. B. Paulsen, accompanied by Miss Wiener, of New York, left New York for Washington early in the week.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Moale, Third Infantry, U. S. A., met with quite a severe accident recently near Fort Snelling, Minn., where he is stationed. While out driving the horses became unmanageable and ran away. Colonel Moale was thrown out and three of his ribs were broken. The driver of the vehicle was killed.

Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Patterson, Third Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Snelling, Minn., and ordered to this department, to take station at Benicia Barracks.

Major Alfred E. Bates, Paymaster, U. S. A., returned from the East last Sunday, after a prolonged leave of absence.

Captain Henry P. Birmingham, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Grant, Arizona.

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in charge of the recruiting station in this city during the absence of Captain L. O. Parker, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Louis R. Burgess, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence from March 1st.

An announcement of unusual interest is that of the engagement of Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, daughter of multi-millionaire L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, to G. N. Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, of England. Mr. Curzon is only thirty-two years old, and not wealthy, but he is spoken of as a candidate for the premiership upon Lord Rosebery's retirement. He is now the Under Secretary for India for the British Foreign Office. He has traveled extensively, and has described his experiences in several interesting books. Miss Leiter is well known in Europe. She was presented at the court of St. James five years ago, and made a decided sensation. She is a pronounced brunette, tall, slender, graceful, and finely educated.

The late Field-Marshal Canrobert was a good-natured man, of a genial and jovial disposition, yet he had a bookful of gresome and inhuman suggestions which he looked to, during twenty-four years, for daily consolation. It was the Prussian army list published at the beginning of 1870. There were whole columns in it of the names of officers underlined in red ink. On the margin was written, "Mes Mortis," or, "Those I have killed"—officers who lost their lives at Gravelotte, where Canrobert made such a desperate stand and put to shame the hesitating Bazaine.

French Opinion of California.

The Parisian *Figaro* of December 6th compliments California on its large contingent of refined inhabitants. The writer derives his favorable opinion from the fact of 15,000 cases of Pommeury Sec Champagne having been imported in one year, and adds that a country in the Far West, with only a million population, consuming such quantities of a fine wine, must be surely progressing in culture.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 681.

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YALE'S HAIR TONIC

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that Mme. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. Mme. Yale personally indorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY Hair Specific. It STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxurious growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.

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A ROCOCO ROUT.

Mrs. Hearst's Colonial Concert and Cotillion.

No fashionable event for some time has created so much interest and been such a success as the Rococo concert and cotillion given by Mrs. Hearst, widow of California's late senator, at her beautiful home in New Hampshire Avenue. Two sets of invitations were sent out: the first, one hundred and thirty, for older people, for the concert at half-past nine; and the second, for the younger set, for the cotillion.

As the invitations called for colonial costumes—time about 1770—the guests paid the hostess the courtesy of appearing in the required dress, and many mustaches and Van Dyck beards were sacrificed for the occasion. To accentuate the custom of the time, at the door and in the hall, to escort the guests to the music-room, were four Moorish servants, with crimson velvet suits and fantastic turbans.

The guests were received by Mrs. Hearst and Miss Bayard (daughter of our ambassador to Great Britain), in whose honor the functions were given, in the music-room, where pretty little gilt and brocade chairs were placed for the guests facing the orchestra of twenty musicians, who formed a gorgeous picture of harmoniously blended colors. The entire end of the room where the musicians were placed was converted into a Louis Quinze bower, carried out in correctness of style to the finest detail. The background of the scene consisted of consecutive rococo panels of little inlaid mirrors reaching from the floor to the balcony above, thus reflecting the audience and orchestra in their gay colors, powdered heads, and snowy wigs, together with the scatter of lights from the musicians' candelabra, making a picture which might have been the inspiration of a Fortuny or Wenzel. The balcony, which projected partly over the orchestra, was decorated with a centre group of old musical instruments—lyre, lute, trumpet, violin, and tambourine—artistically tied with ribbons, which made a pretty peep-in-and-out effect among the instruments and flowers. On either side of this suggestive composition were festoons and designs executed in flowers. The whole of the scene was framed in a flourish of gray satin drapery, held to the ceiling in the centre by a saucy Cupid blowing a Fra Angelica trumpet, and caught up again at the ends of the balcony by two more Cupids, and then dropped to the floor in graceful folds.

The programme was designed by A. B. Wenzell, of *Life*, written in old French, to be consistent with the time, and embraced the following:

CONCERT DE SALON AU TEMPS DE JOSEPH HAYDN, 1770.
M. Anton Seidl, chef d'orchestre.

PROGRAMME.

I. Concerto pour flûte et instruments à cordes.... Frédéric le Grand

II. Trio en B flat mol pour piano, violon, et Violoncelle..... Haydn
Messieurs Henry Holsen Huss, Henry Schmitt, et John Jaeger.

III. Aria, "Avec un manteau de verdure," de "la Création"..... Haydn
Madame Blauvelt.

III. Selections pour instruments à cordes.
(a) Menuet..... Boccherini
(b) Sérénade..... Haydn

V. Danse de l'Ours..... Haydn

VI. "Voi che sapate" pour "Nozze di Figaro"..... Mozart
Madame Blauvelt.

VII. Le Congé, Symphonie..... Haydn

The orchestra, under Mr. Anton Seidl's magnetic and inspiring leadership, caught the spirit of the occasion, and played with delicacy and color. The trio, with its three dainty and strongly contrasted movements, went with *elan*. The grand piano used was an old instrument made in Salsburg in 1760, and was played by Haydn. Mr. Huss adopted for the occasion the most delicate *fin-de-siècle* touch, which, with his charming interpretation of Haydn, was exquisite. Mme. Blauvelt, in white brocade, embroidered in gold, was the soloist, and seemed created for the music and period. The unique feature of the programme was the rendering of the "Farewell Symphony," wherein Haydn cleverly represents how Esterhazy, whom all the musicians had asked for a few days' vacation, could get along with only the favorite violinist. The last movement, therefore, drops out one musician after another, who, finding his motive at an end, blows out his light and walks out, leaving at last only the one violinist and old Haydn. Haydn, having succeeded in making his own presence unnecessary, now ceremoniously extinguishes his light, leaving only the violinist to cheer the old prince, whereupon they were all immediately sent on a vacation to their beloved Vienna.

At the close of the programme a fanfare of trumpets from below announced that supper was served. At eleven the guests for the cotillion began to arrive, and were received by Mrs. Hearst and Miss Bayard in the Louis Sixteenth reception-room. The walls of this room are covered with delicate blue satin, and were festooned with garlands of pink roses. In the large Louis Seize drawing-room, hung in delicate rose brocade, were wreaths of white roses suspended by ribbons from the corners. The adjoining library, with velvet hangings of delf blue, was decorated with jonquils placed in large delf jars. The dining-room was adorned with masses of American Beauty roses. An excellent supper was served in the Holland

room on the ground floor. On the tables were candles capped with dainty shades of many hues, which lighted up bouquets of bright carnations. The waiters were all in livery of the period.

The cotillion began at twelve o'clock, and was led by Mr. George Andrews and Miss Bayard. The favors were very tasteful and unique. Pretty silk work-bags for the "maids" held dainty souvenirs, prettily embroidered ring-boxes, little heart-shaped pin-cushions in delicate hues, dainty Empire fans, and bunches of exquisite flowers. For the gentlemen, silver pencils, cigar-cutters, lizard-skin note-books and card-cases, and pretty silver-clasped pen-wipers.

Mrs. Hearst's gown was gray striped satin, brocaded with roses and trimmed with rich lace; ornaments: diamonds and rubies.

Miss Bayard wore a most becoming gown of rose-colored pompadour silk.

Mrs. Warren, of Boston, a guest of Mrs. Hearst, wore a most rare and beautiful gown of the period; the foundation was turquoise blue satin, with elaborate embroidery of flowers covering the entire material. Handsome lace, diamonds, and pearls completed the costume.

Mrs. Cropper, of London, was very picturesque in a light green and white brocaded silk, pink satin petticoat, flounces of lace, and garnitures of pink roses. Pearls were her ornaments.

Miss Anthony, one of the season's débutantes, wore a quaint gown of changeable pompadour silk, square neck, edged with yellow roses, with a simple band of yellow roses around her throat.

Miss Peck, of California, wore a beautiful gown of blue and white striped silk, brocaded with pink hollyhocks.

JANE SEARLE.

WASHINGTON, February 26, 1895.

There was a notable gathering of about fifty people of San Francisco at Union Square Hall last week to form an Evolution Club. The design is to follow up and popularize the doctrines of the Darwinian theory from the formation of worlds to the latest trepanning of a human skull to cure insanity. In brief, the club proposes to make intelligible the whole dicta and doctrines of modern science. This will be a step on a line with the work of the Brooklyn Ethical Association and the Boston Monday Club, and ought to be warmly supported by those of our people who are interested in science. Intending members may address Mr. Burnette G. Haskell, the attorney, for further information.

Effect of the Dull Holiday Season.

It seems a necessity for all large houses to periodically hold sales for the disposal of their surplus stock, and the inducements offered to buyers have to be greater in times of depression than when there is a great demand.

Owing to the dull holiday season of 1894, Nathan, Dohrmann & Co. have just inaugurated a surplus-stock sale, where they are offering some of their best goods at from 20 to 50 per cent. below the regular price.

Buyers of table china and glassware should take advantage of this opportunity and visit the store before all the bargains are sold.

— "CHIMMIE FADDEN" AT COOPER'S.

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STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1895.

ASSETS:

Cash in Banks and Office	\$ 522,354 57
United States Bonds, New York City Bonds, Bank, Railroad, and other Stocks and Bonds,	Market Value..... 3,782,345 00
Bonds and Mortgages.....	126,050 00
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	15,205 88
Premiums in course of collection (Net).....	505,320 48
Real Estate (Market Value).....	399,000 00
	\$5,350,275 93

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital.....	\$1,000,000 00
Reserve Fund for Unearned Premiums.....	3,627,392 90
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and all other Claims.....	316,523 45
Net Surplus.....	406,359 58
	\$5,350,275 93

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BIBLES :- PRAYER-BOOKS :- HYMNALS
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I wouldn't swear that way," said the kind-looking old lady mildly. "Bless your soul, ma'am, you couldn't. It takes years of truck-drivin' to come anywhere near it," responded the gentleman whose team had balked across the car-track.—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Train-robbor—"Do you mean to tell me a man with a watch and chain like that travels around with only three dollars and twenty-three cents in his pocket? Come, get out the rest!" *Passenger*—"That's right! I've been in every jack-pot since we left Chicago."—*Puck*.

"What lessons should we learn, Wendell," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "from this story of demoniacal possession?" "One of the lessons we should learn from it," replied the little Boston boy, "is that the word demoniacal is accented on the antepenultimate."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"You bet I know enough to come in when it rains," remarked Mr. Weary Watkins, in the course of heated discussion. "It is a mighty good thing you do," retorted Mr. Hungry Higgins; "if you didn't your name would be mud. Leastways mostly mud."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Miss Harlem—"To-day I saw three men deferentially stand aside on an 'L' platform until four ladies entered the car." *Miss Downtown*—"Well, doesn't that prove my assertion that New York men are chivalrous to a fault?" *Miss Harlem* (with a sigh)—"No; it was an empty car."—*Puck*.

"Been to the theatre, eh! What did you see?" "I saw a large black hat, with five ostrich feathers, a Rhine-stone buckle, and two Magenta roses. And once" (here the strong man's voice trembled), "once, for one moment, I thought I saw half of a sofa at the extreme left of the stage; but I can not be sure."—*Life*.

"No," admitted Mr. Barnes Tormer, "from the standpoint of the immortal bard of Avon, perhaps our play of 'New York by Daylight' might not rank the highest. But the box-office was all right. Our bargain-counter scene, with real bargains and a gang way for the women to come upon the stage, just jammed the matinees out of sight."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

"As to the question of side-saddles, madam," ventured the reporter, as delicately as he could, "what will probably be the—the position of the coming woman?" "As to the question of saddles, sir," replied the president of the Woman's Convention, with considerable asperity, "the coming woman, if she feels like it, will take both sides."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I ask for bread," exclaimed the mendicant, bitterly, "and you give me a stone." The man glanced apprehensively in the direction of his young bride, who was bending eagerly over the cook-stove. "Hush," he whispered; "that isn't a marker to what you'd have got if you had asked for custard-pie." With a swift exchange of glances they parted.—*Puck*.

"I would love to go sleighing, but my feet get so cold." A few moments after, as the young man to whom these remarks were addressed went into the midnight air, he breathed an audible sigh of relief, and, hugging himself with ill-contained ecstasy as he hurried away in the frosty night, he exclaimed: "What an escape! I might have asked that girl to marry me."—*Life*.

Mrs. Lovesales (to her husband)—"Oh, Edgar, look at the bargains in this advertisement! Smithson has bought the whole bankrupt stock of Mulhooly, and just see what he advertises: 'Silks, Mulhooly's price, \$9 a yard; our price, 19 cents. Lace curtains, Mulhooly's price, \$18; our price, 79 cents. Table-cloths, Mulhooly's price, \$7.50; our price, 61 cents.' Aren't these real bargains?" *Her husband* (meditatively)—"What an awful villain Mulhooly must have been!"—*Truth*.

"O! hear you're onder contract to be married to the widdy next dure to yez?" "The devil ye say!" "O! didn't say the woman was that, sorr, but the Widdy Gallagher has buried siviln hoosbands, murdered four twins, belaves in woman's sooforage, cboocked big Dan Mulligan out o' the windy at Tim Dooley's wake, and shtrooked His Riverence Father Cassidy bechune the oyes wit' a flat-iron. O! wouldn't say she's the devil, but O! do say, God help ye if iver yez troy to worrum out o' the ingagement!"—*Life*.

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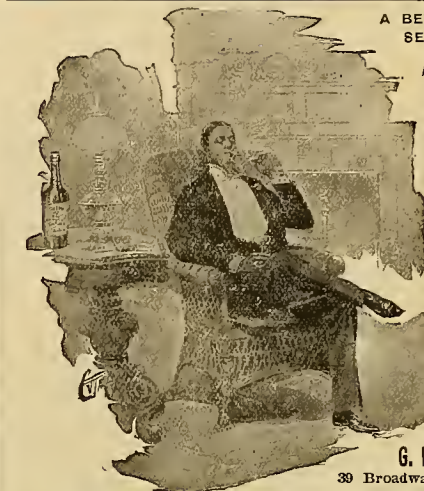
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Some weeks ago we printed an editorial article on the export of gold from the United States, giving some explanations which may have appeared rudimentary to a banker, but seemed to us none the less necessary, owing to the widespread ignorance upon the subject. Many very intelligent people seemed to think that there was a conspiracy on foot to drain us of our gold without giving any equivalent therefor. We pointed out that the drain of gold was caused by the fact that we owed Europe money, and that Europe was simply making drafts upon us for the debt. We printed figures estimating our annual indebtedness to Europe at \$50,000,000. This indebtedness we stated was incurred

in various ways—the money spent by American travelers abroad, the money paid to foreign companies for carrying freight in foreign ships, and the money paid for dividends upon American securities held abroad, money paid to foreigners for their gains from other American investments, etc.

This article has been copied by a number of our contemporaries, among others by the *Kansas City Journal*, which prints it in full under the heading, "Why we Export Gold—The Argument of the Ablest Journal on the Pacific Coast." The compliment we acknowledge. But exception has been taken to our tabular statement. It is said that we have made an important omission. This omission is that we failed to give the amount of gold exported annually to the European husbands of American heiresses.

To this charge we must plead guilty. Our only excuse is that all of our figures were estimated, and in this particular phase of the matter it is almost impossible to obtain a basis for estimate. We have, however, done what we could. We have consulted the only documentary evidence obtainable. This is a volume whose title-page runs as follows:

TITLED AMERICANS:
A LIST OF
AMERICAN LADIES
WHO HAVE
MARRIED FOREIGNERS OF RANK.
ILLUSTRATED WITH ARMORIAL BEARINGS.
ANNUALLY REVISED.
NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY STREET & SMITH,
1890.

As will be seen by the title-page, this volume is now comparatively out of date. It is nearly five years old. Yet despite the legend, "annually revised," this is apparently the latest copy obtainable. There are doubtless some inaccuracies in the volume, and there are certainly many omissions, as the number of international marriages during the last five years has been large. We commend, therefore, to Messrs. Street & Smith that they revise the volume, and issue a new edition, assuring them that the *Argonaut* is good for one copy. That the book is unique, that it fills a certain place, and that it has a certain value, can not be denied. Who would dream that it could shed light upon such a dull and prosy subject as the exportation of gold? Yet it does.

We find, on examining this work—which is a reasonably fat volume of nearly three hundred pages—the names of two hundred and seven American girls who have given their hands, their hearts, and their fortunes into the keeping of foreign gentlemen. This list, taking it alphabetically, begins with the name of Miss Allen, daughter of John Allen, of New York, who is now Countess Sanza de Loho of Portugal, and it ends with the name of Miss Consuelo Yznaga, daughter of Antonio Yznaga, of Louisiana, who was, when the book was published, Viscountess Mandeville, and who is now, we believe, Duchess of Manchester.

This list of ladies is, as we said, defective. This is accounted for by the fact that it is followed, in the book, by a "List of titled Europeans who are supposed to be eager to lay their coronets at the feet of American girls." The efforts of these gentlemen have in many instances been crowned with success, which renders the volume before us defective, for there are doubtless many Miss Joneses who have become countesses, yet who do not figure in these pages. But, with all its defects, it is all we have to go upon. Let us therefore take these two hundred and seven American heiresses with their two hundred and seven European husbands, and endeavor to ascertain what effect they have upon the present drain of gold.

Again we are confronted with difficulties. What is the expense of maintaining a European husband? That of an American husband it would be easy to determine, given his station in life; but there are so many other avenues of expenditure which titled Europeans look upon as perfectly legitimate accessories to their marital condition—such as gambling, the maintenance of mistresses, etc.—that the question is complex. However, we may make an attempt

at solving the problem by guesswork—we guess that it takes to maintain the European husbands all that the ladies have got. It is probable that out of these two hundred and seven American ladies, few, if any, were totally without fortunes. Foreigners rarely marry penniless maidens. In fact, it is safe to assume that they all had fortunes, and that these fortunes ran from the modest dowry of Jennie Jerome when she married Lord Randolph Churchill (which consisted of the University Club Building on Madison Square, New York) up to the two or three millions of Mrs. Louis Hammersley when she became Duchess of Marlborough, or the ten or fifteen millions of Miss Anna Gould when she became Countess of Castellane. In looking over this list, it is fair to say that the average can not be under five hundred thousand dollars, and it is our belief that it is nearly double that. However, we will put it at that figure, which would make a total of over one hundred millions of dollars owned by the husbands of American women who have married abroad. We say "owned" for the reason that there is no nonsense about these foreigners—the "high-mindedness," the "chivalry," the "delicacy" of the American who marries a rich wife, are to them unknown. They go on the principle that what the wife has is theirs, and in order to prevent mistakes, they have it put in legal shape, and signed and sealed. Assuming for purposes of argument that the principal is gilt-edged—improved real estate, manufacturing property, rich mines, etc.—it ought to bring in the fancy figure of five per cent. This would give the amount of five millions of dollars paid out annually to what we might call the sons-in-law of America.

This amount is not large, it is true—five millions to be added to three hundred and fifty millions does not seem a marked addition. But there is ever before us the danger of the titled husbands of our American girls losing confidence in the country, and taking away the whole hundred millions. They would probably take it in gold too, for we believe that Europeans will not accept even silver heiresses except on a gold basis. They demand interconvertibility of the two money metals where American heiresses are concerned. This is a danger which must be looked to. The removal of one hundred millions in gold in case of a sudden loss of confidence in this country by her sons-in-law, would tax the resources of even the United States, vast as they are.

We trust this sheds some light upon this new and interesting phase of the question of the drain of gold. But we are puzzled, we must confess, at the tabulation of this overflow. How shall we classify the gold which goes to maintain the husbands of our American heiresses, when adding it to the table which we prepared in our article of some weeks ago? Is it "money paid to non-residents for their gains from American investments"? Or is it "money paid upon American securities held abroad"? Is an American heiress an "investment"? Or is she a "security"?

The miracle industry has recently been developed in two American localities—Covington, Ky., and Canton, Minn. We are glad to note this—it will make the priests of Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré feel uneasy. The *Argonaut* has ever been a staunch advocate of protection to domestic industry, and it notes with pride the uprising of a new industry which, for aught the world knows, may become one of the staple resources of the country. There was a time in the Middle Ages when whole districts were supported by the contributions of pilgrims to holy shrines.

At Canton, the miracles are performed by an apparition which is visible on a pane of a window of the Roman Catholic Church. The pane is a clear, flat, plain glass, about an eighth of an inch thick; on this there appears, from time to time, the picture of a woman with a child in her arms. The picture is not subject to change—it is indelible; the most vigorous scrubbing fails to make any impression on its contour. The miracles are performed by touching or even looking attentively at the glass. The first one which was reported was that of Henry McBride, who was afflicted with a white swelling, and had been a cripple from youth. He arrived at the church on crutches, but on

ing a glance at the miraculous picture, he threw them away, and has not needed them since. Then came a man from Iowa—a party by the name of Barrett. His trouble was rheumatism, from which he had endured untold misery for years. He also did his traveling on crutches. He had no sooner set eyes on the wonderful pane of glass than he stood erect and firm upon his feet, and handed the crutches to the sexton, who stored them in the vestry for the inspection of future pilgrims. The next case was that of Mrs. Doran, of Canton, who had been for twenty years such a cripple from rheumatism that she was fed by friends with a spoon. A single glance at the window enabled her to move her hands and to swing her arms, and after a second glance she walked round the room.

The other miracle factory was founded by Father Blenke, of Kentucky, who visited Lourdes a few years ago, and observed the steady flow of coin into the treasury of that shrine. He brought some of the Lourdes water home with him, and poured it into a little spring which flows from a grotto hidden away under the great altar of St. Aloysius's Church in Covington. On the right of the fountain, he raised a carved figure of the Virgin, and on the left a marble altar supporting seven candles. It seems that this shrine has been in existence for some years, having been blessed by the Pope in 1888. The benediction has ever since been in soak, so to speak. It is only now that the shrine's miraculous cures have begun to attract attention. They are truly wonderful. A gentleman from Covington who had been blind for some years recovered his eyesight by drinking a few bottles of the water from the fountain. A child who had fallen from the top of a two-story house, and had broken every bone in its body, was taken to the grotto. The doctors declared they could do nothing for it; they were unable even to restore it to consciousness. It was doused with the miraculous water, and gradually bone after bone set itself; it was carried home, and in a few days it was perfectly well. It was mere play for this miraculous water to deal with such trifles as tumors, epilepsy, St. Vitus's dance, and other nervous affections. The priests observe that the credit for the miraculous cures should be given to the Blessed Virgin, whose visits to the shrine occur at intervals.

Perhaps the most surprising feature in the business is the extraordinary apathy with which the competition of the priesthood in the treatment of disease is viewed by the medical faculty. As a rule, doctors have always been keenly alive to the danger of professional competition. In most of the States, it is difficult for a professed healer to practice his profession without a diploma from some recognized college of medicine; there are places where a homœopath, or a hydropath, or an electrical practitioner, or a faith-curer, runs risk of arrest as a fraud and charlatan. Yet no medical college or county board of physicians has undertaken to summon these miraculous curers of disease before a police judge. This seems to argue singular apathy among the disciples of Galen. For if it becomes generally understood that for a few dollars dropped into a poor-hox the saints stand ready to cure rheumatism, which apparently defies the regular faculty, how are the doctors going to live? According to the newspapers, the world is being ravaged by influenza, or "la grippe," which in one town in Europe has laid thirty thousand sufferers by the heels. It has not been stated in so many words that the presiding deity of Covington or Canton makes a specialty of curing "la grippe"; but it goes without saying that a power which can set bones without splints and paralyze paralysis, must be able to deal with such trifles as influenza in its various forms as a mere pastime, and is pretty sure to attract patients.

It is no part of the duty of the *Argonaut* to put the doctors on their guard. They are supposed to be capable of taking care of themselves. From the energy which they display in trying to get the legislature to pass statutes securing to them a monopoly of the art of killing and curing, it should be inferred that they need no prod to rouse them to the necessity of making war on their miraculous competitors. And yet no steps are being taken. If the doctors adhere to the policy of inertia, they may live to be sorry for it. The church is sleepless.

But waiving the possible loss to the medicos, the *Argonaut* can not help but approve of the domestic as against the foreign miracle industry. If we must have miraculous cures, let us at least keep the money in the country.

What is to be the effect of the increased production of gold upon the use of gold and silver for coinage purposes? The great increase during the last two years has been referred to in these columns, and, if the indications from the gold-fields throughout the world are to be believed, the production during the next five or six years will show a steadily increasing total. In 1893, the production of gold amounted to \$155,521,700, according to the estimate of the director of the mint, while the eminent French economist, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, places it at \$185,000,000. The re-

ports for 1894 have not been collected yet, but it is estimated that the production for the United States was more than \$50,000,000; South Africa is credited with nearly \$37,000,000; and Australia will be found to have produced an amount very nearly equal to this. This shows an increase from these three sources of \$23,000,000; and if the other countries only held their own in production, the output for 1894 would foot up \$178,500,000. Accepting this as a conservative estimate—it is still below that of M. Leroy-Beaulieu for 1893—what figures will he reached for 1895 and the next few years? There is abundant reason to believe that they will be considerably greater than those for 1893 and 1894, large as those were when compared with the figures of previous years.

A glance over the field will prove how inevitably this must be so. Production in Australia has heretofore increased at a very slow rate. Improved methods of mining are already beginning to tell in the older gold-fields, and a considerable increase may be looked for from them in the near future. Western Australia will soon be developed by the government railroads in that colony, and the newly discovered gold-fields will share in that development. In South Africa the gold-fields are being prospected more actively than ever before, and a steady increase in production may be looked for. A few years ago a very small supply of gold came from there: in 1891, it had reached \$15,000,000; in 1893, it was \$29,000,000; in 1894, \$37,000,000; and for 1895 the director of the mint estimates the output at \$48,000,000.

The increased production for the United States remains to be considered, and here the increase will be as great as, if not greater than, in the two rival producers. Colorado is alive with prospectors, and the success they have heretofore met with proves how rich will be their finds when they have covered the State more thoroughly. As yet, a comparatively small part of the gold-fields of that State has been prospected with any degree of thoroughness. Throughout the Pacific tier of States, from the northern to the southern boundary, gold has been found in paying quantities, and more is being found every day. Even beyond the boundary, in British Columbia, the Kootenai Mines have proved to be large producers, and there are rich mines turning out gold in Alaska.

In California, the pioneer of gold production on the Pacific Coast, there is more systematic activity to-day than has ever been known before. Mines that have been large producers in the past, but have lain idle through lack of adequate capital for their further development, or have been abandoned because the mining methods then in vogue were too expensive for the grade of ore turned out, are being reopened and developed on an extensive scale. As showing the activity of this movement, the following mines, all of which were reported in two issues of the San Francisco dailies last week as having recently passed into the hands of Eastern or local capitalists, and as being about to be developed more or less extensively, may be named: The Boston and Montana, the Virginia, the Red Cloud, and the Compromise, all near Coulterville; the Hexter, between Mokelumne Hill and Middle Bar; the Mountain View, near Fresno; the Lady Washington and the Rawhide, in Tuolumne County (the latter, which is said to have been sold, is one of the largest paying mines on the coast); the Spanish Hill, near Placerville; the Red Bank, on the Merced River; and the Tellurium, in Shasta County. In Shasta County, also, an Eastern syndicate has purchased thirteen claims, and they are to put up a 240-stamp mill this spring; another syndicate has purchased a number of mines in the Panamint District, in the southern part of Inyo County, and the Mariposa Grant mines, including the Pine Tree, Princeton, and Mariposa, are to be developed this year by a syndicate composed of Senator John P. Jones, John W. Mackay, Alvinza Hayward, and the Hohart Estate.

With such general activity, the world's output is certain to increase very largely during the next few years. The production of silver, on the other hand, was less last year than it was the year before, and this year there will probably be a further decrease. That this change in the relative supply of the two metals must result in a change in their relative market value is beyond question. How extensive this change will be, it is difficult, if not impossible, to say. Twice in the modern history of the two metals there has been a somewhat similar situation. During the period from 1850 to 1870, beginning with the discovery of gold in California and Australia and the development in Russia, the output of that metal increased from an average annual production in 1840–1850 of \$38,000,000 to an average of \$137,775,000 for the period of 1850–1855, and an annual average of \$132,700,000 for the twenty years from 1850 to 1870. Mr. Jevons has shown that during this period the purchasing power of gold fell at least nine per cent., and probably as much as fifteen per cent. In 1850, an ounce of gold was worth 15.7 ounces of silver in the

market; the next year it was worth but 15.4 ounces; and ten years later it had fallen to 15.26 ounces, a decrease in the silver purchasing power of gold of three per cent. This would indicate that in its power to purchase other commodities, silver had depreciated also, but not to the extent that gold did. The two metals were undoubtedly held together by the fact that the mints of the principal commercial countries, excepting England, were freely open for the coinage of both metals.

In 1876 the production of silver increased in the same manner that the production of gold had increased a quarter of a century before. The average annual production of silver for the five years succeeding that date was twenty-seven per cent. greater than the annual average for the preceding five years. The actual effect of this increased production can not even be approximately estimated, for at that time came the repudiation of silver by the various countries of Europe. The demonetization of silver by Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland; the attempt of Germany and, later, that of Austria to place their currency on a single gold basis; the repeal of the Sherman law in this country and the closing of the mints in India—this series of blows at the white metal has done more to beat down its price than any increased production could have done.

These two experiences give little assistance in estimating the result of the increase in the production of gold. Should an international agreement that shall rehabilitate silver fail to be reached, it is not probable that the purchasing power of gold will fall as much as it did in the two decades after 1850. Should such an agreement be reached, however, the increased supply of gold and the appreciated value of silver would go far toward closing the gap between the two metals.

On March 1st, the National Council of Women, which convened at Washington, adjourned after a session of two weeks, the longest session ever held by any woman's organization in this country. It comprised among its members the best-known women of the day; it dealt with all the moral and ethical questions of the hour; it framed a permanent plan of organization for the future, which is to govern the council that is to meet hereafter triennially, the next assemblage being in 1898. The attendance was disappointing, which was probably due to the decision of the steering committee to avoid such exciting topics as female suffrage; the ladies of Washington do not seem to be vitally interested in such matters as religion, temperance, philanthropy, and education. The only topic of living feminine interest which was banded by the council was dress reform.

If so much may be said without discourtesy, it may be stated that the debates—as a whole—were dull. The speakers had nothing to say which was new. Their orations were eulogies of virtue and faint deprecations of vice and folly. We seem faintly to remember having heard these things before. It did not occur to the ladies who constitute the council that there is no law in this country which requires women to listen to another woman talking, and that if a lady wants an audience, she must have something to say, and know how to say it.

The largest audience which assembled met on February 27th to discuss the subject of dress reform. But even this was disappointing. A committee on dress, consisting of a lady from St. Paul and a lady from Philadelphia, reported in favor of the adoption of the recommendations made by the dress reform committee of the New England Women's Club, which flourished in the seventies; the gist of their report was a condemnation of corsets and long skirts. It did not indorse what Lady Harborton calls "a two-legged dress" for women, but it favored union undergarments, and commended that "a well-developed womanly form be clothed for comfort, usefulness, and beauty." This rather vague recommendation was not made clearer by a lady lawyer, who said that a costume should be designed to express the whole personality—in other words, that "a gown should be true in all its parts," and that "no dress should be called artistic which made the sloping shoulders of women broad and square, and the curving contour of her undulating torso an inverted pyramid, rigid and unheeding." Nor did Mrs. Richardson, of Massachusetts, make the future costume of women plainer to the eye by explaining that "hygienic dressing was oxygenic dressing, so as to give pure breathing to every pore from head to toe."

More interest was roused when Mrs. Colby, of Washington, uttered some banal sarcasms on the corset. This lady plunged into her subject with the savage diatribe that "women who wear corsets chain themselves to animality." This roused Mrs. Dr. Mary Green, of Michigan, who took up the cudgels for the corset, and declared it was all right when worn properly. To the astonishment of the audience, this utterance elicited loud applause from the galleries, among whose occupants it was evident that there was a large corset party. This party no sooner discovered its strength than it

overflowed upon the floor, and from that time every assault upon the whalebone garment was passed over in silence, and every word in its defense was applauded. A young lady sarcastically observed that the friends of the garment in question appeared to be chiefly corpulent ladies of a certain age. Dear, dear! This seems to be distinctly an *argumentum ad feminam*.

The justification of whalebone by this National Council of Women is believed to be without precedent since the days of the *Spectator*. For two hundred years men and women have been denouncing tight lacing, and at every woman's meeting girls have been warned that the babit of compressing the female torso is injurious to health and fatal to beauty. The Women's Club of New England, which liberated its soul on the subject twenty years ago, merely reiterated doctrines which were trite before its members were born. And yet there has never been any decline in the manufacture of corsets, nor have the makers ever reported a falling off in their sales. The number of corset-wearers has never been appreciably reduced. Speaking roughly, every girl and every young matron wears a corset; the only ladies who dispense with it are those whose age renders them indifferent to their appearance, or whose figures are such that no corset will fit them. The champions of corsetless busts have preached to deaf ears. Ladies have listened to them, and approved their denunciations of tight lacing; but they have gone on wearing corsets all the same. What are we to say of a party which has expended its breath for two centuries in advocating a reform to which they have never been able to make a convert?

Statistics are demonstrating that embezzlement, like suicide, is chronic. It has its periods of epidemic, when it seems to be almost universal, and then again it subsides, and assumes a sporadic form, when a single case attracts general attention. The figures are quite curious. During the eleven years beginning with 1884 and ending with 1894, the total amount of bank embezzlements footed up \$127,000,000. Prior to 1884, they averaged about \$2,000,000 a year. But in 1884 the Grant & Ward catastrophe raised the total above \$20,000,000, and the footing for the year was \$22,154,000. It then fell back to an average of about \$3,000,000, until 1889, when it jumped to \$8,000,000, and hung round that figure till 1893, when it nearly reached \$20,000,000, and 1894, when it amounted to \$25,234,112. It will be seen that the embezzlement industry is the only one which has thrived since the Democrats came into power. Statisticians now figure that for the next eight or ten years it will be safe to reckon on \$15,000,000 a year.

Of the \$25,234,000 lost by defalcations in 1894, \$9,147,000 were lost in New York, the banking centre of the country. The next State in the list, strange to say, was Tennessee, where the leading banks had been unsound for years, and liquidation long postponed led to a disclosure of defalcations amounting to \$1,161,000. Illinois, with defalcations amounting to \$1,813,000, fills the third place; here the losses and frauds may be traced to speculations connected with the World's Fair. Iowa, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Michigan, and Ohio follow in order, and California joins the procession with defalcations amounting to \$622,000. The other States figure for comparatively small sums.

It is manifest that the heaviest embezzlements take place in the cities where clerks handle the largest sums, and where the opportunities of speculating with stolen money are most frequent. In New York, book-keepers in leading banks turn over daily hundreds of thousands of dollars, and by tricks of book-keeping can convert to their use for days and weeks together very large sums of money indeed. Again, the fluctuations in stocks enable a man who has such sums at his control to make a fortune, if he happens to foresee the course the market is going to take. Thus, as the tables show, nearly one-half the money embezzled in the whole country is embezzled in New York. It is not to be supposed that all the embezzlers are detected and punished. A certain proportion among them are lucky in their ventures, make money, return the sums they appropriated, and go through life unsuspected. The proportion is, however, small. Quite a considerable number of tellers and book-keepers are caught, or are driven by remorse to confess at the outset of their criminal career; their deficit is made good by their friends, they resign, and no one knows how narrow a shave they escaped the penitentiary. But the general rule is that the embezzler, once started in his career, pursues it steadily until the end.

Various plans have been devised to protect financial institutions against defalcations. A score of years ago, banks used to hire detectives to watch their employees, and the president or cashier was familiar with their habits; a young man who gambled in stocks or lived beyond his means was spotted, and shifted from a post where he handled money to one in which he handled nothing but figures. This was an excellent plan as far as it went. When a man

robs a bank, he has use for the money he steals, and if, after several weeks of watching, it turns out that he is not operating on change, or betting on the turf, or gambling over the green cloth, or squandering money on wine or women, the presumption is that his accounts will be found straight; while it is fairly presumable that a young man who indulges in these pastimes on a salary of a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars a month, must have some unknown source from which he can replenish his purse.

The success of the detective plan led to the establishment of insurance companies to guarantee the fidelity of clerks; such companies are in existence in most of the large cities. They have systematized vigilance. They employ detectives, who make themselves acquainted with the clerks they guarantee, and where they are judiciously administered, they afford an absolute assurance against defalcations. Where a young man is insured by one of these companies, he is watched, and is doubtless often saved from temptation by suspecting innocent strangers, whom his conscience identifies as probably employees of the company.

Of course the plan will not work in every case. It is impracticable to put a bank president under surveillance, nor can a board of directors go through the bank books with the minute care which absolute safety requires. In large financial matters, some one must be trusted; there is always a point at which the only practicable guarantee is a knowledge of character. This was tested during the Civil War, when the government was printing and issuing one or two millions of legal-tender money per day. A variety of expedients were devised to prevent fraud and robbery, but they did not prevent defalcations, about which it was thought best to say as little as possible. On more than one occasion, deficits were covered up by cross entries, into which it was not thought best for the public interest to pry too closely. It was deemed to be better policy to affect ignorance of small defalcations than to draw the attention of an army of clerks to the fact that the Treasury was defenseless.

That is the policy which the Bank of England pursues. It will not admit that it can be robbed. When an embezzlement takes place, the governors and shareholders make it good, and say nothing about it, their theory being that it is not wise to apprise their clerks of their chances.

The San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railroad is on velvet. It has secured the passage of a bill through the legislature giving it land for a terminal in San Francisco. As we write, the bill only awaits the signature of the governor, and that is said to be assured. The bill provides that the harbor commission may lease for fifty years, at a rental not exceeding one thousand dollars per annum, any tide land belonging to the State to any railroad corporation incorporated in this State, and not now having terminal facilities in this city—no more than one tract of land to be leased to one corporation and no more than fifty acres to be included in one tract. It is believed that the new company will lease fifty acres of tide land in China Basin, which they will at once fill in. They estimate that they will expend seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in improving this land, and at the expiration of the fifty years' lease, the land and improvements will revert to the State. This action of the legislature has met with the unqualified approval of the entire city and State. Not to dodge unpleasant truths, however, it may be as well to say frankly that there is a faint feeling of uneasiness as to the constitutionality of the bill. The present unsettled position of the Oakland water-front cases, and the tone of the United States Supreme Court in the Illinois Central lake-front case, show that the courts look with a jealous eye on the selling, granting, leasing, or in any way conveying water-front privileges to corporations. However, it is to be hoped that the bill will be upheld. The tide-lands at present are useless to the State, to the city, or to any one else. The fifty acres asked for by the new road instead of lying useless will at once become of use, and will give employment to many hundreds of men. We would be in favor of giving fifty acres apiece to fifty competing railroads if they asked for them. The water-front could be put to no better use than that of bringing ship and car together. San Francisco could then become what she is not now—a great seaport.

As the weeks roll on, the chorus of disapproval of the recent Democratic bond deal has swollen into a roar of anger. Even the personal organs of the administration have become faint in their defense of Cleveland and Carlisle, while the more independent Democratic newspapers are denouncing the deal almost as vigorously as do the Republicans. The more the affair is brought under the light, the worse it looks. We gave a detailed account of the job in these columns two weeks ago. The bonds which were privately sold to the syndicate at 104½ were resold by them at 112¼—a profit of about five millions of

dollars. The syndicate left the subscription lists in this country open to the public for exactly twenty-two minutes, and even in that short time the issue was covered ten times over. A similar state of affairs took place in London, where \$600,000,000 was bid for in half an hour at 4½ points above the price the government received. If the Democratic administration had followed the procedure of previous Republican administrations, and invited public bids for the bonds, it could have secured for them the prices which the public are now paying to the syndicate, and would have saved the country millions of dollars. But it preferred to do business in financial blind alleys and concealed behind pawnbrokers' shutters. To give exact figures, the profit of the syndicate in this deal was \$4,835,644, and the profit of the inside jobbers was \$3,583,113, making a loss to the United States of \$8,418,757; this loss compounded as a sinking fund at four per cent. for thirty years would amount to \$27,628,676, or nearly one-half the original loan—that is, what the United States got out of the original loan after it had been scaled down by the jobbers' profits. There has never been in the history of the United States so gross a piece of financial folly. The only excuse that could be made for it—that it was rendered necessary by the condition of the Treasury, and that the loan could not be made otherwise—is controverted by the avidity with which the bonds were snapped up. As to the attempt by Cleveland to force Congress to insert the word "gold" in the bonds, that was preposterous; its presence in one issue of bonds would have at once discredited every other bond of the United States in which the word "gold" did not appear. The *New York World*, a Democratic organ, is clamoring for an investigation, and bints that Cleveland's course was influenced by "a consideration." This we do not believe. We think that Mr. Cleveland is honest if incompetent, and that in this bond business he was buncoed. But if Democratic papers want an investigation, there is no reason why Republican papers should say them nay.

During the last few years, San Francisco has been invaded by Eastern-made goods to such an extent that her manufacturing business has been seriously cut down, and thousands of mechanics thrown out of employment. This has resulted in the organization of a manufacturers' association, which is engaged in a praiseworthy effort to revive our failing industries. A convention of this body will be held in San Francisco on March 19th. Various means will be suggested for excluding Eastern-made goods and urging our people to "patronize home industry." The idea is an excellent one. California produces everything that she can possibly need to eat, drink, and wear. If she sends raw materials elsewhere to be manufactured into finished products, it is an economic error. Were she to do all her own manufacturing, as she could do, this would be the most prosperous community on the face of God's foot-stool. Therefore, we strongly approve of the efforts of the Manufacturers' Association, and hope the people will support them. But how can a good Democrat consistently belong to it? This is an application of the Republican idea of protection to home industries. The *Argonaut* believes that the United States should supply all its own needs from its vast resources, and that the way to bring that about is to hamper importations from other countries by protective duties. Correspondingly, we believe California would be more prosperous if she stopped importing manufactured goods from other States and other countries, and manufactured them herself out of the raw material which she produces so abundantly. But how can a good Democrat believe that? Should he not, to be consistent, believe that this attempt of the Manufacturers' Organization to put barriers in the way of foreign and Eastern importations is as iniquitous as the Democrats declare the Republican system of protection to be? What is the difference between "protecting home industry" as a citizen of California and as a citizen of the United States?

As the present session of the California legislature draws to a close, a bombshell has been exploded by Senator Biggy, of San Francisco. He accuses his colleague, Senator Dunn (Democratic) of having asked him to join a "senatorial combine," the purpose being plunder, the method being the "cinching" of corporations, and the reward being from seven to eight thousand dollars per senator. This statement startled the Senate, and had a marked effect on pending legislation, many presumable members of the "combine" voting, through fear, for the people instead of for the corporations. Senator Dunn demanded an investigation, but as both houses have agreed to adjourn with the end of this week, the legislative investigation will probably amount to nothing. However, the Sacramento grand jury has taken the matter up. It is to be hoped that their investigation will be more keen than that of the legislature is to be, and that if bribery has been resorted to, the bribees and bribers will both be put behind the bars.

THE VENGEANCE OF CARMELITA.

A Mexican Tale of "The Cave of the Dead."

Far up in a rocky defile in the Everlasting Sierras of the land of the Montezumas, and overlooking a valley—the Valley of the Angels—rests the hacienda of the Mines of the Holy Children, so named by the Jesuits far back in the dead past. A row of low, straggling adobe buildings reach up the cañon from the mill to a tiny plaza—a plaza containing a few stunted orange-trees, a stone bench or two, and a broken fountain that never flows. Near the plaza stands a rude little chapel, so dilapidated in appearance that only a wooden cross lashed with rawhide and leaning from the roof, and a cracked and clapperless bell hanging by the door, distinguish it from its surroundings as a house of God.

There is a house roofed with rough, red tiles terraced up on the mountain-side, above the church, and out in its wide portico, one summer afternoon, a young man rested in a hammock, carelessly swaying himself to and fro as his thoughts drifted back into the past. Near by, a girl—one of those creatures of the South through whose veins courses that Latin-Indian blood that turns to flame at a glance—stood gently pouring water from an earthenware jug into an olla that hung suspended from the roof. Her dress was simple—some loose, white garment, exposing her arms and shoulders, with a skirt of red material that fell only to a little below her knees. Great waves of dark hair fell unconfined down over her shoulders, and her eyes, black and brilliant, rested on the man as she murmured: "Vida de mi alma—mio amor!"

The girl had emptied her jug and had placed it on the floor. She stood leaning against the doorway, slowly braiding her hair, and the man, turning suddenly in his hammock, exclaimed: "Ah! little one—Carmelita mia—come here."

"Sí, señor," she answered as she moved toward him. "What is the señor's wish?"

As she reached his side, he threw his arm around her, and drawing her face down to his, pressed a kiss to her lips.

Like a flash she tore herself from him and stood trembling out of his reach, a flame of angry protest darting from the depths of her eyes as she cried: "Caramba! What would you, diablo!" Then she struck him with her clenched hand, and bursting into tears, passed into the house.

"The devil!" exclaimed the man. "Well, somehow, her lips seemed to say 'Drink me,' and I had to kiss her, even if she is only my housekeeper's daughter." Then stretching back in his hammock, Maurice Stanton, superintendent of the Mines of the Holy Children, made himself comfortable for his siesta.

As the days sped by, he made his peace with Carmelita, and after a while they would sit out on the portico during the evening, talking, or would wander up the cañon to a shrine, where a rude figure of the Madonna, with the Blessed Babe in her arms, had been carved in the rock by hands crumbled to dust long years ago; there was a little spring there, too, and a stone seat beside it, and there, one evening, he passed his arm gently around her and drew her to him. She did not resist.

"Kiss me, Carmelita cara," he whispered; "kiss me," and as she complied, he felt her tremble in his arms. He released her, and she dashed from him down the trail, and he knew that he had won her.

It was during the following month that Señor Don José Sandoval, owner of the Mines of the Holy Children, arrived from the City of Mexico on his semi-annual visit of inspection. Accompanying him were two ladies, his sister, the Señora Gonzales, and his foster-daughter, Señorita Guadalupe Calderon, the sole descendant of an old Castilian family.

It was late in the afternoon of the day of her arrival that Stanton met her. She was leaning against the balustrade of the portico, gazing out over the roofs of the low houses to where a flock of doves rose and fell like a soft, undulating cloud of gray, and long afterward he remembered her as he saw her then: a tall girl, taller than most, with great brown eyes, and with a wealth of hair which turned almost auburn when touched by the rays of the sinking sun.

During that first evening she brought her guitar and sang for him—sang those soft, sweet songs of the South; and on the following night they had Carmelita come and play while they danced—waltzed—time and again in the portico, lighted only by the beams of the moon.

As the girl played, she watched them with eyes full of anger, and she suffered, suffered as keenly, as dumbly as any creature, wild or tame, to whom there is a soul. Suddenly she stopped, threw down the guitar, and darting across the portico, left the house.

She hurried up the cañon until she came to the shrine, and then threw herself on the bench sobbing. "Oh, Blessed Mother," she moaned, "I love him so, I love him so! Why has she come! I hate her! Dios, how I hate her! She shall not take him from me, no! I'll kill her first!"

Her breath came short and fast as her bosom rose and fell irregularly. In her anger she sprang to her feet, and, as she paced up and down, the nails of her tightly clenched hands pressed into the flesh until they were dampened by the blood that oozed out. But she felt no pain; not in her hands, but—her heart. "Madre de Dios," she moaned, "Blessed Mother, send him to me to-night, for I love him so. I waited last night so long, so long—and he was with her. Dear God, don't let me think of her! I'll pray—yes, I'll pray to the Virgin a hundred times, and she will hear and send him to me."

And there, still praying, two hours later Stanton found her. She was all unconscious of his presence until he softly called, "Carmelita!"

With a glad cry she sprang to her feet.

"Oh, the Blessed Lady!" she exclaimed beneath her breath, "she has heard my prayers and sent him." And as she stood there, the moonlight fell on her face, and he noticed that her cheeks were stained with tears.

"Why, Carmelita," he said, "you have been crying."

"Yes, señor—a little," she replied.

"But why, dear? Not for me?"

She cast her eyes down, and with a sigh nodded her head, and then burst into tears.

Gently he drew her to a seat on the bench, and, pressing her trembling form close to him, kissed her. "Carmelita, darling," he murmured, "stop crying and tell me what it is."

After awhile she ceased, and, freeing herself from his arms, turned to him and caught his face firmly between her hands. Gazing into his eyes, her own sparkling through her tears, she panted: "You love me, no?—me?—me? Dios de mi alma! You love me?—not her! Is it not so? She is nothing to you, no? You danced with her to-night, one—two—so many times. She shall not have you! You are mine, mine! Do you hear?"

He heard, and with a something akin to fear, as he realized the intensity of her passion; yet he drew her back to his arms, and there, with her head pillowed on his shoulder, he told her that old, old story, and she—believed.

Whether he himself was drifting he did not know, neither did he care. He liked the charm of that dreamy, languorous life of the south, and his little affair with Carmelita was surely interesting; but what would the end be?—for end it must, and he thought that perhaps afterward it might prove a dangerous amusement. At times, even while with her, a vision of a girl with masses of reddish brown hair would come to him, and after awhile he realized that he loved Guadalupe. As the days came and passed away, he knew it for the truth, and knowing, he went to Carmelita, intending to tell her that all between them must end. But at the moment, thinking of the scene that must ensue, his courage failed him, and he drifted on with the tide of her passion.

One evening, as Stanton was coming up from the mill, where he had been detained until late, he met Guadalupe as she came from the little church, and together they ascended the trail to the bouse. Then, in the portico, he placed her in an easy-chair. Standing at its back, he took her hand in his, and she did not withdraw it. Then he told her of his love, and she threw her head back, raising her face to his. He bent and kissed her—and she promised to be his wife.

A low moan came from the shadow of the building, but they heard it not, and Carmelita, standing there in the darkness, gazed at them with all the hatred of her wild nature aroused.

How she passed that night, she never knew; but in the morning she wandered, not knowing whither, up the cañon, past the shrine, and on until she came to where a precipitous bluff of rock abutted out from the mountain above. Here she unconsciously left the trail and climbed to its foot, where, turning a projecting ledge, she paused, and a fear came to her, for she stood before the entrance to the Cave of the Dead, an ancient burial-place of the Indians. She had never been there before, but she had heard strange tales told of that rude sepulchre, and she knew that behind the slab of rock—ingeniously arranged to open as a door and fastened with a wooden bar—that closed the entrance, was a natural vaulted chamber, and she shuddered as she thought of the mummified dead within. She had heard her father tell of how they were placed around the cave, kneeling and sitting as though in prayer, and of how hideous they appeared, with eyeless sockets and shrunken cheeks, their skin dark brown and parchment-like, filled with wrinkles and drawn back from their glittering teeth, and with their long black hair falling over the rags, once blankets, that covered their forms, as they rested there in the awful stillness of the death that had claimed them for ages.

She descended to the trail again, and walked slowly back until she reached the shrine. There she paused, and gazing long at the Madonna and Babe, made the sign of the cross. Seating herself on the bench, she bowed her head on her hands.

As she sat there, Stanton came up the trail with some miners, and as he passed, he requested her to tell them at the house that he would not return until late in the afternoon. She answered not, but her eyes filled with tears as she sat gazing off into space, while she suffered in silence.

An hour passed, and then she became conscious of some one approaching. Rising from her seat and peering down the trail, she saw Guadalupe coming slowly toward her, singing softly to herself. As she watched, she realized how beautiful the girl was, and the hatred in her heart broke into flame, and a thought flashed through her brain that caused her to tremble and grasp at the bench for support.

Then acting on the instant, she rushed forward, crying, "Señorita! Señorita Guadalupe! Madre de Dios, how can I tell you! Señor Stanton—"

The girl turned faint and gasped, "What!—what is it? Where is he?"

Reaching her side, Carmelita panted out "In the cave up there. He fell and is hurt—he wants you. Come," and turning, she led the way at a rapid pace; and Guadalupe, doubting not, followed in an agony of fear.

Breathlessly the girls sped on. Nearing the cave, Carmelita darted ahead around the ledge that screened the entrance, and opening the door, passed in before Guadalupe came up. Then, reaching out her hands, she cried: "Here, quick! Take my hand and I will help you to enter," and the girl complying, stood at her side.

Leading her through the gloom away from the door, Carmelita caught her by the shoulders.

"I hate you and your beauty," she cried. "You took him from me, and he was mine, all mine!"

"Dios mio! What mean you?" Guadalupe exclaimed, as she broke away from her in astonishment, and she called, "Maurice! Maurice!" but no answer came, save the echo of her voice.

As she called that name, Carmelita sprang upon her like a tigress and bore her to the ground.

"Maurice!" she panted; "ah, you shall never see him again. Diabla, while you are buried here in your living

grave, I will watch him—suffer!" In vain did Guadalupe struggle to escape from the now furious girl. "After you are dead," she continued, "dead!—do you hear?—dead like these forms around us, I will kill—him!" and she pressed her fingers into Guadalupe's throat until the girl gasped for breath.

Springing up at last, she rushed from the cave, securely fastened the door, and stood listening as the imprisoned girl dashed against it—too late. One scream and all was silent; for Guadalupe lay stretched in a merciful oblivion on the floor amid the dead.

For days the mountains and surrounding country were filled with searchers for the missing girl; but in vain, for not a trace of her could be found.

It was late in the night of the fifth day after her vanishment that Stanton, tired out and weary, yet unable to sleep, entered the little plaza, and, throwing himself on one of the old stone benches, sobbed out in his grief. How long he had remained there in his solitude he did not know; when, instinctively feeling the presence of another, he raised his eyes, and there, with a look of unmistakable scorn covering her face as she gazed down on him, stood Carmelita.

"Carmelita!—you!" he exclaimed.

"Sí, señor, I. You did not expect to see me, and too—" She did not finish, for he had dropped his head with a moan on the back of the bench. Then, as she stood there watching him, the truth came to her that, after all, the hate she had allowed herself to imagine she felt for him was only a phase of her great love, and she dropped on her knees at his side. Winding her soft arms around him, she tried to draw his face down to hers.

"Carmelita," he said, as he put her gently from him, "all between us must end. I have lived to you, deceived you. I do not love you. To-morrow I will arrange in a way that will always keep you from want. Now leave me, for I wish to be alone."

While he was speaking she rose to her feet, and stood with rigid limbs and clenched teeth, and as he ceased, she broke forth with a cry of rage and cursed him with all the ferocity of her wild nature.

"It is Guadalupe you love!" she cried, in her anger. "I heard you ask her to be your wife, but—she never will! No! no!" and she broke into a wild laugh. "She is dead by now—dead with the dead in the cave!"

Stanton sprang to his feet. "What, you daughter of hell!" he shouted, and seizing her in his arms he lifted and dashed her from him with all his strength.

Don José and Stanton reached the cave just as the sun was rising over the distant mountains across the valley. With trembling hands they threw open the door and entered. At first, in the darkness, they could distinguish nothing, and then, as their eyes grew accustomed to the wan light, they saw. Yes, there was Guadalupe standing before them, her dress disordered and torn and her hair falling in a tangled mass over her face and shoulders. The fingers of one hand were pressed to her lips, and the other extended toward the kneeling forms of the dead. "Hush!" she whispered, "hush! They are praying—the fathers—wait! I will tell them you have come. Maybe they will not mind—they have been praying for so long, so long," and turning and saying, "Father Antonio, some visitors have come," she placed her hand on the shoulder of one of the dead. At the touch, it crumbled with a dull rattle into a heap of bones and rags, throwing out a little cloud of stifling dust.

"My God!" moaned Don José, "it is horrible—she has lost her mind! Guadalupe," he cried, stepping toward her, "don't you know me?"

She gazed at him for a moment only, then slowly pacing the cave and winding her hair about her face, she murmured: "Maurice, my Maurice, is going to take me away. Oh, if he would only come! Guadalupe is so tired waiting."

"Guadalupe," Stanton sobbed out, "Guadalupe, darling, I am Maurice. Come to me, dear."

She walked toward him, and standing there with her hands clasped across her breast, looked up into his eyes, her face kindling into transcendent beauty as she faintly smiled and slowly shook her head. "No," she said, "you are not Maurice—not my Maurice. I am to be his wife, and he loves me. No!—he is dead, he is hurt—he is here in—ob! I don't know—I can't find him," and dropping her clasped hands and bowing her head, she whispered: "He loves me—he loves me." Then stepping suddenly back, she threw her hands to her head, and, gazing at him with her great tawny eyes, "Maurice!" she screamed; "Maurice! save me!" and, as she tottered forward in a faint, he caught her in his arms.

Tenderly they took her from that place of the dead, and carefully they nursed her; but the shock had been too severe, and as the days passed away she sank lower and lower, until at last the end came.

It was not until then that she became conscious. She knew that she was dying and bade them all farewell; though she had no fear of death, she wept, for it was so hard to leave that newly found happiness in which she had lived but a few hours.

Late in the afternoon, as the last golden rays of the setting sun fell in through the open window and across her bed, she asked Stanton to take her in his arms. He gently raised her to his breast, where she rested quietly for a few moments, and then whispered: "Maurice, darling, I am dying—kiss me, sweetheart."

He bent and pressed his lips to hers.

"Once again, Maurice, my darling," she said, "kiss me once again—the last—the very last time—forever—Maurice—in heaven—my husband."

Her head fell back on his arm, and her sweet brown eyes, which never more would look on anything this side of heaven, rested on his face, as she passed to eternal peace down into the Valley of the Shadow.

GEORGE WARREN STEALEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1895.

SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.

As Pictured by Miss Geraldine Bonner in "A Californian"—The Story of an Eastern Young Man, a British Lord, and an Heiress of the Golden Gate.

Miss Geraldine Bonner has a story in the March *Harper's* which is entitled "A Californian," and has for its chief actors persons who may, or may not, be taken as types of society in San Francisco. The story has been widely read and discussed in this city, and attempts have been even made to fasten the identity of Miss Bonner's characters on various persons. For the benefit of those who have not read the tale, we reproduce portions of it here.

The story may be briefly summarized: it narrates the experience of a young fellow, Jack Faraday by name, who has come out from Boston to take a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar clerkship, and falls in love with the handsome daughter of Barney Ryan, an Irishman who has made his millions in the mines. He has a rival in the person of Lord Hastings, an Englishman of title, and his modesty so blinds him to his own good chances that the young lady is herself compelled to propose to him.

Here is the scene in which Faraday first meets Miss Ryan:

Mme. Delmonti's rooms were lit with a great blaze of gas, which, thrown back from many long mirrors and the gold mountings of a quantity of furniture and picture-frames, made an effect of dazzling yellow brightness, as brilliantly glittering as the transformation scene of a pantomime.

In the middle of the glare Mme. Delmonti's company had disposed themselves in a circle, which had some difficulty in accommodating itself to the long, narrow shape of the drawing-room. Now and then an obstinate sofa or extra-large plush-covered arm-chair broke the harmonious curve of the circle, and its occupant looked furtively ill at ease, as if she felt the embarrassment of her position in not conforming to the general harmony of the curving line.

The eyes of the circle were fixed on a figure at the piano, near the end of the room—a tall, dark Jewess in a brown dress and wide hat, who was singing with that peculiar vibrant richness of tone that is so often heard in the voices of the Californian Jewesses. She was perfectly self-possessed, and her velvet eyes, as her impassioned voice rose a little, rested on Jack Faraday with a cheerful but not very lively interest. . . . Mme. Delmonti, with her rouged cheeks and merry gray eyes, as full of sparkle as they had been twenty years ago, was very cordial to her guest, asking him, as they stood in the doorway, whom he would like best to meet.

"Maud Levy, who has just been singing," she said, "is one of the belles in Hebrew society. She has a fine voice. You have no objection, Mr. Faraday, to knowing Jews?"

Faraday hastily disclaimed all race prejudices, and his hostess continued:

"And that is Genevieve Ryan beside her," Mme. Delmonti went on. "I think you'd like Genevieve. She's a grand girl. Her father, you know, is Barney Ryan, one of our millionaires. He made his money in a quick turn in Con. Virginia; but before that he used to drive the Marysville coach, and he was once a miner. He's crazy about Genevieve, and gives her five hundred a month to dress on. I'm sure you'll get on very well together. She's such a refined, pleasant girl," and Mme. Delmonti, chatting her praises of Barney Ryan's handsome daughter, conducted the stranger to the shrine.

The daughter of Barney Ryan is now formally presented to the reader, physically and mentally, in this passage:

She was a large, splendid-looking girl, very much cosseted, with an ivory-tinted skin, eyes as clear as a young child's, and smooth, freshly red lips. She was a good deal powdered on the bridge of her nose, and her rich hair was slightly tinted with some reddish dye. She was a picture of health and material well-being. Her perfectly fitting clothes sat with wrinkleless exactitude over a figure which in its generous breadth and finely curved outline might have compared with that of the Venus of Milo. She let her eyes, shadowed slightly by the white lace edge of her large hat, whereon two pink roses trembled on long stalks, dwell upon Faraday with a curious and frank interest entirely devoid of coquetry. Her manner, almost boyish in its simple directness, showed the same absence of this feminine trait. While she looked like a goddess dressed by Worth, she seemed merely a good-natured, phlegmatic girl just emerging from her teens.

Faraday had made the first commonplaces of conversation, when she asked, eying him closely: "Do you like it out here?"

"Oh, immensely," he responded, politely. "It's such a fine climate."

"It is a good climate," admitted Miss Ryan, with unenthusiastic acquiescence; "but we're not so proud of that as we are of the good looks of the Californian women. Don't you think the women are handsome?"

Faraday looked into her clear and earnest eyes. "Oh, splendid," he answered; "especially their eyes."

Miss Ryan appeared to demur to this commendation. "It's generally said by strangers, that their figures are unusually handsome. Do you think they are?"

Faraday agreed to it, too.

"The girls in the East," said Miss Ryan, sitting upright with a creaking sound, and drawing her gloves through one satin-smooth, bejeweled hand, "are very thin, aren't they? Here, I sometimes think I could raise her eyes to lie in deep and somewhat anxious query—'Is she any fat?'"

Faraday dilatedly scouted the idea. He said the California woman was a good deal fat. For the first time in the interview Miss Ryan gave a little laugh.

"That's what all you Eastern men say," she said. "They're always telling me I'm a goddess. Even the Englishmen say that."

"Well," answered Faraday, surprised at his own boldness, "what they say is true."

Miss Ryan silently eyed him for a speculating moment; then, averting her glance, said, pensively: "Perhaps so; but I don't think it's so stylish to be a goddess as it is to be very slim. And then, you know—" Here she suddenly broke off, her eyes fixed upon the crowd of ladies that blocked an opposite doorway in general exultation. "There's mommer. I guess she must be going home, and I suppose I'd better go, too, and not keep her waiting."

She rose as she spoke, and with a pat of her hand adjusted her glimmering skirts.

"Oh, Mr. Faraday," she said, as she peered down at them, "I hope you'll give yourself the pleasure of calling on me. I'm at home almost any afternoon after five, and Tuesday is my day. Come whenever you please. I'll be real glad to see you, and I guess popper'd like to talk to you about things in the East. He's been in Massachusetts, too."

She held out her large white hand and gave Faraday a vigorous hand-shake.

"I'm glad I came here to-night," she said, smiling. "I wasn't quite decided, but I thought I'd better, as I had some things to tell Mrs. Peck for next Sunday's *Trumpet*. If I hadn't come, you see, I wouldn't have met you. You needn't escort me to Mme. Delmonti. I'd rather go by myself. I'm not a bit a ceremonious person. Good-bye. Be sure and come and see me."

Faraday soon calls upon this divinity, and during the conversation ventures a question on the fashionable life in San Francisco, whereupon:

A shade passed over Miss Ryan's open countenance. "You know, Mr. Faraday," she said, explanatorily, "I'm not exactly in society."

"No?" murmured Faraday, mightily surprised, and wondering what she was going to say next.

"Not exactly," continued Miss Ryan, moistening her red underlip in a pondering moment—"not exactly in fashionable society. Of course we have our friends. But gentlemen from the East that I've met have always been so surprised when I told them that I didn't go out in the most fashionable circles. They always thought any one with money could get right in it here."

"Yes?" said Faraday, whose part of the conversation appeared to be deteriorating into monosyllables.

"Well, you know, that's not the case at all. With all popper's money, we've never been able to get a real good footing. It seems funny to outsiders, especially as popper and mommer have never been divorced or anything. We've just lived quietly right here in the city always. But," she said, looking tentatively at Faraday to see how he was going to take the statement, "my father's a Northerner. He went back and fought in the war."

"You must be very proud of that," said Faraday, feeling that he could now hazard a remark with safety.

This simple comment, however, appeared to surprise the enigmatic Miss Ryan.

"Proud of it?" she queried, looking in suspended doubt at Faraday. "Oh, of course I'm proud that he was brave, and didn't run away or get wounded; but if he'd been a Southerner we would have been in society now." She looked pensively at Faraday. "All the fashionable people are Southerners, you know. We would have been, too, if we'd been Southerners. It's being Northerners that really has been such a drawback."

The mother of this peri at the gates of San Francisco society is presently introduced, as follows:

A footstep in the hall outside arrested her recital. The door of the room was opened, and a handsome bonneted head appeared in the aperture.

"Oh, Gen," said this apparition, hastily, "excuse me; I didn't know you had your company in there."

"Come in, mommer," said Miss Ryan, politely; "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Faraday. He's the gentleman I met at Mme. Delmonti's the other evening."

Mrs. Ryan, accompanied by a rich rustling of silk, pushed open the door, revealing herself to Faraday's admiring eyes as a fine-looking woman, fresh in tint, still young, of a stately figure and an imposing presence. She was admirably dressed in a walking-costume of dark green, and wore a little, black jet bonnet on her slightly waved, bright brown hair. She met the visitor with an extended hand and a frank smile of open pleasure.

"Genevieve spoke to me of you, Mr. Faraday," she said, settling down into a chair and removing her gloves. "I'm very glad you managed to get round here."

Faraday expressed his joy at having been able to accomplish the visit.

"We don't have so many agreeable gentlemen callers," said Mrs. Ryan. "I think we can afford to overlook a new one. If you've been in society, you've perhaps noticed, Mr. Faraday, that gentlemen are somewhat scarce."

Faraday said he had not been in society, therefore had not observed the deficiency. Mrs. Ryan, barely allowing him time to complete his sentence, continued vivaciously:

"Well, Mr. Faraday, you'll see it later. We entertainers don't know what we're going to do for the lack of gentlemen. When we give parties we ask the young gentlemen, and they all come; but they won't dance, they won't talk, they won't do anything but eat and drink, and they never think of paying their party calls. It's disgraceful, Mr. Faraday," said Mrs. Ryan, smiling brightly—"disgraceful!"

Faraday said he had heard that in the East the hostess made the same complaint. Mrs. Ryan, with brilliant, fixed eyes, gave him a breathing space to reply in, and then started off again, with a confirmatory nod of her head:

"Precisely, Mr. Faraday—just the case here. At Genevieve's debut-party—an elegant affair—canvased floors, four musicians, champagne flowing like water. My husband, Mr. Faraday, believes in giving the best at his entertainments; there's not a mean bone in Barney Ryan's body. Why, the men all got into the smoking-room, lit their cigars, and smoked there, and in the ball-room were the girls sitting round the walls, and not more than half a dozen partners for them. I tell you, Mr. Ryan was mad! He just went up there, and he told them to get up and dance or get up and go home—he didn't care which. There's no fooling with Mr. Ryan when he's roused. You remember how mad popper was that night, Gen?"

On another occasion the ladies are not at home when Faraday calls, but he meets Ryan père:

Barney Ryan, suffering from a slight sprain in his ankle, sat at ease in a little sitting-room in the back of the house. Being irritable and in some pain, Mr. Ryan's women-folk had relaxed the severity of their dominion, and allowed him to sit uncheeked in his favorite costume for the home circle—shirt-sleeves and a tall beaver hat. Beside him on the table stood a bare and undecorated array of bottles, a glass, and a silver water-pitcher.

Mr. Ryan was now some years beyond sixty, but had that tremendous vigor of frame and constitution that distinguished the pioneers—an attribute strangely lacking in their puny and degenerate sons. This short and chunky old man, with his round, thick head, bristling hair and beard, and huge red neck, had still a fibre as tough as oak. He looked coarse, uncouth, and stupid; but in his small gray eyes shone the alert and unconquerable spirit which marked the pioneers as the giants of the West, and which had carried him forward over every obstacle to the summit of his ambitions. Barney Ryan was restless in his confinement; for, despite his age and the completeness of his success, his life was still with the world of men where the bull-necked old miner was a king. At home the women rather domineered over him, and unconsciously made him feel his social deficiencies. At home, too, the sorrow and the pride of his life were always before him—his son, a weak and dissipated boy, and his daughter, who had inherited his vigor and his spirit, with a beauty that had descended to her from some forgotten peasant girl of the Irish bogs.

Here end the series of pictures, unless we are to consider as characteristically Californian Miss Ryan's action when Faraday proves faint-hearted, and would withdraw in favor of the British lordling. She goes to his boarding-house, and when he goes down to see her in the "parlor," the following scene ensues:

"This is not a very conventional thing to do," she said, with her usual ignoring of all preamble, "but I can't help that. I had something to talk to you about, Mr. Faraday, and as you would not come to see me, I had to come to see you."

"What is it that you wanted to see me about?" asked Faraday, standing motionless, and feeling in the sense of oppression and embarrassment that seemed to weigh upon them both the premonition of an approaching crisis.

She made no answer for a moment, but stood looking down, as if in an effort to choose her words or collect her thoughts, the violets in her dress rising and falling with her quickened breathing.

"It's rather hard to know how to say—anything," she said, at length.

"If I can do anything for you," said the young man, "you know it would always be a happiness to me to serve you."

"Oh, it's not a message or a favor," she said, hastily. "I only wanted to say something"—she paused in great embarrassment—"but it's even more queer, more unusual, than my coming here."

Faraday made no response, and for a space both were silent. Then she said, speaking with a peculiar low distinctness:

"The last time I saw you, I seemed very disagreeable. I wanted to make sure of something. I wanted to make sure that you were fond of me—to surprise it out of you. Well—I did it. You are fond of me. I made you show it to me." She raised her eyes, brilliant and dark, and looked into his. "If you were to swear to me now that I was wrong, I would know you were not telling me the truth," she said, with proud defiance. "You love me!"

"Yes," said Faraday, slowly, "I do. What then?"

"What then?" she repeated. "Why do you go away—go away from me?"

"Because," he answered, "I am too much a man to live within sight of the woman I love and can never hope for."

"Can never hope for!" she exclaimed, aghast. "Are you married?"

The sudden horror on her face was a strange thing for Faraday to see.

"No," he said, "I am not married."

"Then, did she tell you that you never could hope for her?" said Miss Genevieve Ryan, in a tremulous voice.

"No. It was not necessary. I knew myself."

"You did yourself a wrong, and her, too," she broke out, passionately. "You should have told her, and given her a chance to say—to say what she has a right to say, without making her come to you this way, with her love in her hand, to offer it to you as if she was afraid you were going to throw it back in her face. It's bad enough being a woman anyway, but to have the feelings of a woman, and then have to say a thing like this—it's—it's—ghastly."

"Genevieve!" breathed Faraday.

"Why don't you understand?" she continued, desperately. "You won't see it. You make me come here and tell it to you this way. I may be badly mannered and unconventional, but I have feelings and pride like other women. But what else could I do?"

Her voice suddenly broke into soft appeal, and she held out her hands toward him with a gesture as spontaneous in its pleading tenderness as though made by a child.

Here their creator is content to leave her modern Jason and his bride.

OLD FAVORITES.

Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland.

The humble petition of Frances Harris, who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries.

Humbly sheweth,

That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber, because I was cold.

And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold:

So, because I had been buying things for my lady last night, I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.

Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock, Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as luck would have it, my smock was unript,

And instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slid:

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed:

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my stupid head!

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, law! I thought I should have sunk outright.

"Lawk, madam," says Mary, "how d'y'e do?" "Indeed," says I, "never worse."

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I've done with my purse?"

"Lawk, help me!" said Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this place."

"Nay," said I, "I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case."

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:

However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think, But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a-dreamed, methought, that I went and search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's box, tied in a rag the money was found,

So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a-swearing:

Then a dame Wadger came: and she, you know, is thick of hearing:

"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have had?"

"Nay," said she, "my Lord Colway's folks are all very sad;

For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail."

"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."

Says Cary, says he, "I've been a servant this five-and-twenty years come spring."

And in all the places I lived I never heard of such a thing."

"Yes," says the Steward, "I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happened, just about the time of goose-berries."

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief,

(Now, you must know, of all things in the world I hate a thief),

However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slyly about:

"Mrs. Dukes," said I, "bere's an ugly accident has happen'd out:

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a mouse;

But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house;

'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and sixpence makes a great hole in my wages:

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and everybody understands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."

"The devil take me," said she (blessing herself), "if ever I saw't!"

So she roared like a Bedlam, as tho' I had called her all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any more?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:

"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be here anon."

So the chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

"Parson," said I, "can you cast a nativity when a body's plunder'd?"

(Now you must know, he hates to be called parson, like the devil.)

"Truly," says he, "Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says, d'y'e see;

You are no text for my handling; so take that from me:

I was never taken for a conjuror before, I'd have you to know."

"Law!" said I, "don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought you so:

You know I honor the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife, I never took one in your coat for a conjuror in all my life."

With that, he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,

"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd, "Law!" said I, "what shall I do?"

I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love, too!"

Then my Lord called me: "Harry," said my Lord, "don't cry, I'll give you something towards your loss"; and, says my lady, "so will I."

"O, but," said I, "what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to?"

For that, he said (an't please your Excellencies), I must petition you.

The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies' protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;

And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies' letter, With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:

And then your poor petitioner both night and day,

Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound, shall pray.—Jonathan Swift.

THE WHEELS OF THE VATICAN.

How the Machinery of the Papal Palace Works—Daily Life of Leo—His Servants, his Courtiers, and his Cardinals—The Papal Police and Guards.

When you cross the new steel bridge which spans the Tiber by the Castle of St. Angelo, and enter the quarter of the *Trasteverini*, or trans-Tiberian people, you seem to go from the new Rome into the old. For you have left the busy, bustling Corso, with its handsome buildings, its fine pavement, its vista of electric lamps, and the well-dressed throngs of modern Romans in conventional garb, who perhaps are descended from the patricians of the time of Augustus Cæsar. But when you cross the Tiber, you are in the home of the *Trasteverines*, who have lived for ages in the same quarter and who are said to be lineal descendants of the Roman mob who cried for *panem et circenses*; who, when they had their bread and circuses, burned Christians for their play. You are in the *Trasteverino*, you are at the entrance to the Leonine City, and you look for the gates of the Vatican.

The Vatican has ten thousand rooms and no portal. That is the impression which comes to any one who enters the Vatican from the square in front of St. Peter's. Not without difficulty is it that one discovers under the colonnade of Bernini the Brazen Gate. It is always watched over by the Swiss Guards, in their quaint uniform of yellow, red, and black, created by the fantasy of Michael Angelo. It is only when you climb the Scala Regia that your first impression is changed, and that little by little the incomparable grandeur of the Vatican seizes upon you. There are rooms, galleries, libraries, and interminable corridors. There is a strange interior city, which stretches out its wonders without end, cut up with court-yards, with passage-ways, with fortress-like walls, with formidable bastions, and piles of buildings through which you walk with wearied limbs. But from the Piazza San Pietro, or the square in front of the great church of St. Peter's, nothing of this appears. The only details visible from there are the three windows in the middle of the row, behind which for seventeen years has lived the Roman Pontiff in his voluntary imprisonment. The present Pope remains invisible.

Pius the Ninth is the last Pope who showed himself to the people from his windows. It was on the twenty-first of September, 1870. There had been fighting the day before at the Porta Pia, the Italian troops had entered the city, and Rome had ceased to be Papal and had become Italian.

The exterior of the Vatican is under the surveillance of the Italian police. Before the Brazen Gate come and go the carabinieri and the peace officers of Rome, and there are even detectives in plain clothes. At the *consulta* the officials in charge inquire carefully as to who it is that enters and who it is that goes out. On days of great ceremony, such as foreign pilgrimages coming to St. Peter's, this service of police is reinforced by soldiers, and the entire square is then occupied by the Italian troops.

To notice how markedly the two powers confront each other—the Papacy and the Italian Government—one must walk around St. Peter's and reach the Zecca, the ancient pontifical mint, which the Italian Government occupies. By a great gateway you enter the Cortile del Forno, and there abruptly the two powers appear face to face. On the right you see the post of the Italian soldiers; on the left you see the post of Swiss pontifical troops. A fountain serves as a sort of boundary, which the sentries of each side never cross. It is the frontier. For a background we have the Vatican, beyond is St. Peter's, then the Zecca, and the wall before which the Italian sentry walks his allotted ground, his gun slung in a bandoleer.

It is by this gateway, where the Swiss mount guard, that the Pope last left the Vatican on the fifteenth of July, 1890. The carriage of the Pontiff traversed the Cortile, and by another Vatican door, which is on the third side of the square, entered the closed part of the palace. It is difficult for us who are not Italian to understand the fierce political discussion which this event caused. Was the Cortile del Forno pontifical territory, or was it not? It was finally decided that the Vatican had extra-territoriality, and that the frontier line was indicated by the first step on the street of the Zecca; but this discussion led, on the part of the Italian Government, to some declarations which caused great excitement in the Papal camp. The Vatican learned officially "that there is no pontifical territory," that the Pope "merely enjoys the use of the Vatican," and that the pontifical extra-territoriality is worth no more and no less than that which diplomatic usage confers on ambassadors. The partisans of the Pope insisted that this was equivalent to saying that Leo was a subject of the king.

Every day during certain hours Leo the Thirteenth makes a tour of the gardens. The gardens of the Vatican extend from the Belvedere, which includes the beautiful Giardino della Pigna, to the walls flanked with the ancient towers of the Leonine City. In less than twenty minutes a carriage team at a trot can make the tour of the gardens. The view of the Vatican gardens from the cupola of St. Peter's is very beautiful. Beyond extends the marvelous panorama of the environs of Rome, with the Valley of the Tiber; to the left is the vast brownish plain of the Campagna extending toward the sea. Under the walls of the Leonine City are newly built quarters, where numbers of apartment-houses of the most modern type lift up their heads. It looks like a "building boom" in one of the oldest cities in the world. But it is only an illusion. These new apartment-houses are most of them unfinished, and the rain beats in upon their roofless walls. This entire quarter, only partially built, will soon be nothing but a heap of modern ruins, a symbol of the errors of judgment of those who believed in Roman real-estate "booms."

The Pope goes out from his apartments in a *portantine*, or sedan-chair. He is preceded by two Swiss halberdiers and two of the *Guardia Nobile*; an exempt officer of the

Guardia Nobile, a chamberlain of the Secret Chamber, and a *partecipante* accompany him. Two Swiss Guards bring up the rear. In the antechamber the *gendarmes* present their sabres, kneeling on one knee. At the gateway of the gardens, the Pope enters a carriage with the *partecipante*, while the *Guardia Nobile* escort him on horseback. The garden is at once strictly closed to everybody. The walls—which, it seems, people have often attempted to scale—are under the special guard of the *gendarmes*, who are posted from point to point with loaded revolvers. The drive lasts for an hour, and the coachman endeavors most ingeniously to vary the route, but however ingenious he may be, it is always the same ruins, the same alleys, the same lawns, the same horizon. The return is conducted with the same ceremonial. The Pope again gets into his *portantine*. The Swiss Guards again take the head of the procession. Again they cross the galleries of the Giardino della Pigna, sometimes by way of the library or the Chirara Monti Museum, or it may be by the Hall of the Signature, or by the Hall of the Conflagration, or by the Hall of Heliodorus, or by the Hall of Constantine, or by the five famous rooms of Raphael which lead to the private apartments.

This is the routine every day, and so it has been for seventeen years. However resigned the aged Pontiff may be, he must at times sigh for Castel Gandolfo, which was the summer resort of his predecessors. This castle is on Lake Albano, and is said to be one of the most beautiful places on the Roman Campagna. But the former residence of the Popes, the pontifical Palace of Castel Gandolfo, has been turned into a convent of nuns.

The *Guardia Nobile*, the Palatine Guard, the *gendarmes*, and the Swiss Guard compose all that is left of the pontifical army. These four divisions are much reduced. The *Guardia Nobile*, as the name indicates, is recruited among the Roman aristocracy, but enlistment is no longer popular among the young Roman nobles. The Papal service furnishes no field to ambitious youths. It leads to nothing. The *Guardia Nobile* is composed of fourteen officers, a commander with the rank of general, the hereditary standard-bearer of the Holy Roman Church, a lieutenant-general, a sub-lieutenant-general, and ten exempt colonels. There are eight cadets with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, ten court captains, twenty court lieutenants, and ten supernumerary guards. Every day, one exempt and six guards are on service in the antechambers of the Vatican. The Palatine Guard, which goes back only to the days of Pius the Ninth, is formed of volunteers—middle-class citizens of Rome—to the number of four hundred. The legion is commanded by a colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, a major, and two captains. The Palatine Guard appears only on days of great ceremony at St. Peter's or at the Sistine Chapel. This guard lines the way on either side when the Pope passes. On days of audiences, the Palatines act as guards in the antechamber. The *gendarmes* are charged with the exterior police of the palace. They watch over the court of St. Damaso, the galleries, the corridors, and the gardens. There are one hundred and twenty men under the command of a major. They are fine-looking men, in handsome uniforms, wearing bearskin shakos, like grenadiers. The last pilgrimage which arrived here came from Spain, and when the Spanish pilgrims arrived at St. Peter's, they were so struck by the magnificence of these bear-skinned policemen that they broke out into enthusiastic plaudits, and privately said afterward that they were much more impressed by the Pope's policemen than they were by the Pope and all his cardinals.

The *gendarmes*, the Palatines, and the *Guardia Nobile* are only show soldiers. The true troops of the Vatican are the Swiss Guards. At first one finds them grotesque, but the eye soon becomes habituated to their curious costumes, and you speedily come to admire these modern soldiers in their medieval uniform. They are handsome fellows, and carry themselves well in their yellow, red, and black garb as they stand under the enormous white and yellow pontifical flag which floats at the interior of the Portone. The Swiss troops include one hundred and twenty men, and are commanded by a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, and a major. They follow their orders strictly, exerting their authority even over the cardinals at times. They watch the interior approaches to the palace and the entrances to the apartments. When there are religious ceremonies, they appear in their steel corselets, and with their enormous two-handed swords carried with the hilt resting on the shoulder and the blade pointing up in the air, they surround the gestatorial chair of the Pontiff.

Around the Pontiff is an assemblage of persons so numerous, and whose duties are so complicated and so multifarious, that it is difficult even to understand them, their offices, and their etiquette. Here is a list of the important domestic servants of the Pope: The *decanti*, or elders; the *sedari*, or chair-bearers; the *bussolanti*, the clerks, or *cintanti di camera*; then the mace-bearers, the wardens with silver wands, etc. Every variety of functionary has its own costume. All are laymen, although some of them wear the priest's soutane, like the *bussolanti*. This is the domestic personnel of the antechambers, to which is also attached, although of course on a much higher social scale, the *cameriere di capa e di spada*, or gentlemen of the court. There are five hundred of them. There are one hundred and ten Chamberlains of Honor of the Cloak and Sword, two hundred and thirty Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword of *numero*, and finally four Secret Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword, who are of the most ancient nobility of Rome. The costume of ceremony is black velvet doublet, black plumed hat, white ruff, black silk hose, and black velvet mantle; around the neck they wear a golden chain and carry a sword swung in a baldric at the side. When at minor ceremonials, they simply wear the heavy gold chain over an evening-coat. It is the Secret Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword who receive ambassadors and cardinals in the Papal antechambers. All of them belong to the Roman nobility.

The services of the antechambers are regulated by the most minute rules. When, for example, a cardinal pays a

visit to the Pontiff, he is first received in the Hall of Constantine, which is occupied by the Swiss Guards, who present arms. A *sedario*, one of the persons who carry the Pope in his chair, garbed in plum-colored velvet, approaches, bows, and taking the little red sack from the hands of the cardinal's gentleman, precedes him as far as the third antechamber, that of the *gendarmes*, who, in their turn, present arms. At the door of the third ante-chamber, a *bussolante*, in a violet soutane, approaches, bows, and precedes the cardinal as far as the Hall of the Throne. In the Hall of the Throne, he is received by the Secret Chamberlains of the Cloak and Sword, who accompany him as far as the Secret Antechamber. In the Secret Antechamber, the master of the chamber and his *partecipante* accompany the cardinal up to the moment he is received by the Pope. It is only in the last antechamber that the cardinal takes off his hat. Up to that time he wears it by special privilege allowed to a prelate of his rank.

The Vatican gave to the world the unique spectacle of a power exercising government over souls and things, doubling religious functions with civil functions. It therefore was obliged to have a diplomatic service, an army, a financial administration, tribunals, everything which constitutes a civil organization. Every one knows what has become of this social order since the twentieth of September, 1870. The states of the church were then incorporated and made part of the Kingdom of Italy, and the diplomacy of the Vatican has become purely a theoretical thing. Nevertheless, certain vestiges remain of the governmental attributes of former times. The Vatican used to have forges, foundries, and various other manufactories. It had within the precincts of the Vatican a manufactory of arms, a mint, an establishment where mosaics and tapestries were made, an industrial and artistic city, where a people lived by their manufactures alone. The arsenal and the mint are to-day in the hands of the Italian Government. There remains to the Vatican its tapestry factory, at present idle from lack of money, and its manufactory for mosaics, which still maintains a number of workmen.

The principal topic at present in the Roman Catholic world is the question of the next conclave of cardinals. The Pope is eighty-four years old. Mentally he is vigorous, but physically he is feeble. He seems himself to think that he is nearing his end, for within the last few months he has taken measures which seem to indicate that he fears approaching dissolution—precautions concerning his health and precautions concerning his papers, for he has recently placed them all under seal. During the present century, prior to Pius the Ninth, the conclave of cardinals has always assembled at the Quirinal; but the Quirinal is now the residence of King Humbert. It was at the Vatican that, on the twentieth of February, 1878, the clergy elected Joachim Pecci as Pope. It is at the Vatican that his successor will be named. Already the intrigues are beginning. Certain cardinals are known to be covertly on the side of the Triple Alliance; others are so hostile to the Italian Government that they state they will not go into conclave unless its independence is assured by the powers of Europe. Under these conditions, the convocation of the cardinals will constitute an event of great importance. It will doubtless take place, as it did before, in the Sala Regia and the Sala Ducale. The Sala Regia is a sort of vestibule to the Sistine and the Pauline Chapels. The cardinals vote in the Sistine Chapel.

We leave the Vatican, and walk out into the great square of St. Peter's. This church and its buildings are under the direct control of the Vatican, and are technically owned by the "Capitolo Vaticano." The group of buildings is officially called "Reverenda Fabbrica di San Pietro," and includes not only the vast church itself, but the treasury, the sacristy, the chapter-house, the archives, the piazza, and the colonnades. The chapter controlling the "Fabbrica" has productive lands, securities, etc., aggregating in value about a million and a half of dollars. With the income from this, they keep up St. Peter's, for constant expenditure is required. Four famous Italian architects, Signors Azurri, Bonnani, Buniri, and Vespignani, are in charge of the church and its buildings. Two engineers aid them, and they direct a force of sixty-four trained men called *samietrini*, and a reserve of thirty *sopranumeri*. These men wear a uniform of dark blue, with violet trimmings. They are divided into *squadre*, according to their callings, for there are among them all kinds of craftsmen, such as painters, gilders, masons, carpenter, stone-cutters, plumbers, locksmiths, etc. When the fine illuminations of St. Peter's take place, these hundred, who have each ten outsiders for assistants, and, at a given signal, the great façade is at once outlined in fire. The corps of *samietrini* was founded in 1686 by Niccolò Zahaglia. He constructed the models for the intricate scaffolding which is used for working on the interior of the great church. Often you will see the *samietrini* working away on cobweb scaffolding, repairing something in the mighty dome, three or four hundred feet above the floor.

But this study of the working of the domestic machinery of the Vatican and St. Peter's is growing long. Its only excuse for being is that it is unusual. These particulars are not found in guide-books. Concerning the vast Church of St. Peter's, we read much of how it looks, but little of how it is managed.

But we must leave these two ancient monuments—leave the Leonine City—quit the Trasteverine quarter—cross the new steel bridge which spans the Tiber by the Castle of St. Angelo—and drawing a long breath we are soon in the busy, bustling Corso. We have only crossed a river. But we have left the old Rome for the new.

H.
ROME, 1894.

Germany's proposal for the establishment of international postage-stamps is being examined by the British post-office authorities. Such a stamp would enable correspondents to inclose return postage for their answers, which they now can not do. The principle has already been adopted in the international return postal-card.

MADAME RÉJANE.

A Pen-Picture of the Famous French Actress—Born almost on the Stage and Reared in the Theatre—Her Ambition, Her Public Career, and her Domestic Side.

Some years ago there were an actor and actress at the Amphig, the popular theatre of melodrama, who earned their living more or less well, generally less well—the one by playing the rôle of traitors, the other that of persecuted orphans—before that audience so well known for uproariously decrying vice and enthusiastically applauding the final triumph of virtue. A daughter was born to them whom they called Gabrielle. Her father's name was Réju, which he changed later on to Réjane as being more euphonic. She almost saw the light of day in the artificial illumination of the wings, and scarcely ever breathed other air than the heavy, dust-filled atmosphere of the theatre, poisoned by the odors of gas, of rouge and paint, and of human beings. She had for sky the drop-curtains, for sun the footlights, for verdure the painted trees, and for playground the hoards.

Her parents, having no one in their humble dwelling to whom to confide her, carried her with them to the theatre, where she remained during rehearsals or representations, taken care of by the *concierges* or some *figurante*. The baby was passed from hand to hand, each one in turn holding her, singing to her, feeding her with the bottle, sometimes forgotten for a while behind the scenes or in the greeroom. Prematurely serious and well behaved, as though she understood that she must not attract the attention of the *impresario* or the stage-manager by her cries, she kept still, was never in the way, and, as she grew older, took great interest in all that was going on around her; and she was beloved and spoiled by the whole troupe, on account of her charming little ways, her cleverness and drollery.

If there was ever a precocious vocation, it was hers, for Gabrielle Réjane was an actress from her cradle. One might almost say that she began to act before she knew how to speak; before she knew how to read, at all events, for she made her debut when about three years of age, in the rôle of a baby carried in some one's arms in a most touching scene, in which she conducted herself in perfect manner and with great dignity. As soon as she was able to pronounce a few words, she played little child's parts, and when, at the age of fourteen, she entered the Conservatoire to begin her dramatic studies, she possessed already the experience of an old actress.

At that epoch she presented the comical spectacle of a very young pupil who was already a professor, for, in her quarter—on the popular heights of the Butte Montmartre—little Réjane "prepared," if you please, aspirants for the great official school from which so many *concierges'* daughters hope to go forth as *sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français. Her lessons were paid at prices varying from nothing to fifty centimes. But this conferred upon her no little prestige in her class, of which she was the *enfant terrible*—willful, full of fun, and giving her masters a deal of trouble. Not that she was lazy, but too intelligent, too impulsive to support the discipline of methodical, well-ordered teaching. The small, thin child, as nimble as a kitten, was a true type of an *enfant de Paris*—all nerves and brain, possessing under her frail exterior an iron will and energy. Actress to the very marrow of her bones, she was endowed by instinct with the art of *mise-en-scène* and of theatrical illusions, as this true and amusing anecdote will prove. Her mother used to give her six cents every morning to pay her way in the omnibus taking her to the Conservatoire. She would make the long journey on foot, and when she had economized the necessary thirty-five cents, she would arrive in a cab, to the great admiration of her bewildered companions.

On account of her self-willed nature, or because her artistic temperament was too abundant to be confined in any mold, Gabrielle Réjane achieved only a mediocre success at the Conservatoire. When she left it, her professors saw in her only one of those numerous pupils thrown out of their sphere by their studies and with no dramatic future, who, unfit for any manual labor—even if they do not disdain it—become stranded in some miserable café concert, vegetate in insignificant rôles, or travel from one poor provincial theatre to another, unless, being pretty, they make use of their physical attractions, in some little-clad rôle, in a spectacular play, to draw attention to their beauty and thus to enable them to follow a career less artistic but far more lucrative than that of an actress without talent.

Mme. Réjane escaped this last danger by her want of beauty. Besides, her firm determination to become a great actress preserved her from it, as well as it prevented her from falling into obscure theatres. She had perfect knowledge of her talent and confidence in her future, and exerted, in order to win her way, that stern perseverance, indefatigable labor, indomitable energy, and brave courage which conquer empires.

But it is not sufficient that an actress should possess great gifts; she must have the opportunity of bringing them into light. Ten years passed, during which time, although she made for herself an honorable position in several Parisian theatres, Réjane had not yet won the crown of celebrity. The first "creation" which brought her into evidence was that of "La Glu," by Jean Ricépén, a strange drama, very sinister and very perverse, in which, in the rôle of a sort of diabolical courtesan who leads to perdition the men who are caught by her snare, she marked a new phase in her acting. Until then she had been known rather as a comic actress—gay, at least arch and fascinating; on that day she revealed herself to be dramatic.

In developing this new talent, she lost none of her former ones, as will be recognized in America, where, after the scenes of "Madame Sans-Gêne," so full of irresistible *entrain*, in which she typifies the popular Parisian shrew, and in those of "Ma Cousine," none the less full of *verve*, where she personifies the light, clever, witty, and good-

natured actress, she will be applauded in the tragically wicked rôle of Sappho, and in the mystical and philosophical one of the "Maison de Poupée," and any one who has seen and heard her in a drawing-room, giving her wonderful imitations of Sarah Bernhardt, will scarcely be able to recognize her in the poignant rôle of Germinie Lacerteux.

I have mentioned the great Sarah. Less fitted, certainly, for grand classical tragedy or for great dramatic comedy than the latter, Réjane is her superior in this: that her talent, being more diversified, permits her to have a more varied repertory. And it may be added, with truthfulness, that they are the two first great actresses of "temperament" of the present day in France.

The London public classed them *ex æqua*, in different styles, last spring, when they went thither with their troupes for a fortnight and both remained there six weeks, playing with equal success. Sarah often changed her play-bills, while all that time Réjane played "Madame Sans-Gêne" only, seven times a week. It is the only French play, in French, which has ever had more than forty successive representations, and Sardou owes this triumph to its principal interpreter, for, to the greater number of spectators, it was merely pantomime.

Appropos of this wonderful play that is having unparalleled success all over the world, it may be interesting to learn that from the first part of October, 1893, to the end of January, 1895, Mme. Réjane played the exhausting rôle of the Duchesse de Dantzig without once ceding it to her understudy—a charming artist who was in despair at the too excellent health or the extraordinary energy of its creator—who played it in Paris twice on every Sunday at matinées and in the evening. Last Easter she gave four representations in two days, and this last summer she took scarcely a month's rest between the closing of the London season and the re-opening of the Vaudeville at Paris. Réjane can assuredly not be classed among the "weaker sex."

During the last ten years she has achieved a constantly increasing celebrity, and has conquered, never to lose, the favor of the Parisian public, by whom she is adored. She has played at the Variétés in her comic rôles, and later at the Odéon, of which at that time M. Porel, whom she has since married, was manager. By a singular analogy of expediency, he also changed his real name, which is Parfoura, an unharmonious and *bizarre* name, to that of Porel when he began his theatrical career. M. Porel was for twenty years an actor of unusual merit, very conscientious, intelligent, and artistic. When he abandoned the footlights for the manager's cabinet, his technical experience placed him as the first among stage-directors. His sojourn at "the second Théâtre Français" marked a brilliant era at the Odéon. He made himself beloved by men of letters for the artistic quality of the plays he brought out, notably by translations of Shakespeare, which were greatly applauded. On account of his taste for luxurious display, he was jokingly called "Porel the Magnificent." When he left the Odéon to found a theatre for himself at the Eden, this love for sumptuous scenery and costumes ruined his undertaking in six months. But since then, associated with M. Carré, he manages both the Vaudeville and the Gymnase, and his prosperity has returned to him.

Moreover, he carries about with him a "porte-bonheur" in his wife. When one possesses Réjane's energy, her ardor, her artistic fire, her *verve*, her *brio*, her comicality, and her exquisite naturalness, which makes one think it is only necessary to learn her rôles by heart to play them as she does, what wonder that her husband succeeds! She has that sort of talent which captivates the mind and the fascination which conquers the heart. She has also a practical mind which many men of business might envy her. It is well known in Paris that many artists, who are about to conclude a theatrical engagement, go to consult her before signing their contracts, so as to be sure not to be taken in. This capacity for business does not prevent her from being amiable to others and open-hearted. She is very witty in her conversation, with exactly the same intonations that she has on the stage and that bappy-go-lucky air that adds so much flavor to her sallies of wit. Never capricious nor nervous, but always with pleasant manners, she is as delightful to see in her dressing-room in the *entr'actes* as she is before the footlights and raised curtain. One can rarely ever find her elsewhere, as she plays every night when in Paris.

When there is a *matinée* given, you are sure to find her little daughter Germaine with her—a thorough little Parisienne, eight years old, *espigole* and amusing, who resembles her mother and promises to walk in her footsteps. During the eight days of terrible anxiety in Paris due to the *Gascogne*'s delay, Réjane, who was to leave the next week, would have given a great deal to have broken her contract. Not that she feared for her own safety, but for that of her husband and little daughter, who were to accompany her. They have also another child, Jacques, who has been left behind on account of his very tender age. But Réjane is the type of a true actress: her theatre holds the first place, herself and those whom she loves come after. It is such absolute self-sacrifice, such entire absorption in one's art, that alone makes great artists.

PARIS, February 22, 1895.

DORSEY.

Frederick Willis, who died the other day in London, was the last of the Willises who gave their name to the well-known "Willis's Rooms." The rooms were originally built in 1765 by a tavern-keeper named Almack. He is said to have been a Scotchman, whose real name was MacCaul, which was transposed into "Almack" when he came to London as a nobleman's valet. "Almack's" was the great place for assemblies of the highest fashion in the early part of the century, and the Duke of Wellington was once refused admission there because he came in trousers instead of the regulation knee-breeches.

By a recent order of the War Department, telegraphy is to be taught to the officers of the Austro-Hungarian cavalry, commissioned and non-commissioned.

IN ARCTIC ENGLAND.

The Discomforts of London in a "Cold Snap"—The Long Frost—No Water to Wash in, and Little to Cook with—The Skating Thousands.

It is difficult for Americans who have not lived in England to comprehend the inconveniences of a sharp winter here. The houses in England are not suited for cold weather, and a frost or "cold snap," such as would pass without notice in the United States, here causes the most acute discomfort. For example, during the many weeks in which the present frost has prevailed, the average householder who lives in the outskirts of London has been traveling up to town in unwarmed railway coaches with the temperature at thirty degrees below freezing point. All he could do would be to take a hot-water bottle with him, or to hire from the railway porter a hot-water tin. The spectacle of a number of blue-nosed Britons sitting in icy railway coaches, wrapped in railway rugs, and trying to keep warm with little hot-water bottles, is a spectacle calculated to make angels weep and Americans smile. In this uncomfortable manner, the British burgher goes up to town, and receives a telegram from his wife, saying that the coal is exhausted. He orders some more, but the coal man is by no means affable, and tells him he will have to wait his turn. He telegraphs back to his wife to borrow some from the next-door neighbor, and his wife telegraphs back that they won't lend any. When he returns in the evening, still frozen, he finds that there is not coal enough to keep the kitchen range going, and the house-maid is trying to cook a modest dinner at the grate in the drawing-room. The cook has given notice, there is no water to cook with, the pipes are all frozen, and men have to be hired to draw water from the stand-pipes in the street at a shilling a pail. Bathing has entirely ceased. Water is used only as a beverage, and there is not enough of it then.

One of the most curious sights of the season has been the appearance of the Thames. Above London the river has been frozen hard. Along the bank, bouse-boats, barges, skiffs, and steam-launches are locked in ice. It looks like Nova Zembla. At the sides of the channel there are masses of pack-ice, and resting upon these rocking heaps are innumerable gulls and other sea-birds driven up from the coast by hunger. On the parapets of the London bridges, and along the embankments, these wild birds may be seen taking food from the hands of the charitable Londoners. In the centre of the stream, where there is always moving water, are numbers of barges, wherries, and other craft, forced away from their moorings by the floating ice, drifting helplessly. Lower down, below London Bridge, the stream is kept comparatively open by the ebb and flow of the tide. But in the still water of the docks, thick ice has formed which has completely stopped the dock industry and put an end to the busy life of the Thames below London Bridge. It is difficult to realize to what an extent the Arctic frost has paralyzed the dock industry. Many thousands of men are perforce idle, among them riverside laborers, dock laborers, wharfingers, bargemen, sailors, market-gardeners, porters, and there are also vast numbers of idle street-hawkers, messengers, and flower-girls. Two hundred seamen in distress are being fed by one charitable fund. Last week inquests were held on between sixty and seventy people who had died in the East End of London from lack of food or fuel, or both.

One of the things that has most irritated the Londoners has been the utter failure of the water companies to supply water, that indispensable fluid. Every day there could be seen, in every part of London, groups of ragged women and men, girls and boys, gathered around stand-pipes, waiting for hours for the water to flow, hungry, shivering wretches, with their benumbed fingers scarcely able to clutch the handles of the pails and other vessels in which they boped to carry off the precious liquid. From early morn till dark, these groups stood there, braving the Arctic atmosphere, in the hope of earning a few shillings. In fact, there was such a water famine that prosperous families were often forced to eat breakfasts consisting of a few eggs boiled over spirit lamps, for lack of water enough to cook anything else.

The only people who have submitted with philosophy to the long frost have been the skaters, and they have been numbered by the thousands. Yesterday, for example, which was Sunday, every sheet of water in London was covered with skaters. The Serpentine had about 30,000 people on the ice, and nearly as many more watched the sport from the banks. At dusk, the Serpentine was brilliantly illuminated, and the skaters whirled over the ice until late in the evening. At Regent's Park, there were over 16,000 persons skating; and the ice was in good condition, but despite that fact, several went through at a soft place near the Rustic Bridge. Fortunately they were saved by the men of the Royal Humane Society, who are in attendance at all the skating-ponds. The ice on the Long Water at Kensington Gardens was used by upward of 20,000 skaters, and on the Round Pond there were 18,000. In the south-west of London, Battersea Park had yesterday over 25,000 persons on the ice, and on the smaller lake reserved for ladies there were 6,000 skaters. The large lakes at Hampstead Heath, Parliament Hill Fields; Highgate, Connaught Water at Clingford, Victoria Park, Wembley Park, and many others, including the picturesque lake at Syon Park on the Duke of Devonshire's estate, were also crowded with skaters. Probably the most picturesque scenes were at Regent's Park and Hampstead Heath at night. The illuminations consisted of many thousands of different colored fairy lamps, and 2,500 candle-power electric lights. In addition, thousands of the skaters carried colored Japanese lanterns hanging from the ends of walking-sticks or umbrellas, and the spectacle presented by these points of colored light darting here and there like fire-flies, was like fairy-land.

LONDON, February 18, 1895.

PICCADILLY.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The letters written by Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam, to Fanny Kemble, which have attracted so much attention while running in *Temple Bar*, will be published in book-form in the fall by Macmillan & Co.

The Danish critic, Georg Brandes, has finished a work on Shakespeare, which is to be published in German in Paris.

Laurence Hutton's protest, in *Harper's*, against the contribution of money by American citizens to the fund for the purchase of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, did not appear in the English edition of that periodical. That, however, did not prevent its discovery by the *St. James's Budget*, which republished it. It is needless to say that Mr. Hutton's words have aroused the British lion. Mr. Hutton said:

"There seems to exist in the mother country a curious notion that, while we have cast off all personal and national allegiance to the British crown, we are still rank Tories and Royalists in our devotion to British literature, and that, while we are politically a free and independent people, we are still an intellectual province of Great Britain, and that we must still pay taxes to the great and royal British mind."

"The Story of Bessie Costrell" is the title of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel. It is a tale of English village life. Serial publication will precede its appearance in book-form, from the Macmillan press, in May.

It is amusing to read that "some favorite short stories" by Miss Mary E. Wilkins are being translated into French. Perhaps it will be even more amusing to hear what French readers think of them. Indeed, there is no living writer whose work belongs to the soil of this country as hers and presents such great difficulties to the translator.

Mme. Sarah Grand is ill at Cannes, but is said to be improving. She is bored by idleness and utters many complaints concerning the necessity for rest.

Macmillan & Co. announce in their series of Illustrated Standard Novels:

"Japhet in Search of a Father," by Captain Marryat, illustrated by Henry M. Brock, with an introduction by David Hannay; "Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott, illustrated by J. Ayton Symington, with an introduction by Mowbray Morris; Miss Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," illustrated by Hugh Thomson, with an introduction by Austie Dobson; Thomas Galt's "The Ansons of the Parish" and "The Ayrshire Legatees," illustrated by Charles E. Brock, with an introduction by Canon Ainger; Thomas Love Peacock's "Maid Marion" and "Crochet Castle," illustrated by F. H. Townsend, with an introduction by George Saintsbury; George Borrow's "Lavengro," illustrated by E. J. Sullivan, with an introduction by Augustus Birrell; Miss Edgeworth's "Ormond," illustrated by Carl Schlosser, with an introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; Captain Marryat's "Jacob Faithful," illustrated by Henry M. Brock, with an introduction by David Hannay; James Morier's "Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," illustrated by H. R. Millar, with an introduction; and Miss Ferrier's "Marriage," illustrated by W. J. Heonessey, with an introduction. The first volume, containing "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentees," by Miss Edgeworth, with illustrations by Miss Hammond and an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, has just appeared.

"Dinners with Celebrities"—among them Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Zola, Adelina Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Charles Reade, Wagner, and Stevenson—is the name of a book by Howard Paul, announced for early publication. Mr. Paul was for a long time on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*.

Georges Ohnet and Ludovic Halévy have both completed new novels. The former calls his "La Dame en Gris," the latter's title is "Deux Jeunes Filles."

Appropos of Mark Twain's remarks on French humor and French appreciation of the American article, it is interesting to read an English comment in the *Quarterly Review*:

"One set of circumstances checked, another fostered the growth of humor in the New World. Out of the shock of the opposing tides emerged the matter-of-fact, dry, sarcastic character of the national product. Puritan grimness restrained the flow of animal spirits, enforced the duty of concealing ridiculous ideas, and so determined its demure, covert character. At the same time, the meeting of savagery and civilization sharpened to their keepest edge the sense of incongruities, the perception of concealed analogies, the appreciation of hidden resemblances. The native wit bears upon it the stamp of the influences of two contending forces. The broad buoyancy which often does duty for it is not a national product, though the attempt to obtain the sanction of biblical phraseology undoubtedly represents one effect, and not always the most pleasing one, of this union of natural laughter and inherited sternness."

Macmillan & Co. announce "In Stevenson's Land," by Marie Fraser, in which the life lived at Vallima, Stevenson's home, and the gentle, kindly natives, with their faith in the wisdom of Tusitala, as Stevenson was called, are described in detail. The book is an outgrowth of a visit extending over some months.

Mr. Zangwill has lately been making studies of art-student life in the Latin quarter in Paris for a long novel.

The *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* is an admirable monthly magazine which treats of foods and the preservation of health, for both the medical man and the lay reader. It has the scientific value of a professional journal, and at the same time is

adapted to the needs and capacities of the general public.

A critic who has read Miss Harraden's Californian story in manuscript says that it is so good that it could not be better. Besides going on with her novel, she intends to write three more Californian stories. "The life out here interests me," she writes; "it is so different from anything else."

The Social England Series, which Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation, will comprise:

"The Troubadours and Courts of Love," by J. F. Rowbotham; "Chivalry," by F. W. Cornish; "The English Manor," by Professor Vinogradoff; "Fine Arts," by Professor Baldwin Brown; "The Influence of Geography and Travel on Social Life," by G. Chisholm; "A Historical Sketch of the English Law Courts," by F. A. Inderwick, Q. C.; "Mysteries and Miracle Plays," by Lucy Toulmin Smith; "The Influence of Immigrants on English Social Life," by Professor Cunningham; "English Guilds and the Rise of the Merchant Class," by Miss Law; "The Evolution of the English House," by S. O. Addy; and "The Evolution of Household Implements," by Henry Balfour.

Charles Godfrey Leland is making a new collection of "Breitmann's Ballads," which will soon be published here and in London.

A volume of poems by H. C. Beeching, who will be remembered as the compiler of a popular anthology called "The Paradise of Poetry," is soon to be published by Macmillan & Co. They announce, also, a volume of poems by Arthur C. Benson ("Dodo" Benson's brother), and a second series (in a limited edition) of poems by Lord de Tabley.

Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, the author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," is writing a novel of the first century, which is to involve the question of Christianity and social reform.

A volume of essays by "Ouida" will shortly be published, among the topics selected being "Vulgarity," "The Failure of Christianity," "The Sins of Society," "The New Woman," "Death and Pity," "The Italy of To-Day," "Female Suffrage," "Gardens," "The State as an Immoral Factor," and "The Penalties of a Well-Known Name."

A new edition, in two volumes, of Rudyard Kipling's Indian Tales, with additional matter, is in course of preparation by Macmillan & Co. It will be uniform with his other books published by this house.

Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Burton Harrison will try to settle in a Philadelphia magazine when the word "woman" and when the term "lady" should be employed.

Life's Monthly Calendar offers a series of prizes for the best sets of replies to the following questions on "Trilby":

1. What does the author claim as the king of all instruments? Who does he claim was the greatest violinist of his time? What does he call the most *bourgeois* piece of music he knows? 2. What was Sveogali's real name? 3. Where does the author state that he is a social lion? Where does he deny that he is a snob? 4. Where does he bring Little Billee in contact with *Punch*? 5. What did the Laird call M. le général Comte de la Tour-aux-Loups? 6. In what place does the author compare Gecko to a dog? 7. How old was Trilby when she died? 8. What was Little Billee's physical explanation of his inability to love? 9. What verbal description of one of the heroes contradicts almost every one of the author's drawings of him? 10. What incident of the story is inconsistent with the author's own argument in behalf of the nude in art?

Arthur Sherburne Hardy's novel, "Passe Rose," illustrated by A. E. Sterner, is to be one of the holiday books of next season.

In six months, seventy-five thousand copies of Hall Caine's "The Manxman" have been sold, one-third of them in the United States. The English publisher emphasizes that fact by the following affidavits:

NOTICE.—To contradict all rumors spread by some ill-disposed persons that Mr. Hall Caine's novel "The Manxman" has not been the greatest success of recent years, and that the number of editions announced as sold is a fictitious one, the following two letters are herewith published:

13 TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W. C., February 13, 1895.

TO WILLIAM HEINEMANN, ESQ.: We beg to certify that we have printed and delivered to your hands, between August 1st, 1894, and this date, 55,000 copies of Mr. Hall Caine's novel "The Manxman."

(Signed) BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.

KIRBY STREET, LONDON, E. C., February 13, 1895.

TO WILLIAM HEINEMANN, ESQ.: We hereby certify that we have bound for you up to the present date FIFTY THOUSAND copies of Mr. Hall Caine's "The Manxman."

For JAMES BURN & CO. (Limited), HARVEY E. ORRINSMITH, Director.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W. C.

Presently a "circulation editor" will be an adjunct of every well-appointed publishing house.

We shall know more about Honduras when Richard Harding Davis gets home again. About January 15th, Mr. Davis started from the eastern coast of that country to ride to Tegucigalpa, its capital. Accompanied by two friends, he made the ride on mule-back over the mountains in sixteen days. From Tegucigalpa they went on to the capital of Nicaragua, and thence to Corinto on the Pacific side (a ten days' trip), and from that point took a steamer south to Caracas in South America, crossing the Isthmus of Panama on their way. When Mr. Davis gets home, he proposes to tell what he has seen in a series of articles.

SENATOR BLATHERSKITE'S PLAN.

He Wants to Make Poker-Chips Legal Tender.

The Rochester *Union and Advertiser* publishes the proceedings at the tenth annual dinner of the Genesee Valley Club, at which Senator Blatherskite introduced a resolution to promote the free circulation of poker-chips, viz.:

"Be it enacted, That from and after the passage of this act, the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and directed to receive at any United States Mint, from any citizen of the United States, ivory, bone, and celluloid, and coin the same into poker-chips of the standard colors of blue, red, and white, to be valued according to the rules of the game. The seigniorage of said ivory, bone, and celluloid shall belong to the United States, and shall be the difference between the poker value thereof and the market price of said ivory, bone, and celluloid in New York on the day the deposit is made. And all expenditures for coinage done under this act shall be paid out of said seigniorage, and the Secretary of the Treasury shall deliver to the depositors of said ivory, bone, and celluloid standard poker-chips equal in amount to the price thereof as aforesaid. And whenever said chips herein provided for shall be received into the Treasury, certificates may be issued thereon in the manner provided by law."

At the close of the reading, the senator arose, and, in tones that vibrated with the intensity of his emotion, thus began:

"Mr. President: Buried beside the bones of our rude ancestors, with their earth-hewn domestic utensils and implements of war, lie the bones of huge animals and reptiles that we have swept from the face of the earth. And what do we find when we go to examine the last resting-places of these departed creatures? Bones, sir, and tusks; tusks from which even to-day those bright loveliness of their varied hues, might still be hewn."

"But it is not, I say, so much what we find in these abiding-places of the inhabitants of the ancient world as it is what we do not find that inculcates the profound lesson that it is my duty to teach in your ears this day. Who can account for the tons of bones, for the thousand weights of ivory that should, if the baseless asseverations of the paid hirelings of Wall Street could be believed for a moment, be crowded in vast piles beneath the earth we tread on? There is but one explanation—one theory, the force of which must instantly and with irresistible conviction appeal to the hearts of all—and that is, that they have become poker-chips, manufactured ages ago by those uncivilized ancestors of ours. Starting, then, with this fundamental fact that the use of the poker-chip by prehistoric man was free and unlimited, the continued use thereof by their wise successors has lasted even down to the present time. It was the money of the ancient Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, of our own ancestors living in the heart of the German forests or on the bright verdure of the Emerald Isle."

"And now, sir, having proven conclusively the continued, free, and unlimited use of the poker-chip from prehistoric ages almost to the present time, I appeal to you to again replace this emblem of our majesty and dominion upon the ivory throne of constitutional supremacy. If this act is passed, will there not stand behind each and every chip all the might, majesty, dominion, and power of this grand and glorious country? Is it not a matter of common knowledge among those who frequent the game of draw-poker, the great American institution—and which of us does not?—that the blue chips stand for five dollars, the red ones for dollars, and the white ones for quarters? And if these solemn facts are perpetuated in our statutes and the edict of this government is gone forth that the blue chips shall henceforth stand for five dollars, the red ones for dollars, and the white ones for quarters, then we shall have a currency equalled by none on earth."

"What nation is it whose constant endeavor it is, by force or guile, to work us evil? Is any reply necessary? Am I compelled to say that it is Great Britain that opposes this beneficent measure—that its emissaries are even now, with British gold, seducing the weak and easily tempted? We know well, and Great Britain knows well, that if this measure were to go through, this country would at once rise to heights of unexampled prosperity, while others would sink into corresponding depths of infamy and oblivion. . . ."

"Too many times has it been said that the poker-chip has depreciated and is depreciating. It is gold that, through the malign efforts of the hungry leeches of the money market, has appreciated in value. Is it not true, sir, that it costs more to-day—more wheat, more provisions, more cotton—to buy an ounce of this ill-omened metal than it did three years ago?"

"There are those, to be sure, who, with sophistical reasoning, attempt to deceive the credulous by declaring that if the blessing of poker-chips were showered upon this country, gold would be still more difficult to obtain, and that it would require many more poker-dollars to obtain one gold dollar. I pronounce this to be utterly unfounded. If this great and glorious government arises in its might and says that the red chip shall be a dollar, then it is a dollar; and if it be of gold it, can be no more."

"Why is it, if it be true, that the gold dollar of to-day is worth more than the red chip? It is because of the criminal demonization of the poker-chip by the law of 1873—a demonization bought and paid for by British gold received from the hands of British hirelings. Let but the poker-chip again assume its rightful place as the money of the people, and its value will enormously increase. On the other hand, the value of gold, by reason of the appearance of a rival in the field in which it has so long had a monopoly, will depreciate until the gold dollar and the red poker-chip will be of equal intrinsic value."

"Sir, a gentleman who, I understand, is opposed to my views has just reminded me that when, at a little game of draw last night, I quit some two hundred dollars ahead of the game, I tendered to him my poker-chips stacked up before me on the table, and demanded redemption thereof in the coin of the realm. I admit these facts to be true, but where is the inconsistency? That little game was my own private business which I was trying to conduct on terms most advantageous to myself. In personal and private matters I am somewhat of a slave to habit. But all this has nothing to do with the claims of the poker-chip as the future money of the nation. My constituents are all longing for the day when each one, with his load of ivory, bone, and celluloid, can walk up the marble steps of the Treasury and there deposit his load, receiving in return the money of his country."

"What an era of unexampled prosperity will this inaugurate! When every man will have abundant means; when no one need be poor; when those who have commodities will be eager to exchange them for the poker-chip, and those who have the poker-chip will supply them in generous profusion for the commodities; when, sir, no one need arise from the table a loser, for the supply of his chips will be free and unlimited."

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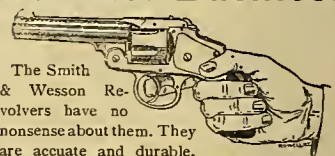


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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"John Ruskin" is the third in the series of Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great, by Elbert Hubbard, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents.

A curious pamphlet on "The Last Change of the Earth's Axis," by Fred G. Plummer, has been published for the Naroda Branch, Theosophical Society, by F. G. Houghton & Co., Tacoma.

"The First of the English," by Archibald Clavering Gunter, the story of an English naval captain who wins a Spanish maiden for his bride in the days of the Spanish Armada, has been published in paper covers by the Home Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"How to Govern Chicago," a review of the "Windy City's" political history for a year or two, and a presentation of various plans for reform applicable to other American cities as well as Chicago, has been published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Martin Hewitt, Investigator," a collection of detective stories on the Sherlock Holmes plan, by Arthur Morrison, and "Dorothy's Double: A Story of a Great Deception," by G. A. Henty, have been published in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents each.

The history of "The Military Career of Napoleon the Great," by Montgomery B. Gibbs, which has been appearing in a syndicate of newspapers recently, is completed and has now been published in a volume of five hundred pages. It presents a full account of Napoleon's campaigns, interspersed with many anecdotes of battles as related by the generals and marshals of the First Empire. The illustrations are numerous and are taken from famous paintings. Published by the Werner Company, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"The Christian State: A Political Vision of Christ" is the title of a collection of six lectures delivered in churches in various American cities by Dr. George D. Herron, Professor of Applied Christianity at Grinnell College, Iowa. Their topics are "The Political Appearing of Christ," "The Christian State," "The Christian State the Social Realization of Democracy," "The Christian State the Redemption of Law from Anarchy," "The Christian State the Salvation of the Church," and "The Christian Revival of the Nation." Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

In anticipation of the Easter season, "Lingua Gemma: A Cycle of Gems" has been prepared by Ada L. Sutton. It is a list, arranged alphabetically, of one hundred precious stones, describing them and ascribing to each, according to popular superstition, a signification, which is also expressed in appropriate verse selected from a wide range of English and American authors, new and old. The book is bound in white, handsomely stamped in colors, and the decoration of the pages and paper, type, and other details are such as are to be expected in a gift book. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A vastly entertaining tale of the sea is "A Modern Buccaneer," by "Rolf Boldrewood"—over which pseudonym an Australian police magistrate has written a number of excellent stories of adventure. It follows the career of a young fellow who has felt the love of the sea leaping in his veins ever since he first opened his eyes in the antipodean city of Sydney; he is allowed, while still quite a lad, to ship as supercargo on a vessel bound for San Francisco by way of Honolulu, and his course lies through the South Seas, where he meets with innumerable adventures. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Pygmies," translated from the French of the late Professor A. de Quatrefages by Frederick Starr, has been added to the Anthropological Series, of which Professor Starr is editor. After a brief introduction, in which the author outlines the scope and method of his work, he discusses the pygmies of the ancients, according to modern science; the general history of the Eastern pygmies and their physical characteristics; the intellectual, moral, and religious characters of the Mincopies; Negritos other than the Mincopies; the Negrillos, or Pygmies of Africa; and the religious beliefs of the Hottentots and the Bushmen. In appendices are given very full bibliographies of the subject and Stanley's measurements of the African pygmies. The work is well illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

"The Good Ship Mohock" is W. Clark Russell's latest story of the sea. It purports to be the narrative of a young woman who accepts her stepfather's invitation to take passage to New York in the *Mohock*, a clipper of which he is captain. She notices that he is distraught because of his financial troubles, and when she learns that there is a treasure of half a million dollars on board and the captain picks up in open sea a shipwrecked crew of a dozen burly seamen who turn out to be pirates and seize the ship, she puts two and two together

and draws inferences very damaging to the captain's reputation. How the projected robbery is prevented by a suspicious cruiser and the romantic incidents following thereafter we leave the reader to discover from the book itself; it is enough to say that Mr. Russell has made a highly improbable story seem very real and deeply interesting. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Noëmi," by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, is a story of medieval times that the lover of warlike tales finds all too short. Its scene is in Guyenne in the days when the inhabitants did not know whether they owed allegiance to Henry of England or the crown of France, and a state of lawlessness prevailed which affords Mr. Baring-Gould opportunity to introduce many thrilling incidents. His heroine is a madcap who calls herself English, a Gascon, and whom we first see when she is knocking away the billets of wood fitted into holes in the face of a cliff that form a stair by which ascend and descend the inhabitants of a castle perched in a cave half way up this sheer precipice of three hundred feet. It is to this castle that the Bishop of Sarlat retreats with his treasures and holy relics when the English harry the country-side. It is a pity, by the way, that the illustrations that accompanied serial publication of the tale in an English periodical are not retained in the book-form. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

In "Honest Money," Arthur I. Fonda, of Denver, Col., claims to have analyzed the science of money, compared the opinions of authorities, deduced the requirements for an honest money, shown the faults of the present system, and examined the merits and defects of proposed changes; and, finally, he outlines a system that seems to him to meet all requirements. His standard of value would be periodically determined by a government commission, and would be expressed in its purchasing power of various commodities, the ratio of each being the average that had prevailed during a certain number of years past; and his medium of exchange would be "greenbacks," "legal tender for all debts public and private (except, of course, such as by their terms are payable in gold)" and redeemable in any of the commodities at the current rate. In other words, instead of a standard of value based on gold and silver, Mr. Fonda would give us a standard based on a hundred commodities of fluctuating value. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers," by Joseph A. Willard, clerk of the supreme court of Massachusetts, is an entertaining volume of reminiscences. The author was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1816, his grandfather and father being respectively president and professor in Harvard University. He spent eight years before the mast, and says of his associates then:

"During eight years' service on the ocean I made one voyage up the Mediterranean and one to India (the crew of each voyage consisting of twelve men, besides boys), and out of those twelve sailors only one was a foreigner, he being the only man who was not perfectly competent to navigate a ship to any part of the globe."

In 1846 Mr. Willard began his duties in the court of common pleas, in which service he has been employed for nearly half a century, and naturally he witnessed many of the great legal battles of that period, and knew all the leading jurists of Massachusetts. Of all these he has anecdotes to tell, as well as of persons prominent in the political, financial, social, and theatrical worlds. There is a great deal that is purely local in its interest in Mr. Willard's book, but also many characteristic tales of famous men and piquant anecdotes. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Catherine de Medici" has been added to the now long list of novels by Honoré de Balzac that have been translated into English by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. It is preceded by an introduction, in which the author discusses historical errors in general, and maintains the thesis that Catherine de Medici is an ill-judged woman, that she was a mistress of statecraft, and the cruelties for which she is notorious were necessities of her time and station, and were, moreover, redeemed in her by good qualities of which popular tradition, being Calvinist tradition, has robbed her. This introduction fills fifty pages, not only narrating Catherine's life up to the death of her husband, Henry the Second, but describing her ancestry and the atmosphere of intrigue, self-interest, and treachery in which she lived, so that the views to which her mind was molded and the motives which actuated her in the various crises of her life are shown in the light Balzac desires. Then he proceeds to the telling of his tales, "The Calvinist Martyr," in which the son of a Paris burgher wins Catherine's favor by his loyalty even under torture, and is raised to the office of counselor of the Parliament, and "The Secrets of the Ruggieri," which continues the story of Catherine's virtual reign. These are supplemented with an epilogue in which Robespierre and Marat are presented as narrating their dreams, in one of which Catherine outlined her policy of government. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.50.

PICTURES OF THE WEST.

The Bull Team.

The sturdy bull, with stately tread,
Submissive, silent, bows his head
And feels the yoke; the creaking wain
Rolls leisurely across the plain;
Across the trackless, treeless land,
An undulating sea of sand,
Where mocking, sapless rivers run,
With swollen eyes and bloodshot eye,
Still on to where the shadows lie,
And onward toward the setting sun.

With tearful eyes he looks away
To where his free-born brothers play
Upon the prairie wild and wide;
He turns his head from side to side;
He feels the bull whip's cruel stroke;
Again he leans against the yoke.
At last his weary walk is done,
He pauses at the river's brink,
And drinks the while his drivers drink,
Almost beside the setting sun.
—Cy Warman in *McClure's Magazine*.

Riding the Range.

Saddle and sinche, strap slickers on,
And ride in the teeth of the bitter dawn
To hunt, in the north's icy flaw,
For cattle-thieves in some lonely draw.
Ride all day at a cruel pace,
Your beard in icicles on your face;
Ride till the light comes on to fail,
Your cattle drifting before the gale,
Try, as the night begins to frown,
Vainly, to bunch them and bed them down.
Reel in your saddle, and dream, and wake—
Dear were the price of your least mistake,
For rout, and ruin, and death, and despair
Are out on their phantom steeds of air,
Riding the range.

When the prairie's smile, like the smile of God,
Sends a blessing of beauty from bush and sod,
Then the birds sing loud, and the winds sing, too,
That the earth is green and the sky is blue
Like a dome of sapphire builded high—
Like nothing else but a Texas sky.
There is spring in the air and spring in your blood,
That beats through your heart in a quickened flood,
Till that heart, like a maverick, goes astray,
Poor yearling fool—let it play, let it play!
While the breeze is a sigh and the sun is a kiss,
All life was made for a day like this.
When, under the span of these matchless skies,
You shall meet Dan Cupid, with bandaged eyes,
Riding the range.
—Grace MacGowan Cooke in *Frank Leslie's*.

The Race of the Boomers.

The bleak o' the dawn, and the plain is a-smoke with the
breath of the frost,
And the murmur of bearded men is an ominous sound
in the ear;
The white tents liken the ground to a flower-meadow em-
bossed
By the bloom of the daisy sweet, for a sign that the
June is here.
More than the love of loot, mightier than woman's lure,
The passion that speeds them on, the hope that is in
their breast:
They think to possess the soil, to have and to hold it
sure,
To make it give forth of fruit in this garden wide of
the West.

But see! It is sun-up now, and six hours hence is noon;
The crowd grows thick as the dust that muffles the
roads this way:
The blackleg stays from his cards, the song-man ceases
his tune,
And the gray-haired parson deems it idle to preach
and pray.

Now thirst is a present pain and hunger a coming dread,
Water is dear as gold, as the heat grows fierce apace:
Theft is a common deed for the price of a bit of bread,
And poison has played its part to sully the morning's
face.

The hours reel on, and tense as a bow-cord drawn full
taut
Is the thought of the Boomers all: a sight that is
touched with awe;
A huddle of men and horse to the frenzy pitch upwrought,
A welter of human-kind in the viewless grip of the Law.

Lo! women are in the press, by scores they are yonder
come
To find a footing in front—ah, how can they gain a
place?
Nay, softly, even here in the rabble are harbored some
Who think of their mothers, wives, who remember a
fairer face;

For the black mass yawns to let these weak ones into the
line,
While as many men fall back: 'tis knighthood nameless
and great,
Since it means good-bye to a claim—yea, the end of a
dream divine,
To be lord of the land, and free for to follow a larger
fate.

High noon: with a fusillade of guns and a deep, hoarse
roar,
With a panting of short, sharp breaths in the mad de-
sire to win,
Over the mystic mark the seething thousands pour,
As the zenith sun glares down on the rush and the
demon's din.

God! what a race: all life merged in the arrowy flight;
Trample the brother down, murder, if need be so,
Ride like the wind and reach the Promised Land ere
night,
The Strip is open, is ours, to build on, harrow and sow.

There comes a Horror of flame, for look, the grass is
afire!
On, or it ticks our feet on, or it chokes our breath!
Swift through the cactus fly, swift, for it kindles higher;
Home and love and life—or the hell of an awful death.

So, spent and bruised and scorched, down trails thick-
strewn with bopes
A-wreck, did the Boomers race to the place they would
attain;
Seizing it, scot and lot, ringing it round with ropes,
The homes they had straitly won through fire and blood
and pain.

—Richard Burton in *The Critic*.

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A play which turns on psychological studies does not suggest itself as a play destined to be popular. A play the story of which concerns itself with the awakening of the conscience of a fraudulent mind-cure girl and the struggle between love and conscience of a high-strung young clergyman, seems of all plays the one least calculated to stir the interest of that great body of theatre-goers who like to be thrilled but not perplexed, amused without being offered hard nuts to crack.

In "Judah," Henry Arthur Jones has made a psychological drama which is interesting. The story is not so deeply occupied with the temporal careers of old Dethic, Vashti, and Judah Llewellyn as with the spiritual conditions through which they pass, and yet the most Philistine auditor follows the history of their fortunes with absorbed attention. There is something suggestive of Ibsen, not only in the choice of a theme, at once so subtle, so morbid, and so uncannily compounded of underhand fraud and mysterious, unnamed power, but in the frank and serious manner in which it is treated. There is a weird repulsiveness in the juggling of old Dethic and his daughter, and yet even the spectator, in the secret of their fraud, feels that creeping, fearsome, half-curious awe that attaches to all those who claim the possession of supernatural powers that are unclassified, mysterious, nameless.

The subject of "Judah" is that subject which has fascinated playwrights and romancers—the study of a tormented conscience. In "The Bells," the dramatist conceived the grewsome idea of creating an audible conscience, and the undertone of ringing sleigh-bells, jingling softly, jingling loudly, as Mathias's conscience sank into dulled repose, woke into despairing energy, became fraught with a chill horror to each spectator. Writers have tried the depicting of a less mysterious but more ghastly agony in the shape of a visible conscience—in those two staring, awful eyes that Bill Sykes saw looking their glassy reproach at him wherever he turned his tortured gaze, in that up-starting, blood-bespattered vision that so silently intruded on the joy of Macbeth's banquet, in the long line of fleeting, pallid shapes that Richard the Hunchback saw in the dim light of his tent on the eve of Bosworth Field.

But the conscience that torments, unseen, unheard, silently torturing night and day, is of these perhaps the most formidable, and to depict the victim of its terrors has been a favorite task of the writer with a psychological turn of mind. It attracted the austere and chilly analytic genius of Hawthorne, who, conceiving the subtle horrors of a sensitive, cowardly nature, once heguled into sin, forever lying in the sick fear of betrayal, forever suffering in the mute agonies of self-loathing, created the immortal figure of Arthur Dimmesdale, maddened with the consciousness of his own guilt, and, in his craven fear of being discovered, living a life of secret frenzy and despair.

Judah Llewellyn is of very much the same stuff as the New England pastor of that gray, austere, Puritan day. He, too, has the alert conscience, scrupulous and overbearing in its imperious rule of him and his life; he, too, has, under his priestly vest, a heart beating high with youth, and fire, and fullness of life; he, too, loves a faulty woman, a sinful woman, passionately, despairing, pityingly. But where the New England hero falls, cowering behind the figure of the woman he had loved, the Welshman rises, and, the discovery of Vashti's imposture yet hardly comprehended, he shields the wretched, starving creature with a few comprehensive and convincing lies, which were to him sins never to be erased.

This climax and the scenes before it are excellent. The Norman keep, with its rough stone walls, its great, slow-swinging oak door, its little window of stained glass, gleaming in rich brightness from shrouding vines, is a fitting sbrine for the pallid girl, about whom clings such a strange air of the spiritual and the mysterious. Like a spirit in her long, swaying robes of white that fall and sweep so noiselessly, her red hair framing in a thin face of death-like pallor, she may well have exercised a spell over the company of high-living, skeptical, cynically unbelieving aristocrats and scientists.

This thin, white, ethereal creature, who can live without food, can effect mysterious cures by the use of occult, hypnotic powers, is the central figure of a typical English country-house group. Lady Eve, the little, feeble, hysterical blossom of a great family tree that is already doomed and withered, clings to her, revives at the touch of her magnetic hand. Lord Asgarby, the simple, affec-

tionate, country gentleman, is almost convinced of Vashti Dethic's healing power; but Professor Jopp, his skeptical friend, watching through his glasses with keen-sighted, narrowed eyes, is as fully persuaded that Miss Dethic's powers of existing without food and of curing without medicine are both equally fraudulent. Miss Jopp, too, his eye-glassed and unbelieving daughter, is not only convinced of the Dethics' desire to defraud, but burns with a determination to find them out.

So grouped about the white, wide-eyed, fasting girl, the group at Asgarby Castle speculate, watch, believe, and disbelieve. On the pleasant terrace, while twilight lingers and from the open conservatory window the yellow rays from distant lamps cut into the gloom, they sit about in wicker chairs and lazily discuss the problem of the young girl yonder in the keep. Up there among the vines, the bright, deep-colored window sends its brilliant light down over the keep's rough wall, and the girl within rages silently in her savage hunger. Hidden in some angle of the old moat, crouching down silent and breathless, is Judah Llewellyn watching that parti-colored window and worshipping the white saint within, the spirit who lives foodless, sinless, spotless like the angels. And dodging about, the skeleton key of the keep in his pocket, food for his starving daughter hidden in the conservatory, is Mr. Dethic, wildly trying to seize his first chance of conveying to his companion impostor something to eat.

This act, with its striking finale, is the most dramatic in the piece. But it is not, like most great acts, the virtual end of the drama. In "Judah," Mr. Jones achieves the great end and aim of the playwright: keeping the secret of his play till the end. The heart is not plucked out of the mystery of "Judah" until the last scene of the last act. No one but a continual play-goer knows how extraordinarily rare this is, and yet, of all artistic works, a drama is the one in which a *crescendo* movement, working steadily up from the opening to the climax, is most necessary. And one finds a play that obeys this rule once in a blue moon. In nine dramas out of ten, the piece virtually comes to an end at the termination of the third act. The fourth—or fifth—is merely a tying up of loose strings, a marrying off of valet and maid, of soubrette and funny man, or, perhaps, the casual killing of the villain and the suicide of the villainess. Even the great French dramatists, with their mastery of technique, can not get over this stumbling block, and we see such a perfect emotional drama as "Frou-Frou" dragged down with the dead weight of a sickly fifth act, as sodden and flabby as the rest of the piece is brisk and clear and strong.

The secret of "Judah" is kept close, and is elusive and baffling. Various finales to this strange story of fraud and chicanery and remorse suggest themselves, and yet the real one, which is, after all, the only possible one, comes with a shock of surprise. It was not possible for the conscience-stricken minister to go forth to the world, secretly weighted with a throttling sense of shame and guilt. It would have been a repulsive thought to come away with, that he and Vashti, known to each other as liars and impostors, should have gone forth hand in hand into a life full of a false happiness and undeserved respect. Their double confessions, hers delivered with a desperate stolidity, his with an ecstatic, thrilled excitement, their sudden, sad peace, relief at length gained from months of hidden torment, their mutual despairing trust, and their firm determination to go out together to conquer life, at last free from the shackles of their own self-loathing—lifts the end of the play up into a dignified and harmonious finale—a finale that is artistically fitting and realistically just.

As Vashti Dethic, Miss Burroughs is much more natural and at ease than as Leslie Brudenell. With all her charm of appearance, and delightful air of high spirits and gayety, she is not gifted with a sufficiently light touch to personate that most difficult of stage figures—a perfectly natural, simple young girl. It takes a great artist to do this, and a particular kind of great artist. Mlle. Mars, at her farewell appearance, being then close on to fifty, chose the part of Mlle. de Belle Isle—the ideal French *ingénue*—to make her last bow in. It was said to have been a superb performance. But among the great artists who have followed her, there have been few with temerity enough to attempt to portray this character in which Mlle. Mars, half a century old, was so preëminently successful. It is a great talent, and a certain kind of great talent, which is required for this type of the Eternal Feminine.

Vashti Dethic is a young girl, too, but of quite a different kind. She knows her world, this daughter of a charlatan conjuror. She knows the seamy side of life and the value of her own white, lily-like beauty in perpetrating the frauds by which they live. She has the shrewdness that a precocious experience of life gives, and the soft, sad pensiveness that a nature meant for better things might develop in an atmosphere of uncongenial, deplored, but unescapable imposture. This is the impression Miss Burroughs's performance leaves upon you. And when Judah Llewellyn comes and breathes out his impassioned love and his exalted imaginings of her as a star-eyed, enshrined saint, the deadened conscience, with a spark smoldering

somewhere under its coating of ashes, bursts into hot, searing, scorching life.

It is a fine part, and one well suited to Miss Burroughs, though she is inclined to overdo the sentimental passages and has a bad inclination to drag her voice in touching scenes. In the intense scenes with Judah she should be particularly subdued, not only because subdual and a soft, fireless pensiveness belong to the character, but because the lurid, fiery style of the clergyman requires a foil. Mr. Kellard is a capital Judah, capital in a most exacting rôle. It is not so hard to be wild, romantic, and impassioned in the trunks, tights, and curly wig of a Romeo, or the slashed doublet and lace collar of a Ruy Blas; but to be all this and have to wear the garb of a modern Presbyterian minister would be a trial to the histrionic abilities of any actor.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A lecture on "Emile Zola" will be delivered by the Rev. E. J. Dupuy at the Young Men's Christian Association Auditorium on Monday evening, March 18th, for the benefit of the French Reformed Church.

The complimentary benefit of Louis A. Morgenstern, treasurer of the Baldwin Theatre, takes place at the Baldwin to-morrow (Sunday) evening, when Miss Marie Burroughs and her company will present "Judah" for the last time.

"The Froth of Society," one of the several versions of Alexandre Dumas's sensational society play, is to be presented at popular prices at the Alcazar next week. The cast will be made up from the members of the Charles Riggs Company of New York.

Mme. Réjane, the famous French actress, is the subject of an interesting letter from Paris printed elsewhere in this issue. Mme. Réjane's presence in this country, where she is repeating her Paris and London successes in Sardou's latest play, "Madame Sans-Gêne," makes the publication of this sketch by "Dorsey" particularly timely.

"Our Flat," a musical comedy, will be presented at the California Theatre next week, commencing March 18th. The principal person in the cast is Emily Bancker, who was last seen here in the leading female rôle in "The Junior Partner," and the others are Tom Ricketts, formerly of the Tivoli, P. H. Ryley, George W. Parsons, Neil Scully, E. H. Wallis, Marion Van Courtland, Vesta Verno, and Lee Jarvis.

"The Fencing Master," in which the Whitney Opera Company is to appear at the Baldwin on Monday night, is the production of Messrs. de Koven and Smith, and seems to be decidedly popular in the East. It has a romantic story, sprightly music, and amusing situations, and is said to be well suited to the company headed by Dorothy Morton. Other members of the troupe are David Torrence, baritone; William Stephens, tenor; and Oscar Girard and A. M. Holbrook, comedians.

Genée's tuneful opera of "Nanon" will be put on at the Tivoli for a week commencing on Monday night, with the following cast:

Nanon Patin, Gracie Plaisted; Ninon de l'Enclos, Tillie Sallinger; Mme. de Maintenon, Fanny Liddiard; Gaston, Alice Neilson; De Frontenac, Belle Emmett; Houliers, Irene Mull; Marquise d'Aubigne, John J. Rafael; Marquis de Marsillac, Ferris Hartman; Hector de Marsillac, Phil Branson; Abbé la Plâtre, George Olmi; Louis the Fourteenth, John P. Wilson; Jacqueline, Helen Jewett; Nuns, Gretchen Hirsch and Vera Werden.

This will be followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore." "Little Robinson Crusoe" will be the next Tivoli spectacle, following "Princess Nicotine" about the end of Lent.

Appropos of the mention in last week's *Argonaut* of the new ballet of "Salomé," in which Loie Fuller was to appear in Paris (as a correspondent wrote to us from the Riviera, where she recently was), the following extract of a letter from Mr. C. Harry Meltzer, some years ago Paris correspondent for this journal and now dramatic and musical critic of the New York *World*, dated twenty-sixth ultimo, is of interest:

"From Paris I bear privately by cable that the ballet I have invented (with Armand Silvestre, the French poet) for Loie Fuller is to be produced this week at the Comédie Parisienne. Title, 'Salomé.' There was an effort made to keep my name out of the play-bills and leave Silvestre's on alone, although I was the chief author of the *scénario*. But I have been fighting with the parties through my Paris friends, and Fuller herself writes me that she has insisted on my name appearing. The ballet is to be sumptuously staged. It tells the story of Salomé dancing before Herod, and lasts about an hour, I think. The composer, Pierné, has written the music."

"Madame Sans-Gêne," recently produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, was re-written into English by C. Harry Meltzer, whose name appears on the programme, and he is likely to collaborate on a play with Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco. He is besides working hard on a libretto and a play for London.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mayor Strong, of New York, has appointed as fire commissioner General O. H. La Grange, who was made superintendent of the mint in this city by General Grant, and held the office until 1878.

Victorien Sardou, when staging one of his plays, has an eagle's eye for details. At a recent dress-rehearsal in Paris, he compelled an actor to leave the stage and delay the action of the play until a frayed button on his coat was replaced by a new one.

The European trip, beginning with the Mediterranean route, on which Mr. Noah Brooks has recently set out, is his first transatlantic journey, and is taken in company with an old friend in accordance with a plan the two men made to their boyhood.

Puis de Chavannes, the famous French painter, is a tall, erect, broad-shouldered man, with snowy hair and close-cropped hair. He is seventy years old. His studio at Neuilly is an immense, barn-like structure, situated in the rear of a deserted gardeo. The paintings in it are almost its only furniture. De Chavannes comes of an old and noble family.

T. B. Aldrich, the poet, and former editor of the *Atlantic*, is an alert, active man of fifty, always fashionably dressed, and wearing his mustache waxed in French fashion. He is a bit of a philosopher. "If X—only knew," he once said of a bihulous friend, "how much fun I get out of just one cocktail, he would never take more than is good for him."

Mme. de Lesseps has had her son, M. Ismail de Lesseps, put under a *conseil judiciaire*. A oo-commissioned officer in a cavalry regiment of Chasseurs at Vienna, he was living the life of a spendthrift. His mother reproached him especially with having sold in advance, to a Jew by the name of Levy, seventy shares of Suez Canal stock, the full possession of which was to be his only after his father's death.

Justice Jackson, of the United States Supreme Court, has dropsy. He has to be kept in a sitting position, as his physicians say if he were to lie down death would soon follow. He can oot probably last long, and then the President will have to make another appointment to the Supreme Court bench. Justice Field, too, is not a well man, but he is not going to let Grover Cleveland oame his successor if he can help it.

F. Marion Crawford is a broad-shouldered, six-foot man, with azure eyes, though why he parted company with his blonde Vandyke beard is still a matter of conjecture among connoisseurs of manly beauty. He is married to an equally handsome wife, who has inherited the wonderful gray eyes and superb physique of her father, General Berdan. He is forty-one, and is a prodigious linguist, a marvelous musician, and an expert fencer.

Among the congressmeo who will oot return, next session, are the veterao Mr. Holman, of Iodiao, who, after having heeo a member of every Congress but one for oearly forty years, oow returns to his farm, saying that he is poorer in this world's goods than when he left it, and advising the young meo of the country to keep out of public life; Bland, of Missouri, "the daddy of the dollar," who goes upoo the lecture platform to urge that silver be made the sole issue in the Presidential campaign of 1896; Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who returns to private life unohonored and unsung; Mr. Bryao, of Nebraska, whose enthusiasm to the cause of silver has practically driveo him into the ranks of Populism; Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, the bluff, earnest, and popular spokesmao of the agricultural interests; Mr. Byoum, of Indiana, who has made little fame in his congressional career; Jason Browoe, of Iodiao; General Hendersoo, of Illioois, who has been twenty years a member of Congress and who would like to remain in Washiogtoo as clerk of the next House; Joe O'Neill, of Boston, who retires to be Assistant Treasurer of the United States; Dr. Everett, who has played the double rôle of cuckoo and chaplain so successfully; Thomas Duno English, who wrote "Ben Bolt"; General Sickle, the one-legged patriot, who led even the Republicans to anti-Cleveland speeches in favor of the old flag; Tracey, of New York, who first sang the cuckoo to Congress; Sockless Jerry Simpsoo, of Kansas, who takes to the lecture platform; Heard, of Missouri; Outhwaite, of Ohio; the noisy free-trade advocate, Tom Johnson, of Ohio; the breezy John Dewitt Warner, of New York; the Populist Lafe Pence, of Colorado, who had a brief reigo of glory as an orator; Kilgore, of Texas, who made himself famous by kicking down a green-baize door wheo Tom Reed tried to count his vote in the Fifty-First Congress; Asher Caruth, of Kentucky, the best story-teller in the House; Enloe, of Tennessee; Sibley, of Penosylvaoia, who described Cleveland as a combination of "brains, belly, and brass"; Tim Campbell, of New York; William L. Wilson, who will become Postmaster-General in April; and William M. Springer, of Illinois.

HINTS TO BICYCLING NOVICES.

An Expert's Advice on How to Ride the Wheel.

[In the course of a paper on "Cycling as a Pursuit," F. W. Shorland, an English bicyclist, has set down a number of hints on riding that beginners will find very helpful. As the recent impetus the sport has received in this locality has brought out many new devotees of the wheel, we reproduce here a portion of Mr. Shorland's article.—Ebs.]

Cycling as a pleasurable pursuit ceases to be enjoyable when it becomes sheer hard work. To oothing is it so easy to make a toil of a pleasure, and therefore my strongest advice to every one indulging in the pastime is to take it easy, and not to overdo it. This is, of course, a personal matter entirely. One mao's pottering pace is another man's high-pressure effort, and I have often noticed how inferior riders will utterly ruin their enjoyment of a run by dreading to acknowledge that they can not keep up as high a rate of speed as other men with whom they may happen to fall in during a spio upon a frequented road.

Be very careful of strange cyclists. You never know whether they are able to ride or not, and the wobblings of a novice are the most dangerous obstructions of the highway. Even one's owo companions are sometimes the cause of collision, especially if they are not used to riding in company. One man can squeeze through a tight place where two can not, and it is customary for meo not used to riding at close quarters to cut in front very dangerously.

To all road riding it is a good plan to avoid suddeo changes and violent alterations of pace and course. For instance, in passing a cart it is much safer and better to take a long swing round it than to swerve sharply behind and return to one's course immediately in front of it. A sudden and jerky style of riding is the usual cause of slipping sideways on a wet and greasy road. Of course, there are certain conditions of road when the most expert riders can not avoid slipping, especially with plaiofaced tires; but these states of greasiness are exceptional, and most side slipping is due to spasmodic instead of smooth pedaling, to bad steering, and a wrong position.

Bad pedalog is a very commoo defect in the average rider. No mao can race successfully without pedaling well; but the average rider who only uses his machioe for pleasure would be astonished at his increase of enjoyment, if only he took the trouble to learo to pedal smoothly. It is ooticeable, in nine cases out of ten, that the chains of ordinary riders are not kept continuously tight oo the drivio, or upper part. Smooth pedalog, with continuous pressure, will change all that. Backlash should oover be permitted, as it is evidence of a slovenly, wasteful style, besides being a very frequent source of slipping.

A smooth, continuous style of pedaling gives ooe a firm seat oo the machine and helps the steering. Every one knows that in slowing a bicycle by back-pedaling, the conditions of steering are different from those of pedaling forward; if, theo, a rider by uoeven pedalog introduces a little back-pedaling every revolution, he is continually varying the conditions affecting the steering, which consequently is erratic, if oot dangerous. Smooth pedaling and a straight course go oaturally together, yet the majority of trails one sees are woefully loopy and zigzag: clear proofs of the prevalence of uoeveo drivio and the consequent indifferet steering.

Alternate plugging oo the pedals is hopelessly wrong, and the first aim of any one who wants to ride well should be to get his feet round evenly, oot to raise ooe by the down push of the other io jerks, but by dropping the heel at the bottom of the stroke and, as it were, gripping the pedal, to maintaio as oearly as possible a continuously even driving pressure, one foot takiog up the strao before the other ceases to drive.

Although steering and pedaling are closely related in this respect, that it is impossible to steer well wheo one pedals badly, yet that is not the whole secret of good steersmanship. No one is a good steerer who can oot ride a "safety" with his hands off the haddles. I do oot advise this style of riding, which is merely the showio off of a really very simple accomplishment, but what I mean is that the ability to steer shows that one's steering has heeo mastered. It is only a matter of a few trials, provided one's machioe has its frame true and its wheels in line. It means that a rider has escaped from the elementary and erroneous impressio that his haddle-bar is something to keep a tight grip on.

Aching wrists and blistered palms are proofs of bad steering. Handles do not want to be grasped like a try-your-streogth machine; they are, when steering is mastered, simply hand-rests, and a light touch is all that is needed. Pulling at the handles and wreochiog the front wheel about is all wrong. For very stiff hills it is useful as a change to pull at the haddles, but when a hill is severe enough to need this style of ridiog, it is wisest to walk.

The third point of importance to style is the position; that is, the relative positions of the handles, saddle, and pedals. The centre of the crank-axle, to which cranks and pedal are fastened, is a fixed point in the machine, and the handles and saddle are usually adjustable, so it is con-

venient to measure from this fixed point, and when ooe's own fit is found, to keep a oemorandum of it. A very suitable medium position for all-round work is to have the peak of the saddle just so far back that a vertical line from it hangs against the pedal when at its rearmost position. In the old days of the ordioary, a very vertical position right over the work was assumed, and a reaction set in oo "safeties," exaggerated immensely oo front drivers to a ridiculous far-back position of fourteen inches or more, both of which extremes are wrong. The further one sits forward the higher can one's saddle be raised, and in a very far-back position a rider has always to be douhled up, and can oot sit in comfort.

The reach is best determined by noticing, when riding, whether at the bottom of the stroke you can, while keeping the foot in position oo the pedal, drop the heel to the lowest possible extent and theo find the leg straight. The leg should never be fully extended at any point of the revolution, that is why if at the lowest part of the stroke you exaggerate the position of ankling, and then find the leg straight, you may be certain that for riding purposes you are, as you should be, just within your reach. In any case it is a far less serious error to be too short than too long.

Handles should be so adjusted that they can be easily reached when sitting in a comfortable posture; oot so high that the arms are akimbo, and oot so low that a humped-up attitude is enforced. Bicycle hump and a crouched-down stoop are only necessary at sprinting pace, when windage is excessive. The majority of the stoops and humps seen on cyclists are due to the rider having his haddles too low and trying to sit up to an easier position. A bicycle-rider should not copy either a piano-player or a mao pulling up weeds; he wants his hands about level with his knees wheo his thighs are horizontal; if they are up too high, he does not get the best results or have as accurate a control of the steering; but eweo that is better than being folded in half on the machine by an outrageously dropped handle-bar.

The Duchess of Devonshire is pretty well fixed. She is mistress of eight magnificent country seats and two houses, a château in France, a villa on the Riviera, and has a daughter married to a man who wears three dukedoms—Hamilton, Brandon, and Chatterault. She herself has been twice led to the altar by a duke.

Mme. Hissa Ohyama, wife of the Japaoese Minister at Vienna, has joined the Romao Catholic Church, with her husband's consent.

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VANITY FAIR.

"The influences which prevail in American society," writes "G. W. S." who has returned here after many years abroad, "so far as they are not aboriginal, are French. Of English influence there is little or no trace. Early and long-continued associations with France explain the French manners and customs of New York, so far as they are French. The American colony in Paris explains them, for the members of that colony sometimes come home. Sympathies of many kinds exist; ties of many kinds. We buy French pictures and not English. Like the rest of the world, American women borrow the fashion of their gowns from the Rue de la Paix, and improve on them. The *cuisine* of New York is in part French. The shops suggest the boulevards. We go to dinner in New York, and in a still more marked degree come out of dinner in the manner of the Faubourg St. Germain. Whether the custom of the Faubourg St. Germain or of Mayfair be the better is an open question. In Mayfair, the ladies leave the men in an attitude of respectful melancholy, repair to the drawing-room, and have a mysterious half-hour to themselves, while the men, throwing off their respectful melancholy when the door closes, remain in the dining-room and smoke. It may seem more ceremonious or more courtly for the men to escort the ladies back into the drawing-room. But as they instantly desert them and rush off to another room to smoke, perhaps the ladies do not gain very much; nor the men. In table decorations, New York is a law unto itself. Nowhere are flowers used so lavishly. When they are so heaped up to the middle of the table that the guests on opposite sides are invisible to each other, the lavishness seems excessive. It is possible to arrange flowers otherwise than as a hedge; to keep them low so as not to obstruct the view and prevent talk, and yet to have a great many. The appointments of the table are extremely luxurious—silver, porcelain, and the rest. The different services of plates with each course are novel and interesting. Wines have been reduced in number, which is a clear gain, and also dishes. The best dinners are not those which consist of the greatest number of plates. The rapidity and accuracy of the service are also greater; the servants more numerous and better trained. It is not easy to guess why the menu-cards have been abolished. I asked once or twice. The only answer was that they were no longer the fashion. I suppose fashion is independent of anything so prosaic as mere reason or convenience. Women are supposed not to care what they eat at dinner. Men do. And they like to know what is coming, and to compose a private bill of fare, each for himself, out of the often too ample programme provided by the hospitality of the host. So that a menu is convenient. I observed with pleasure that in some houses shaded candles are still used on the table. No light is so pleasant and none so becoming to women."

A special novelty at the last White House reception was a lady who was attired almost like a man. She had observed the convenience of a man's evening-suit. She knew (says *Vanity*) that it was proper for all evening occasions, from a horse show to the grandest ball of the elite. She decided to approach it as nearly in her own costume as the law would permit. She had her tailor make her a dress-coat and waistcoat exactly like a man's. She had a shirt made, exactly like men's shirts. She had link cuffs, made like a man's. In the cuffs and in the shirt she wore the daintiest little pearl buttons of the newest design. Her hair was short and parted in the middle—for all the world like that of "Bertie" or Adolphus. She wore a narrow, close-fitting, black skirt, and by this alone her sex was indicated. Of course she attracted more attention than even Mrs. Cleveland; but she met curiosity with indifference.

"Does a bridegroom pay the expenses of his best man," asks a correspondent of *Vogue*, "if he accompanies him out of town to attend his wedding? Or is it considered proper for the best man to pay his own expenses and consider the honor of the occasion enough to recompense him for the outlay?" To this our contemporary very sensibly replies: "This is a delightfully suggestive question, suggestive of a long train of reflections on wedding customs. There are not a few persons who regard weddings as a form of stand-and-deliver robbery. One of the most successful hits in Mr. McVicker's 'Amateur Circus' was his wedding invitation, reading 'your presents requested, etc.' Asking a man to be an usher or a best man is not unlike the presents question in its operation. No man likes to refuse to be an usher, and many men can not afford this very momentary and transient honor. Note the expense. Present to the bride, say from twenty-five to one hundred dollars cost. As a rule, a new suit of clothes cost, say eighty-five dollars. Traveling expenses, if out of town, say twenty-five dollars. Incidental expenditures, in petty extravagances attached to the occasion, say twenty-five dollars. A total of over two hundred dollars, with an honor and a suit of clothes to show for it when the ceremony is past. Plus, to be sure, a pair of soiled gloves, a tie, and a tie-pin which the groom generously supplies. This in figures seems

hardly a fair exchange for an unsought honor. We have known bridegrooms who have so heartily appreciated this disparity that they insisted on paying for everything except, of course, the present to the bride. And they should. If a man is given a swagger wedding by the parents of his bride, he should do his share. If he has ushers, he should pay their expenses. As it runs now, the bridegroom gets off very cheaply with a dinner to his ushers, gloves, ties, and tie-pins. Besides this, all he pays for are the flowers to the bride and the bridesmaids. His total outlay is less than two hundred dollars. It is his wedding. If he wants his friends around him, does it not seem absurd that their joyousness should be tempered by the inevitable thought of what it is costing them? For it should be remembered that a wedding is not an occasion for paying off old obligations. Men seldom are under obligations to their men friends. Men pay as they go. But a wedding is an occasion where men have their friends on the hip. Pay the traveling expenses of the best man and every other expense in which you are involving him. If you can not do this, have a less pretentious wedding. Weddings are often evil extravagances."

Tattooing has, at the moment, a certain vogue among many English ladies of light and leading—partly from its decorative aspect. Lady Randolph Churchill is one of the pictorially punctured—a finely tattooed serpent being traced on her arm, whose presence is usually concealed by a broad, gold bracelet. The tattooing was done by a soldier on a return voyage from India, and the symbolic snake is colored in red, green, and blue.

For a very rich young woman, especially if she does not happen to be a star-eyed beauty, the matrimonial problem is complicated (*Life* declares). She has as much right to marry some one as if she were comparatively poor, and if she is the right sort of a girl, there are men enough who might make her happy, and who would be glad to try. But the size of the *dot* complicates courtship and increases the hazard of mischance. The men who would marry her for her money are to be avoided, but the men who would marry her, not for but with her money, are not necessarily objectionable, and among them she may very possibly find worthy and acceptable suitors. It may account in some measure for the success of Europeans in their efforts to marry rich Americans that the business end of their enterprises is frankly acknowledged, and is looked upon, according to the custom of their countries, as a perfectly legitimate consideration in which an honorable man may show a living interest. As between two suitors, one of whom appreciated her fortune and was ready to acknowledge its advantages, while the other affected to ignore it, the heiress might with considerable reason consider that the more candid admirer was the likelier man of the two to live up to his matrimonial contract. So while it is doubtless true that the very best husbands are never in the market, it is not safe to conclude that a husband gained at a great price may not prove to be worth all that he cost. The whole subject of these foreign alliances of American women is perfectly understood. Those that turn out badly, make a great noise. Those that turn out better, give the gossips less chance, and little is heard of them. For the sake of intending heiresses it would be well if a careful record had been kept of them from the start, with notes of their results, so far as they become matters of public knowledge. As it is, this fact is noted and has its significance, that Americans who, while still young, become the widows or divorced wives of foreigners of rank, are very apt to marry again into the same class. There must be some fun in having a titled husband, else no rich American would try it more than once.

Paraphrasing the cry "America for Americans," Maud Howe Elliott writes from Rome: "In Europe I hear a good deal about Europe for the Americans. In Italy, especially, while we are made welcome with a real hospitality, we are regarded with feelings which are a little mixed. It is to the rich Americans that the impoverished Italian nobles look when they are forced to part with jewels, plate, pictures, lace—in fact, all the stored-up treasures which have remained to Italy after she has filled Europe's palaces and museums with the work of her dead-and-gone masters of every art. 'The Princess B. is not in Rome this winter, she is passing the season at her villa in Tuscany.' This sounds comfortable enough, but when one knows that the villa is a cold, draughty old ruin, only fit for habitation by very primitive people during the hot months; when one learns that the princess stays there because she has no money to go anywhere else; when one is invited to a reception in her beautiful Roman home by the rich American who has hired it, and who, in questionable taste, receives her guests wearing the famous B. pearls—one feels very sorry for the Princess B. and understands a little why she and her class look upon us as upon a hoard of modern Goths, who have descended upon them and taken their treasures from them! How important a social force we are here is shown by the fact that during the last few months seventy

Americans, mostly ladies, have applied to our ambassador to be presented at court. Court decrees that each ambassador shall present no more than a limited number of persons at each annual presentation, and, as a consequence, there have been heart-burnings and jealousies, intrigues and wire-pullings enough to make a three-volume novel! For some weeks it has been impossible for three American ladies to meet without discussing the vexed question as to what woman was to be taken and what woman left. Our ambassador had reason to be proud of the group of twenty-four representative American ladies who, through his introduction, became members of the court circle at the last levee, and will receive invitations to various royal social functions, unless, as it is feared by the gayety-loving Romans, there will be only one court ball this year, as last, on account of enforced economy. Four gentlemen were presented, which shows how much in excess of their husbands and fathers the American women traveling in Europe are."

Society manners are not good, as a rule. The devotee of society is usually a very much over-indulged person, who has been accustomed to having everything done for her, and whose training has led her to think very little of any one but herself. Selfishness is the key-note of the fashionable world, and the consequent result is not agreeable to the novice. As an instance of the misery which a young girl may be made to suffer by a careless and selfish hostess, a writer in the *Bazar* narrates this little episode: "Having a young friend from the South stopping with me, and wishing to give her all the pleasure I could while she remained in New York, I took her with me to the house of a friend who was giving a dance, and who had kindly included her in my invitation. She was a pretty, fresh girl, and I remember the enthusiasm with which the invitation was received and accepted, and the excitement of the pleasure she anticipated. Not having daughters of my own, my acquaintance with the dancing set was small; but I relied upon the hostess to present some partners to my protégée. Arrived at the house, we made our bows to the affable lady who received the guests as they entered, and then we were lost in the crowd, to amuse ourselves as best we could. Fortunately I saw one or two familiar faces among the young men, and my sweet little stranger had a dance or two, owing entirely to my efforts. When the cotillion was announced, however, she found herself left without a partner. I, thinking naturally that the hostess would regard it as a kindness on my part, reminded her that such was the case; she, to my surprise, simply replied: 'That's too bad,' and continued her conversation which I had interrupted. Finding that no attention was paid to us, I suggested going home, and to our surprise, when we reached the ladies' dressing-room, we found there ten or twelve young girls, partnerless, sitting and waiting patiently for their maids to come for them. Glancing toward the gentlemen's room, there I saw an equal number of young men smoking and talking, with apparently no thought of what was going on down-stairs. A generation ago this would have been considered inexcusable. But good manners nowadays are at a discount, and it is actually considered *bourgeois* to be thoughtful and polite."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A distinguished American man of letters was once questioned as to his opinion of Mr. Henry James's published plays. "Well," he said, after a moment's reflection, "there seem to be only three objections to make to them. The first is that they are unactable, the second is that they are unreadable, and the third is that they are unspeakable."

Mr. J. L. Macadam, the Scotchman who invented the kind of paving which bears his name, is said to have been a guest at a large dinner given in honor of Sir Walter Scott. Being asked to respond to a toast, Mr. Macadam rose, and, at the end of his speech, proposed the health of "the great Sir Walter Scott, the colossus of literature!" In an instant Sir Walter was on his feet, and lifting his glass, exclaimed: "Here's to the great Mr. Macadam, the colossus of roads!"

Lord Cockburn, though a successful defender of prisoners, failed on one occasion to get an acquittal for a murderer. "The culprit," Mr. Croak James tells us, in his "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers," "after the sentence fixing his execution for the twentieth of the month, had not been removed from the dock when his counsel passed him, and was then seized by the gown. The prisoner said: 'I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn.' To this counsel gravely replied: 'Perhaps not, but you'll get it on the twentieth.'"

Colonel Will H. Vischer, the humorist, enjoys his reputation for homeliness. Speaking of his yearnings for comeliness, the humorist said: "When I married and had a little daughter, I had some one who really admired me. To her I was an Apollo. One day Bill Nye was in my office with me, and my little girl came in and began making love to me, as was her way, calling me all sorts of sweet names. 'Nice papa,' said she; 'pretty papa.' Nye turned around and said in his peculiar drawl: 'Vischer, are you trying to make a humorist out of that child?'"

There is a pompous little actor whom Miss May Irwin despises with as much intensity as a person of her good-natured disposition is capable. For obvious reasons the object of her aversion shall be called Jones. Ada Lewis, the "tough girl," who well knows the condition of affairs, in a spirit of fun said one day: "Oh, I saw your friend Jones in Broadway this afternoon." "You must have microscopic eyes," answered Miss Irwin. "He is always with a tall man. I never see one without the other. I wonder who the stranger is?" "Balaam, perhaps," laconically observed Miss Irwin.

An elderly gentleman, who had a horror of the north wind, never went out of doors so long as it lasted. He had a weathercock erected in his garden in order to tell him which way the wind blew. In due course the north wind set in, and he at once shut himself up. Every morning he looked out at the weathercock, but no change had occurred. This state of things went on for a month. At length he began to suspect that something was wrong, and calling his man-servant, the two resolved to examine the weathercock. Judge of their surprise when they found it firmly fixed pointing to the north. The fact was easily explained; a discharged housemaid had done it to revenge herself for her dismissal.

On a recent missionary Sunday at one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia, the pastor preached on the distress of the heathen and the beneficent influence of Christianity. A practical business man was moved to place a dollar in the collection. After the service he waited around to speak to the pastor. When he had secured his attention, he said: "Pastor, I gave a dollar to the foreign mission this morning, but I was so impressed by your description of the condition of the heathen races that I would really like to have them get the benefit of that dollar." The pastor looked up inquiringly, and the man added: "Here is ten dollars to pay the expenses of getting the dollar over there."

A clerical traveler in Ireland not long ago asked a peasant how far it was to a certain village, and was answered, "Two miles." "What! Only two miles?" said the traveler, who had before traversed the distance and found it a long road. "Well, your reverence," answered the peasant, "it is two miles strong and rich, so to speak." A somewhat similar story is told by one of Lord Zealand's party, who were making inquiries into the condition of a distressed district. They were crossing a lake; a gale was blowing and waves were dashing over the boat. The gentleman referred to had been assured that an Irish peasant, if treated well, will always agree with what is said to him, rather than appear disagreeable. It struck the gentleman that here was a good chance to put the assertion to the proof. "There is very little wind, Pat," he said to one of the boatmen. The answer came through the howl-

ing of the elements: "Very little, indade, yer honor; but fhwat there is, is mighty strong."

General Carr, who recently died in New York State, left Troy to go to the war in command of the Second Regiment. The first engagement the young colonel figured in (says *Kate Field's Washington*) was at Big Bethel. His regiment had halted for rest and refreshment in a pleasant dale. They had not then tasted war. It happened that the rebels were in ambush in the immediate neighborhood of the resting-place of the brave Trojans, and from a safe hiding-place opened fire upon them. Carr instantly put spurs to his horse and rode up to a group of officers. Excitement and bewilderment were apparent upon his handsome face as he approached the party. "They are firing upon my regiment!" he shouted; "my God! now what is to be done?"

When Judge Parsons was a practicing lawyer, he was once employed to plead two cases in court which were precisely alike, but in one he was engaged for the plaintiff, in the other for the defendant. It happened that both cases were tried the same day. He spoke for half an hour to the first jury; the case was given to the jurors, and they had retired. When he appeared before the second jury, he made use of very different arguments from those employed by him before, of which the court took notice, reminding him that he seemed to have changed his tune, and repeated to him what he said a few minutes before. Mr. Parsons fixed his keen eye upon the judge, and replied: "May it please your honor, I might have been wrong an hour ago, but now I know I am right." He proceeded, and when the juries returned, it was found he had gained a verdict in both cases.

A once well-known individual who had "lived every day of his life," and gained from it a great experience, left the following advice (and little else, as James Payn surmises) to his two sons: "Drink slow, do not mix your liquor, never sit with your backs to the fire." It was an excellent precept for the era in which it was given—the times when the dining-room door was kept locked that there might be no shirking the claret, and when the only chance at the circuit mess of escaping intoxication was to drop under the table "like the rest" (as Lord Cockburn tells us *he* did) and lie quiet. "We are told," said Lord Hermann, when trying a man in Edinburgh for manslaughter, "that there was no malice, and that the man must have been in liquor. In liquor? Why, he was drunk, and yet he murdered the very man that had been drinking with him. Good heavens! if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he is sober?" Everybody drank, and much too much, in those days, but especially the upper classes. A well-known politician discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," urged the poor man, "but I was not very drunk, and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman," returned his master, "but you were exceedingly drunk for a coachman!"

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From December 20, 1894.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East.	6.45 A.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsy, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis.	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.	1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East."	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	10.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	* 8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	11.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Martinez and Way Stations.	† 7.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	10.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.	† 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5.05 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	* 9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	* 8.05 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	6.35 P.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.	† 7.38 P.

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7.00 8.00 9.00 *10.00 and 11.00 A. M., *12.30, 1.00, *2.00 3.00 *4.00 5.00 and *6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6.00 *7.00 8.00 *9.00 10.00 and *11.00 A. M., *12.00 *12.30, 2.00 *3.00 4.00 and *5.00 P. M.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only.

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Peru.....Saturday, April 13, at 3 P. M.

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Belgie.....Thursday, April 4

Coptic.....Tuesday, April 23

Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 14

Belgie.....Saturday, June 15

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Wednesday, 2 P. M.

For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.

For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles) and Newport, March 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Foulkes and Dr. J. Mora Moss will take place next Wednesday noon at Trinity Episcopal Church.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alice Ziska, daughter of Mme. B. Ziska, to Mr. C. M. Jennings, of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Auld, the young soprano, of Sacramento, to Mr. Arthur B. Thomas, of Los Angeles.

Miss Ella Morgan will give a progressive euchre party next Monday evening at her residence on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman gave a dinner-party last Monday evening at their residence in honor of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Dixon, of Montana. The others present were Mrs. L. Aldrich, Miss Aldrich, Hon. W. W. Foote, Major Bates, U. S. A., Mr. E. Burke Holladay, Mr. de Bauvière, and Mr. W. F. Aldrich.

The Concordia Club will give an entertainment and ball next Saturday evening.

The closing hall of the Calliopean Club will take place this evening at Golden Gate Hall.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin will soon leave for Chicago to attend the wedding of Miss Irwin, who was one of her bridesmaids.

Mr. Henry Dimond has gone to Honolulu, and will be away several weeks.

Miss Kate McGrew has returned to Honolulu after a prolonged visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht have leased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. Castle, corner of Washington and Buchanan Streets, and will soon occupy it.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pollis will leave about the middle of April for San Rafael, where they will pass the season.

Mrs. John A. Cockerill left Thursday for Yokobama, where she will join her husband, Colonel Cockerill.

Dr. S. A. Robinson, of New York, who has been making a tour of this coast, returned home on Thursday via the Sunset Limited.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire, of London, a brother of Mr. W. B. Wilshire, of this city, is here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis are at Paso Robles for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Edith Huntington will return from Del Coronado in a few days.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Emelie, Alice, and Ethel Hager will leave about March 20th for Japan.

Mrs. C. W. Clarke has been in Sacramento during the past week visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. B. Wright.

Mrs. W. D. O'Kane and family have returned from San Rafael and will leave next week for San José, where they will remain a couple of months.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is visiting at Montecito, in Los Angeles County.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., will leave to-day for Los Angeles, where they will reside permanently.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher, who has been ill with "la grippe" during the past month, will leave to-day for Modesto, where she will remain a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook have gone to Paso Robles to remain several weeks.

Dr. A. E. Regensburger will soon leave to attend the medical congress in Baltimore, and will return early in July.

General Nathaniel Harris has returned from a month's visit to Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester O. Peck, nee Wilson, were visiting friends in New York city last week.

Mr. Irving M. Scott has been at the Holland House in New York city during the past week.

Mrs. Thornburgh Cropper, of this city was at the Hotel Savoy in New York city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Huntington, of Sacramento, visited friends in Baltimore last week.

Mr. Samuel Knight is at Paso Robles, where he will remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. E. A. Brugniere, Jr., will soon leave to visit Portland, Or.

Mrs. John Norton Pomeroy has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. W. Gilman Thompson, in New York.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander F. W. Crocker, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the fourteenth light-house

district and ordered as executive officer of the *Independence*.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster A. W. Bacon, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and ordered to the *Olympia*.

Pay Inspector R. W. Allen, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard and placed on waiting orders.

Major Cullen Bryant, U. S. A. (retired), is residing at 711 Jones Street.

Assistant Surgeon James Stoughton, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Minnesota* and ordered to the Puget Sound Naval Station.

Lieutenant Louis R. Burgess, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is away on a month's leave of absence.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Australia and Canada will not see the Duke and Duchess of York this year, for another happy event is expected in June.

Dr. Livingstone's sister, Miss Alice Livingstone, died early in the year, aged seventy-one. Like her brother, she was for many years a missionary in Africa.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is an untiring patron of manicurists, givers of facial massage, chiropodists, and shampooers. She says she believes, on principle, in being as good-looking as she can.

The big sleeves which fashion decrees as the only wear for women are intruding themselves into the wrong places, a Topeka amateur actress having refused to play Lady Macbeth unless she could have halloo-sleeves in her sleep-walking gown.

Mme. Marchesi, the famous vocal teacher, speaks seven languages with ease. She was a pupil of Garcia, who was the teacher of Mahran and Jenny Lind. Melba, her favorite pupil, is, she thinks, decidedly the greatest singer in the world.

In Paris it is said that France is now governed really by the president's daughter, Mlle. Lucie Faure, who has been already nicknamed Mlle. Lucifer. She is clever, ambitious, and determined, rules her family completely, and has published a book.

Susan B. Anthony celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday last Saturday. She thus explains why she continues to write "Miss" before her name:

"It is because I have not yet had a man ask me to be his companion. He has asked me to let him love; and he has said his home needed a housekeeper, and that his children—oh, so many widowers have said this!—needed some one to guide their growing minds. I have also had men tell me that together we could be very happy—I at home and he at work. But I have never, and shall never, accept such a proposal."

The Vanderhilt olive-branches are numerous. Mrs. Twombly has four little girls and a boy—Florence, Lelia, Helen, Gertrude, and Hamilton McK., Jr.; Mrs. Shepard has four, Mrs. Sloane five, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderhilt five. Mrs. George J. Gould has a small flock of five little people in her nursery. There are four little Coleman Draytons, five Waldorf Astor children, and three little Burke-Roches.

A pathetic interest attaches to the death of Mrs. Augusta Tabor, the divorced wife of the rich "senator for a day" from Colorado. *Frank Leslie's* says of her:

"She shared the hardships of his rough life as a mining-town store-keeper only to be cast off when prosperity turned his head. It was the irony of fate that she should die richer than her millionaire husband, whose profits from the Little Pittsburgh Mine took wings, while the settlement made upon her at the time of the separation appreciated in value and made her worth half a million. Like many of the first wives of Western bonanza kings, Mrs. Tabor, though of humble origin, was a woman of good sense and sterling character."

One of the inmates of the Louise Home for Old Ladies in Washington is Miss Hartley Graham, who was at one time the fiancée of John C. Calhoun. Sixty years ago she was a belle in South Carolina, and afterward she was a favorite in Washington society, and a friend of Webster, Clay, and Buchanan. Miss Graham has several souvenirs of Calhoun, including a daguerreotype and a bracelet made of his hair.

The scandal of Bertha Rother and "Das Maerchen," which has been revived intermittently for the last ten years, was ended not long ago by the death of Gustav Graef, the artist, in Berlin. Says a correspondent:

"He was a famous painter in the '70's, a professor and member of the Academy, and won several medals. One unlucky day he met Bertha Rother, a sixteen-year-old girl, whose face and form suggested to him an ideal of innocence and beauty. She was poor and did not wait for a second offer to become his model. He laid aside his historical work, and set about a picture of Bertha in a condition of primeval nudity. When he sent his picture out into the world, under the name of 'Das Maerchen' ('The Legend'), he pronounced it his masterpiece, and such it may have been, but its artistic merits were lost to sight at once in a cloud of scandal. Bertha Rother said that during the sittings Graef had led her astray under promise of marriage. There was a breach-of-promise suit, which settled nothing, a suit for damages, which came to little more, a vast deal of notoriety for Graef, Bertha, and 'Das Maerchen,' and a national demand for a view of the picture. A speculator bought the canvas and exhibited it the length and breadth of the empire at twenty-five cents a head. As the fame of Bertha grew rapidly to continental dimensions, he then began a series of foreign tours. Graef's and Bertha's notoriety was unsurpassed; but, while the woman prospered under it in a way, Graef sank steadily, until his professional reputation was gone. The last part of his life was passed in seclusion and despondency. Bertha became the belle of the fast set in Berlin. After the cavalry race between Berlin and Vienna some two years

ago, she went to Vienna with an Austrian officer and played a conspicuous rôle there with horses and carriages, a theatre-box, and champagne parties, until the police expelled her. She appeared next in Paris, then in Frankfurt, and later in Brussels. Last spring she made her début in a Frankfurt theatre as a skirt-dancer, under the management of Joseph Deutsch. She traveled from city to city to perform in variety shows. The combination collapsed with the arrest of Deutsch for forging drafts. Bertha went to St. Petersburg, but started for home when informed of Graef's illness. Her intention was to go to the funeral, but Graef's friends heard of it and had the police warn her to stay away. Bertha is still in Berlin, but with her manager in jail, her famous lover dead, 'Das Maerchen' in a private gallery, and her beauty marred by ten years' dissipation, she is not likely to turn more heads or ruin more reputations."

The Lady Tennant whose death has just taken place at the Glen in Peebleshire, Scotland, was the wife of Sir Charles Tennant and the mother of the fair Margot of that name, who has lately become the wife of the Secretary of the Home Department, Mr. Asquith. Lady Tennant has been portrayed in Mr. Benson's novel, "Dodo," as the mother of the heroine, and the sketch is somewhat true to life, for she was a kindly, dull-witted, and somewhat vulgar woman, and was utterly eclipsed by her brilliant daughter, who, for reasons of her own, invariably kept her mother in the background.

A Fad From Across the Water.

An Eastern journal says the most striking thing about stationery fashions is that they are not stationary. Just now the "Florentine Mosaic" is looked upon as the proper thing for note-paper, and in London it has become quite the rage. The paper itself is of a delicate shade of gray, with a peculiar mixture of pea-green, and not at all unpleasing to the eye. It has become fashionable principally on account of the makers, Ward, Lester & Co., of High Holborn, the swiftest stationers in London; and besides, the "Florentine Mosaic" is the particular favorite of the Prince.

Willy—"I hear you have been a good deal confined lately. What was the cause of it?" Wally—"I didn't have ten dollars."—*Life*.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Scheel Concerts.

The concerts at the Auditorium have eaten up the guarantee fund and are to cease forthwith, though the rent of the building is paid up to April 1st. In response to an appeal signed by Mr. John Parrott, the following ladies and gentlemen subscribed to the fund the sums set opposite their names:

Mrs. de Young.....	\$250	Henry Cone.....	\$ 5
Lloyd Tevis.....	100	Cash, C. W. H.....	100
Mrs. John Cunningham.....	100	Mrs. John H. Boalt.....	100
W. H. Crocker.....	100	James D. Phelan.....	100
Mrs. Horace Davis.....	100	Miss Hobart.....	500
E. E. Eyre and friends.....	100	Sanford L. Sachs.....	25
Horace Hill.....	100	Dr. Trask.....	10
W. B. Bourne.....	100	Misses Godchaux.....	10
Gordon Blanding.....	100	Mrs. Annie Donahue.....	100
George Whitsel.....	100	Leon Sloss.....	100
A. Borel.....	100	J. Jacob.....	25
Joseph D. Grant.....	100	M. Brandenstein.....	25
E. A. Bruguiere, Jr.....	100	J. R. K. Nuttall.....	50
John Parrott.....	100	Julius Rosenstrin.....	25
Cash, L. V. S.....	50	Robert H. Nohle.....	10
Henry T. Scott.....	50	Cash, A. B.....	50
Mrs. H. T. Scott.....	50	Fred Zech, Jr.....	25
Cash.....	60	Claus Spreckels.....	100
A. Wheeler.....	50	W. Mayo Newhall.....	100
Blaskower & Co.....	30	Mrs. T. W. Park.....	50
Albert Pissis.....	25	Miss Mills.....	25
Henry J. Crocker.....	25	Miss Florence Mills.....	25
Edgar Mills.....	50	Dr. M. Herzstein.....	100
Dr. A. Barkan.....	50	Judge R. Hayne.....	25
R. M. Tohin.....	25	S. W. Rosenstock.....	25
Mrs. J. D. Harvey.....	25	Dr. C. M. Boochter.....	50
Mrs. A. M. Parrott.....	100	C. R. Winslow.....	25
S. J. Wormser.....	25	Karl Schriener.....	25
Miss Eastwood.....	25	F. P. Deering.....	20
Miss Kohl, San Mateo.....	100	C. S. Pillsbury.....	50
W. E. Brown.....	100	Charles P. Ellis.....	50
Mrs. H. M. Newhall.....	25	John S. Boyd.....	50
Mrs. McElroy.....	25	L. W. Hellman.....	50
William Wolff.....	50	R. B. Forman.....	25
W. O'B. Macdonough.....	50	Arthur Schriener.....	25
Jerome Lincoln.....	50	Mr. Greenwood.....	100
Cash.....	20	Mrs. Kahn.....	10
Miss R. McLean.....	25	Mrs. Ira Pierce.....	25
Jacob Stern.....	50	Mrs. T. F. M.....	40
Mrs. Levy.....	10	J. N. Walker.....	50
S. Schwabacher.....	25	Mrs. Harriet.....	20
A. B. Becker.....	25	Christy.....	20
Cash.....	200	Miss E. D. Buckingham.....	10
		Mr. Carrigan.....	20
		Total.....	\$5,230

This sum was increased by sixty dollars, the proceeds of a tea at the residence of Mrs. Robert H. McLean, and contributions from other sources are said to have brought the total up to nearly ten thousand dollars. Four symphony concerts were given, but they were poorly attended, and the salary list (exclusive of that of Mr. Scheel) of eleven hundred dollars a week and incidental expenses have exhausted the fund.

Now a number of ladies are forming an Auxiliary to the Metropolitan Musical Society, which is to pledge financial support to the cause of good music in San Francisco. Their present aim is to retain in this city Herr Scheel and his orchestra. After the first collapse of the Auditorium concerts, Herr Scheel—when is said to have alighted on his feet, financially—contemplated adding ballets to his musical entertainments; but the guarantee fund loomed up large and tangible, and Herr Scheel tried concerts a second time. Now he reverts to his ballet idea, "relieving the strain of an evening of music by providing something to engage the eye as well." But, meantime, it has grown into an opera idea. As presented by a lieutenant of Herr Scheel, the plan is as follows:

"The great cost of bringing the great numbers of high-priced people incidental to the production of opera away out here has been a bar in that direction, for it was shown in the recent effort in that direction that we have no theatre large enough to make a return of the money invested. The cost of bringing the Abbey & Grau Metropolitan Opera Company, orchestra and all, was estimated at eighty-seven thousand dollars. Now it is thought that with an excellent orchestra, together with a chorus in constant training, the principals and prima donnas could be brought here, and San Francisco treat itself with grand opera just whenever the words might be spoken."

This is the scheme discussed at the initial meeting of the Auxiliary of the Metropolitan Musical Society which took place yesterday (Friday) afternoon—two late for us to print a record of their proceedings.

The Treble Clef Quartet.

The members of the Treble Clef Quartet, comprising Mrs. J. Birmingham, Mrs. A. M. Noble, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, and Miss Beatrice Priest, gave their first concert last Monday night at Golden Gate Hall, and it was very successful. As Miss Priest was ill, her place was filled by Mrs. A. E. Brune. Miss Ada E. Weigel was the pianist, and Miss Alice Ames the solo violinist. The following interesting programme was presented:

(a) "Ride of the Elves," (b) "Slumber Song," Mendelssohn, Treble Clef Quartet; (a) fantasia, impromptu, Chopin, (b) "Warum," Schumann, (c) etude in G flat major, Chopin, Miss Ada Weigel; vocal solo, "Voi Che Sapete," Mozart, Mrs. A. M. Noble; quartet, "The Lost Chord," Anderson-Sullivan; vocal solo, "My Heart as Thy Sweet Voice," Saint-Saens, Miss Jeannette Wilcox; quartet, "The Donkey Cart," Theo. Bonheur; vocal solo, "Andalouse," Calixa Lavalles, Mrs. A. E. Brune; violin solo, (a) "Meditation," "Thais," Massenet, (b) "Zigeunerweisen," Sarasate, Miss Alice Ames; vocal solo, (a) "The Quest," Smith, (b) "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," Nevin; quartet, (a) "Ave Maria," H. J. Stewart, (b) "Legends," Mohring.

A Saturday Popular Concert.

The forty-fourth Saturday Popular Concert was held at Golden Gate Hall last Saturday afternoon. A large audience enjoyed the following excellent programme:

"Dumky," trio for piano, violin, 'cello, op. 90, I. lento, allegro, II. andante, vivace non troppo, III. andante, allegro, IV. allegro vivace, Dvorak, Mrs. Carr, Messrs.

Beel and Heine; songs, (a) "Elegie" (with 'cello obbligato), Massenet, (b) "O my Rose," Thomas, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller; piano soli, (a) Noturno from op. 54, (b) "Sie tanzt," from op. 57, Grieg, (c) Cracovienne fantastique, Paderewski, Mrs. C. Carr; string quartet, op. 27, I. un poco andante allegro molto, II. romanza, III. intermezzo allegro molto, IV. finale presto al saltarello, Grieg, the Saturday Popular Quartet.

A Loan Exhibition Concert.

During the loan exhibition of portraits of fair women at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Saturday afternoon, an excellent concert was given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The fashionable audience that was present was well entertained by the presentation of the following programme:

Organ solo, "selections," Beethoven, Professor Joseph Roedel; song, "The Holy City," Adams, Mr. David Mannloidy; song, "Villanelle," Del Acqua, Mrs. Katherine Lange-Neilsen; violin solo, "Benedictus," op. 37 (with organ), Mackenzie, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Love's Sorrow," Shelley, Mrs. A. H. Winn; organ solo, "Selections," Gounod, Professor Joseph Roedel; song, "I Live for Thee Alone," Cowen, Mr. David Mannloidy; violin solo, "Sarabande" (with organ), Bach, Mr. Henry Heyman; song, "Pastarelle," Bizet, Mrs. Katherine Lange-Neilsen; selections, Members University of California Glee Club; organ solo, improvisation on national airs, Professor Joseph Roedel.

Scheel Symphony Concert.

A symphony concert was given at the Auditorium last Thursday evening by Fritz Scheel's orchestra. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "In Autumn," Grieg; symphony No. 7, (a) poco sostenuto, vivace, (b) allegretto, (c) presto, (d) allegro con brio, Beethoven; suite, "Casse Noisette" ("The Nutcracker"), Peter Tchaikowsky; "Miniature," allegro giusto, characteristic dances, (a) March, tempo di gloria vivo, (b) Dance of the Dragon Fairy, andante non troppo, (c) Russian Dance ("Trepak"), molto vivace, (d) Arabian Dance, allegretto, (e) Chinese dance, allegro moderato, (f) Dance of the Pipers, moderato assai; Dance of the Flowers, tempo di valse.

The University of California Glee Club and the Stanford University Mandolin Club will give their first concert at the Auditorium on Friday evening, March 29th.

Having Fun with the Doctor.

The other morning, as a belated member of the Owl Club was steering home through the dense fog, which the writer is reliably informed hangs over the city at three A. M., he passed the house of a well-known physician. The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side the dim rays of the moon, struggling through the gloom produced by the efforts of the city gas company, disclosed the mouth of an acoustic tube, underneath which was the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disabbling about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and steady himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose; and after wondering at the singular odor of whisky in the room, groped his way to the tube and shouted: "Well?"

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply; "but, being a doctor, I s'pose you can keep well at cost price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his night-gown.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a few moments' meditation. "Oh, by the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts. There is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any. I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts, tnn. Dear, dear, how singular."

"What do you want?" snapped the doctor, when was beginning to feel as though his legs were a pair of elongated icicles.

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport shunting, this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident? Hold up a minute. I'll be right down."

"No, he's all right; but he got sixty-two ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards. I thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the nozzle and laughed like a hyena digging up a fat missionary. "I say," came down from the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly good joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What?" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth, a hastily compounded mixture of ink, ipecac, and asafetida squirted from the pipe and deluged him from head to foot, about a pipe monopolizing his shirt-front and collar.

And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself off with his handkerchief, and swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear an angel voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more? No? Well, good-night. Come again soon, you funny dog, you. By-by." —Louisville Medical News.

ART NOTES.

Boston has taken up the idea of a loan exhibition of portraits of women. It includes a collection of more than one hundred miniatures. Of the old masters, both Titian and Van Dyck are represented, and of the early English painters, there are works by Reynolds, Lely, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. From the French school there are specimens by Ary Scheffer, Couture, Cabanel, Carlus Duran, Bastien Le Page, and Henner. There are at least forty Gilbert Stuarts and thirty Conpleys, besides portraits by Smibert, Blackburn, Rembrandt Peale, Inman, Ingham, Page, Trumbull, and Cheney of the old American painters, and many by artists of the present day. The exhibit is said to be very interesting.

The art loan exhibition of portraits of women, which was held for two weeks at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, closed last Sunday afternoon, and it is understood that a neat sum of money was netted for the beneficiaries, the Children's Home and the Children's Hospital. Much credit is due to Mrs. A. Chesebrough for her untiring labor in bringing the exhibition to such a successful end. The ladies who had the affair in charge desire to express their sincere thanks to the contributors and patrons of the exhibition, and also to the press for its generosity.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the well-known artist, has been holding an exhibition of his paintings of Japanese subjects recently at Chase's Gallery, in Boston, Mass., the same place where he held a similar exhibition several years ago. The exhibition is favorably commented on by the press of Boston. The paintings that seem to attract the most attention are "An Interesting Story," "Japanese Courtship," "A Question," and "Early Cherry Blossoms."

The cradle presented by the Queen of England to the Duke of York's baby was made for the Princess Royal in 1840, and all the queen's babies slept in it. The sheets are of fine Irish linen, edged with Valenciennes lace, and the blankets are of the warmest and lightest of Pyrenean wool.

CCCXLVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 17, 1895.

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Boiled Halibut, Egg Dressing. Mashed Potatoes.
Breaded Veal Cutlet. Green Peas.
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.
Asparagus, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Danish Pudding.
Coffee.

DANISH PUDDING.—One cupful of tapioca, three generous pints of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, one glass of any bright jelly. Wash the tapioca, and soak in the water all night. In the morning, put on in the double boiler, and cook one hour. Stir frequently. Add the salt, sugar, and jelly, and mix thoroughly. Turn into a mold that has been dipped in cold water, and set away to harden. Serve with cream and sugar.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The tramp—"Kin I say a word to yer, mister? I haven't got a cent—" *Mr. Grabheimer*—"Den I don't see how I can make any money oud of you!"—*Puck*.

"My husband never tasted liquor—even as medicine—he eschewed the social glass." "Yes; when he died, I know every one spoke of him as his own best friend."—*Puck*.

Barber—"You ought to know the man—he lives down the street." *Customer*—"Smooth-faced man?" *Barber* (contemptuously)—"No; he shaves himself!"—*Puck*.

Democratic congressman—"I wish I knew how I could go home and meet my constituents in peace." *Crusty*—"Why don't you die and go home in a box?"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"I rise to a question of personal privilege!" exclaimed an agitated lady member of the Colorado legislature, addressing the Speaker; "is my hat on straight?"—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

First student—"Look here—five dollars—the first money I ever earned." *Second student*—"And how did you earn it?" *First student*—"Sold empty wine bottles."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

She (sentimentally)—"There is always an element of sadness and of solemnity in a wedding." *He* (cheerfully)—"Oh, yes, but I don't care so long as it's somebody else's wedding."—*Vogue*.

The poet—"When you talked with your father, did he seem pleased with the idea of our marriage?" *The girl*—"Oh, yes! He said he had always been afraid that I might leave him."—*Life*.

First lady (of the ballet)—"You're a sawdust hussy, that's what you are." *Second lady*—"You're a—you're a—" *First lady*—"Don't you dare to say what I am, or I'll break the face of you?"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Wool—"I'm awfully behind in my reading." *Van Pelt*—"How's that?" *Wool*—"I got switched off on 'Trilhy,' and now I'm behind on at least nine or ten new lives of Napoleon."—*New York Evening World*.

"This here beer," remarked Mr. Dismal Dawson, "is what might be called a regular society affair." "You don't say!" said the har-keeper. "Yes, I do. It is a sorter low-neck, high-collar hall."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

"I have always wondered," soliloquized Uncle Allen Sparks, "whether the resolute expression of George Washington's mouth was due to the firmness of his disposition or to the fact that his teeth didn't fit him."—*Chicago Tribune*.

After the ball: *Husband*—"The deuce!" *Wife*—"Well, what's the matter now?" *Husband*—"It all comes of your being in such a precious hurry to get away; why, hang it all, I've got my own hat!"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Mr. Suburbs—"Yes; we live only thirty miles out of town. The last girl we had stayed with us six weeks." *Servant lady*—"Oi don't want th' place! Six wakes! Yez don't get th' chance to hypnooze me, if I knows meself!"—*Puck*.

Miss Wabash—"Shall I see you at the Thornbornes' masquerade to-morrow?" *Mr. Beacon street*—"Yes; I shall go as a monk." *Miss Wabash*—"Oh, how lovely! And will a hurdy-gurdy man have you on a string?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The end of a novel (compressed by the editor owing to lack of space): "... Ottokar took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket, and lastly his own life."—*Deutsche Leschalle*.

"We don't see much of Gretchen since her marriage." "Fact. I laid eyes on her yesterday for the first time since she became a bride, and that's nearly a year ago, isn't it?" "Yes. They do say Tom is terribly jealous." "Well, he has hought her twenty-two wrappers and only one street-dress."—*Life*.

The wayworn man had fallen in the street in a very good swoon. The usual crowd gathered and the usual man-who-knows-what-to-do shouted: "Stand back and give him air!" The wayworn man got up. "Air!" said he, with fine scorn; "air! When I ain't had nothin' but air fer tree days!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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The various articles printed in the *Argonaut* on the limitation of testamentary disposition have excited comment, adverse or commendatory, as the case may be, in many journals, but there is no doubt that the public mind inclines toward limiting rather than toward extending the power of

making wills. The many abuses and absurdities connected with the probating and distribution of property under dead men's wills become more patent every day. Since the death of Senator Fair one will has been filed for probate; this was stolen. The courts were then called upon to decide as to whether the stolen will was a "document" or not. In the meantime, another and later will was discovered, which has also been filed for probate, and as we write, there are rumors of a third. Senator Fair seems to have left numbers of wills in the possession of "lady friends." In fact, it would appear as if one of his peculiarities was to call for writing materials while paying visits, and offer to "make a will while you wait." This is not unusual—elderly gentlemen with large fortunes are often in the habit of waving their wealth like a banner before the eyes of their kindred and friends, and making mysterious promises, and drawing up numberless wills. It is an innocent and harmless amusement. It is one of the natural outgrowths of the selfishness of age. The aged millionaire who puts down a son, a daughter, or a henchman for half a million in his will, and then withdraws it with a stroke of his pen, feels the calm and tepid joy of giving, followed by the fierce and overmastering joy of taking away. Added to these, there is the charm of mystery. For the testator can, if he chooses, keep both his mean and his generous instincts to himself. Or he can let his bequest be known to its object, and conceal his subsequent revocation.

As we have said, this making of wills by millionaires is a harmless amusement. For if the will is contested, it is not the dead man but the jury that divides the money. Legally, this is wrong. As Judge Garber said the other day in the Barron will case: "A man has the right freely and fully to dispose of the property which he has acquired." In law perhaps he has, but not in fact. So the jury thought in the Barron case, for they broke the will which disinherited the son, and the property will be divided under the provisions of the code of California.

Judge Coffey upheld the same view in the Hendy will case, when he said in his charge to the jury: "The law gives to every man of sound mind the right to dispose of his property by last will. It makes no difference whether the will appears to be just or unjust. A testator may do what he will with his own." Theoretically and legally, Judge Coffey is right; practically, he is wrong. If a will be unjust, or if a testator draw up a document which runs counter to natural affections, or disinherits the children of his body, the jury always breaks it, law or no law. And we are very glad they do.

Last week there died in Oakland, Cal., a lawyer named George Barstow, who left only a modest estate, but his will was a model. He said: "I desire my estate to be distributed in accordance with the laws of the State of California. I desire my widow to have full and free disposition thereof, without bonds. I do not believe the dead should meddle with the quick. Let the living carry on the business of life."

Sound words, and kind. Were more millionaires to leave their estates to be divided according to the laws of succession as they exist in this and other States, there would be less litigation, less quarreling, less bad blood. But it would be a sorry day for the lawyers.

The laws of succession, as found in the Code of California, are based on the natural affections. They prevail, of course, when there is no will. There are limitations in them—for example, the amount of property which a married man may dispose of is limited by the community property; the amount which may be left to charity is limited; and charitable bequests made within a certain number of days of the testator's decease are void. These limitations show the power of the State—it could extend these limitations; it could impose other limitations; it might forbid charitable bequests; it might decree that three-fourths should go to charity; it might decree that all should escheat to the State. Under the reign of Augustus Cæsar a law was passed by which the State gave to the natural heirs a specific portion of the testator's estate, that portion being inalienable by

him. Similar provisions are found in all the European countries whose codes are based upon the civil law. They are even found in the codes of those of our States whose stream of law comes from the old Roman spring. In Louisiana, for example, a man can dispose by will of but two-thirds of his property if he leaves one legitimate child; of one-half if he leaves two children; and of one-third if he leaves three children or more. Who can deny that this is equitable and right? We are none of us responsible for our appearance in this world. Our parents are. And recognizing that fact, juries who know naught of Augustus Cæsar, naught of Justinian's Code or of the Roman law, will inevitably break all wills running counter to the claims of blood.

Suppose there were in California a Statute of Wills by which the testamentary power should be largely limited, and a man could not disinherit the heirs of his body. Such a proposal would doubtless strike many men as interfering with their liberty. Not so. They think they can dispose of their property after they are dead, but they are mistaken. They can only do so if the heirs consent to their disposition. Otherwise a jury revises the dead man's will.

Senator Fair left one elaborate will establishing a testamentary trust; he left a brief holographic will leaving his property equally to his natural heirs; it is said other wills are in existence. But whatever may be the number or the terms of his wills, if the case gets before a jury, the estate will be divided among the heirs of his body. And although that jury may be unlearned, the division will be made on practically the same law as was laid down in the days of Solon, in the days of Justinian, in the days when the Normans introduced the Roman law to the West Saxon Wights—the law of natural justice.

The action of the Democratic administration in the *Alliança* affair with Spain has a suspiciously bombastic look. Secretary Gresham's conduct of diplomatic negotiations in our various other foreign entanglements has excited the ridicule of the world. It is evident that the administration is chafing under this ridicule, and has determined to make a record for itself in the *Alliança* affair. Before anything definite was known about the matter, before it was known whether the *Alliança* was in Spanish waters or on the high seas, before even the name, least of all the story, of the Spanish cruiser was known—before anything at all was known, save the statement of the captain of the *Alliança*, Secretary Gresham sent a bullying note to the Spanish Government demanding an explanation. Yet the Spanish Government has done no more and no less than this government did throughout the Civil War. Numbers of vessels flying the flags of nations with which we were at peace were stopped upon the waters belting the American coast, sometimes within and sometimes without the marine league line. Numbers of vessels carrying goods that were contraband of war, including English blockade-runners, were stopped and seized. It is only four months since this country fired on some Spanish fishing vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, which Spain claimed were twelve miles off shore.

If Spain can prove that the *Alliança* was within Spanish waters, with a rebellion raging on shore, she had a perfect right to stop her, and it was the duty of the *Alliança's* commander to heave to. We think that Secretary Gresham has taken advantage of the fact that there is a cabinet crisis in Madrid for his dramatic coup; as one ministry has been forced to resign its portfolios and another is about assuming the reins of office, he has thought it a favorable time, in the midst of all this governmental embarrassment, to prefer a bullying demand for an explanation of an act which Spain is doubtless quite willing to explain.

As if to boost up the feeble case of the Democratic administration, a cablegram is sent to Mr. W. C. Whitney, formerly Secretary of the Navy during Mr. Cleveland's first term. Mr. Whitney is at present at Naples. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Whitney could have any larger or better information in Naples than that of the administration at Washington. Naples is not a city supplied with daily newspapers of any particular enterprise in

news. Even if Mr. Whitney were to examine carefully those journalistic wonders, the *Fanfulla*, or the *Tribuna* of Rome, we do not think that he would find much about Spain's misunderstanding with the United States, or, in fact, anything about the United States at all. Therefore, when he cables hack *ex cathedra*, as if he were possessed with a full and almost supernatural knowledge of the events connected with the affair, we think that Mr. Whitney is arrogating to himself some of the functions of the Pope. Thus cables Mr. Whitney:

"The outrage perpetrated by a Spanish man-of-war in firing on the *Alliance* was deliberate and with full knowledge of the character of the act. It is therefore a case of willful insult to the American flag and people. I do not recall so wanton an outrage as happening to any first-class power in fifty years. An apology scarcely wipes out such an affront. The truth is, we have happened to come in for a piece of the general brutality and ruffianism that holds Cuba. The thing is a relic of the Middle Ages. It is a disgrace to us that lies at our door-step. It makes my blood boil. W. C. WHITNEY."

We hope that Mr. Whitney's blood will stop boiling and come to a gentle simmer. The fact that Spain holds Cuba is no affair of ours. We are not entirely prepared to right the wrongs of all the peoples of the earth. This country is not an international policeman. American ships, when they are on the high seas, are bound by the law of the high seas. When they are in foreign waters, they are subject to the law of foreign waters. This is no more than we exact of other nations, and it is no more than we ought to accord to them. As we said in the beginning of this paragraph, we think that the action of Secretary Gresham in this matter is a mixture of bullying and bombast. In short, not to put too fine a point upon it, we think that Secretary Gresham is playing to the gallery.

The "influence of climate on health and disease" is about to undergo a systematic investigation by the Department of Agriculture, with a view to ascertain to what degree local climatic peculiarities may favor or resist the development of specific diseases, and to discover in what parts of the country invalids and health-seekers may find climatic surroundings best adapted to the alleviation or cure of their particular cases. The work is to be conducted through the medium of the Weather Bureau, and the cooperation of the various boards of health, public sanitary authorities, associations and societies, and of the medical profession generally is earnestly solicited. That the scheme will eventually lead to the establishment of a national health bureau is obvious.

The meagre and not always trustworthy statistics now on record go to show that the climate of the western slope of the continent is favorable to longevity. It is a matter of common observation that greater ages have been reached in California than in the East. In the mission records, the names of mission Indians in Lower California are given who reached the ages of 100, 110, and 120 years. In San Diego County, Cal., Dr. P. C. Remondino discovered a number of individuals who attained abnormal longevity, which cases he has chronicled in a work upon the subject. Whether this longevity resulted from the climate, or from the temperate and abstemious habits of the centenarians and their freedom from care and anxiety, it would be well worth while finding out.

It has been inferred from the large number of white-haired men who are seen in the streets of San Francisco and other coast cities that Californian longevity is the fruit of the climate; for the early settlers after the American occupation were neither abstemious nor were their lives free from care, anxiety, and excitement. Hence it has been conjectured that human life is likely to be prolonged by an equable climate with no excesses of heat or cold, and that it is shortened by meteorological vicissitudes in which excessive heat alternates with excessive cold, and both are accompanied with violent meteorological phenomena. But this is mere conjecture. The statistics upon which a definite theory might be based are as yet wanting.

As to the effects of atmospheric changes on disease, we are entirely without information. Criminologists in other countries have reported that the volume of certain crimes fluctuates with the weather. The number of suicides in England is said to vary with the proportion of foggy days; and in India, forty-eight per cent. of crimes of violence disappear when hot weather gives place to cold. But neither abroad nor at home has any connection been traced between the weather and such diseases as diphtheria, heart disease, or febrile disorders of the intestines. The nearest approach which has been made to connect weather and disease has been derived from the well-known subsidence of yellow fever after a black frost, and the improvement in cases of maladies of the respiratory organs when the weather grows mild. We have not the least idea whether a long succession of dry days is favorable to certain diseases, or of which; nor can we form a conjecture whether a long prevalence of westerly winds blowing from the sea does or does not influence the public health; nor can we tell whether the absence of electricity in the atmosphere, as indicated by the

rarity of electrical storms, has any effect on the human body. Yet, reasoning from analogy, it is fair to assume that these meteorological conditions may not be without influence.

The winter which is now drawing to a close has been one of almost unprecedented severity. Over the northern half of the northern hemisphere there has been a cap of ice like that which girds the poles of Mars. All over the world, do we say? All over the world—except in California. The orange crops of Florida, of Spain, even of far southern Sicily, have been damaged and in some places absolutely ruined by the frost, while our California growers have not lost an orange, and both oranges and orange-groves have risen markedly in price. There have been heavy snow-falls and sharp frosts at Nice and Cannes, which have sent shivering invalids across the Mediterranean to Cairo or to Algiers; no untoward catastrophe of the kind has been reported from San Diego or Santa Barbara. The story of the past few weeks has been calculated to attract invalids and persons with delicate lungs to California in preference to any sanitarium in Europe, and it would not be surprising if the experience of this ice-bound winter throughout the northern hemisphere should largely swell the tide of travel to Southern California. Such a migration would be powerfully assisted by periodical and authentic reports of the weather as affecting disease.

Men die in California of three diseases chiefly—consumption, cancer, and zymotic disease; and living, they languish from one, namely rheumatism. Of these four plagues, one—cancer—is incurable in the present stage of medical science; zymotic or filth diseases may be prevented to a large extent by sanitary precautions; rheumatism, which is merely a non-technical term for a number of diseases not now understood by the faculty, is the domain of the quack, and can not be treated scientifically until a number of things now unknown are made plain; consumption, or pulmonary tuberculosis, appears to be susceptible of mitigation or cure in Southern California. It goes without saying that a record extending over a period of several years, and comparing deaths from consumption with the temperature, the wind, the percentage of moisture in the atmosphere, and the hourly alternations of heat and cold, might lead to improvements in the manner of treating the disease; and that a similar record paralleling the severity of rheumatism with the same meteorological conditions might enable doctors to form a shrewd guess at the real cause of that abominable malady. Medical inquiry is now directed to the bacillary origin of disease; excellent results have already been attained, and still better may be expected in the future. But the investigation of the microbe need not preclude an equally promising field of inquiry—namely, the influence of the air in which we live on the human organs.

The interest in international bimetalism throughout Europe is becoming marked. In France there has always been a school of bimetalists more or less powerful. In Germany the cause of bimetalism has gained strength as a result of the unfavorable experience with gold monometallism. England, however, is the stronghold of the single gold standard, and it is significant of the great advance that bimetalism has recently made that English periodicals of high standing give space to its advocates. In the current *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Edward Tuck combats the claim of the monometallists that the two metals can not be made to circulate side by side. Mr. Tuck makes the important distinction that the bimetalists do not ask that the two metals shall be declared by law to be of equal market value at a certain ratio, considered as commodities, but that they shall have the same utility in debt-paying power at a certain fixed ratio. The distinction is an important one and goes to the very essence of the definition of money. Money is not a commodity, and has no price; it is a measure of value, and is that in terms of which the prices of commodities are declared. Gold was a commodity before it was used as money, and silver has been a commodity since it has ceased to be so used. The value of an ounce of gold bullion is invariable, and remains fixed at the value placed upon it by the mint. The law requires the mint to give a certain price for it, and nobody would sell it for less or buy it for more. A traveler, passing from France to Germany, will receive for his French gold coins their practical equivalent in grains of gold in the shape of German gold coins; for his French silver coins he will receive only the market equivalent for their bullion value.

If the mint price fixes the bullion value of gold, an international money metal, why would not the mint price fix the value of silver, if it were made an international money metal? The Royal Commission of 1888 in England present some important evidence on this question. In their report they say:

"Looking, then, to the vast changes which occurred prior to 1873 in the relative production of the two metals, without any corresponding disturbance in their market value, it appears to us difficult to resist the conclusion that some influence was then at work tending to steady the price of silver, and to keep the ratio which it bore to gold

approximately stable. Prior to 1873, the fluctuations of silver were gradual in their character and ranged within very narrow limits. . . . Now, undoubtedly, the date which forms the dividing line between an epoch of approximate fixity in the relative value of gold and silver and one of marked instability, is the year when the bimetallic system, which had previously been in force in the Latin Union, ceased to be in full operation."

The gold monometallists have laid considerable stress upon the fact that the Latin Union was forced to give up bimetalism, but the fact that different legal ratios can not co-exist with absolute success is no evidence that a single and uniform ratio for the important commercial countries would not insure practical parity. Two ratios existing in different countries make for each of the countries one dearer and one cheaper coin, and bring into operation Gresham's law, upon which the gold monometallists depend so strongly. Thus, from 1793 to 1834, the ratio in the coinage of this country was fifteen to one, that in France was fifteen and one-half to one. The result was that gold, being appraised higher in the French coinage, flowed to France, while silver, which was worth more here, came to this country. After 1834, an ounce of gold was made the equivalent of sixteen ounces of silver in the coinage of this country, while France maintained the ratio of fifteen and one-half to one. As a consequence, a reverse flow set in; as compared with the French coinage, gold was worth more in this country and began to flow in, while silver flowed out.

Were the ratio between silver and gold the same in all commercial countries, this result would not be seen. There would be no advantage in shipping gold to any country or silver to any other, because they would have the same relative values in all countries.

That such arguments should be advanced in a leading English magazine indicates that public opinion in England is reaching a point where it will be impossible for the government leaders to refuse to send delegates to the proposed silver conference.

The returns of the book-publishers for 1894 have set lovers of literature to philosophizing on the effects, so far as reported, of the new international copyright law. In one point of view, it is remarkable that the number of novels published in this country in 1894 should foot up 573 as against 772 in 1893—a decline of thirty-five per cent.; while simultaneously the number of works on history and science published in 1894 foot up 304 as against 235 in 1893—an increase of nearly thirty per cent. It appears that novel-readers fell off in almost the same ratio that consumers of instructive reading increased. This may in part be ascribed to the poor quality of the fiction of the day, and to the high quality of the works on history and science; but it also implies a decay in the appetite for books appealing to the imagination, and an increased appetite for more solid reading. Moralists who railed in vain against novel-reading in the days when Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, and Reade were producing their masterpieces may congratulate themselves that they have realized their hopes, now that Mrs. Ward, J. M. Barrie, Henry James, William Dean Howells, and their compeers are the shining lights of fiction, and that the ablest minds of the day are devoted to the advance of scientific thought and to the correction of historical blunders.

From a list published in the *Bookman* it appears that the novel most in demand in twenty American cities in January, 1895, was "Trilby." Is the popularity of Du Maurier's romance due to its dealing with *risqué* scenes in which handsome girls pose for "the altogether"? Or has "Trilby" proved a hit because of its brightness in a literary age which produces so many dry-as-dust novels?

In discussing the success of "Trilby," and Hall Caine's "Manxman," and Mrs. Ward's "Marcella," we speak of them in the light of their success throughout the country. There is no literary public on this side of the continent which may be said to constitute a school, or to form a taste. There are readers in abundance in the cities west of the rivers; but the great bulk of them ask for nothing better than "Peck's Bad Boy" or "Mr. Barnes of New York." There is a limited coterie of cultured people in the Far West who want the best in letters as in art; but they constitute such a small minority of the reading public that they can not be discussed as a separate aggregate. They can not be segregated from the communities of readers which are found in the East.

Speaking of these as a whole, it is interesting to inquire—as publishers are doing—whether their consumption of fiction has been affected by the international copyright law. Opinions are not unanimous, but it is an indisputable fact that since the law was passed, the sale of British novels in this country has largely increased, while that of American novels has not. Nearly a dozen British novelists are now sure of a larger audience in this country than any American writer of fiction save one or two. Among them the leaders (in selling power) are Rudyard Kipling, Rider Haggard, J. M. Barrie, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Arthur Quiller Couch, Clark Russell, and others. Whether

the copyright law is in any respect responsible for this, or whether it results from the simple fact that the British novels of the day are better than the American novels, is not determined. Mr. Harold Frederic says that English readers object to the local color of American novels, and that, strange to say, their prejudice influences American minds, so that the more true the color, the less likely is it to please readers on either side of the ocean. Mr. Walter Besant says that we are in a transition period, which will end in the genesis of a literature common to all English-speaking races, and destined to supersede the common, dead literature of the past. His view is shared by Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who foresees a day when nobody will ask whether a book was written in America or in England, but only whether it is a good book and written in the English tongue. This is very fine and lofty, but not very satisfactory to the struggling American authors. When Mr. Hawkins's "day" comes, they will all be dead.

It is beyond question that book-publishing in America is hampered by the anglomania of the day. Though we claim literary as well as political independence, we are still provincial in our literary tastes. Our magazines smack of English opinion, our critics appear to have been educated in English schools, and our reading public would rather read a book racy with English color, like "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," than the most graphic picture of home life by an American author. Writers like Mary Wilkins, Cable, or Miss Murfree do command audiences, but they are limited. The prevailing American idea of a good novel is a novel of which the scene is laid in England, and through the pages of which lords and ladies strut solemnly and dazzle our humble republican eyes.

Of course this is a transitory condition. There are twice as many people in this country as there are in Great Britain, and nearly all of them are sufficiently educated to read; it is a mathematical certainty that, as our market is twice as large as the English market, there will presently be more purveyors here than there, and they will produce the goods which the public wants. But the transition will take time, and it is not clear that the international copyright law can hurry it very materially. The problem is for American writers to produce as interesting novels as are written in England, and there will be a responsive demand for their works in this country. Up to the present time, it must be admitted that the outlook is not encouraging. All other things being equal, an American reader seems to prefer perusing a novel of which the scene is in Somersetshire rather than one which is laid in Kentucky; simply because an experience of years has taught him that the former is likely to be the more entertaining of the two.

For many years, the American novel-writer believed that the lack of international copyright injured him, because this country was flooded with cheap unauthorized editions of English works. But now that the copyright law has been in force for several years, its only effect has been to increase the gains of British authors, decrease the gains of American publishers, and leave American authors without any gains at all.

The bicycle craze has at last attacked the clergy. The Pope has just received the report of a commission appointed to consider the propriety of priests riding bicycles in Italy. In Oakland, Cal., the Rev. David McClure has just been arrested for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk.

The Pope's commission reported in favor of permitting priests to ride bicycles, and the Oakland clergy have sprung as one man to the defense of the Rev. David McClure. But the Pope has refused to ratify the report because he thinks that for a priest to convey the viaticum to the sick on a bicycle is contrary to the dignity of religion. It does seem funny, when you think of it. Similarly, the Oakland municipal authorities maintain that for the Rev. David McClure to ride a bicycle on the sidewalk is contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of California.

There is reason in all things, even in clergymen. Despite the fact that a well-known legal writer has said that an assemblage of women is conservative as compared with an assemblage of clergymen, we repeat there is still reason in clergymen. Not much, perhaps, but some. It is only necessary to give the views of the Rev. Charles H. Hobart, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oakland, to convince our readers of the truth of this fact. The present ordinances of Oakland, as is the case in most cities, have given to the bicycle the rights of any other vehicle, to wit: the use of the roadway. Correspondingly, it denies to the bicycle—as it denies to other vehicles, such as trucks, threshing-machines, coal-carts, omnibuses, and band-wagons—the use of the foot-way. It is to this restriction that the Rev. Mr. Hobart and a number of other reverend gentlemen object. He has written to the common council of Oakland, urging them to pass an ordinance permitting bicyclists to use the sidewalks, "providing that they pass or approach pedestrian travelers at a speed not to exceed three miles an hour." This

the clergymen say they consider "a very fair stipulation." The Rev. Mr. Hobart added: "We expect to obtain a reasonable use of the sidewalks. Sometimes, particularly in wet weather, our wheels are useless unless we can ride upon the sidewalks." Rev. Mr. Hobart is backed up in his petition to the council by Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean, Rev. Dr. Alfred Kummer, Rev. Henry H. Rice, Rev. Dr. Robert Coyle, Rev. Campbell Coyle, Rev. G. W. Beatty, Rev. L. T. Bush, Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Rev. William F. Rader, Rev. John Williams, Rev. S. S. Palmer, Rev. Henry V. Rominger, and Rev. Frank E. Hinckley, including Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Lutheran divines.

From this list it is evident that the doubt which agitates the Pope has not occurred to the Oakland clergymen, and that there is no question in their minds as to whether a clergyman should or should not ride a bicycle. But a very good orthodox evangelical clergyman, who by no means loves the Pope, is Dr. John Hemphill, and he agrees with His Holiness, at least in regard to bicycles, for he says: "There are certain things that a clergyman can do and others that he can not. My people would not be inclined to listen to me with the same respect on Sundays if they saw me junketing on a bicycle about town on week days. Bicycling is a fine, healthy exercise for boys and young men, but when a man reaches the age of fifty, it is time for him to stop. I do not think that there is any fear that bicycling will become epidemic among San Francisco clergymen. There are too many hills here." Dr. Hemphill is partly right and partly wrong. There is no more reason for a man to stop exercising when he is fifty than there is for him to stop praying. But when the doctor says that the hills of San Francisco will deter clergymen from bicycling, he is eminently right. The gentlemen of the cloth are mortal lazy. Oakland is flat.

But it is really remarkable that the Oakland clergymen should be so unreasonable in their views as to the rights and wrongs of the road. The bicycle after many years has won a footing, if we may use the term. The courts of the land have given it the rights of a vehicle. It is entitled to its place upon the roadway. But, correspondingly, it is barred from the footway by reason of its rights upon the roadway. If bicyclists attempt to encroach upon the part of the road which for centuries has been devoted to foot passengers, they will find that they will lose their vehicular rights without gaining any others. It was in 1887 that the State of New York passed what was known as the Liberty Bill, which classed the bicycle as a vehicle, and entitled it to all the privileges of vehicles on public highways. Many of the other States of the Union followed New York, and to-day the bicycle has a recognized place before the law. But the wheelmen throughout the country should take heed that they do not endanger their present standing. Other people have their rights, and the unembarrassed use of the footway is one of them.

During the present session of the New York legislature, thirty-six bills have been introduced relating to wheelmen. Many of these are measures designed to restrict the rights of cyclists, and others, it must be admitted, are measures designed to restrict the rights of non-cyclists. One of the many bills introduced in the interest of the wheelmen provided for the erection of guide-boards on country roads. This is an excellent idea, and would be of advantage not only to cyclists, but to people riding and driving. It would also be useful to our "leisure class," the only analogue we have in this country to European noblemen—that is to say, the "Coxeyites," "Industrials," and tramps. Among the other bills in New York restricting cyclists was one prohibiting a speed of ten miles an hour in cities; a bill making it compulsory for all riders to carry a bell or whistle to signal their approach at street-crossings; a bill stipulating that lighted lamps should be carried upon all bicycles after dusk; and a bill prohibiting riding upon sidewalks. The violation of any of these particulars was punishable with a heavy fine. Another phase of bicycling legislation is the attempt to have side-paths constructed for cyclists. Various methods have been devised for the raising of the funds. In Niagara County, N. Y., the supervisors have introduced a bill in the State legislature giving them power to impose a tax on all unicycles, bicycles, or tricycles, with wheel or wheels exceeding twenty-four inches in diameter, to raise funds for bicycle paths. One of the most unjust bills provided that bicycle-riders should dismount upon meeting horsemen. This was defeated by the League of American Wheelmen.

From the foregoing it may be seen by the Oakland clergymen that there are two sides to every question, and that the world is populated not only with cyclists but with those who do not ride the wheel. We commend to the gentlemen of the cloth in Oakland that they rest satisfied with the right to use the highway with their vehicles, a right which is as old as English law. Correspondingly we commend to them not to attempt to use the footway with their vehicles,

a prohibition which is as old as English law. If they attempt to do both, we commend to the Oakland police that they place the reverend gentlemen in the "jug," a procedure which is also as old as English law.

On the morning of Sunday, the seventeenth of March, 1895, the San Francisco streets did not see the sights to which they were accustomed some ten years ago. At that period, the residents of San Francisco would have seen throughout the city numbers of Irishmen, mounted on knock-kneed dray-horses, proceeding toward a given point; across the rider's bosom there would be a green sash; on his breast, a green rosette; in his hat, a green cockade; in his hand, a green baton, girt with green ribbons; in his button-hole, a green shamrock. At early morn, these lone horsemen would be seen "ginning up" at the corner-groceries on their way to the place of rendezvous. By nightfall, horse and rider might be seen, sometimes together, and sometimes separated; and in either case the horse would be the only sober one, and the gorgeous green person of the morning would often be seen wrapped in a sound whisky slumber in the gutter before the grocery door.

For years a draggle-tailed procession of hod-carriers, politicians, and priests paraded the streets of San Francisco on "Patrick's Day." For years the way to become sheriff of San Francisco was to be grand marshal of the St. Patrick's Day procession. For years every ambitious Democratic politician saw that his only way to political preferment was to follow in this line of Irish Roman Catholic priests, Irish flags with harp and sun-burst, and religious societies with Irish banners. For years the order of Ancient Hibernians trooped solemnly through our streets on "Patrick's Day," and was supposed to have political power. But all this has stopped. It slowly decayed. The spectacle became more ridiculous from year to year, and finally became so ridiculous that it perished. *The Argonaut* for years did all it could to accelerate the death of this grotesque and tawdry parade, and we are proud that we killed it, and we are glad that it is dead.

We do not think much of "St. Patrick's Day." We are not certain whether St. Patrick ever existed at all; but if the person now called by that name did exist, he was not Irish, but Scotch. But waiving that, we object to a foreign parade in an American city, with foreign flags, in honor of the shamrock and a sham saint. If Irish Roman Catholics want to have religious observances in their churches over their saint, well and good. If they want to have banquets in their homes and clubs over the memory of their saint, well and good. To that, the most earnest Americans can have no objection. But to the use of the streets of American cities for these foreign parades, they have very strong objections. We are glad that the Irish people in San Francisco have at last concluded to hold their celebration of "Patrick's Day" within four walls, and we hope they will keep it there.

The California legislature has passed a bill abolishing contract and common-law marriages. The daily papers have ever since been engaged, with an owl's gravity which is not unamusing, in warning girls and the mothers of girls of this change in the law. They say with much solemnity that women should know that by this new law "consent alone will not constitute marriage; it must be followed by a solemnization authorized by the code." Well, what of it? Are we to imagine that the weaker half of humanity wanted "solemnizations" not authorized by the code? Are we to believe that they were in favor of the old law by which people could be married without the knowledge of any one except the Deity—if he had time to look into it? If the matter be put upon that ground, the daily press has neglected its duty in not warning men of their danger in the time which has passed. Any man might have been married in California without his knowledge. Walking around the block with a lady—being seen with her repeatedly—jumping over a broomstick with her, according to the gypsy ritual—all or any of these things were sufficient to constitute marriage according to the old bad California law. Now, all this is changed—at least we hope it is. Marriage has ceased to be marriage unless, like other public contracts, it is known to the world. When it is secret, it becomes concubinage. There is no contract which is more vital than marriage. It changes all the relations of life. Even a woman's will made before marriage becomes void after. The State is vitally interested in knowing the status of her citizens. Those who conceal them have no good motive for doing so. No honest man and no virtuous woman has need to conceal his or her married state. If the new law shall decrease the number of young men who unwittingly find themselves husbands—if it shall diminish the long roll of queer widows and jeh-lot orphans that come to the surface when every California millionaire pays the debt of nature, it is a good law. Marriage is an honorable condition. It is the base of the family, the State, the order, government, and law. Marriage should not

A MOUNTAIN STAGE RIDE.

How the Driver made it Interesting for his Passengers.

We had ridden three hours with a stupid stage-driver, and I was chagrined and disappointed. I had engaged the front seat two weeks in advance and had expected to have a chance to study one of the old-time stage-drivers on his native heath; but, though it was said he had been on the route twenty years, he simply chewed a quid of tobacco and could not be induced to talk. An occasional grunt of assent or dissent was the most he vouchsafed us, and it was with a feeling of relief we changed stages at Murphy's and had another driver.

The drive from Murphy's to Angel's is over fifteen miles of dusty, uninteresting road, and we had not looked forward to the prospect with pleasure; but our new driver had an air of business and a looseness of tongue that were very refreshing after the mummified silence of the other man, and promised well for our entertainment.

Then, too, we saw that we had made a mistake about our first driver; the second man was, of course, the old stager, with his many thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes, while the first man was evidently a novice in the business. We took our seats and prepared ourselves for a most interesting time.

"Hope you're all comfortable, ladies?" began our second man, in a manner very different from the other gruff bore. "I do like mighty well to have ladies in the front seat with me; but I'm quite a favorite with the ladies, it seems—they always want the front seat."

"Oh, I see, you are the old stage-driver," I exclaimed, "and you will tell us some of your interesting stories. How lovely! What is your name?"

"My real name's—no matter. But they all call me Tennessee up here. You see I come from Tennessee, an' I've got the Southern twang, an' when I first come I talked a heap 'bout my native State, an' I bragged some, too, I guess, coming from the South, you know, an' the boys like to josh a fellow. But I've traveled round so much that I've lost most of my twang—knocked 'bout considerable in my day. Fellow can't help rubbing on some polish, you know—I expect that's why I'm such a favorite with the ladies. It's real funny how all the old maids get stuck on me, an' the widders, too," Tennessee chuckled. "By jimminy crickets! Excuse me, if I get off a swear-word now an' then—I don't know which is the worst, old maids or widders." (I took a sly glance at my companion, who was a young and pretty widow who lived in San Francisco.) "I'm writing a book on my experience with the women."

"Why," said the little widow, "I should think you would get married, with so many to choose from."

"Well, it does seem that way. You see, I did try it once. I'm a widderer—got sons over twenty years old—wouldn't believe it now, would you? Most people take me to be 'bout thirty. I'm by rights over forty; but great Jupiter whipsitch—excuse me, we old stagers can't help a little profanity—I wouldn't have any trouble marrying. I most always propose to the women before I get them through." (My pretty companion began to look alarmed.) "The women like it—particular the widows. Now we're coming to a little down grade. Got on a pretty heavy load, so guess we'll take it easy. Go 'long there, Suse—Nick, you old rack-a-bones!"

We rounded the brow of the hill, and the horses began the steep descent with a gentle trot; but within a few seconds their speed had accelerated to a hard gallop. The old Concord coach rolled from side to side, and we seemed in danger of upsetting, but our time had not yet come and we reached the level road in safety. The widow and I were gazing at Tennessee with admiration. How fearless he was! What splendid driving! But a timid man on the back seat was first to recover his speech.

"I think you had better use your brake, driver," he said, in a querulous voice; "that driving was altogether too fast for a heavy coach."

"Listen to that old duffer," said Tennessee, *sotto voce*. "Guess he never seen a hill before." Then he raised his voice. "Well, I did try," he said, calmly glancing back.

"Why, Lord! the brake's gone!" he exclaimed.

We all looked at the rear wheels in dismay. The brake was gone in truth.

"Well, we'll have to go back—that's plain," said the timid man.

"What! pull up that hill?" said Tennessee, with disgust; "not if I know myself. We'll be all right. I never had an accident in my life. Why, last week I had twelve people on board—two women an' a kid here in front, an' one of the front wheels rolled off right on this down-grade an' rolled a hundred yards down the road, an' we just settled down kind of comfortable like, an' I never spilled a person or broke a screw. Oh, I'll get you through safe, you can rest easy on that."

We were trotting along at a lively rate, and I glanced nervously at the heavy axles. I hoped devoutly that the wheels were secure.

Tennessee continued his talk with the most nonchalant air, as if brakes and wheels and things of that kind were of minor consideration. "This house we are coming to is the only post-office between Murphy's an' Angel's," he said. "Nice little woman keeps it—mighty sweet on me—plucky, too, I can tell you."

We drew up at the door, and a kindly faced woman came out with the mail-bag. She gave us a little nod of greeting and retreated modestly into the doorway. Two or three tow-headed children peered out from behind her skirts at the stage people.

"The school-ma'am's going down this morning," said the postmistress.

"We're pretty well loaded," said Tennessee. I thought so, too, and wondered where we would put the school-mis-

stress; but Tennessee seemed equal to any emergency. He started the horses.

"Good-morning to you, ma'am," he called to the woman, and waited a kiss from the tips of his fingers—presumably to the children, but I thought with intention to show us how he managed those things with the ladies. A few rods beyond we stopped, and a sun-burned girl came out.

"Good-morning," she called, in a fresh, clear voice; "have you room for me?"

"Oh, yes," answered the obliging Tennessee; "always room for one more. Got any trunks?"

"Yes, two," and she glanced apologetically at two enormous Saratogas which stood just by the door. We wondered where they would be put, but Tennessee never hesitated. The trunks were placed somewhere on the back, and our driver sprang nimbly into his seat again. We started off on a brisk trot, and Tennessee launched forth in a string of thrilling narrative.

"See that hole over there?" he said. "A friend of mine dug out three thousand dollars in one day there. He wants to sell the mine now. I'm the agent. I tell you that I get more of that sort of thing than I can attend to. Why, I make more than four times my wages just selling out claims. Don't want to buy a claim now, do you? No? Well, here's something more interesting than claims—for a paying business beats claims all hollow—that's stage-robbing. See that tree over yonder? That's where I was held up last time—robber didn't get anything, though. That's once when he miscalculated."

I looked about quickly. We were now in a dusty wilderness of pine and chaparral. Not a sign of human habitation near. Tennessee saw my nervous glance.

"Mighty lonesome-looking now, ain't it? See them bullet-holes in my stage-cover? Them was put in when we were attacked by six robbers over here by Joaquin Murietta's old home."

I felt my blood run cold. I had not seen the bullet-holes before. The timid man gave vent to an audible "Ah!" and the others preserved an awe-struck silence.

"Why," continued Tennessee, "I guess every stone an' tree has hid its robber some time or other 'long here. I've had fifteen or twenty hold-ups, an' that's nothing compared to some of the old-timers."

"Do you think there is any danger at this particular time?" inquired the timid man.

"Why, that's hard to tell," said Tennessee, dubiously. "It was just here where we had that last hold-up two months ago, an' one of the passengers an' two of the robbers was killed. The papers never got the straight of that. You see, it was that hold-up which showed me that the little widder post-mistress was stuck on me. I was coming along here that day—had on a Wells-Fargo shot-gun messenger and a lot of passengers. There was about a hundred thousand dollars in bullion under the seat, an' the messenger held a loaded gun in his hand all the time. When we got just 'bout here, coming up the hill I saw the bushes move right there, an' I said, kinder under my breath, 'robbers!' I whipped out my pistol an' the messenger aimed his gun; but, Lord! who do you think it was? Why, the little post-mistress back there. We came nigh shooting her. She looked frightened nigh to death an' was white as a ghost."

"Don't shoot," she said, kinder soft like. "Four men are going to rob the stage. I heard them planning it. They want to stop you before you git to the top of the grade, but if you hurry, you'll git there first, an' maybe can git away on the down-grade. Good-bye, and be quick," an' she got out of sight in a twinkling. Done that for me, you see. We never waited to thank her. That's one thing I object to in these here mountains—you've got to sacrifice politeness sometimes."

"Well, I just gave my horses a cut, an' they jumped forward. That plucky little woman got out of sight pretty darned quick—had a horse, I guess. Well, we got to the top of the hill first, an' by Jupiter snuggled—excuse me, always use strong language when I git excited—right on the other side was four masked men a-coming it up the hill as hard as they could tear."

There was a breathless silence on the stage-coach. The horses were pulling up that very bill, and there was a possibility that we would be held up, too. Tennessee was getting a quid of tobacco; he kept us hanging breathless on his words until he had the morsel well rolled into his cheek.

"The first glimpse they caught of us, they jumped behind trees an' called 'Halt!' but we were on the brow of the hill, an' I was prepared. I'd fastened the reins 'round my waist, an' guided with one hand while I used the other for my six-shooter. The messenger shouted 'Let her go!' It was just here, ladies—we left two men stretched out. I killed two robbers an' wounded another. The shooting scared the horses, or I think I'd have finished all four. That darned messenger—excuse me—was so scared that he shot one of my horses. Not used to the biz, you see. Of course the horses stampeded—it's bad enough to hear the firing without being peppered by an irresponsible man who is frightened into next week. Well, they started on the dead run down the grade, an' I had to drop my pistol and bang on to the lines. I tell you, we buzzed round them turns—sometimes two wheels standing off the grade to onct. When we reached the bottom of the hill down at the station, the old hoss dropped dead, an' the people on the stage just come up to me a-crying an' a-thanking me for saving their lives, an' took on turrable. Look!—at that rock!" he ejaculated. We gazed with startled eyes in the direction indicated. "Oh, I guess it's all right this time, but I always expect to have a man step out from behind that rock—finest place to rob a stage in the country. Two men held me up there about fifteen years ago, when I first began to drive here—didn't get anything, though. Now we're past. Guess that's a sign of relief, ain't it? This is a mighty dangerous country 'bout here, but I guess I'll git you through, ladies. Don't you fear. If we git attacked, just sit still—keep perfectly cool and calm, an' you probably won't git more than two or three scattering shots."

We were all well frightened by this time. The little school-mistress on the back seat held her peace, but the rest of us were looking about nervously, and trusting our lives to this wonderful Tennessee. The pretty widow was no longer haughty and distant, but at every noise in the brush, grasped the arm of the brawny driver and looked appealingly into his face.

"Now, ladies, when we start down this mountain, we are on the home-stretch to Angel's. Just one mile more. I always feel glad when we pass this knoll. Joaquin Murietta held me up right here the first month I was on the road. I had five miners on board an' they showed fight, an' they got the worst of it, too. I just held my horses an' kept cool. Indiscretion is no kind of valor, you know. Well, Murietta strung up every one of them five miners to a tree an' told me to go into Angel's an' say that Tennessee was the only man about with any sense, an' for other people to take warning. That's the old tree over there, an' there's the ropes yet. See them right there."

"Oh, do drive on fast—do drive on!" we all exclaimed, shudderingly.

"Well, I guess we'll have to go on, an' pretty fast, too. The horses can't hold back much on this down-grade. If we turn over, ladies, I guess it will be on my side, so just be prepared to swing yourselves out."

Down we started. In a few seconds the horses were galloping, and in a few seconds more they were running. Five badly frightened people hung on in desperation to the seats, and the pretty widow bung to the arm of Tennessee. His feet were braced against the dash-board and his body was stiffened out as he hung on to the taut lines. Swinging, bumping, pitching, we careened down the long hill and went tearing into the little mining-camp of Angel's.

We drew up with a flourish at the door of the primitive hotel, and fairly fell into the arms of Tennessee, who had sprung to the ground to receive us.

Six thankful, admiring people stood in the tiny hotel parlor awaiting the next stage and driver. The little brown school-mistress was there, too.

"Why," said the little widow, "I think I should have died of fright on that dreadful road if it hadn't been for Tennessee."

"Yes, indeed," cried number two. "The very thought of that brave man kept me calm, and I know if any one else had been driving, we would have been killed surely. What a splendid fellow he is!"

"Just the kind of a driver I have always heard about," cried number three.

"You could pick him out from a thousand as a regular old stager," said number four.

"He's the bravest man I've ever seen," said number five.

"He's a great, big-hearted, fine fellow," said the timid man, "and a genuine hero, too. I'm thankful we had such a competent man over that fearful road."

"Pardon me," said the little brown school-mistress, who had been a silent listener, "but I think you are all mistaken. Tennessee isn't much of a hero. He's only been in the State two weeks, and to judge by his driving he never saw a stage before, and—well—the postmistress is engaged to the shot-gun messenger, and all those robbery stories he told you happened to Fred Green, who drove you down to Murphy's this morning. Evidently Tennessee thought something was expected of him, and proved himself equal to the occasion." STELLA WALTHALL BELCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1895.

When a new thing is introduced into commerce and ordinary use, a new word has to be found for it, or an old one borrowed. Until recently the word "bicycle" was not contained in any English dictionary, and whether it was rightly pronounced "by-sickle" or "bi-sig-bkle," no one could be sure. The word is now well established and authorized by the lexicographers. In the French language, the word for the same thing has had a hard time in becoming established. It was variously called a "célerifère," a "vélocifère," a "bicycle," and a "bicyclette"—the last word being commonly applied to the machine which we call a safety bicycle. But the word "vélo," a contraction of one of the others, has come into very common use, and threatens to supplant the others. It is used much as English-speaking bicyclers use the word "wheel." The French also have a word of unknown etymology, "bécané," which they apply to the bicycle. The Germans, when the bicycle came into use, set about making a name for it which should be purely German. They called it a "Fahrrad," or traveling-wheel; and this word they have since abbreviated into "Rad," or simply "wheel." The Italians and Spaniards followed much the same path that the French did, and divide their loyalty between "velocifero" and "bicicleta" or "bicicleta." Even the Chinese must have a name for the wheel. They employ their usual figurative style of speech, and call it a "gaugma," or "foreign horse," or "foi chai," flying-machine. The Flemings, or Belgian people of Teutonic speech, who are zealously purifying their language of foreign terms, have had the utmost difficulty in settling upon a word for this machine. Some called it a "snelwiel," some a "voetwiel," some a "trapwiel"; but the real scholars among them insisted that it should be called by a word of pure Flemish origin, which really described it. This word is as follows: "Gevielensnelrijroettrappedneusbrekergestel." In spite of their loyalty to their native speech, the *Youth's Companion* says that even the most conservative Flemish wheelmen never use this word when riding over a rough road.

A passage from Horatio F. Brown's recent biography of John Addington Symonds—the words are Symonds: "I have never expected success or been fretful when I did not get it; never cared very much for praise or blame; never carried favor or sought to disarm opposition." That is the confession of a true artist.

PARIS STUDENTS AND GRISETTES.

The Bal Bullier, their Dancing Place, about to Disappear—The Successor of the Jardin Mabille and the Closerie des Lilas—Audran's New Opera.

In the Latin quarter there is consternation. "Bullier s'en va!" The famous Bal Bullier is going to be torn down. Generations of *grisettes* and students have danced there, and the news of the demolition has caused keen grief in the Latin quarter. I think there is more sentimentality than reality in the attractions of Bullier. If I were a student and twenty years old, I have no doubt that Bullier would seem to me an Aladdin-like palace. But being no longer a student, and having passed my twentieth year, it seems to me like a vulgar place, with tawdry adornments, filled with vulgar men and tawdry girls.

The Bullier is up near the Observatory at the end of the Boulevard St. Michel, or the "Boul' Michi," as the students call it. In the middle of the façade is a tower, and in the middle of the tower is the entrance. Outside are flamboyant hill-posters in the style so much affected nowadays in Paris, where artists like Jules Cheret do not disdain to do work for the hill-board. The posters outside of Bullier represent young ladies with very highly colored dresses, black serpent-like hoas, and huge black hats. These ladies invariably display more stocking than gown, and have a fashion of pointing their stockings to the stars. When you enter, you find a vast rectangular hall, with a lofty roof supported by many pillars. Along its sides run galleries reached by steps, where people sit at little tables and waiters bring them vermouths, sirops, and hocks. In one corner there is a stage, and there are little stalls along the walls, where you can buy flowers, and hothons, and cigarettes, and other things to give to the ladies, who are not at all modest about asking you to buy for them. One wall of the hall is missing—at least it is in the summer season—and opens on the gardens, where there are Japanese lanterns, Chinese lanterns, fairy lanterns, more tables, more waiters, more ladies, and more heers.

The hall-room is not an attractive place, unless possibly to a very young man filled with very bad heer. It is a big, bare room, with gaudy gas-fixtures with blue, green, red, and white globes, and French flags hanging from the ceiling. The women, while they may be of the romantic *grisette* order, such as we read of in the pages of Murger, are certainly not so attractive-looking as their possibly more rapid but certainly cleaner sisters at the Moulin Rouge, the Casino de Paris, or the El Dorado. These girls are called *étudiantes*, or *femmes des étudiants*. They are sewing-girls, shop-girls, factory-girls—*que sais-je?* They come here to forget their daily hard-working lives. You note that their bands are red if they have no gloves, but if they wear gloves, you note that the gloves are shabby. They wear tawdry finery, cheap cloth dresses, and shabby hats. The men with them are mostly legal, medical, and literary students. There are very few artists, so-called—that is, students from the *ateliers* of painting and sculpture. The men's ages run all the way from seventeen to fifty. There are many among them who have been "students" for thirty years. They wear all sorts of hats, although a favorite head-covering is a silk hat which is perfectly straight in crown and brim. All of them smoke pipes, cigarettes, or cigars in the intervals of the dance, some even while dancing. The girls, when they do not have partners, dance alone. It is a rather curious sight to see a girl by herself in a corner, apparently unconscious of those around her, dancing a wild sort of corymbantic dance.

But the famous Bullier is going to disappear. The establishment dates from 1847. It was here, I believe, that the equally celebrated Closerie des Lilas was situated, and it was preceded by the famous Ball of La Grande Chaumière, which was founded in 1787. It will be difficult to divine where the students will make their rendezvous after the disappearance of Bullier. The influence that this place has had upon the life of the Latin quarter is really remarkable. It is not so very long ago—about eighteen months, if I remember rightly—that a serious riot, almost an *émeute*, broke out on this side of the river, which began at the Bullier. It was at a fancy-dress hall which the students gave. To this there came a young woman, who was a model at the School of Fine Arts, and who was very beautiful and very popular among the students, but, alas, not like Cæsar's wife. This lady wore at the hall a costume which consisted principally of a pleasant smile. The police objected to the lightness of her attire, and carted the lady off to the Paris correlative of the "coop." The students followed, and attempted to rescue her. When they were repelled, a riot started, which lasted for several days, and before it was subdued, troops were called out and some shooting took place. Matters were settled, however, by a recession from the advanced stand made by both parties. The students demanded that police should not interfere within the precincts of Bullier, and the police demanded that the students should behave themselves while on the "Boul' Michi."

Of the ladies who are the friends of students at Bullier, there are some who frequently graduate from this establishment and enter the Moulin Rouge, the Casino de Paris, or the El Dorado, of which I spoke above. These establishments are run on a more elaborate plan than the Bullier, and the women are very much better dressed. At these places, the ladies show more outward signs of having the soap habit. Many of them are very gorgeously gowned, and some ambitious ones even reach the dizzy heights of the stage. There were four who went to the United States during the Chicago Fair, all of them pupils of Nini-patte-en-l'Air. These four fairies created a sensation there in "The Black Crook." Their poetical names were Lys d'Argent, Rayon d'Or, Etoile Blanche, and La Sirène. They were four of the most renowned kickers of the quarter. It is a curious sight in one of these places to observe a handsome, well-gowned young woman, standing among a group of

spectators around a quadrille set, apparently inspecting the dancers through a gold-mounted lorgnon as if they were curious animals, and to see her suddenly drop her lorgnon and her demureness at the same time, and begin kicking like a maniac.

It pains me to have to say that among the spectators at these "halls" there are many Americans, and they are not always men, either. In fact, it is by no means uncommon to see among them young married couples apparently on their bridal tour. Whether young American husbands consider such spectacles edifying ones for their brides, I can not say. I only know that Frenchmen consider the husbands as maniacs and the brides as worse.

Next to the Moulin Rouge, the place most frequented by Americans and other strangers is the Casino de Paris. At the Casino the decorations are very elaborate. There is a gallery running round the house, in one corner of which is the "claque." The Casino "claque" is made up of persons who are admitted free in consideration of their applauding. To give an idea of the show at the Casino, the present performance begins with a ballet dealing with the adventures of one Yvon, a fisher-hoy who is lured by a siren to the depths of the sea. There are two acts to the ballet, and it is followed by a mixed programme of jugglers, acrobats, and hallad singers. Then comes a lot of "living pictures," to which the French apply their old name of "tableaux-vivants." One representing the famous picture in the Louvre, "Diane au bain," is startling in its nudity. This was followed by a pantomime entitled "La Puce," or the Flea. The name will readily suggest what sort of a pantomime thus titled would occur to the riotous imagination of a Frenchman. This entertainment is followed by a "hall," which is very similar to the same affairs at the El Dorado and such places.

A couple of nights ago the performance at the Casino had just concluded, and the midnight revels of the light ladies who gather around the floor were about beginning, when flames were seen issuing from the first floor of the building. Oddly enough, this fire started in the dry carcass of a whale. At the Casino there are a number of small side-shows connected with the place. A conjurer had fitted up the deceased cetacean as a small theatre, where he gave vocal and magical entertainments. The carcass caught fire and burned like so much hubber. The entire Casino would probably have been destroyed but for the fact that there is a fire brigade near it on the Rue Blanche, and the firemen were soon on the spot. The theatre, however, was much damaged. The fine semi-circular glass front, ornamented with figures of dancing nymphs, was completely destroyed. The stage and the scenery were also burned. As the performance had just concluded, a number of the performers were in their dressing-rooms, and when the alarm was given, they dashed out of the Casino into the street. Little as the Casino ballet-dancers are in the habit of wearing on the stage, they heat their record in this appearance on the street.

One of the most popular pieces on the Paris stage this winter is a new opera, called "La Duchesse de Ferrare," at the Bouffes Parisiennes. It is by Edmond Audran, the well-known composer of "La Mascotte" and other popular operas. The plot turns upon the doings of a distinguished painter, Briancourt, who, like many other famous artists in Paris, regularly visits studios, for the purpose of inspecting the work of the students. At one *atelier* which he visits, the young women are in the habit of drawing from the life. The scene in the first act represents the interior of this studio. The distinguished Briancourt takes a fancy to a certain pretty widow, a Swedish countess. The widow is ardently loved by a young professor, to whom, in the first act, Briancourt had confided his methods of winning woman's love. It is as thus: He shows the loved one a picture representing Leda and the swan, the picture being unfinished, and tells her that he is *au desespoir*; that he can not finish the picture for lack of a suitable model. Then the astute Briancourt narrates the story of Titian, who, when he was in a similar strait, appealed to the beautiful Duchess of Ferrara. The duchess nobly offered herself up as a sacrifice upon the altar of art, and Titian finished his picture. The professor listens attentively to the love-making methods of the distinguished Briancourt. In the next act, the Swedish countess is visiting the studio of the distinguished Briancourt and sees the unfinished picture. The foxy artist then relates to her his predicament, and she offers—purely for the sake of art, *bien entendu*—to pose for the picture. She withdraws to prepare herself for the pose, and during her absence the distinguished Briancourt is called out on some important business relating to a duel. In the meantime, his students have disguised themselves as eminent artists for the purpose of having a lark, and the young professor has made himself up as an exact duplicate of the distinguished Briancourt. He enters the studio at the moment when the countess returns from the dressing-room, not knowing that Briancourt has gone out. She enters, wearing a single gauzy garment, crosses the stage, and takes her place on the model's throne. This throne is placed in one corner, and an easel stands in front of it in such a way that when she seats herself upon the model's throne she is invisible to the audience. When she takes her seat, the gauzy garment of which I spoke rolls down the steps, and a disappointed groan rolls round the theatre. The professor falls upon his knees before her, whereupon the lady is heard indignantly protesting from behind the easel, and demands of him what he means, and recalls to him some things he had recently remarked about the nobility of art. But the professor flies to song, and sings to the lady so agreeably that she is mollified, and the curtain goes down again, to the extreme disappointment of the audience. In the third act, the distinguished painter Briancourt is much mystified at the conduct of the countess, for she not only treats him like an accepted lover, but is perpetually importuning him to sing. Alas! He weakly yields, and unto her doth sing a love-song in a voice like that of a hawk. But it is rather the song of the swan, for it is the death-song of his Leda's love.

PARIS, March 2, 1895.

ST. MARTIN.

AMATEURS "ON THE ROAD."

The Latest Fad of England's Society Actors and Actresses—They Tour the Provinces in Burlesque and Comedy—Fin-de-Siècle Barn-Storming.

A new fad in high life is the amateur theatrical company on tour. English society among the upper classes has long been cursed—if I may use so strong an expression—by a plethora of amateur actors and actresses. And they have had their imitators, as is always the case in England, in middle-class society. I do not suppose there ever was a nation whose men and women and children were so fond of acting as those of England. They begin at school. Starting with the preparatory schools, and on through the public schools to the universities, there are always plays and theatricals, charades and tableaux, intermixed with the essays and poems and speeches of the Christmas term's breaking-up exhibition. Boys thus imhine a taste for the stage, and have it fostered year after year. It is frequent nowadays to meet Englishmen of good position who act. It is a good deal like singing. They do it, but *how* is another matter.

The funny part of it all is that they affect the professional in their talk—their idea of the professional, perhaps I ought to say, for surely no professional of any standing ever talks such incessant "shop" as do these amateur gentry. I have met a good many professional actors in my life, and I can not call to mind one who dragged in his calling as a topic of conversation, or mentioned it unless it was suggested by some one else. I stayed once at a country house with a leading amateur, and he seemed to talk of nothing else but the parts he had played and was going to play, and of every petty incident in his stage experience. He made himself a most unmitigated bore in the smoking-room with his stage lingo, not only to the few men present who did not act and wanted to talk of something else, but to the men who did and could not get in a word edgewise on their own account, owing to his loud, overbearing voice and its perpetual rattle. When he was not talking at other times, he was either having somebody hear him repeat his part, or, with play-hook in hand, learning it all over the house and stopping conversation wherever he went. All the other amateur actors did the latter, for the matter of that; for, of course, we were to have a couple of plays performed on the stage put up in the hall-room of the mansion.

But acting at home and in friends' houses is not now enough for the amateurs. And so they have begun to go on tour. I can not begin to say how many regularly organized amateur companies there have been, doing this during the winter, but I will mention one as a sample. It is under the management of a lady, and is known as Miss Moorsom's company, or troupe, whichever you please. The lady at the head is a person of both position and means, and as the manageress she pays all the expenses. That is to say, she advances them, depending on the receipts at the door for reimbursement. Her company comprises the *crème de la crème* of the amateur theatrical world, and includes among its female members two young ladies of title, viz., the Ladies Beatrice and Mary Egerton, daughters of the Earl of Ellesmere. At all events, they belonged to the troupe some months ago, when it visited several of the chief towns of the southern counties and performed the extravaganza of "Beauty and the Beast." Lady Beatrice Egerton, who possesses considerable personal charms of a high order, as well as rank, played the part of Beauty. There were songs, and jokes, and puns, and all the regulation concomitants of the ordinary burlesque, not the least attractive of which was a skirt-dance by the fair manageress herself, whose black hosiery on an intricate background of white drapery was a marvel of accentuated movement.

Posters on the walls and hoardings, through the energy of the advance agent, coupled with advertisements in the local press, announced the coming of the company some weeks before its arrival at the different towns and whetted the appetite of local society, which, with the aid of considerable touting by resident friends of the performers, assured large audiences. The performances took place in a public hall, and high prices of admission were charged. The company brought its own scenery and properties, being as thoroughly equipped as a regular professional concern. Strictly speaking, the amateur company did not play for money. They sold tickets, it is true, but this was only to cover expenses; for everything over and above that, it was announced, would be divided among local charities. As, however, the company always traveled first-class by train, put up at the best hotels, and enjoyed the luxury of unlimited champagne (so a friend of the manageress informed me with much *empressement*), it is fair to assume that pure charity was not the motive that suggested the company or controlled its expenditures.

This was several months ago. This winter the company has been on its travels again. But it is not quite so high-toned. The earl's daughters have disappeared from the list of performers, the only titled lady in the troupe being the wife of a baronet. Robertson's play of "School" has succeeded "Beauty and the Beast," and a step been made in the direction of the legitimate drama. But the same procedure is followed in all the business arrangements.

It is needless to say that these public performances by amateurs have been unmercifully criticised by society itself. The good form of the thing has been seriously questioned. The secondary place into which charity is thrust has made people talk. "No one asks these swells to give these charity performances," I heard a man say. "They do it to amuse themselves and show off; they have a deuced good time of it all together, with their special trains and private saloon carriages and champagne suppers. If their motive was genuine charity, they would go third-class, and drink beer, and do nothing that would unnecessarily lessen the balance to be given to it."

I think there was much common sense in his view.
LONDON, February 23, 1895. COCK

THACKERAY'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Ritchie's Recollections of her Famous Father and his Friends—
Jasmin, the Barber-Poet, and Chopin in Old Age—
The Brontë Dinner and the Carlyles.

William Makepeace Thackeray expressed the wish that no biography of himself should be written, and there has been none of note, so far as we know, except the brief one in the English Men of Letters Series; but anecdotes of the great English novelist abound in the literary memoirs of his time. The most delightful glimpses of him are those afforded in "Some Chapters of Unwritten Memories," a series of papers which his daughter, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, has been contributing to one of the English magazines. They show him only incidentally, however, and are taken up with very entertaining sketches, and anecdotes of many of the famous men and women of Thackeray's time.

The book begins with the author's childhood days in Paris, where her grandparents made their home. In the first chapter, called "My Poet," she tells of Jasmin, the famous barber-poet, who left his little shop in the country to recite his own verses in the fashionable salons of Paris. She was only a child when she saw him, and his appearance disillusioned her. She was standing in the salon with another little girl. To quote her own words:

"And which is the poet?" said I, eagerly. "There he is, in the middle of the room," said the little girl. "Oh, where?" said I; "oh, not that!" For suddenly, just under the swinging chandelier, I see a head, like the figure-head of a ship—a jolly, red, shiny, weather-beaten face, with large, round, prominent features, ornamented with little, pomatumy wisps of hair, and a massive *torso* clothed in a magnificent frilled shirt over a pink lining. "That poet—not that!" I falter, gazing at Punchinello, high-shouldered, good-humored. "Yes, of course, it is that," said the little girl, laughing at my dismay; and the crowd seems to form a circle, in the centre of which stands this droll being, who now begins to recite in a monotonous voice.

Mrs. Ritchie understood French pretty well at the time; but of Jasmin's *patois* she could make nothing. It leaves off at last, and she sees Punchinello led up to the hostess to be congratulated, and thanked, and patronized, and then handed round to the company severally, like a sort of refreshment; and the entertainment is over:

As we move toward the door again, we once more pass Mr. Locker (of the London *Lyties*), and he nods kindly, and tells me he knows my father. "Well, and what do you think of Jasmin?" he asks; but I can't answer him, my illusions are dashed. . . . I who had longed to see a poet! who had pictured something so different! I swallowed down as best I could that gulp of salt-water which is so apt to choke us when we first take our plunge into the experience of life.

Yet Mrs. Ritchie had been that evening in a throng of poets, as she learned later; for Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Girardin, Mérimée, and some others were of the company.

It was at Paris, also, that Mrs. Ritchie met her first musician. She accompanied, one morning, a friend of her grandmother's to the lodgings of one whose name and identity were not at first made known to her. The friend was a Scotch lady of rank, who to the harshest of exteriors joined the mildest of souls; there was a large basket in the carriage containing a store of viands and bottles. Arrived at a small house in a side-street, the lady got out, carefully carrying her parcel. The door was opened by "a slight, delicate-looking man, with long hair, strangely bright eyes, and a thin, hooked nose":

When Miss X. saw him, she hastily put down her basket, caught both his hands in hers, began to shake them gently, and to scold him in an affectionate, reproving way for having come to the door. He laughed, said he had guessed who it was, and motioned her to enter, and I followed at her sign with the basket—followed into a narrow little room, with no furniture in it whatever but an upright piano and a few straw chairs standing on the wooden, shiny floor. He made us sit down with some courtesy, and, in reply to her questions, said he was pretty well. Had he slept? He shook his head. Had he eaten? He shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the piano. He had been composing something—I remember that he spoke in an abrupt, light sort of way—would Miss X. like to hear it? "She would like to hear it," she answered—"she would dearly like to hear it; but it would be the him to play; it could not be good for him." He smiled, and again shook back his long hair, and seated himself at the piano; and instantly the room was filled with a rain of continuous sound; a fluent stream of rippling melody that rose and fell, and swelled and died away again, until the strained ear scarcely caught its echo. There was a magician at the keys. The lady sat absorbed and listening, and, as I looked at her, I saw tears in her eyes—great, clear tears rolling down her cheeks, while the music poured on and on. I can't, alas, recall that music! I would give anything to remember it now; but the truth is, I was so interested in the people that I scarcely listened. When he stopped at last and looked round, the lady started up. "You mustn't play any more," she said; "it's too beautiful," and she praised him in a tender, motherly, pitying sort of way, and then hurriedly said we must go; but as we took leave, she added, almost in a whisper, with a humble, apologizing look: "I have brought you some of that jelly, and my sister sent some of the wine you fancied the other day; pray try to take a little." He again shook his head at her, seeming more vexed than grateful. "It is very wrong; you shouldn't bring me these things," he said in French. "I won't play to you if you do," but she put him back softly, and hurriedly closed the door upon him and the offending basket, and hastened away.

The player was Chopin. "Never forget," said Mrs. Ritchie's companion, "that you have heard Chopin play; for soon no one will ever hear him play any more."

Mrs. Ritchie's "professor of history" was a certain quaint old body who, for the behoof of very young ladies, made a feint at giving historical lectures, keeping herself laboriously a chapter or so ahead of her pupils, and plunging (Mrs. Ritchie remembers) into the bloody chaos of the Merovingian and Carolingian times with a zest comically at odds with her own appearance. This Mme. P., whose purse was even leaner than her lectures, is the heroine of a pleasant story of Thackeray:

When my father came to Paris to fetch us away, he was interested in the accounts he heard of the old lady from his mother and cousin. . . . I was sent one day to search for a certain pill-box in my father's room, of which he proceeded to empty the contents into the fireplace, and then, drawing a neat banker's roll from his pocket, to fill up the little cube with new napoleons, packing them in closely up to the brim. After which, the cover being restored, he wrote the following prescription in his beautiful, even handwriting: "Mme. P. . . . To be taken occasionally when required. Signed, Dr. W. M. T."

From Paris Mrs. Ritchie takes us back to London, to the house in Kensington, where her father and his two little girls

lived alone. Thackeray would shut himself up in his study and leave strict orders that he was not to be disturbed, but, alas! they were not always carried out. Among those who called was a man of whom Mrs. Ritchie says:

The most splendid person I ever remember seeing had a little pencil sketch in his hand, which he left behind him upon the table. It was a very feeble sketch; it seemed scarcely possible that so grand a being should not be a bolder draughtsman. He appeared to us one Sunday morning in the sunshine.

When I came down to breakfast, I found him sitting beside my father at the table, with an untasted cup of tea before him; he seemed to fill the bow-window with radiance as if he were Apollo; he leaned against his chair with one elbow resting on its back, with shining studs, and curls, and boots. We could see his horse looking in at us over the blind. It was indeed a sight for little girls to remember all their lives. I think my father had a certain weakness for dandies, those knights of the broadcloth and shining fronts. Magnificent apparitions used to dawn upon us in the hall sometimes, glorious beings on their way to the study, but this one outshone them all.

It was Count d'Orsay, of whom this anecdote is also told:

Mr. Richard Doyle used to tell us a little story of a well-known literary man who was so carried away by the presence of the brilliant d'Orsay at some city banquet, that in his enthusiasm he was heard to call aloud, above the din of the voices, in a sort of burst of enthusiasm: "Waiter, for heaven's sake, bring melted butter for the flounder of the count!"

Mrs. Ritchie gives this account of the birth of "Henry Esmond"; it was in the summer of 1854, just before Thackeray sailed for America:

It was a long and burning summer; even the shadows seemed burned up, and so were the gardens at the back of the houses, and the brown turf and the avenues of Kensington Gardens, those gardens where that strange mist which is not quite fog, nor quite real, nor even a fancy, but which always seemed to me to be the very spirit of London itself, comes rising along the straight and formal distances. My father was hard at work finishing a book, which some people still say is the best of all his books.

People read it then, when it came out, and read it still, and read it. He used to write in the study with the vine shading the two windows, and we used to do our lessons, or sit sewing and reading in the front room with the bow-window to the street; and one day, as we were there with our governess, my father came in in great excitement.

"There's a young fellow just come," said he; "he has brought a thousand pounds in his pocket; he has made me an offer for my book; it's the most spirited, handsome offer; I scarcely like to take him at his word; he's hardly more than a boy; his name is George Smith; he is waiting there now, and I must go back." And then, after walking once up and down the room, my father went away, and for the first time, a life-time ago, I heard the name of this good friend-to-be.

The famous Brontë evening gives a most vivid impression of the strange genius who created "Jane Eyre":

I can still see the scene quite plainly—the hot summer evening, the open windows, the carriage driving to the door as we all sat silent and expectant; my father, who rarely waited, waiting with us; our governess and my sister and I all in a row, and prepared for the great event.

We saw the carriage stop, and out of it sprang the active, well-knit figure of young Mr. George Smith, who was bringing Miss Brontë to see our father. My father, who had been walking up and down the room, goes out into the hall to meet his guests, and then, after a moment's delay, the door opens wide and the two gentlemen come in, leading a tiny, delicate, serious little lady, pale, with fair straight hair and steady eyes. She may be a little over thirty; she is dressed in a little barege dress, with a pattern of faint green moss.

She enters in mittens, in silence, in seriousness; our hearts are beating with wild excitement. This, then, is the authoress, the unknown power whose books have set all London talking, reading, speculating; some people even say our father wrote the books—the wonderful books. To say that we little girls had been given "Jane Eyre" to read, scarcely represents the facts of the case; to say that we had taken it without leave, read bits here and read bits there, been carried away by an undreamed-of and hitherto unimagined whirlwind into things, times, places, all utterly absorbing and at the same time absolutely unintelligible to us, would more accurately describe our states of mind on that summer's evening as we look at Jane Eyre—the great Jane Eyre—the tiny little lady.

The moment is so breathless that dinner comes as a relief to the solemnity of the occasion, and we all smile as my father stoops to offer his arm for, genius though she may be, Miss Brontë can barely reach his elbow. My own personal impressions are that she is somewhat grave and stern, especially to forward little girls who wish to chatter.

Mr. George Smith has since told me how she afterwards remarked upon my father's wonderful forbearance and gentleness with our un-called-for incursions into the conversation. She sat gazing at him with kindling eyes of interest, lighting up with a sort of illumination every now and then as she answered him. I can see her bending forward over the table, not eating, but listening to what he said as he carved the dish before him.

I think it must have been on this very occasion that my father invited some of his friends in the evening to meet Miss Brontë, for everybody was interested and anxious to see her. Mrs. Crowe, the reciter of ghost-stories, was there. Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Carlyle—Mr. Carlyle himself was present, so I am told, railing at the appearance of cockneys upon Scotch mountain-sides; there were also two many Americans for his taste; "but the Americans were as God compared to the cockneys," says the philosopher.

Besides the Carlyles, there were Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Proctor and her daughter, most of my father's habitual friends and companions. In the recent life of Lord Houghton, I was amused to see a note quoted in which Lord Houghton also was convened. Would that he had been present!—perhaps the party would have gone off better. It was a gloomy and a silent evening. Every one waited for the brilliant conversation which never began at all. . . . The room looked very dark, the lamp began to smoke a little, the conversation grew dimmer and more dim, the ladies sat round still expectant, my father was too much perturbed by the gloom and the silence to be able to cope with it at all.

Long years afterward, one day Mrs. Proctor asked me if I knew what had happened once when my father had invited a party to meet Jane Eyre at his house. It was one of the duller evenings she had ever spent in her life, she said. And then, with a good deal of humor, she described the situation—the ladies who had all come expecting so much delightful conversation, and how, as the evening went on, the gloom and the constraint increased, and how, finally, after the departure of the more important guests, my father, overwhelmed by the situation, had quietly left the house and gone off to his club. The ladies waited, wondered, and finally departed also.

One of the first things that Mrs. Ritchie can remember after her father came to live in London was the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, inhabited by the Carlyles. She describes features of the house, and continues:

Best of all, there was Mrs. Carlyle herself, a living picture—Gainsborough should have been alive to paint her—slim, bright, upright, in her place. She looked like one of the grand ladies our father used sometimes to take us to call upon. She used to be handsomely dressed in velvet and point lace. She sat there at leisure and prepared for conversation. She was not familiar, but cordial, dignified, interested in everything, as she sat installed in the corner of her sofa, beside one of the little tables covered with knick-knacks of silver and mother-of-pearl.

Mrs. Carlyle used, it seems, to tell Thackeray's daughters, when they came to see her, many of the stories which have since come into print:

She was never weary of discoursing of Carlyle, of his genius, his dyspepsia, of quoting his sayings. "If you wish for a quiet life," she used to say, "never you marry a dyspeptic man of genius." I remember she used to tell us, when he first grew a beard, how all the time he had saved by ceasing to shave he spent wandering about the house and bemoaning that which was amiss in the universe. . . . Mrs. Carlyle would tell us, too, of her early life, of her love for study. Many of her admonitions and friendly warnings have remained in my memory. Once, looking expressively at me with her dark eyes, she began to speak of self-control. "We have all," she said, "a great deal more power over our minds than it is at all the fashion to allow, and an infinity of resource and ability to use it. There was a time in my own life," she said, "when I felt that unless I strove against the feeling with all my strength and might, I should be crazed outright. I passed through that time safely; I was able to fight it out and not to let myself go. People can help themselves, that I am convinced of, and that fact is not enough dwelt upon."

Mrs. Ritchie's notes on the Carlyles close with a characteristic little story that will bear re-telling. Thieves having carried off the dining-room clock at Chelsea, it was arranged by some of the then aging philosopher's friends to present him formally with a new one. Lady Stanley of Alderley—whose death took place only a few days ago—was elected spokeswoman on the occasion:

It was Carlyle's birthday, and a dismal winter's day; the streets were shrouded in greenish vapors, and the houses looked no less dreary within than the streets through which we had come. Somewhat chilled and depressed, we all assembled in Lady Stanley's great drawing-room in Dover Street, where the fog had also penetrated, and presently from the farther end of the room, advancing through the darkness, came Carlyle. There was a moment's pause. No one moved. He stood in the middle of the room without speaking. No doubt the philosopher, as well as his disciples, felt the influence of the atmosphere. Lady Stanley went to meet him. "Here is a little birthday present we want you to accept from us all, Mr. Carlyle," said she, quickly pushing up before him a small table upon which stood the clock ticking all ready for his acceptance. Then came another silence, broken by a knell, sadly sounding in our ears. "Eh, what have I got to do with Time any more?" he said. It was a melancholy moment. Nobody could speak. The unfortunate promoter of the scheme felt her heart sink into her shoes.

But we have quoted enough from Mrs. Ritchie's pleasant papers to show their tenor and to show how fully she, if any one, is competent to write the life of her famous father.

OLD FAVORITES.

A King in Egypt.

I think I lie by the lingering Nile,
I think I am one that has lain long while,
My lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the Pyramid,
And the darkness weighs on the closed eyelid,
And the air is heavy where I am hid,
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

I think there are graven godboods grim,
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,
And the hampered hand and the muffled limb
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

I think I lie in a languor vast,
Numb, dumb soul in a body fast,
Waiting long as the world shall last,
Lying cast in a languor vast.

Lying muffled in fold on fold,
With the gum, and the gold, and the spice enrolled,
And the grain of a year that is old, old, old,
Wound around in the fine-spun fold.

The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;
I feel it warming the still, thick gloom,
Warming and waking an old perfume,
Through the carven honors upon my tomb.

The old sunshine of Egypt is on the stone;
And the sands lie red that the wind hath sown,
And the lean, lithe lizard at play alone
Slides like a shadow across the stone.

And I lie with the Pyramid over my head,
I am lying dead, lying long, long dead,
With my days all done, and my words all said,
And the deeds of my days written over my head.

—Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

In a Theatre.

CAPUA, 72 B. C.

We were friends and comrades loyal, though I was of alien-race,
And he a free-born Samnite that followed the man from Thrace,
And there, in the mid-arena, he and I stood face to face.

I was a branded swordsman, and he was supple and strong,
They saved us alive from the battle, to do us this cruel wrong,
That each should slay the other there before the staring throng.

Faces—faces—faces! how it made my brain to spin!
Beautiful faces of women, and tiger souls therein!
And merry faces of girls that laughed, chatting of who should win.

Over us, burning and cloudless, dazzled the blue sky's dome;
Far away to the eastward the white snow-peaks of his home;
And in front the Prefect, purple-clad, in the deadly night of Rome.

And so, in the mid-arena, we stood there face to face,
And he looked me right in the eyes and said, "I ask thee one
last grace—"

Slay me, for thee I can not." Then I held his hand a space,

But knew not what I answered; the heavens round and wide
Surged up and down—a flash of steel—my sword was through his
side,

And I was down upon my knees, and held him as he died.

His blood was warm on my fingers, his eyes were scarcely still,
When they tore him from me, and the blade that else had healed
all ill.

And I am theirs for one more day to work their wicked will.

No matter! the sand and the sun, and the faces hateful to see,
They will be nothing—nothing! but I wonder who may be
The other man I have to fight—the man that shall kill me!

—A. Warner.

The transatlantic steamship *Lucania* has made six hundred and forty-five and a half statute miles in twenty-four hours, and this is the fastest day's sailing, or steaming, on record. The *Lucania* has made the quickest passage from Queenstown to New York—five days, seven hours, and twenty-three minutes; and the quickest from New York to Queenstown—five days, eight hours, and thirty-eight minutes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is a serious thing to attack the purity of the water supply of a city like San Francisco. Attacks upon the corporations which supply the water are of a different nature; it is not in human nature for people to get along with water companies without quarreling. It is so all over the world. At present the water consumers in London are quarreling with the water companies there because the water in the pipes froze during the recent protracted frost.

Therefore when attacks are made upon the Spring Valley Company, the corporation which supplies San Francisco with water, there is little to be said; that corporation is doubtless no better and no worse than other corporations, and can take care of itself. But attacking the *purity* of our water supply concerns not only the corporation which supplies it, but it concerns the city itself vastly more. The character of a city's water supply is like a woman's character—it must be above reproach. No intelligent man knowingly drinks impure water or permits it to be drunk in his family; nothing gives a city such an evil blow as a belief in the minds of travelers and intending residents that her water supply is bad. It is therefore a serious thing for Mayor Sutro to bring such charges against the Lake Merced water, and it is an inexcusable thing when he fails to prove these charges. The report of Dr. Spencer, of the University Laboratory, the expert who made a bacteriological examination of the Lake Merced water, shows that it is entirely destitute of "pathogenic bacteria," which, it may be explained, is the medical term for the bacteria of disease. He finds in it "saprophytic bacteria, having no pathogenic significance." It may be well to say here that bacteria are found everywhere—even in mountain spring water—and that there are over twenty distinct species of harmless bacteria which are normally found in and about the human mouth; the presence therefore of these "saprophytic bacteria" in the Lake Merced water implies nothing, while the fact that they have "no pathogenic significance" implies that they could do no harm if taken into the human organism. As for the sample of water taken from Colma Creek, into which there drains a bog-ranch, even that, while filthy, was found to contain no bacteria of disease. This point is nearly two miles from Lake Merced, and even if the water of Colma Creek contained pathogenic bacteria—which Dr. Spencer's report shows that it does not—it would be preposterous to expect disease germs to reach the lake after flowing over miles of sandy soil.

In short, the whole case attempted to be made by Mayor Sutro against the Lake Merced water has fallen to the ground. It now becomes evident that nothing but malice inspired the mayor in this crusade. He has a quarrel with the water company over a reservoir-site location; he is angered because they succeeded in purchasing ground from him through an agent without giving him an opportunity to "cinch" them in the price; and through motives of private revenge, he is doing a public wrong. He has through private malice falsely impugned a part—although an unused part—of the water system of a great city, needlessly alarming her citizens and grossly injuring her abroad. He will stick at nothing to accomplish malicious and revengeful ends. San Francisco is already beginning to have grave doubts about her "reform" mayor. She will be good and tired of Sutro before his term is over.

The latest projected modern improvement is a boulevard from San Francisco to San José. It is to be fifty miles long, a little more than forty along the bay, and a little less than ten along the ocean. From San José it would follow the shore of the bay as far as Colma; then swerving westwardly, it would strike the ocean near the county line and connect with the ocean boulevard now being constructed by the park commissioners. Over this road, carriages, equestrians, and bicyclers would have an uninterrupted avenue from Golden Gate Park to the Alameda of San José.

Such a boulevard would compare with the Corniche road which skirts the Mediterranean on the edge of the Alpine plateau and carries travelers from Nice to Genoa; or with the shell road at Mobile, which, under the shade of moss-bung magnolias, sweeps along the shore of the Gulf of Mexico like a white satin ribbon. Both roads have been celebrated in prose and in verse; but both in natural beauty would be hard pressed by the boulevard to San José. It would traverse the whole length of San Mateo County, with its miles of orchards, vineyards, live-oaks, lawns, and gardens dazzling in color, and with exquisite country residences elbowing each other under the trees. It would cross the grounds of the Burlingame Club, and would add an attraction to that pretty pleasure resort. Even travelers by train say that they have never visited a more lovely country than the vicinity of Menlo Park, San Mateo, and Redwood; if an avenue were laid down which would intersect this park-like expanse with a smooth, well-kept carriage-road, it would be ideal.

The great roads of past ages were built for usefulness or for military purposes rather than beauty. The Appian Way, which stretched from the Eternal City to the foot-hills of the Northern Alps, was a road which filled a considerable place in history. Although it is nearly two thousand years old, parts of it are in good repair to-day, and demonstrate the thoroughness which the Romans displayed in all their undertakings. In portions of this road, the broken stone of the superstructure rests on a foundation of massive rocks tongued and grooved together like the walls of a light-house. Such a construction defies the ravages of time. Another great road was Watkins Street, in England, which was also the work of the Romans. This avenue was a military enterprise, designed to facilitate the transport of soldiers from the head-quarters at London to the work in Northern England, which was erected to keep out the Picts and Scots. It lasted for centuries, and was used by many an army. Portions of it still serve the purpose of freighters, but most of the links have been superseded by local railroads. Another

great road was the one which the Spaniards found in use in Peru, when they occupied Cuzco. This road was built of huge blocks of stone cemented and grooved together; it was indestructible by the weather, but as soon as one of the stone blocks was displaced, the road became impassable.

The proposed boulevard to San José, being designed as a pleasure avenue, would not need to be paved with blocks of stone, nor, indeed, would it use warrant such an expense. No reliable estimate can be formed of the cost of such a boulevard. One authority figures that the outlay would not exceed a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and thinks that the Counties of Santa Clara and San Mateo might bond themselves for some such sum. The true cost would depend largely on the distance from which the materials of the road would have to be hauled. The item of labor is vital. It is safe to say that if the rock required had to come from any distance, and the job had to be done by day's work at the current rate of wages, the present generation would never see the boulevard in existence. A combination of enterprising citizens, moved by a desire to beautify the environs of the city, might subscribe money enough to pay for the rock, counting on receipts from tolls to recoup themselves. But as in all similar enterprises throughout history, the labor would have to be compulsory—that is to say, it would have to be prison labor.

If all the convicts deprived of their liberty in the Counties of San Francisco, San Mateo, and Santa Clara, instead of being allowed to idle their time within prison walls, were sentenced to work out their time on the new boulevard, a supply of labor would be provided which will warrant an expectation of the completion of the work within a definite period. The County Jail in this county could probably furnish, in the course of the year, a couple of thousand workers, and the House of Correction half as many more. How many days' work could be got out of these three thousand convicts could only be ascertained by computing an average of their sentences. But it would probably amount to a considerable number. Santa Clara and San Mateo could furnish a few more. Adding the three counties together, it would probably not be an exaggeration to reckon that from the three a working force could be assembled which would average five hundred able-bodied men. If any such force were mustered, and the rock material provided, the boulevard might be completed in three or four years.

At first blush the scheme appears to be chimerical. There are so many more important uses for money that it hardly seems likely to command public attention. But it must not be forgotten that the project has a practical side. The construction of the boulevard would place the land on either side on the level of city property. It would in course of a short time be bordered on either side with mansions and villas which would be owned by people from every part of the country; the land would sell by the front foot for many times its present value, and every bank in the country would be glad to lend money on it.

SIBYL SANDERSON'S RECEPTION.

How an American Girl has been Treated by the American Press—Unkind and Unfounded Rumors—Réjane at Society Entertainments—The Costume Show.

It is difficult to understand why the American newspapers should devote themselves so assiduously to belittling Miss Sibyl Sanderson, an American girl. For many weeks there have been clouds of paragraphs insinuating that Miss Sanderson had been "discharged" by Abbey and Grau, that she could not sing, and that her voice was a failure. As a matter of fact, Miss Sanderson's first appearance was a success, and her second appearance was more successful than her first. It is true that her voice is not a large one, but neither she nor her friends ever claimed that it was. The reason that she has not appeared more frequently has been due to illness. For she, in common with many other singers, has had a very severe experience with the grippe, and the resultant illness has so clung to her that her physicians have advised her not to attempt to sing. Her relations with Abbey and Grau are most pleasant, as has been evidenced repeatedly by interviews in the newspapers of the various cities where their troupe has appeared, such as Boston, Washington, and Chicago. In all of these cities, both the managers have said the same thing—that they were sorry Miss Sanderson was unable to appear, but that it was owing to the condition of her health; that they were willing—nay, anxious—that she should appear, but that they could not ask her to do so when her physicians forbade it. There was in their contract with her a forfeit on her part if she should break the engagement, but as she has been forced through ill-health to do this, Abbey and Grau have waived the forfeit. As I said, it is extraordinary how unjust the newspapers are toward Miss Sanderson. The Boston papers in particular seem to have shown a marked animosity toward her. It would almost seem as if the writers feared that she might not see these evidences of their spleen, because marked copies have been sent to her continually. All the scandals of Paris have been raked over for the purpose of smirching her. Paris is a scandal-loving city, and the American colony there is the most scandal-mongering portion of that scandal-loving city. But they have never been able to bring forward anything to the detriment of Miss Sanderson. She has always lived under the careful eye of her mother, Mrs. Judge Sanderson, and is never seen alone in Paris, or unaccompanied by her mother or some other elderly lady. She is most circumspect in her demeanor, accepts very few invitations, and accepts none at all when she is singing. It must be said that the American papers have not shown good taste in their treatment of this American girl returned to her native land. They have ceaselessly sought to bring about the relief that Mrs. Langtry was endeavoring to alienate the affections of Antonio Terry, her fiancé. If this is true, Mrs. Langtry is entitled to carry off her prey, but it seems rather doubtful, considering the two women. For Miss Sanderson, while

she is not in her teens, is yet a girl, while Mrs. Langtry, who is certainly mature, is reaching the beefy stage of British beauty. Apropos of Miss Sanderson, the following anecdote is told: It is said that at a dinner-party given in her honor, the hostess remarked to her, "Those jewels that you wore in 'Manon,' Miss Sanderson, are the most beautiful that I have ever seen." "Good heavens!" cried Miss Sanderson, "you didn't think that they were real, did you? Those are only stage jewels. If they had been real, I would deserve all that the American papers have said about me."

After Miss Sanderson, the next most interesting stage personality in New York has been Mme. Réjane. She has not made so much of a bit in "Madame Sans-Gêne" as was expected, and is therefore about to put on the other pieces in her repertoire, but the keenest interest is taken in her personally. Last week Oliver and Perry Belmont invited a number of people to their house to bear Mme. Réjane and several members of her company in *saynètes*, or monologues, which were followed by a little travesty entitled "Lolotte." Lolotte is a very different personage from Mme. Sans-Gêne, but she was none the less amusing, and the evening was a great success. The Belmonts were warmly congratulated on their idea, and the people who saw Réjane as Lolotte are much envied. Mme. Réjane, by the way, was originally named Réju. She changed the paternal name to the present more euphonious one. With her she has brought her husband and her two babies, Mademoiselle Germaine, aged eight years, and Monsieur Jacques, aged two. She thought it would be difficult to travel with them in this strange and barbarous country, but she has got along here much better than she expected. Her only traveling up to this time has been from Paris to Vienna and from Paris to London. It was the trip to Vienna, by the way, which led to the celebrated saying of her eldest, Mademoiselle Germaine: "My mamma has played before the Emperor of Ostrich."

In New York, Réjane is not considered beautiful or even pretty. She has dark, reddish-brown hair, a mobile mouth, a slightly turned-up nose, and a lithe and slender figure. Her hands and feet are small, and she has neat ankles, but it is stated that the members of the Jockey Club, in Paris, officially disapproved of her extremities in "La Cigale." However, there are a great many women in the world with neat legs, but few with as clever brains as Réjane. Was it not the Jockey Club, by the way, that disapproved for very similar reasons of Lola Montez's underpinnings years ago, when she appeared in Paris? If I am not mistaken, the Jockey Club objected to the *chère amie* of the Bavarian king because nature had been too generous to her in point of continuations. No one, however, suspected Lola of having an inordinate amount of brains. The next piece that Réjane is about to put on is "Ma Cousine." It is possible that she may produce a number of pieces from her repertoire, which is extensive. She ought to put on "Les Dominos Roses," which is so well known in English under the name of "Pink Dominos." This was one of her great triumphs in Paris. Two other hits were in the rôles of Fanny Lear and the Baroness Doria in "Odette." Another success was in the play of "La Glu." She has also appeared with success as Vara in Ibsen's play of "The Doll's House." The rôle in which she appears next week—that of Riquette in "Ma Cousine"—is by Méilhac, the playwright who for many years collaborated so successfully with Halévy. This is one of her best rôles.

Among the curios of the past week have been the Costume Exhibit and the Fake Picture Show. The Costume Exhibit was devoted to the changing styles of dress for the last few hundred years. It was for the benefit of several charitable associations. Among the costumes there was that of a court lady in the time of the Duke of Burgundy, A. D. 1400; a French court lady of the year 1500; a Mary Tudor dress of the year 1558; a dress of the time of Queen Elizabeth; an Italian lady's dress of the latter part of the sixteenth century; a dress once worn by Maria Theresa; a rococo costume of the time of Louis the Fifteenth; four costumes of the time of the Empress Josephine, and so on down to the present day. It is painful to be obliged to relate that the ladies spent much more time looking at the gowns of the present day than they did at those of the centuries gone by. One of the most up-to-date costumes, and that which seemed to attract most of their attention, was a bicycle-suit. It is made of Caspian vicuna in light Siberian brown. The gaiters fit closely over the boots. The knickerbockers are loose-fitting from the waist, buttoning tight below the knee, falling well on the gaiters. The skirt is three and a half yards around, cut to fit snugly while riding, coming eight inches below the knee, and is bound with tan kangaroo leather. The jacket is Norfolk, with small rolled collar, three plaits at back and two in front. A plain belt is worn on the wheel.

The other show which has excited interest is entitled "Snap Shots—Vagaries of Great Impressionists—An Exhibition of Symphonies in Black and Blue." These are clever caricatures made by well-known artists. The pictures are of the style of the caricature picture-shows held at the Art Students' League. Some of them are very clever. As an example, one entitled "Design for Fountain for the City of New York, by McGrin, Smead & Black," consists of a large figure of the Tammany tiger with downcast head upon a pedestal. Upon its back is the spectacted and be-whiskered figure of Dr. Parkhurst engaged in twisting the tiger's tail, while around the base of the pedestal are eight New York police officers with uplifted clubs, from the tips of which spout jets of water. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 11, 1895.

During the last six seasons (1889-94), Prince Camillo Starhemberg has killed to his own gun, on his estates in Upper and Lower Austria, one thousand and ninety-six and five hundred and twenty-nine does. They were not at all fair stalking.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Century's* Life of Napoleon has caught the popular fancy in a most surprising way, and copies of the magazine have been hard to get unless purchased within a few days of issue. The present revival of interest in Napoleon has been only a lucky coincidence for the *Century*, as Professor Sloane's history was projected, and its publication in 1895 decided upon, long before there was, even in France, any unusual interest in the character of Bonaparte.

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Ahhotsford, has written a biography of Mary Queen of Scots, which will be published with the title, "The Tragedy of Fotheringay."

Du Maurier receives large numbers of letters from American women who write that they have read "Trilby" and feel sure that there must be a strong bond of mystical friendship between Du Maurier and themselves. Many of them add the cheerful information that they propose to go to England next summer, and will look him up.

Speaking of his new story, entitled "Ille à Hélice," Jules Verne said to the *Critic's* Paris correspondent:

"Some time ago the newspapers announced that the Americans had the idea of establishing an artificial island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Many years ago I thought of writing the story of such an island, which, however, was not to be stationary, but was to be able to move about; and this is the subject of my new tale. Standard Island is composed of steel and aluminum, inhabited by ten thousand souls, all of them millionaires or milliardaires, exclusively from North and South America. The island moves about the Pacific, and those who take passage on it are able to visit the fine archipelagos of that ocean—the Sandwich, the Marquesas, the Society Islands, etc., without fatigue, but not perhaps without danger."

A second "Jungle Book" will probably be ready in the autumn. Rudyard Kipling is writing new beast stories for it, to add to some that have already appeared. He has a capital tale, "The King's Ankus," in the March *St. Nicholas*.

Swinburne is fifty-eight years old, is five feet high, and has a ghastly face and a head of unkempt hair.

There will soon be published in London, for private circulation only, a volume of letters from Browning to various friends, a selection from Ruskin's letters to Dr. Furnivall, and a volume of Shelley's letters to Maria Gishorne.

Robert Buchanan has a new novel, entitled "Lady Kilpatrick."

Aubrey Beardsley, it is said, has written a play in which the characters are to assume, as far as possible, the forms and features of his drawings. Apropos of this, it is interesting to quote a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, who says:

"Mr. Beardsley finds the studies for his women mainly at the St. James's Restaurant, and he considers the women whom he sees there—and who are all of one class—to be the most distinctive and interesting types of modern women to be found. He says: 'These are the only women who dress well. They are the type of life today.'"

"Marie Corelli" is Miss Minnie Mackay, a daughter of the late Charles Mackay. She published her first hook, "A Romance of Two Worlds" (1886), at the age of twenty-two, and has been a prolific writer since that time. She is said to be one of the few new authors whose books are read by Queen Victoria.

Emile Zola's new work, "The Mysteries of Marseilles," will be issued in London this month, with a new portrait.

The Federal Tribunal in Berne has just decided an interesting case:

Maradau, a convict undergoing imprisonment for the attempted murder of his wife, prosecuted Edouard Rod, the well-known novelist, for utilizing the facts of the crime as the basis of a story which appeared in *L'Ami du Peuple*. Further, M. Rod had complicated his story by causing the criminal in his tale to be also the murderer of his first wife. The court decided that Maradau had no grounds for his action, and that Edouard Rod was perfectly justified in doing what he had done.

According to the *Westminster Gazette*, the publishers of Spurgeon's two thousand three hundred and ninety-six sermons have sold altogether nearly a hundred million of them. They are kept in sheet-form, in long lines of cupboards, in a large cellar in Paternoster Square, so that a supply of any particular discourse can be got out at once. About a fifth of the total number has gone abroad—to America and Australia chiefly. Of Spurgeon's hooks the sale remains fairly steady.

A volume of short stories written by Miss Louise I. Guiney will soon be published. This is her first attempt at prose other than that found in her essays, and at fiction other than that which vivifies her romantic verse.

An Eastern publisher announces the first translation of "The Celebrated Crimes of History," by Alexandre Dumas, in eight volumes. "None of the editions of Dumas," he says in his prospectus, "contain these works, and collectors throughout the country who have purchased alleged complete editions will be ready buyers, since, in order to have Dumas complete, they must buy this or pay

a large price for a copy of the original French edition published in 1842."

A curious hook soon to be published simultaneously in England and America is entitled "As Others Saw Him." It is written by an eminent Jewish scholar, whose name is withheld, and is an attempt to portray the founder of Christianity as he appeared to the most competent Jewish observers, especially the Pharisees of his own day.

A new volume of poems by Richard le Gallienne is to be entitled "Robert Louis Stevenson—an Elegy, and Other Poems." The volume will have an etched title-page, by D. Y. Cameron, and a vignette portrait of Stevenson.

Rudyard Kipling's name is thus accounted for by the *St. James's Gazette*:

"Rudyard Lake, which has beaten the record this winter of all English waters by covering itself with two feet of solid ice, had previously been immortalized in a very different fashion. To it Rudyard Kipling owes his name. Nearly thirty years ago, John Lockwood Kipling was strolling along the picturesque shore in the companionship of Miss Alice MacDonald, when he plucked up courage to make there and then an offer of his hand and heart. To commemorate that happy summer evening's walk, the son of their subsequent marriage was named Rudyard."

Mrs. R. L. Stevenson asks all persons having letters from her husband to send them or copies of them to the British Museum, that she may select such as should be published, and gives notice that the publication of any letters without the consent of the executors is illegal.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," is the owner of one of the largest mastiffs in Boston, who accompanies his mistress in all her walks. Mrs. Deland's home is a cozy house in one of the oldest but most pleasant streets in the city, where a glimpse of the blue waters of the Charles River may be obtained from a bay-window over the front door. She devotes the entire morning to writing.

R. H. Sherard, biographer of Zola and Daudet, is engaged, says the *Bookman*, on an authorized life of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

Froude's attitude in regard to the Carlyle biography was once explained by him in conversation with Lord Coleridge and Dean Boyle. The latter records it thus:

"After telling us how completely Carlyle had vested an absolute discretion in him, Froude said, with great solemnity, 'Now, I assure you, Coleridge, I have written what I have written, and printed what I have printed, in the full belief that, a hundred years hence, there will be no more interesting figure in literature than Carlyle's, and I believe that what I have done he would approve.' He then left us, and Lord Coleridge said to me, 'You must put this down, and if you survive Froude and myself, you must let the world know it. Whatever error of judgment he may have made, I believe he is perfectly sincere.'"

Although Stanley J. Weyman has only recently become a popular idol in romantic literature, it is reported that he received thirty thousand dollars in royalties from his publisher last year. Mr. Weyman is a man of thrift and of quiet tastes. The novelist is seen very rarely in London society. He prefers life in the country.

An interesting chapter in the history of music-halls should be contained in "Chevalier: A Record," by Albert Chevalier and Brian Daly, which is announced. It gives Mr. Chevalier's experiences since he took to the boards.

The new volume in the St. Amand Series is "The Revolution of 1848."

Grant Allen began life in Kingston, Ontario (once called Frontenac), with three Christian names, Charles Grant Blairindie, but wisely dropped two of them. He published his first novels under the pseudonym of "Cecil Power."

Count Tolstoi refused a large sum offered to him by an American publisher for his last story. The *Neva*, a Russian illustrated weekly, then offered him five hundred dollars a page for the exclusive right to publish it as a serial. This, too, he refused, and made a free gift of the manuscript to the *Severny Vestnik*, a Russian monthly magazine.

Some of the poems by Mr. Lowell which are to appear in the forthcoming collection, made by Professor Norton, have never been printed. The editor has written an introduction for the volumes, and for a frontispiece it will have a new etched portrait of the poet.

The following statement is made concerning John Fiske's early achievements in reading:

"At seven he was reading Caesar, and had read Rollin, Josephus, and Goldsmith's Greece. Before he was eight he had read the whole of Shakespeare and a good deal of Milton, Bunyan, and Pope. He began Greek at nine. By eleven he had read Gibbon, Robertson, and Prescott, and most of Froissart, and at the same age wrote from memory a chronological table from B. C. 1000 to A. D. 1820, filling a quarto blank-book of sixty pages."

"Books Fatal to Their Authors" is the title of a forthcoming work. Its author explains that the term fatal does not mean in all cases that the writer paid for his venture with his life. About two hundred literary martyrs are recorded, among them being such names as Galileo in science, Defoe in satire, Keats in poetry.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

Mrs. A.'s At Home.

An awful night! I do believe it's snowing!
Who from his "ain fireside" would wish to roam?
Only a fool would go—and yet I'm going—
To Mrs. A.'s At Home!

The burden of At Homes! The bore of dressing!
I must be wielding razor, brush, and comb
(The snow has almost stopped—Come, that's a blessing!)
For Mrs. A.'s At Home.

Why am I going? Well, to me the reason
Looms large and clear as Paul's cathedral dome:
The reason's—Nancy, whom I met last season
At Mrs. A.'s At Home.

Hi, hansom! Off we go, although sweet Nancy
Since then has vanished like a fairy gnome,
Yet I shall see her (sweet conceit) in fancy
At Mrs. A.'s At Home.

"Thankee, my lord!"—he's earned that extra shilling,
We've come along, the horse is decked with foam;
Slowly upstairs I go, the rooms are filling
At Mrs. A.'s At Home.

Then—why, good heavens! No! It isn't fancy!
"Can it be you? I heard you were in Rome."
Just fancy meeting you—"the real Nancy!"—
"At Mrs. A.'s At Home!"

To-night and Nancy—rhyme excuses fiction—
Might, if I sang them, fill a ponderous tome;
A perfect night! I breathe a benediction
On Mrs. A.'s At Home.—Punch.

"Moving about in Worlds not Realized."

[BY A PREJUDICED BUT PUZZLED VICTIM OF TEA-CADDIES AND GINGER-JARS.]

I suppose there's a war in the East,
(I am deluged with pictures about it),
But I can't realize it—no, not in the least,
And, in spite of the papers, I doubt it.
A Chinaman seems such a nebulous chap,
And I can't fancy shedding the gore of a Jap.

Those parchment fellows have fleets?
Big iron-clads, each worth a million?
I can not conceive it, my reason it beats.
The lord of the pencil vermilion
Fits in with a tea-caddy, not a torpedo.
Just picture a man in that queer bay of Yedo!

It seems the right place for a junk,
(With a fine flight of storks in the offing),
But think of a battle-ship there being sunk
By a Krupp! 'Tis suggestive of scoffing.
I try to believe, but 'tis merely bravado.
It all seems as funny as Gilbert's Mikado.

And then those preposterous names,
Like a lot of cracked bells all a-finking!
I try to imagine their militant games,
But at present I can't get an inkling.
Of what it can mean when a fellow named Hong
And one Ting (Lord High Admiral!) go it ding dong!

A Nelson whose no-men is Whang
To me I admit's inconceivable.
And war between Wo-Hung and Ching-a-Ring Chang,
Sounds funny, but quite unbelievable.
And can you conceive Maxim bullets a-sing
Round a saffron-hued hero called Pong, or Ping-Wing?

A ship called *Kow-Shing*, I am sure,
Can but be a warship *à la rivier*.
And Count Yamagata—he must be a cure!
No, no, friends, I very much fear
That in spite of the pictures, and portraits, and maps,
I can't make live heroes of Johnnies and Japs!—Punch.

The Ghost of Sherlock Holmes.

When Sherlock Holmes, ingenious man, pursued his strange career,
We studied his adventures with a sympathy sincere,
Although in time his victories monotonous became,
Because his base opponents never won a single game.

He caught his latest criminal, and then at last—he died;
"We mourn him, we lament him, but it's time he went,"
we cried;
Ah, foolish words! Soon after we regretted him, dismayed

To find he'd left a family to carry on the trade.
They swarm in every magazine, each journal with them teems,
Detecting obvious criminals by very obvious schemes,
Adapting to their purposes devices long ago
Invented by the master-hand of great Gaboriau.

Their wisdom, too, is marvelous; the mud upon your boots
Informs them to a penny what your balance is at Coutts';
They know your mother's maiden name, what train you traveled by,
And if you've had lumbago—from the color of your tie!

Yes! Sherlock Holmes is dead and gone; but still in other shapes
We meet the old detective whom no criminal escapes;
The hateful "Strange Occurrence" or "Mysterious Affair"
Still, still infests the magazines and drives us to despair.

Oh, ghost of Mr. Sherlock Holmes, please mercifully kill
These shameless imitators of your transcendent skill,
Or haunt the homes of editors, and pointedly suggest
That fictitious criminals might be allowed a rest!

—St. James's Budget.

Mr. Fitzgerald finds in Dickens's stories a number of "lapses and oversights," some of which he thus points out:

"Many a reader has amused himself by noting Boz's lapses and oversights. Some of them are amusing enough, but we do not think the less of him on this account. As when the 'rough and tough' Bagstock sits down to play piquet with Mrs. Shenton, we have: 'Do you *argue*?' which, of course, belongs to *écarté*. So when Dr. Blimber directs that St. Paul's *first* Epistle to the Ephesians should be written out as a task—there being only one. We should have smiled at the next instance. A clerk in 'Dr. Marigold' is described as being in charge of, and talking about with him, a quarter of a million in specie. This, some one (in *Notes and Queries*) calculated, would weigh one ton and seventeen hundred-weight! A thief makes off with 'a carpet full of sovereigns,' which would weigh five hundred-weight. And Tattycoram enters with an iron box 'two feet square,' which no girl could carry."

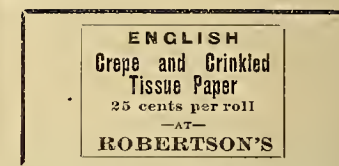
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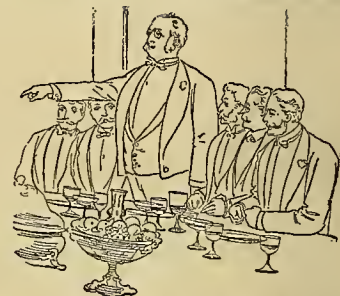
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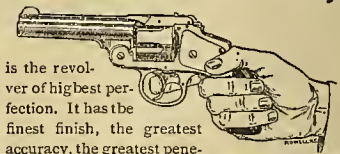


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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

Fergus Hume's Story, "The Black Carnation: A Riddle," has been re-issued in the Lakewood Series published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Some Every-Day Folks," by Eden Phillpotts, a novel of English village life, has been re-issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 60 cents.

"Suggestion," by Mabel Collins, a story in which hypnotism is used to complicate the relations of two brothers—one good, the other bad, of course—and the girl to whom one of them is engaged, has been re-issued in the Windermere Series by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"In Distance and in Dream," by M. F. Sweetser, a short story, treating of immortality, which attracted much attention on its first appearance in one of the Christmas publications, has been revised by the author and is issued in the Cosy Corner Series published by the Joseph Knight Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

The French have long had a monopoly of a certain dainty style of book-making, of which the Lemerre edition of Daudet may stand as the type—handsome little volumes, finely printed on heavy paper, with frequent illustrations after water-color designs by Rossi, Myrbaach, and other noted artists. In much the same style is the series of World Classics, in which a translation of Alphonse Daudet's "L'Arlesienne" has been issued. It measures only about three inches by five, and is well printed and illustrated with wood-cuts made from the French drawings of Gamhard and Marold. The story itself is a charmingly tender love-drama of Southern France, and well deserves a place among the World Classics. Published by the Joseph Knight Company, Boston; price, 75 cents.

"Philoctetus and Other Poems and Sonnets" is the title of a little book of verses by J. E. Nesmith. "Philoctetus at Lemnos" is a scene in the classic style, a soliloquy with a chorus of mariners, and the "other poems" include "The Grand Cañon of the Colorado," "Hymn of Nature," "Shifting Freight at Midnight," and a few others. By far the major portion of the book is taken up with sonnets, which one reads with pleasure. Here and there an occasional fault in metre mars the rhythm of Mr. Nesmith's lines, as when he makes two syllables of "theatre" or two of "looker-on"; but it is seldom that these slips jar upon the ear or distract one from the pictures of nature's grandeur and the elevated philosophy which give Mr. Nesmith his inspiration. Published for the author at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign," by Herbert H. Sargent, First Lieutenant Second Cavalry, U. S. A., is an account of the campaign in Italy in 1796-97, when Napoleon, though then only in his twenty-sixth year, established his claim to be considered a master of military science by defeating, with his one small army, six Austrian armies sent successively against him. The campaign comprised the battles of Montenotte, Lodi, Lonato, and Castiglione, Bassano, and San Giorgio, Arcole, Rivoli, and the Tagliamento, each of which the author describes briefly and vividly, following the descriptions with clear analyses which are of value alike to the student of military science and the reader who would judge intelligently of Napoleon as a general. The book is provided with four maps and an index. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

"The Degradation of Geoffrey Alwith," by Morley Roberts, is a sensational story of London Bohemia, told with a certain degree of power. Alwith is a young artist who, contrary to the custom of his kind, is not only hard-working, but penurious, his purpose being to amass sufficient money to warrant him in marrying the girl he loves. Just as he has almost reached the sum of his ambition, however, he is informed that he is in the last stages of Addison's disease and has only a few months to live. He breaks the engagement, of course, and disappears in the crowd of London. When he is dying of disease and want, he is discovered by a girl who had served him as a model in earlier years and who had fallen in love with him then. The last scene is a very striking one, the painter in the delirium of death painting a horrible picture of the poor girl. Published by Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

Lafcadio Hearn has followed his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," which enjoyed a flattering success a year or so ago, by another book on the far Eastern land where he has made his home for a few years past. It is entitled "Out of the East: Reveries and Studies in New Japan," and contains eleven delightful essays. Those who have read his "Memory of Lost Island" and his accounts of a trip to the tropic islands on the Eastern coast of our continent do not need to be told of the fascination of Mr. Hearn's style: he is a poet and an artist in one, and his wonderful word-pictures, glowing with light, and life, and color, are not

easy to forget. The same qualities, with an added charm from the quaintness and beauty of his new subjects, distinguish "Out of the Far East." The essays in the book are "The Dream of a Summer Day," "With Kyushu Students," "At Hakata," "Of the Eternal Feminine," "Bits of Life and Death," "The Stone Buddha," "Jiu-jitsu," "The Red Bridal," "A Wish Fulfilled," "In Yokohama," and "Yuko: A Reminiscence." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

A well-chosen anthology of verses about tobacco has been compiled by Joseph Knight, with the title "Pipe and Pouch: The Smoker's Own Book of Poetry." From the days of Raleigh up to the present time, literature abounds in allusions to tobacco. Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Fletcher, Spencer, and many of the poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan age, make frequent reference to it, though, strange to say, Shakespeare says no word about the "Indian weed" that created a furore in his day. Milton, Addison, Hobbess, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Hood, Lamb, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Carlyle, and Tennyson were smokers, and some of the most famous lights of our own literature, notably Lowell and Aldrich, have not disdained to sing the praises of tobacco. This anthology fills more than one hundred and eighty pages, and the authors leaved upon range from George Withers to the latest newspaper rhymster. A glance through the pages reveals such names as those of Lowell, Le Gallienne, William Cowper, Daniel Webster, Kipling, Charles F. Lummis, E. S. Wheeler Wilcox, Eva Wilder McGlasson, C. S. Calverly, Amelia E. Barr, Hood, J. Ashby-Sterry, James Whitcomb Riley, Henry Fielding, Friedrich Mare, Horace Smith, and Francis S. Saltus. Published by the Joseph Knight Company, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Lone Inn," by Fergus Hume, who wrote "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," is a detective story which makes great drafts on one's credulity, but which is quite absorbing if those drafts are honored. It is built up on the idea of twin brothers whose resemblance is so marked that even the girl who is engaged to one of them can not distinguish between her fiancé and his brother. This suggests great possibilities of fun for a French farce, but "The Lone Inn" is a tragedy and detective story. At the Fen Inn, where the brothers—Francis is the good twin who is engaged to the girl and Felix is the wicked brother who loves her too and is capable of untold villainy—are to meet, the narrator finds the corpse of Francis, dead by some unknown hand. Thereupon he develops unsuspected powers as a detective, and immediately suspects Felix. But when he finds Felix, that worthy is supported by the girl in the assertion that he is Francis. Then the amateur detective posts back to the inn to have another look at the dead Francis, but the corpse has vanished. This is made more mystifying by Francis giving the narrator a telegram from Felix in Paris. Crossing the channel at once, he finds Felix in Paris, where he has been domiciled for six weeks past. It would take too much explaining to show here how all this might have come about; how satisfactorily Fergus Hume does so we leave the reader to learn from the book itself. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Stevenson's "Dead Man's Chest." Maurice Kingsley, a son of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, writes a very interesting letter to the March *Book-Buyer*, apropos of Stevenson's verse: "Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo, ho, ho; and a bottle of rum; Drink and the devil had done for the rest. Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum."

The moment I read this in Mr. Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Land" (writes Mr. Kingsley), I knew him for a poet and a sailor-man. Putting two and two together, I knew what he referred to, and the tune came to me so naturally and the words seemed so familiar that I could hardly persuade myself I had not heard it, or a similar sea-song, before, and thought Mr. Stevenson and myself must have run across it, or its double, at different times in some of our globe-trotting.

But I see from his article in *McClure's Magazine* for September, 1894, entitled "My First Book—'Treasure Island,'" describing how he worked out the plot, that he says:

"A few reminiscences of Poe, Defoe, and Washington Irving, a copy of Johnson's 'Buccaners,' the name of the Dead Man's Chest from Kingsley's 'At Last,' . . . made up the whole of my materials."

I have been so often amused, and to a certain extent exasperated, by foolish questions about the "Dead Man's Chest," that it may be worth while to state what it really is. I therefore quote the reference in my father's work, "At Last," being the story of his first sight of the tropics, in the winter of 1870-71:

"We were crawling slowly along in thick mist and rain, having passed Sombrero (the outermost of the Antilles) unseen; and were away in a gray, shoreless world of waters, looking out for Virgin Gorda, the first of those numberless isles which Columbus, so goes the tale, discovered on St. Ursula's Day and named them after the saint and her eleven thousand mythical virgins. Unfortunately, the English buccaners have since then given to most of them less poetic names. The Dutchman's Cap, Broken Jerusalem, the 'Dead Man's Chest,' Rum Island,

and so forth, mark a time and a race more prosaic but still more terrible, though not a whit more wicked and brutal, than the Spanish conquistadores whose descendants, in the seventeenth century, they smote hip and thigh with great destruction."

Et voila tout! The "Dead Man's Chest," which name Mr. Stevenson happened on in my father's book, is a lone peak (as most of the smaller West Indian Islands are) rising from its ocean bed in the Virgin Group of the Leeward Islands of the Antilles, directly on the steamer route between Europe and St. Thomas.

Whence comes its name I know not; nor is it probable, from Mr. Stevenson's scant mention, that he was aware of its origin. It stands with bare top, its base clothed in everlasting green foliage, basking in tropic heat; daily fanned into life by the vigorous trade-winds' breath for a few hours, and once in a while, alas! shorn of all its beauties by the shrieking hurricane blast, when leaves are split into ribbons, trees are twisted out of ground and hurled bodily to leeward on the gale.

What might its history be? There is no record of its baptism—baptism of blood it must have been—by early writers. Had Stevenson any knowledge of it? Or was it a chance hit of genius? Had he some dark story in mind, of a once famous buccaneering crew sweeping the islands and the Spanish Main with fire and sword, pillage and murder, growing smaller and smaller as years of "drink and the devil did for the rest"; till, at last, the new blood brought in to keep up their full fighting strength had revolted against the tyranny of the older hands, and fifteen of them, steeped to the eyes in every crime, had been overpowered and run ashore on "The Dead Man's Chest" one dark night, with a barrel of rum and their sheath-knives only, to drink, curse, and fight till their master, the devil, should claim them for his own?

Some years ago, just after I had read "Treasure Island," I was going up Long Island Sound to lay up a fifty-ton schooner-yacht at an Eastern port for the winter.

I wanted the last sail of the season. The captain was an ex-whaling captain, a magnificent man physically and an A1 sailor, but a man with a history—one of a famous whaling crew shipwrecked on an island on the edge of the great ice harrier of the North or South Pole (I will not say which), and lost to sight completely for two years, when the survivors were rescued; an island so far out of the beaten tracks of even whalers that it is described by the few who have touched there as "on the road only to Hades"—a bare, sterile rock, swept with every chilling wind that blows across the great ice packs round the frozen pole, without food, fuel, or shelter.

The wind, fresh from the eastward all day, had kicked up quite a sea on the Sound; but toward evening it veered to the southward, and just beyond Execution Light we were able to lay our course "up Sound," two points free. No other sails were in sight; the weather was bright and crisp, while the southerly gale hummed over our heads and laid our little "hooker" over till her lee-rail was awash at times.

The captain was at the wheel. "Let Mr. — and the men go down and get their supper; I'll be your look-out for awhile," I said to the captain; and thereupon began that "two hitches, a kick-and-overboard" quarter-deck walk of an officer on a small craft.

As Stevenson might have said, the schooner was fairly "snoring" through the water, and the lilt of his song came to me so strongly that I burst out with a rollicking fo'e'stle twang:

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo, ho, ho; and a bottle of rum; Drink and the devil had done for the rest!"

The captain dropped the wheel as if he had been shot, and grabbed me by the shoulder. "For God's sake, sir, where did you get that? For the love of the Lord, don't sing that again!" he almost yelled.

The schooner's head yawed off her course, and both of us grabbed for the spokes. We had her full again in a minute, and I looked at him, wonderingly, for explanation. The hinnacle light showed his face working as if he were choking. He was strangely and awfully moved.

"Captain," I said, at last, "go down and get a glass of whisky; I'm afraid I gave you a turn. I'll take her along till you come back; never mind sending up any of the men." He went down as if stunned. In a few minutes he came up again, and took hold of the spokes with a quiet "Thank you, sir."

What memory had I awakened? During those two years on that "God-forsaken island, on the road only to Hades," had there been fifteen men on another "Dead Man's Chest"?

An American now in Paris writes that after asking the price of a small head by Henner, and learning that it was valued at twenty-five thousand francs, he was surprised to find the artist occupying a studio almost devoid of signs of luxury. Henner is democratic and modest for a man of his fame. He is about sixty years old, with pink cheeks and white hair and beard, and is rather more wholesome-looking than his pictures would warrant one to believe.



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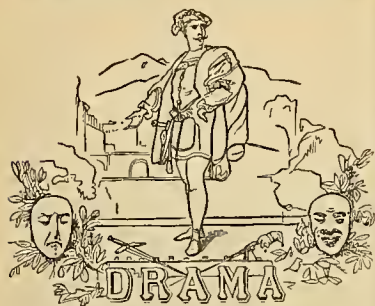
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The comic opera has passed its meridian. Its glad and glorious heyday—unless a second Offenbach rises to re-inspire it—is over. It is on the downward slope, with the French emotional drama behind it and farce-comedy in front of it. From the summit of the peaks legitimate tragedy looks at it with a fearsome, shuddering apprehensiveness, so quickly is it hurrying down.

For the past five or six years, comic opera has been slowly descending the other side of the slope. For a long, long time before that, it stood on the highest summit of the highest peak. It has seen great days. It has had its Offenbach and its Lecoq. Its early infancy was lightened by the presence of the incomparable Schneider, who, when Paris was conquered, took herself, and her smiles, and her songs, and her dances to Egypt, and brought a whiff of the boulevards to Cairo and Ismailia.

With such a godfather as Offenbach and god-mother as Schneider, comic opera was very well launched into the world. It began life under the most favorable auspices. Its illustrious sponsors saw that it was well placed. People with golden voices, sang in it; people who could act, played in it. It was the summer time for comic opera. Judic, risen up from dim, mysterious places, with her wondering blue eyes looking softly tender, showed the world how the letter from "La Perichole" might be sung. Theo came, a quite different person, pretty, full of a direct, saucy *diablerie*, one who displayed a genius in dress, and who taught people that in a comic-opera singer a voice is quite a superfluous possession. Aimée had already retired before the glories of these two artistic new-comers, but her star had shone when "La Belle Hélène" and "Madame Angot" were being whistled by the street gamins.

Comic opera domesticated upon the broad American heart flourished there as it had done when Offenbach woke to ecstasy the living lyre. If there was no Judic, with wondering eyes and notes of honeyed smoothness, there were stars of a smaller magnitude that twinkled bravely. The English entered into the popular enthusiasm, and sent out Lydia Thompson and her yellow-haired Amazons. Soldene, who made her last appearance at the Tivoli before total dramatic extinction, sang the Offenbachian rôles from Dan to Beer-sheba, and as the white-clad cook in "Genevieve de Brabant" had her little day of fame.

Meanwhile the author of "La Grande Duchesse" had had his imitators. Audran had written "La Mascotte," one of the most charming of comic operas; Müllacker had produced "The Beggar Student"; Gilbert and Sullivan were turning out the most brilliant and captivating operettas. All the world was comic-opera mad. The Casino became the home of this popular form of entertainment, and prima donnas who could not sing and could not act, but were pretty, and comedians who could not sing and could not act, but were funny, began to jostle each other on the boards of the comic-opera stage.

This was the opening of the present and last stage of comic opera—the *décadent* stage of the good-looking prima donna and the omnipresent funny man. The Casino inaugurated it. Many are the sins that the Casino has to answer for. It was there that Lillian Russell, in her slim days of liquid-voiced, peach-blossom, and youthful exquisiteness, first dawned upon the infatuated vision of the front rows, and because of the beauty of her, it was forgiven her that she was the most dreadful of sticks. There Pauline Hall, a big, brown creature, with solemn black eyes and a voice as hard and harsh as a cat-bird's at dawn, represented the haughty Erminie through a crowded season of thundering applause and calcium-lit glory. There Marie Jansen, a slender soubrette, with an impudent, turned-up nose and brown eyes full of witchery, made the character of Javotte as prominent as that of the stately Princess or the love-lorn tenor. And there Francis Wilson showed how funny he could be, and Daboll how much of the stuff of a real actor lay concealed beneath a demeanor of lazy indifference.

This was the high noon of comic opera in this country. With the dispersing of the Casino company, the sun began to decline. Lillian Russell has grown fat, which is as bad for a comic-opera queen as for a jockey. Pauline Hall is no longer heard of—her black eyes dazzle no more, her harsh voice is no longer heard in the land. Marie Jansen has gone to be a star, and one hears little of her. Daboll is dead; his cleverness, his *bon-homme*, his fond appreciation of the delights of "a

large cold bottle and a small hot bird," have retired into the limbo of the past. Francis Wilson alone stands in the front rank, and with him now rests the responsibility of keeping comic opera alive, well, and on the stage. With a remarkable talent, an extraordinary popularity, undiminished vivacity and vigor, he may be able to put some life into the moribund art that Offenbach and Schneider found such a thriving one a good many years ago.

The last phase of comic opera is very significant. This is the phase of funny man and prima donna rampant and everybody else in the company couchant. In its most degenerate stage, it lapses to the level of a Chicago extravaganza, where the company are distinctly ashamed of the dialogue and get up their spirits and shake off their hang-dog air only when they have to sing songs which were written by people other than those who are credited with their authorship on the programme, and which generally have no more to do with the plot of the opera than Artemus Ward's story did with the rest of his entertainment.

The comic operas of this *décadent* type are always to be known by the predominance of prima donna and funny man, also by the fact that the former is generally dressed as a boy—or rather is supposed in the opera to be dressed as a boy; no one would ever guess it if not assured of the fact by half the people in the company. The funny man is dressed in anything which may strike the minds of the stage-manager, costumer, prompter, musical director, the company, the supers, and the gas-man as never having been worn by any man at any period of the world's history in any country on the surface of the terrestrial globe. These two then run the play together, and seem to do just about what they please. It is to be supposed that the two or three acts through which one plods desperately after them are held together by some slight thread of story, but, as a rule, one gives up in despair trying to find out about it, and relinquishes one's self to disconsolately stumbling in a maze of disconnected dialogue.

In "The Fencing Master," Mr. Harry B. Smith perpetrates some of the most remarkable dialogue on the English-speaking stage. This is used in the elucidation of a plot which refuses to be elucidated, and preserves its mystery as stubbornly as the Man in the Iron Mask did his. Gems of slang are embedded in the conversation, and now and then, in moments of tense excitement, a joke of purest ray serene casts a glamour over the surrounding waste. It was a tremulous moment, on Monday evening, when the king, in response to the astrologer's remark that he had nothing but a pawn-ticket, replied that it was the "one redeeming feature" of the occasion. While this passed over the heads of the audience and went out to reverberate in the hollow vault of heaven, there was the solemn silence which attends the enunciation of great thoughts.

If in the dialogue we feel the influence of Smith—this is the correct artistic way of putting it—in the music we feel that De Koven has us by the hand and is leading us through those pleasant paths of memory where he is so much at home. The great pagan, Marcus Aurelius, is supposed to have reached the serene level of a perfect understanding of mankind by never expecting more from an individual than his mental and moral nature was capable of yielding. Looking at Reginald de Koven's talent from this standpoint, it is perfectly charming. "Even Don Fernando can do, you remember, no more than he can do," says the poet, and, strange as it may seem, this is quite true. Therefore, if Reginald de Koven can make pretty operas—and they are pretty—in the limited acquisitive way that he does, it is no business of ours to cavil. The only thing is, it is said that people shall be known by their works. This will be confusing when it comes to knowing Mr. de Koven's works, because all the other fellows will want their part of them recognized, and there may be some trouble in coming to a clear understanding about *meum* and *tuum*.

Among the *décadent* comic operas, "The Fencing Master" should stand well. It is bright, brisk, and pretty. The setting and costuming were particularly lavish, and when, early in the first act, a long line of coryphées, one group skirted and the other clad in brass breast-plates and bright green tights, marched in upon the stage, one began to think that one had strayed in upon a Chicago extravaganza by mistake, and that soon a band of Amazons, all nicely fattened for the sacrifice, would come marching out of Milan Cathedral in the background.

The coryphées, however, seemed only to have their usual little simple, sportive part to play, skipping round in couples, the arm of a green-legged warrior round the waist of a blue-skirted village lass, grouping on stairs, singing little songs in praise of love and wine, standing and impolitely staring when the hero and the heroine make love in the foreground, shrieking when the basso fights the tenor with a tin sword, altogether comporting themselves with that amiable and life-like idiocy which is so popular on the light-opera stage.

When Miss Dorothy Morton as Francesca makes her *entrée*, they are equal to the occasion, and make an arch of steel with their trusty swords for the fencing-master to pass through. Miss Morton enters with almost as much dash and

swagger as Camille d'Arville herself. All in black, with one of those flaxen wigs that are seen only on the heads of comic-opera prima donnas and *bébé* *jumeaux*, she rushes down upon the footlights and breaks into a gallant and gay ballad, very De Kovenish and lively. She is a pretty little creature, very pink and white, vivacious and gesticulatory. If she would cultivate a little more repose of manner, not be quite so desperately sprightly, she might hope to tread in the footsteps that the agile Tempest and the fascinating Jansen have left behind them in the sands of time. Before this can be hoped for, she must lay the blonde wig away in lavender and subdue her exuberant vivacity. She has a good comic opera voice and an attractive comic-opera presence.

Bizet's "Don Procopio," which was found lately among Auber's papers, is the work that he was obliged, as a Prix de Rome, to send to the government as evidence that he was studying. The story of its discovery is curious. Auber had intended to leave his music to the Conservatoire, but just before his death, during the Commune, changed his will and left it to his family. His representatives recently offered to sell it to the government, when, in examining it to ascertain its value, the librarian of the Conservatoire found a number of works which properly belonged to the state, among them Bizet's opera. Auber had received them as a member of the committee to decide on their merits, and, after sending in his judgment, had forgotten to return the books.

Paris has had a theatrical novelty lately in "Le Dragon Vert." It is a piece constructed by Michel Carré, the author of the pantomime, "L'Enfant Prodigue"—in which Ada Reban scored almost her only failure—and the scenes are purely Chinese. To add *vraisemblance*, the actors are native Chinamen. One of them had a slight difference of opinion with the stage-manager, at a rehearsal a few days ago, and knocked the Frenchman cold with a stool that happened to be handy. Next day, when he was arrested, all his compatriots accompanied him to court and, falling on their knees, implored the magistrate not to cut off his head.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The second and last week of Miss Emily Bancker in "Our Flat" at the California Theatre commences on Monday evening next.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me," which presents a vivid picture of life at a frontier army post, will be seen at the California Theatre in the near future. It will be presented by a good company, headed by Maud Harrison.

Miss Marie Burroughs will appear at the Baldwin in "Romeo and Juliet" when she returns from the southern part of the State, where she is now playing. This will be her first appearance upon any stage in a great legitimate rôle.

"The Two Orphans," the best French melodrama of its type, is to be revived at the Alcazar next week. Miss Rose Stillman will be the Louise, Miss Vane the Henriette, Miss Foley the countess, and Miss Rhea the Mère Frochard.

Monday night commences the last week of the engagement of "The Fencing Master" at the Baldwin. Following the engagement of "The Fencing Master," the Baldwin will remain closed for a short time and re-opens with "The Fatal Card," one of the successes of the season in New York.

Those funny little German people, the Liliputians, whose entertainment was well received at the Baldwin not long ago, will be seen again on the same stage in the course of a few weeks. They have a new spectacle called "Humpty Dumpty up to Date," which is quite popular in the East, especially a hunting-scene in which the little people come in mounted on Shetland ponies.

Managers Friedlander and Gottlob are busy making preparations to re-decorate and renovate both the interior and exterior of Stockwell's Theatre, which, when they assume control of it, will be known as the Columbia Theatre. Many improvements will be made, and the entire electric lighting overhauled so as to light up the house in a brilliant manner. They have not as yet definitely decided on their opening attraction.

The great Hungarian violin virtuoso, Edouard Remenyi, who will give a farewell concert in this city during the first week in April, has an unusually artistic company to assist him. The programme will include selections by Mr. Remenyi from Paganini, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps, Spohr, and others. An "Ave Maria," arranged for soprano, violin, and piano, will be included in the programme, the vocal part to be sung by Miss Pauline Stein.

Frank Daniels, of "Little Puck" fame, is now singing in comic opera. He has always had a hankering that way, induced, doubtless, by his extraordinary bass voice, and now he is trying his success with little chance of serious loss, for he is a salaried singer—at five hundred dollars a week, it is said—instead of a star. The prima donna of the company is Eleanor Mayo, daughter of Frank Mayo, and they are singing in Chicago in "The Princess Bonnie," a new opera by Willard Spenser.

Jules Lemaitre's new play, "L'Age Difficile," has been brought out with great success at the Gymnase, with M. Antoine, former director of the Théâtre Libre, in the principal part, and Mme. Judic, for the first time in a pure comedy character, as an old lady. The difficult age is the period in a bachelor's life when he misses the comforts of a family and is too old to acquire them by marrying. M. Lemaitre has made an amusing comedy out of the situation. It is a sign of the times that most of the characters, male and female, come on the stage in the first act on bicycles.

A correspondent of a German paper, the *Fremdenblatt*, claims to have overheard the following: "Have you heard Patti?" "More than that; I saw her cry." "When?" "In her concert after her first song." "Was she so much pleased with her immense reception?" "No; she was jealous of the applause that little Polander got. I went to see her to express my admiration, but I found her in a towering rage. She said she wouldn't sing another note if another hand stirred for little Bronislav." "But she sang again?" "Yes, after I proved to her by arguments strong enough to convince Patti that the applause was, not for Bronislav, but that it was for her that they were waiting impatiently." The next day the cable announced that the diva was ill and would have to cancel a date at Dresden.

Sardou is now writing a play, to be called "Louis the Seventeenth," based on one of the persons who claimed to be a son of Louis the Sixteenth. His method of writing a play is to spend years collecting data, and then, when the time is ripe and the occasion fit, to compose the drama with as much expedition as possible. Thus, "Gismonda" was put in shape for presentation on the stage in about three months, though twice as many years had elapsed from the time when he began to accumulate material for it. When once the dramatist has outlined a plot for a play it is pigeon-holed, and everything in the way of incident or suggestion likely to be available is added until the collection is ready for use.

It is nearly seventeen years since the Tivoli opened as an opera house. The first opera given was Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore," and it is to be repeated next week. It has been revived several times since the original production, the latest

occasion being about four years ago, when Tillie Salinger made her American debut as Josephine. She will have the same rôle next week, and Arthur Messmer will make his reappearance at the Tivoli as Ralph Rackstraw. The entire cast is as follows: Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., Ferris Hartman; Captain Corcoran, John J. Raffael; Ralph Rackstraw, Arthur Messmer; Dick Deadey, George Olmi; Boatwain, Phil Branson; Josephine, Tillie Salinger; Hebe, Alice Neilson; Little Buttercup, Gracie Plaisted; Midshipmire, Jimmy Horn; Sergeant of Marines, Thomas C. Leary.

"Princess Nicotine," an opera entirely new to this coast, will follow "Pinafore," and after it will come Wilson and Hirschbach's big burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe."

ONE HUSBAND'S WAY.

Ceylon is a country where matrimonial relations are apt to get a trifle strained. The usual opinion is that the climate is mostly at fault. So it was generally assumed by a society which could not afford to throw many stones indiscriminately that the climate was to blame for the trouble between the Dexters.

It appears, according to experts, that a good deal depends on seasoning. The first two or three years are the trying ones. After that the matrimonial cart may be expected to go smoothly. That is why some men marry daughters of the land, or girls born on the island, in preference to importing wives from Home. The unmarried man is wise in his generation, and tries to avoid running risks.

But Dexter had been foolish enough to become engaged to a girl at Home, and in due course he married her. This interesting event happened at the end of his six months' leave, and he came back with his brand-new bride and set her down in the midst of his plantation, just as he would have brought a new kind of shrub, and expected it to grow naturally in its new surroundings.

He was a reserved, passionless sort of man, who had never wasted much thought on the other sex, and it really did not occur to him that he was engaged in a risky experiment. He knew something, and had heard more, of what was going on around him. But it did not come within the range of his ideas that his wife should follow the example of other men's wives.

Mrs. Dexter was a very attractive little body, as she speedily discovered. At first she was rather taken aback by the novelty of her position, and was shy with her husband's old friends. As for the women-folk, she was not long in sizing them up and putting them on a proper footing. But with the male portion of Society she was not so exacting or discriminating. Anyhow, as time went on, the Dexters' house became a gathering-place for several men, but very few women. Dexter himself did not seem to notice the distinction. All he noticed was that his wife kept up her spirits well after the first inevitable home-sickness, and that she never complained of feeling lonely. He was not a very observant man.

If Mrs. Dexter had been wise, she would have taken care to divide her attentions. There is safety in numbers, and she really meant no harm. But she was young and inexperienced, and the Man was neither. So that he was clever enough to compromise her effectually and to get his own way—up to a certain point. This happened about six months after the arrival of the little woman, and at a time when, as luck would have it, Dexter was more than usually busy.

The Man had contrived to clear the field of rivals. He was not a particularly nice sort, though he was on such good terms with Mrs. Dexter. As regards reputation, he was one of the best-hated men in the district—by husbands. And the strange thing was that he was not a good-looking man. On the contrary, he was rather ugly. Perhaps it was his swagger and bounce that proved so irresistible.

It became a matter of course for him to be in constant attendance on Mrs. Dexter. Not a day passed that they did not spend almost entirely together, walking, riding, or driving. The people in the neighborhood looked on with interest. They expected a repetition of the old story. And in the nature of things it happened that the husband was the only person ignorant of the threatening tragedy.

One day, however, Dexter was suddenly brought to his senses by a chance remark. It was not intended for his ears, but he heard it and it went home. He followed its example, and having arrived at his own house, sat on the veranda and considered the situation for an hour and a half. At the end of that time he inquired for his wife. She was out, as usual, with the Man; and the servant who answered his question seemed to treat the event as in the usual order of things.

Dexter did not try to obtain any more information. He simply went to his room and changed his clothes, rummaging about as if in search of something. Then he came out, looking quite cheerful, lighted a cheroot, and asked which way Mrs. Dexter was likely to have gone. Having learned this, he walked briskly in the direction indicated.

In the meantime, Mrs. Dexter and the Man were sitting together in a favorite dell, about half a mile away. She was rapidly approaching the stage where folly ends and guilt begins. Whether she would ever actually have transgressed is a delicate

point. She had resisted the voice of the tempter successfully so far, greatly to the tempter's chagrin.

They had, in fact, reached a positive difficulty. He was getting rather angry, and she was not exactly happy. So that it was something of a relief to both of them to hear some one approaching. They neither of them looked to see Dexter. He was supposed to be some miles away shooting.

Unfortunately, their calculations were wrong, for it happened to be Dexter who disturbed their sylvan solitude. He knew his way well, and came straight into the opening, to find them sitting side by side on a fallen tree. And when he saw them, he stopped for a moment and looked at them, a grim smile on his face.

They both saw him at the same instant. The Man jumped up hastily, with an oath. As for Mrs. Dexter, she uttered a slight scream. The husband was the coolest of the three.

He walked up to them slowly, with the smile gradually effacing itself. The Man was far from happy. He saw danger in the pale face and steady eyes, and under his swagger he was, like most of his class, as arrant a coward as ever walked.

Mrs. Dexter simply sat still where she was, her eyes glancing alternately from the Man to her husband, and back again. After her first exclamation, she did not utter a syllable.

Dexter did not waste many words.

"You confounded blackguard," he said.

The Man had expected something more violent. Then, cur-like, he began to pluck up courage. He even began to swagger a little, as usual, and stood up straighter. But Mrs. Dexter, who was watching him closely, noticed that his hand trembled as he curled his mustache.

"I have been thinking the matter over," Dexter continued, "and it seems to me that one or other of us is superfluous. I can only see the one way to settle the difficulty. Here we have a fine, open spot, well lighted, and in every way desirable. We have also a couple of weapons, and, in addition, a lady to give the signal."

As he spoke, he produced from his coat-pockets a brace of revolvers.

"They are exactly similar and both are loaded. Pray examine them and make your choice. Then we will agree to a distance and begin."

He grasped both pistols by the barrels and held them out to his opponent, looking at him keenly while Mrs. Dexter had risen and walked up to them. Husband and wife kept their eyes fixed on the Man's face.

But the Man did not offer to take the revolvers into his hand. His swagger had gone. His cheeks shook like a jelly fresh from the mold, his lips worked convulsively, and his hands quivered. As Dexter moved nearer to him, he drew back, shrinking from the outstretched pistols as if their barrels instead of their butts were presented to him.

And Dexter smiled.

Mrs. Dexter did not smile. Her face suddenly became crimson. Then, with an irresistible impulse, she clenched her fist and struck the Man heavily across the mouth.

"Coward!" she exclaimed.

The word seemed to cut him like a knife. He staggered back a pace or two, gazed blankly from one to the other, and then fled.

They listened to his retreating footsteps without speaking. Then Dexter quietly put the revolvers back into his pockets and turned on his heel to go home.

As he did so, he looked back over his shoulder to where his wife stood, with her face buried in her hands.

"Is there any reason why you should not come with me?" he asked.

She lifted her head, and for a moment her eyes flashed with indignation, and her face became red with sudden anger. Then as quickly she subdued the feeling.

"You have the right to ask," she answered, humbly. "No, there is no reason."

And then he put his arm around her and they went home together. G. F. B.

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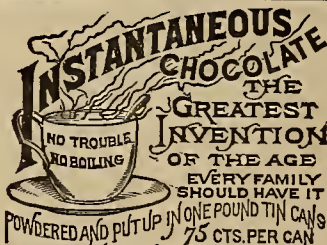
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VANITY FAIR.

Most of the strictures passed upon Miss Gould in her choice of a husband were based upon the assertion that she accepted a foreigner of title instead of a stalwart, self-made, and successful young American. It does not seem to be understood that young women of Miss Gould's wealth and position in society do not meet stalwart, self-made, and successful young Americans of prominence. The young men of great ability in this country in business, or in the professions, do not get into society. The girl who is in society meets only society young men, whether they are natives of this country or foreigners. Her field is distinctly restricted to men of social prominence, and has nothing to do with men of great or startling merit, either abroad or at home. The question really becomes one of selection between the young men who dance attendance upon society young women in America and the young men of foreign birth who follow the same course. A prominent Washington diplomat recently aroused the ire of society in New York city by saying that society men in that city were crudely bred and had the least attractive manners of any men he had ever met. "Nobody of experience in the world can deny," a society leader, who has earned distinction as a writer of fiction, said to a *San* reporter, "that there is a great deal of truth in this assertion. Our own society men are cut toward strangers, exceedingly exclusive and autocratic toward men whom they consider inferior socially to themselves, and they lack the grace, refinement, and mental culture that we naturally look for in men who give themselves up entirely to the practice of the lighter graces of life. Society men in Europe, on the other hand, are carefully schooled, and their manners are so assiduously cultivated that it is at all times a pleasure to meet them. It is not that they excel our own men in dancing, deportment, or in any of the details of social life, but that they have infinitely more suavity, tact, geniality, and general adaptability. They are well-read, masters of several languages, intelligent, and without a trace of the snobbishness which is so often a feature of the manners of New York society men. This is a very simple explanation of what most people regard as a profound and unsolvable mystery."

Commenting on the manners of the present day, a writer recalls the fact that at the court of Marie Antoinette all emotions and passions were veiled by a mask of politeness. Even the children were taught to speak with wit and tact and courtesy, and to bear pain in silence. For instance, the little Duke d'Angoulême, only eight years old, when old Sanbrun entered his presence unexpectedly, said, touching his book: "Ah, monsieur, I am in the company of Plutarch's men. You could not have come at a moment more apropos!" And the Comte de Pallance, beheaded in his tenth year, stood erect and calm in the cart until he reached the guillotine. The headsmen lifted his long curls. "Merci, monsieur!" said the boy, with a bow and a smile. The next moment his head rolled in the dust. In those days, the man or woman who showed any signs of pretension or self-conceit was not received at court. Profound deference was shown to women and the aged. Well-bred men heard of their own ruin with a *bon-mot*.

The importance of her toilet to a Frenchwoman is shown (says the *New York Times*) in the universality of the dressing-room. Although French flats do not offer much accommodation for madame, there is invariably a dressing-room. It is always the daintiest spot in the suite, and, moreover, is the place where her individual taste finds free expression. The use of the room is never lost sight of, and it is apt to be replete with mirrors and toilet requisites, with little substantial furniture, the object being to allow the most ample reflection of the coiffure, dress, and figure in every possible position.

There is a discussion in progress upon the question whether a prima donna who marries should continue her public career, or whether married ladies should be prime donne at all. Miss Fanny Edgar Thomas, in the *Musical Courier*, gives at great length her reasons for an answer in the negative. "There must," said somebody in the foyer of a Paris theatre, "be something woefully lacking in a man whose wife is on the stage after marriage." Mme. Calvé, it seems, tells a tale of a poor tenor who actually "held in" his voice for several weeks in terror of displeasing his soprano wife, who wanted all the bouquets. But on one occasion he sang out, and the first bouquet that fell at his feet was a divorce bomb. Then there is another amusing story of a married soprano who used to telephone the nurse at intervals to know how baby was getting on. "I have heard," says Miss Thomas, "of bringing up babies by bottle or by hand, but the results of bringing them up by telephone are dubious." The exciting cause for a post-marital public life is, Miss Thomas declares, either envy or vanity. A talented woman sees Duse or Bernhardt act, or hears Calvé, Materna, or Melba sing, and the cry is raised, "Oh, I wish I were she," or

rather, "I wish I had what she has." It is not a question of art, but of a desire for money or fame, and the writer makes merry over the woes of the husband of the "greenroom wife," the man who ruefully exclaims: "I am only a door-mat in the concern now." Miss Thomas also has a straight word for the husband. She is firmly of belief that a good deal of the wife's restlessness and desire for a public career lie in her repugnance to come to her husband for every need of dress or luxury. Woman is not necessarily mercenary or grasping, but the most affectionate creature in the world must wear shoes and gloves, hats and skirts. Miss Thomas asks triumphantly how the husband would like to have to go to his partner or employer for every item of expenditure, regular or unexpected, and watch the effect on the irritability of the donor. The natural conclusion would therefore seem to be that the best method to keep a stage-struck woman from operatic life or the concert platform is to increase the pin-money.

"Every one must have remarked," writes Florence E. Hawson, "how much longer, as a rule—unless they have destroyed their constitutions by excesses and dissipation—men preserve the contour of their faces than women. Now, I do not for one moment think that Nature intended woman to age more quickly than man, and I believe that the cause of the drawn, hollow-cheeked faces of thin women, and the sagging, double-chinned appearance of those of the fat ones, is mainly owing to the weakening of the muscles of the whole body by corset wearing. This injurious habit also impedes the circulation, thus often destroying the complexion."

Vogue prints this expense-list of a young woman who, her finances having become much reduced, is able to live in London—the most expensive city to live in, in the world—and very well at that, on slightly over \$20,000 a year. She says: "I have kept an accurate account of our annual expenditure for the last two years, and this is what it amounts to: Rent of flat, £220; cook, £40; parlor-maid, £22; house-maid, £16; nurse, £20; coals and wood, £23; meat, fish, groceries, etc., £382; wine, soda-water, etc., £174; whisky, £11; cigars and tobacco, £61; washing, £134; new furniture and repairs, £45; dining in restaurants, £48; theatres, etc., £65; my husband's cash, includes traveling expenses, £470; my allowance, £300; tailors, £242; shirt-makers, batters, etc., £107; boot-makers, £27; my dress, £525; baby's clothes, £64; wedding and other presents, £83; medical attendance, £120; town club subscriptions, £28; other clubs, societies, etc., £15; pensioned old servants, etc., £146; subscriptions to hospitals, £242; shooting in Scotland (two months), £350; expenses connected therewith, £285; books purchased, £240; magazines, newspapers, etc., £10; engravings, etchings, etc., £140; extras, includes portmanteaus, fishing-tackle, bird-stuffer, etc., £128. Total, £4,783." It is interesting to notice that whisky, cigars, husband, and traveling cost the lady nearly one-fifth of her income.

Some time ago a man took it upon himself to assert that the modern woman has forgotten how to blush. This imputation was launched at femininity in general with so much bitterness and asperity that one might gather therefrom that blushing is a virtue, and that not to blush is criminal. Whatever the connection between this sudden heightening of color and innocence in the case of women, however, the blush is considered a sign of grace by men. Cynics have always maintained that women can cry about anything, and at a moment's notice, and it is indeed pretty well known that many actresses can squeeze out real tears nightly at the proper moment; but blushing is more difficult to acquire as an art. Blushes are evidently considered as important by the generality of men. For instance, to call a man "an unblushing scoundrel" is a distinct slur on his character, and to tell another that you blush for him used at one time to be a pretty common form of insult. Even now the phrase "we blush to relate" is to be found in our daily newspapers. The poet Young lays it down in his "Night Thoughts" that "the man who blushes is not quite a brute." Darwin's observations determined the fact that blushing is confined to the human species.

News from Vienna that Mme. Nina Lentholt, the *ingenue* of the Raimund Theatre, a ravishing personality, has refused to be kissed on the stage. The stage kiss has hitherto been supposed to be a simple, innocuous performance; but her husband, poor jealous man, has forbidden her to receive the stage hug and kisses. Now, if it were what has been termed slobbering, this mandate could be understood. There would be ground for it. As the stage kiss deceives no one, in opera particularly, except, perhaps, a few palpitating "young things," the refusal by the lady to allow herself to be kissed is all the more incomprehensible. The lady, it appears, told the kisser, Mr. Ranzenberg, that he would have to stop applying himself to the kissing task with so much realism. Ranzenberg told her that he simply followed the author's instructions, that her husband was nothing to him, and if she

desired it, he would tell her jealous spouse that these kisses to order did not give him any particular pleasure. No remedy was to be had, either, from the director of the theatre, who advised her to retire with her husband to the country and put in the rest of her existence in a perpetual honeymoon, and she resigned. The usual amount of interviewing has been published on the Lentholt affair. Mlle. Lola Beeth says to kiss on the stage is a duty which only becomes something else when done behind the scenes. "The whole matter isn't worth a fig," exclaimed Mlle. Biedermann; "a true kiss should be on the silent system, long drawn out and well felt. The stage kiss is, on the contrary, short, in a hurry, and vulgarly loud." "The stage kiss," says Mlle. Pepi Glockner, "goes off with the powder on the cheeks of the actress who receives it." "On the stage," writes Jenny Gross, the famous Berlin actress, "I am Mme. Sans-Gêne in the fullest acceptance of the word. If the author wishes me to kiss or to be kissed, I give or receive kisses with conviction and passion. As an artist I fill my rôle; I do not accomplish an act of personal will." Finally, Meyrane Héglon, of the Opéra at Paris, says: "If an actress does not reserve in her contract the right to play only the parts of *rosières*, or of *prix de vertu*, I can not comprehend why she should not let herself be kissed."

"We made three cakes here the other day for a birthday-party, and each one was 'three feet in diameter,'" said a New York caterer to a *San* reporter recently. "In the most expensive one were hidden two one-thousand-dollar diamond-rings. One cake was of layers of pound-cake and marmalade, beautifully iced and decorated. Its value was fifty dollars. Two tiny flags, one engraved with a 'G,' the other with an 'L,' showed which part of this monster cake was for the ladies and which half for the gentlemen. The rings were to go to whichever got the particular slice containing them. The other two cakes were not so expensive, but were also very elegant. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt ordered these confections for a party to be given in honor of her daughter on her eighteenth birthday. One of the big cakes was for the servants of the Vanderbilt establishment." Another New York caterer has copyrighted an ice-cream mold of Trilby, and will hereafter model her for his patrons. The mold is a fac-simile of the much-discussed heroine, from the crown of her classic head to the sole of her celebrated foot.

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Yours, gratefully and sincerely,

REV. W. I. KIP.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Morris had the Haymarket Theatre, Jerrold had occasion one day to find fault with the strength, or rather the want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated and said: "Why, there is V; he was bred on these boards!" "He looks as though he had been cut out of them," replied Jerrold.

Mr. James Payn was once instructing some young lady friends in the art of scientific whist, and they told him they played family whist in the evenings. "Do your people play the peulimite?" the novelist inquired of one of his fair pupils. "Not that I know of," she answered, very sweetly; "Sophie plays the piano and Julia the harp; but we none of us play the penultimate."

It is related of Mr. Stevenson (in the *Washington Post*) that during the discussion of the Repeal bill, a motion was put to the Senate upon which nobody voted either way. "As the Senate is equally divided," at once remarked the Vice-President, "the chair will cast the deciding vote and votes 'no.' The motion is lost." It took the senators half a day to recover from the shock.

The Duke of Argyll, having been with some ladies in the Opera House in London, an English squire, puffing and blowing, entered the box in which they were seated, with his hunting-boots on and whip in hand. The duke instantly rose up and, making a low bow, exclaimed: "Sir, I am very much obliged to you." "Oh, why—for what?" "For not bringing your horse here."

In the early days of Austin, Nev., a mining accident occurred, by which a man was killed. The body was brought to the surface and laid out. He and his partner were new arrivals from Washoe, and were of the prize-fighting fraternity. As a crowd gathered solemnly around to view the body and regret the accident, the partner exclaimed: "My God, he was a good man. It's too bad. He was a good man," and the crowd bowed lower in reverential awe and admiration for the truly good, until the conclusion of the sentence: "he licked a son of a gun by the name of Patsy Foy in three rounds in Virginny."

The Auld Licht Kirk, when Dr. Chalmers visited it, was a terribly bare little building. The elders were a grim set. They kept their bonnets on their heads till the minister entered; and they had each a large stick in his hand, which they used for "chappin'" their noses through all the service. The minister wore no gown nor bands. He gave a very long sermon, full of sound divinity, but without the smallest practical application and without a vestige of feeling. At length Dr. Chalmers got out, the dismal worship being ended. And his word was: "If these people ever get to heaven, they will live on the north side of it."

Mr. Benjamin James was a clever solicitor. When he had a case in hand, he either lost it or else he won it. As there were these two possibilities to the conclusion of any action, he had two forms of announcing the results to his clients. If he was successful, he wrote: "MR. J. B. BROWN (*Re Brown versus Smith*). SIR: I am pleased to inform you that I have to-day won this action. Yours faithfully, BENJAMIN JAMES." If, on the other hand, he lost the case, he wrote: "MR. B. J. SMITH (*Re Smith versus Brown*). SIR: I regret to inform you that you have to-day lost this action. Yours faithfully, BENJAMIN JAMES."

In the "monument-room" at Trinity Church, New York, is a large marble tablet in memory of the late Bishop Hobart. It is a bas-relief, representing the bishop in the agony of death, sinking into the arms of an allegorical female figure, presumably intended for the Angel of Death. It is said that an aged couple from the rural districts were being shown about the church, and, pausing long before the tablet, the old lady remarked to her husband: "That's a good likeness of the bishop, but"—regarding the angelic personage attentively—"it's a very poor one of *Mrs. Hobart*. I knew her well, and she didn't look like that."

Auguste Vacquerie was well known as a Parisian journalist, but his pretensions to authorship for the stage excited only derision for nearly a quarter-century before he struck his literary gold mine in "Formosa." His first play, "Tragaldabas," was unmercifully hissed off the stage by an organized clique. In the midst of the uproar, Vacquerie, sitting in the dress-circle, was laughing so heartily that a young lady seated next to him remarked: "Ah, monsieur! You are merry, and so am I; but what would the poor author say if he were here?" "Don't be disturbed, mademoiselle," he replied; "I am the author's best friend, and I can assure you he doesn't care the least little bit."

A member of the legal profession of very diminutive size was elected to the bench, some years

ago, in a Pennsylvania town, and one of the first cases before his honor was that of a brawny Irishman of colossal figure. The son of Erin had committed an assault and battery, and was told to stand up by the court. The defendant did so, and, though he was six feet six inches tall, he could barely see the top of the magistrate's head appearing behind the desk. Raising himself on tiptoe and bending forward with his hands before his eyes, as if to peer at some distant object, the Irishman shouted: "Holy Moses! and is Patrick O'Minehan going to be tried by a fairy?"

The most popular man in a Western town once got into a difficulty with a disreputable tough who was the terror of the place, and whipped him in a manner eminently satisfactory to the entire community. It was necessary to vindicate the majesty of the law, however, and the offender was brought up for trial on a charge of assault with intent to kill. The jury took the case, and were out about two minutes, when they returned. "Well," said the judge, in a familiar, off-hand way, "what does the jury have to say?" "May it please the court," responded the foreman, "we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of hittin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze, and he done it."

The Prince of Wales is said to have an extraordinary and accurate knowledge of the sigos, colors, and membership of all orders of merit. It is a matter in which he permits no trifling, too. At a recent state ball, a beautiful young girl wore a glittering jeweled decoration on her breast. She danced opposite the prince. When the quadrille was over, he said, gently: "That is a pretty ornament. May I ask to whom it belongs?" "To Lord Blank," said the frightened girl; "he is my fiancé. He allows me to wear it." "Can you unfasten it easily?" "Yes, your highness." "Then may I ask you to take it off, and to tell Lord Blank that it means something more than a bit of gold and a few diamonds to be worn merely as an ornament, even by a charming woman?"

Miss Fraoces Power Cobbe once discussed evolution with Sir Charles Lyell, when some of the party had betrayed the idea that "survival of the fittest" meant of the best. Sir Charles left the room (continues Miss Cobbe, in her recently published memoirs) and went down-stairs, but suddenly rushed back into the drawing-room, and said to me all in a breath, standing on the rug: "I'll explain it to you in one minute! Suppose you had been living in Spain three hundred years ago, and had had a sister who was a perfectly commonplace person, and believed everything she was told. Well, your sister would have been happily married and had a numerous progeny, and that would have been the survival of the fittest; but you would have been burnt at an *auto-da-fé*, and there would have been an end of you. You would have been unsuited to your environment. There! That's evolution! Good-bye!" On went his hat, and we heard the hall door close after him before we had done laughing.

In the early sixties there flourished in Paris a writer who used his talent as a professional libeler. His real name was Jacquot, his *nom de guerre*, Eugène de Mirecourt. One day there appeared a violent onslaught on Alexandre Dumas *père*. The article openly taxed the great novelist with living on the brains of his collaborators. The father happened to be away from Paris; the son sent his seconds to Mirecourt. "You say, gentlemen," said the biographer, "that you are acting in behalf of M. Dumas *filz*?" The two gentlemen bowed assent; thereupon Mirecourt rings for his servant. "Tell my son to come to me," he orders. And to his visitors' great surprise, there appears a little urchin, his face besmeared with jam. Mirecourt, though, remains perfectly serious. "Gentlemen," he remarks, at last, "I feel convinced that my son is as ticklish about his father's honor as the son of M. Alexandre Dumas is about his father's. As it is absolutely necessary that the rôles should be equal, you had better arrange matters with him." With which he leaves the two friends of the future eminent dramatist.

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4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	† 7.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	† 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.38 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7.00 *8.00 9.00 *10.00 and 11.00 A. M., *12.30, 1.00, 2.00 3.00 *4.00 5.00 and *6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6.00 *7.00 8.00 *9.00 10.00 and *11.00 A. M., *12.00 *12.30, 2.00 3.00 4.00 and *5.00 P. M.
A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. † Sundays only.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports in Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets:

SS. San Elias.....	March 28th
SS. San Juan.....	April 8th
SS. Colon.....	April 18th
SS. City of Sydney.....	April 28th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.

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FOR HONG KONG VIA YOKOHAMA:
China (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, March 26, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, May 4, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, May 25, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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Coptic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 23
Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 15
Belgic.....Saturday, June 15
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. March 6, 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Wednesday, 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, 2 P. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, March 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Idahome Valley*, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

The Moss-Foulkes Wedding.

Miss Margaret Foulkes, daughter of the late Dr. George Foulkes, of Oakland, was married last Wednesday noon to Dr. J. Mora Moss. The wedding took place at Trinity Episcopal Church in the presence of a large assemblage of friends of the contracting parties. Miss Julia Reed was the maid of honor, and the ushers were Mr. Emmet Rixford, Dr. G. Howard Thompson, and Mr. A. Newman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Edward Walk, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Dr. Bruce Foulkes. In the afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Moss left to make a tour of Southern California.

The Morgan Card-Party.

Miss Ella Morgan gave a very pleasant card-party last Monday evening at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan, 1415 Franklin Street. Progressive euchre was the game of the evening, and it proved very interesting, as some handsome prizes were contested for. The winners of the prizes were Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Pease, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. F. H. Coon, and Mr. Philip Williams. A delicious supper was served before midnight. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Claire Tucker, Miss Bessie Younger, Misses Hooper, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Spiers, Miss Pease, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Norwood, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Lieutenant H. A. Benson, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. L. S. Adams, Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. Philip Williams, Mr. F. H. Coon, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. S. G. Buckbee, and Mr. Morgan.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Martel and Mr. Charles J. Stovel will take place on Saturday, April 20th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Martel.

The hall of the Concordia Club will not take place until Saturday evening, April 13th.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently at her residence on Buchanan Street, in honor of Mrs. Morton Mitchell, of Washington, D. C. The decorations were entirely oriental and very artistic. Covers were laid for twelve, and a delicious menu was enjoyed.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw gave a large lunch-party recently at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. Bessie Wheaton Adams. The decorations were of almond-blossoms. The others present were: Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. Frank Brigham, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Henry Adams, Mrs. Henry Hinkle, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Robert Knight, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, and Miss King.

Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., gave a pleasant lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence in Fruitvale, and entertained several of her unmarried friends.

Miss Juliet Garber gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Wednesday evening at her home in Claremont. Her guests were the ladies and gentlemen who danced the minuet at the Colonial Ball that took place in Berkeley recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Crux gave a progressive euchre-party recently at their residence, 2715 Pine Street, and entertained about fifty of their friends. The prizes were won by Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. Elwood Brown, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe, Mrs. C. E. Brown, and Mr. William Ellicott. During the evening, Chevalier de Kontski played several selections on the piano. A delicious supper ended the pleasant affair.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

According to Mrs. Burton Harrison, a Girton girl remarked not long ago that the woman question would easily be solved if we could only have three generations of single women.

The Empress of Austria has not had a portrait taken for thirty years. She wants to be remembered as the brilliant beauty who was almost six feet tall, whose hair came below her knees, and whose waist measured seventeen inches.

A story recently told about Queen Victoria's wedding is rather a pretty one. "I wish to be married as a woman, not as a queen," she said when asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury if she wished him to leave the word "ohay" out of the ceremony.

Réjane commands a higher price for her talents than even a favorite prima donna. According to excellent Paris authority, she receives sixteen hundred dollars for every performance, and in addition her manager pays her expenses and provides her with a maid and a dressmaker.

Clara Louis Kellogg is living in New York in comparative poverty. Once she was worth nearly a million of dollars, but it has all been swept away by unfortunate business ventures. The once famous woman has lost her voice entirely, and has no way of recouping her shattered fortunes.

Miss Morton, sister of the Secretary of Agriculture, is the only person prominently connected with the administration who is able to talk French to members of the diplomatic corps. She lost her fortune indorsing notes of another brother, and was compelled to open a girls' school in Detroit.

"La Montagne Noire," a grand opera, composed, book and music, by an Irish woman naturalized in France, Miss Augusta Holmes, has just been brought out at the Paris Grand Opéra. Miss Holmes is known as the composer of a cantata, "Les Argonautes," performed at the Padeloup concerts in 1880, and of two symphonic poems, "Ireland" and "Poland."

A New York paper has this to say of a well-known San Franciscan:

"Gertrude Franklin Atherton, the author, lives modestly in Fifty-Ninth Street, with her maid. She is in the neighborhood of her thirtieth year, and is a widow. She is beautiful, with the plump face and slender figure of a school-girl. Having made her own way with two books, having means of her own to live upon, and owing nothing to the machinery by which so many feeble lights gather oil for their wicks, she has not attached herself to any of the so-called literary coteries in town, and is not to be seen on exhibition in any of their parlors."

Patti is writing reminiscences, in which she says she was born in 1844; made her debut in Niblo's December 3, 1859. Her good sense, which has long been known, is again shown in the advice which she says she always gives to girls anxious for success on the stage. She tells them: "You must be a good workman at your trade before you can be an artist in your art."

The Countess de Castellane, when she was Miss Anna Gould, at one time attended the fashionable ladies' school at Ogontz, near Philadelphia, and was so noted for her pranks and violation of the rules that only her "pull" saved her from expulsion. Among her many misdeeds, she had a marked partiality for flirtation through the fence rails with the youths who attended the military academy at Cheltenham.

A very earnest and useful life has been closed by the death, on February 16th, of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. Says a London paper:

"She had lived for eighty-seven years, most of them *dans le mouvement*. Her reminiscences stretched back to the reign of George the Fourth, to whom she was presented; she was present at the queen's coronation, and also at the great Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey. Names such as those of Carlyle, Guizot, O'Connell, would cause the chords of her memory to 'vibrate once more,' as she told with delightful vivacity her experiences of the great for nearly seventy years. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley was the daughter of the thirteenth Lord Dillon, and was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia. At the age of seven, she came with her father to reside at Florence. In 1826, she married Mr. Edward Stanley, eldest son of Sir John Stanley, who held many official positions, including that of postmaster-general. Lady Stanley of Alderley, had keen literary sympathies, and her salon was frequented by most of the rising stars. Few important functions in London were without her presence. To the last Lady Stanley loved to hear of new things and people. Her energy was remarkable. Only a few days before her death she had attended a committee meeting of the Girls' Public Day-School Company, in which, as well as in Girton College, she was greatly interested. The surviving elderly members of her family include the present Lord Stanley of Alderley and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and there are no less than eighty grandchildren and great-grandchildren to cherish the memory of her strong-minded, sensible, and striking personality."

Fashionable dressmakers say that the young Duchess of York now sets the London fashions quite as much as her mother-in-law, the Princess of Wales. The court chroniclers indorse this by invariably describing the duchess's dresses as fully as those of the princess. As the Princess of Wales is not likely to be seen much in fashionable society this season, the young duchess has become an important person indeed. Her baby is said to be growing up into a rather plain child, but fat and sturdy, the latter advantages being derived from his huxom mother.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Monument to General Sherman.

LANCASTER, O., March 13, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Though his deeds had the dash and the valor of which poets and hardy love to sing, though loved and regretted as a father by his brave soldier followers, though esteemed a national hero by all, yet, strange as it may seem, not a stone has been raised nor an inscription graven to pass to posterity the memory of the great hero, General William Tecumseh Sherman. Not that the lustre of his achievements has grown dim, not that his soldiers, friends, and admirers have forgotten, but because no systematic effort has been made for funds with which to secure a shaft in memory of so grand a character.

This work a committee of business men and hankers of Lancaster (his native town) has undertaken, and this letter is an evidence of their work. Three of the five members of the committee are *Argonaut* subscribers, namely, Messrs. George P. Rising, F. C. Neeb, and myself, and we are anxious that you shall lend us some slight editorial assistance.

The plan adopted is known as the "chain-of-letters" scheme, and, briefly, it is this: If you are approached by letter to contribute to the fund, it will be by a friend, and you will be asked to send a contribution to Lancaster, to the commander of Ben Eutterfield Post, G. A. R., and mail three copies of the letter to friends of yours. These letters will be supplied you by the committee from this city, so that your labor is lightened. The contributions up to date have been small, but as the enterprise employs a geometrical progression plan, and as we expect to invade almost every State of the Union, we are hopeful of success. Leading papers in Chicago, New York, and Washington have mentioned and commended the scheme, and Senator Sherman, writing from Washington, has extended encouragement and indorsed the management and movement. We trust you can give us the benefit of your great prestige on the Pacific Slope. Very truly,

C. D. HILLES.

A Postage-Stamp Frankenstein.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 4, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some days ago, a local daily contained an account of the embarrassment caused to the postmaster at Kaneville, Ill., through the efforts of Miss Edna R. Brown to secure a bed in a hospital for a young lady of that town who had been an invalid for a number of years. The bed was to be furnished in return for one million canceled postage-stamps, and the collection had already reached eight millions. Miss Brown was in daily receipt of from fifteen to twenty thousand letters, besides numerous packages both by mail and by express; seventeen large sacks of mail matter are delivered daily, and as the conveyance is by stage, passengers can not be carried; the post-office is clogged up with her undelivered mail, and the postal authorities at Washington have been appealed to.

Miss Brown wrote three letters to three friends, requesting each to make three copies, forward them to three other persons, and to return the original letters to Miss Brown, inclosing ten canceled stamps. Each of the new letters contained the same request as to copies and returning stamps. The first three letters were numbered one, the second series two, and so on. The persons receiving letters numbered fifty were to return them, with stamps, but without making copies. A copy numbered forty-eight was recently received by a young lady in this city, which indicates that the collection is still going on, though nearing the end.

Assuming that all of the letters were answered and the fifty links of the chain are completed, some interesting results follow. With the completion of the tenth link, Miss Brown received 885,720 stamps, and the next mail brought her in 1,771,470 more. She now had more than twice the number required, but her Frankenstein had scarcely begun to breathe the breath of life. The eighteenth link included 126,440,163 letters, requiring about twice the population of the United States to avoid repetitions in this one link alone. The twentieth link required the whole population of the earth, yet the procession was just beginning to move along freely. The number of stamps manufactured in the United States in one year is 3,029,500,000, yet Miss Brown would receive two-thirds of this number upon the completion of the fifteenth link, and the twenty-first link alone would in one day bring in more than the total annual issue. From now on, Miss Brown's mail would begin to become embarrassing even to herself. Handling one letter a second she would require 23,331,738,078 assistants to get through with the thirtieth link in twenty-four hours. Upon the completion of the fiftieth link, Miss Brown will be able to furnish a bed in a hospital for every man, woman, and child in the world, and have several left over. She will also have the largest stamp collection in the world, for it will number ten septillion five hundred and forty-three sextillion three hundred and fifteen quintillion three hundred and sixty-eight quadrillion three hundred and thirty-six trillion seven hundred and fifty-two billion five hundred and twenty-seven million five hundred and fifty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty (10,543,315,368,336,752,527,553,720). Yours, very truly,

STATISTICIAN.

HUBER'S ORCHESTRA FURNISHES EXCELLENT music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club, and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy Street. Tel., East 681.

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CALL AND INSPECT OUR LATEST STYLES OF spring and summer hats. Cohl Bros., Leading Hatters, 226 Kearny St., between Sutter and Bush.

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"CHIMMIE FADDEN" AT COOPER'S.



YALE'S HAIR TONIC

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that MME. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. MME. Yale personally indorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY Hair Specific. IT STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxurious growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.

If Anybody Offers a Substitute Shun Them.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan left on Friday to make a trip to Mexico. They will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Leland Stanford returned last Monday from a prolonged visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Emelie, Alice, and Ethel Hager will leave next Tuesday on a voyage to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family will sail on March 26th for Japan, en route on a trip around the world.

Mrs. A. M. Easton, accompanied by the children of Colonel C. F. Crocker, arrived in Paris on February 25th from Cairo, Egypt. They were staying at the Hotel de France at Choiseul.

Mrs. William C. Ralston and Miss Jenoy Dunphy have rented a house on the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, and will remain there several months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen and Miss Alice McCutchen will leave next month to occupy their cottage in Ross Valley.

General and Mrs. James F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Mr. H. B. Houghton visited San José last Sunday.

Miss Laura McKinstrey will return from the East in about two weeks.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Stone are visiting New York city.

Mr. J. Mounteney Jephson has returned to England after a prolonged visit to this coast.

Mrs. Paul Jarboe and Miss Alice Owen have been at Concha del Mar, the Jarboe cottage at Santa Cruz, during the past week.

Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Edith Huntington have returned from Coronado Beach, and are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Dr. and Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi are making preparations to leave soon on a trip to Europe. They will be away several months.

Miss Lulu Tyrrell, of Sacramento, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. January, of Concord.

Mr. Clay M. Greene arrived here last Tuesday on a visit from New York.

Mrs. William P. Harrington and the Misses Harrington, of Colusa, returned from the East last Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William S. Tevis will leave soon to pass a couple of months at her home near Bakersfield.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas are expected to return from Coronado in a few days.

Mrs. Pedar Sather, of Oakland, has gone to Honolulu, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Day arrived in New York city last week.

Mrs. R. E. Williams will leave next month to visit her daughter in Tacoma, and will be away about two months.

Mr. H. Gaylord Wilshire will soon leave for Los Angeles, where he will reside permanently.

Mr. H. S. Crocker returned from Sacramento early in the week.

Miss Florence Dunham has returned to her home in Oakland after a pleasant visit to friends in the Eastern States.

Mr. Charles Grabam has been at San Mateo and Burlingame during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alban B. Butler have returned to their home in Fresno after a brief visit here.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., Commander of the Department of Dakota, returned to St. Paul, Minn., last Tuesday after a brief visit here. Last Monday he witnessed a review of the troops at the Presidio, after which a reception was given in his honor in the Assembly Room.

Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, First Infantry, U. S. A., is acting as recruiting officer at Benicia Barracks.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Lake Musicales.

A musicale was given at Miss Lake's School on Friday evening. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Piano solo, (a) "Papillon," (b) "Vöglein," Grieg, Miss Gonzalez; piano solo, polonaise, "Use Seifert," Miss Maria Belismelis; duet, mandolin, Misses Belismelis and Vides; piano solo, "Kamenoi Ostrow," Rubinstein, Miss Melendez; piano solo, prelude and toccata, Lachner, Miss Gonzalez; a vocal interlude—participants: Miss Morgan, Miss Faulkner, Miss Blossom, Miss Goodwin, Miss Champlin, Miss Leacock, Miss Gonzalez, and Miss White, assisted by Miss Ferrer, guitarist; piano solo, impromptu, Chopin, Miss Cohn; recitation, Miss Gonzalez; piano solo, "Polish Dance," Scharwenka, Miss Cahoon; harp solo, "Chanson Sans Paroles," Debussy, Miss Lopez Sol; piano solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2, Liszt, Miss Carmen Melendez.

An interesting concert will be given at the Auditorium next Friday evening by the University of California Glee Club and the Stanford University Mandolin Club. These two musical organizations have given several concerts in various parts of the State at different times, but have never before appeared together. The adherents of both universities will be there in full force, and a large audience is expected.

The Loring Club will give a concert next Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The officers for 1895 of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission are as follows: Honorary president, Miss Mary D. Bates; president, Miss Martha W. Shainwald; first vice-president, Miss Anne Bryce; second vice-president, Miss Harriet S. Mason; corresponding secretary, Miss Harriet Jacobson; recording secretary, Miss Cecile J. Sanderson; treasurer, Mrs. George H. Buckingham; auditor, Mr. Theodore E. Smith; librarian, Miss Winifred C. Douglass; assistant librarian, Miss Mattie L. Brown.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Li Hung Chang, who has been called the Bismarck of China, has a caustic tongue as well as a powerful brain. His habit, it appears, is to embarrass and frighten his guests by irritating questions, knowing that an angry man is at the mercy of a cool one.

Berry, late the hangman in England, was summoned recently for not paying a very small debt. He explained that his lectures on hanging had not proved attractive; that he had unsuccessfully tried to get work as a commercial traveler; and that none of his six children could find employment on account of his former calling.

Minsen, who was a pilot on the Elbe, tells the following pathetic story of Captain von Goessel of that ill-starred vessel:

"Our pilot, De Harde, was probably the last man who stood on the bridge beside the captain. When the steam whistle got out of order, Captain von Goessel helped the pilot to set it to rights. The latter asked, 'Captain, won't you have a life-halt?' 'No,' answered the captain, quietly, 'I do not need one.' Soon he sent the pilot away and remained alone at his post, going down with his ship, like the true seaman that he was."

Manly M. Gillam, known for years as John Wanamaker's ten-thousand-dollar-a-year advertising man, has gone to New York to announce the bargains to be had at Hilton, Hughes & Co. At Wanamaker's, each day Mr. Gillam held conferences with the heads of the departments in the store, formed his own judgment upon the merits of their offerings, and then told of them in a way that carried conviction with it.

A Sun writer met Oscar Wilde in London last summer, and gives this pen-portrait of him:

"Mr. Wilde was at that time addicted to wearing cork-soled boots of a very large and cumbersome make, and he wore flapping trousers that hagged at the knees. His rather shapeless body was incased in a frock-coat which might have been made by an obscure tailor in Newark, so awkward and ill-fitting were its outlines. The front of his coat was stained with grease. His teeth were discolored, and the fat hung in heavy masses over his jaw-bones. Along with his unwieldy bulk and general ungainliness of movement there was a manner of assumed femininity that aroused ridicule if not disgust. Mr. Wilde sat humped up in a chair, with his eyes turned upward, and his voice was pitched like a woman's. He twisted his rings nervously, and occasionally pressed a handkerchief with a narrow lace border to his lips as he talked."

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were sitting in a church at Cannes, the other day. They were near the pulpit; but when the sermon began, Mr. Gladstone turned to his wife, and said, irritably: "I can't hear!" "Never mind, my dear," she replied, in a whisper loud enough to reach the pulpit—"never mind; go to sleep. It will do you much more good."

Two interesting pictures of the late ex-Khedive Ismail are thus given in *Harper's Weekly* by "Ex-Diplomat":

"One was my first dinner-party at the Palace of Agha, in the early part of the seventies. In the evening I was among the early arrivals, and after paying my respects to his highness, had the opportunity of observing the manner in which he welcomed the remainder of the guests. The foreigners were treated with a mixture of *bonhomie* and dignity which was really very winning and European. But one was reminded a moment after the fact that the palace was that of an Oriental ruler by the abject cringing manner in which the native dignitaries made their obeisance to the 'Effendia,' as he was called. From the moment they got to the top of the stairs their backs were bent almost double, and it was in that position that they approached the Khedive and humbly kissed the hem of his coat before retreating backward to some distant corner of the room. Even Nuhar Pasha, the prime minister, and Ismail's own son, Tewfik, paid homage to him in this manner, which was rendered all the more unpleasant to witness by the contempt and utter indifference with which it was received by Ismail. The next scene was at Constantinople, on one of the periodical visits of Ismail to the Sultan. The Commander of the Faithful had consented to attend an entertainment given in his honor by his powerful and wealthy vassal at the latter's Bosphorus palace. The function took place on a particularly hot summer afternoon, and when the Padishah arrived on horseback, he was met outside the gates of the park surrounding the palace by the Khedive, who greeted him by kissing his foot and then the hem of his coat, with every token of the deepest humility and respect. The Sultan merely uttered a few half-contemptuous words, and with a slight nod set his horse at an amble, continuing the while to let fall in a very condescending manner a few remarks to the Khedive, who was forced in consequence, notwithstanding his fat and the heat, to run by the side of the Sultan's horse, panting and perspiring in a very grotesque manner. On reaching the palace, the Sultan dined alone on dishes and plates of pure gold, served by Ismail and his sons, and at the close of the repast, the entire service of gold was tied up in the superb embroidered table-cloth, and confided to the Sultan's attendants for conveyance to the Yildiz Kiosk, as a humble offering from the Khedive to his suzerain."

H. H. Kohlhaas, of Chicago, who is now in New York renewing his former negotiations for the purchase of the New York Tribune, made his million or more in baking and selling bread to the Chicago public. Then he retired and purchased the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, which he sold last year. Now he wants to buy the Tribune. Whitelaw Reid, the editor and owner of the controlling interest, who is in declining health, is now in Egypt. Mr. Reid and his father-in-law own seventy-nine shares of the Tribune's one hundred shares, and they hold their interest at three millions of dollars. This would make the total value of the New York Tribune about four millions of dollars.

—THE NEW PAPER, "FLORENTINE MOSAIC," exclusively at Cooper's.

LENTEN LYRICS.

At Vespers.

In solemn mood hefting Lent
She scurries to her pew
And looks to neither right nor left,
As she is wont to do,
I follow with a heaving heart
Along the dim, wide aisle,
To find my coming quite unmarked
By either nod or smile.

(The church is cold to-night, I think.)

She does not even share
Her hooks with me, and stands remote;
But when we kneel in pray'r
Some friendly power bridges o'er
The space between us and,
Assured that no one else can see,
She lets me hold her hand.

—Edward W. Barnard in Judge.

A Lyric of Lent.

Girl of the Lenten period,
With softly downcast eyes,
Have you prayed off the surplus force
That in your nature lies?
Have you evolved a litany
To which your steps shall dance?
Girl of the Lenten period,
There's mischief in your glance!

You're thinking not of litanies
With penitent refrains,
But of your love's arithmetic,
And counting up your gains
Of poems wrought in needle-work,
Of symphonies in gowns,
Of honnets that at Easter-tide
Shall banish Leonten frowns.

Girl of the Lenten period,
In royal purple clad!
Fair penitent in violet,
Your cunning makes me glad!
I love you, pretty devotee,
Whose sins are small and few,
And when I to devotions go,
I'll ask to kneel by you.

—M. L. Rayne in Truth.

Priscilla in Lent.

Priscilla puts her pleasures by,
Forgets each worldly lure;
The heavenly azure of her eye
Grows downcast and demure.
If I were asked to limn a saint,
Hers are the features I would paint.

Her gowns are all of sombre shade
(How well she looks in gray!),
To charity this winsome maid
Devotes the Lenten day;
And where she moves there breathes an air
Of joy that is itself a prayer.

Forsooth, what has she to repent,
Unless, perchance, it be
That every twilight-tide in Lent
She consecrates to me?
But this is missionary work;
Priscilla does not shun nor shrink!

Clinton Scollard in Vanity.

DCCXLIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, March 24, 1895.

Red Bean Soup.
Smelts à l'Espagnole.
Broiled Beefsteak. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Spinach. String Beans.
Baked Squabs, with Port Wine Sauce.
Vegetable Salad.
Cream Meringues. Orange Cake.
Coffee.

CREAM MERINGUES.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth. They should be beaten so light and dry that they will fall off the heater. Stir in a cupful of powdered sugar gently and quickly. Spread paraffine paper over some thin boards, place large spoonfuls of the egg in oval shapes, smooth them over, and place in the oven to dry for about two hours; then slightly brown. Take from the board, and with a spoon remove all the soft parts. Fill these shells with ice cream or some very thick whipped cream sweetened and flavored. If the meringues are exposed to too much heat, they are spoiled.

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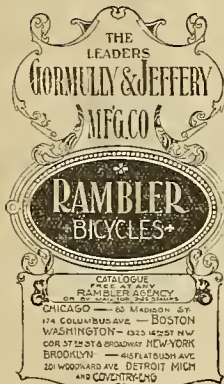
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"You say we must try and get along with only necessities, and here you came home from your club in a cah." "Tha's a—necess'ity."—*Life*.

Miss Oldacre (who has still got skittish ways)—"Isn't it sad, captain, when a woman perceives that she's grown older?" *The captain*—"Yes; but it's more sad when she doesn't perceive it."—*Judy*.

Patron (in hasement restaurant)—"Gimme pigs' feet and a dish of mashed potatoes extra." *Waiter* (shouting the order through his hands)—"Trihly fer one; Little Billee on the side!"—*Chicago Record*.

"What is this I hear about you folks talking of dismissing your minister?" "Oh, he is too slow. We have had him nearly a year now and he hasn't given us a sermon on Napoleon yet."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Clara—"I wonder if it is true that one is likely to catch something from being kissed?" *Maud*—"Of course not. You've been kissed enough, but you haven't caught anything yet, have you?"—*New York Herald*.

Senator Siders—"What made Senator Wayback withdraw his bill? Didn't he say he would never give up until monopoly was killed?" *Lobbyist*—"Not exactly; he said he wouldn't yield until the monopoly 'gave up.'"—*Puck*.

"It's all nonsense, this talk about not catching the Speaker's eye," said Mrs. Talkitalk; "I'll wager if I ever went to Congress I'd catch his eye any time I wanted to." "With the end of your umbrella?" queried Mr. Talkitalk.—*Bazar*.

Editor—"Well, did you interview Mrs. Twaddle, of the Woman's Rights Club?" *Reporter*—"I saw her, and she said she had nothing to say." *Editor*—"Well, squeeze it down into a column; we're crowded to-day."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It didn't work: *Weary Raggles*—"Got any ter-hacco, Dusty?" *Dusty Rhodes*—"Nuff fer one chaw." *Weary Raggles*—"Let's chuck up ter see who'll have it." *Dusty Rhodes*—"Wot's ther use? I know I've got it—an' you know you hain't got it."—*Puck*.

At last the wooden horse was finished. "How," mused Agamemnon, the king, "can we get the thing within the walls of Troy and not arouse the suspicions of the enemy?" "I suggest," quoth the wily Odysseus, "that we tell them it is a folding-hed."—*Puck*.

"Can you read fairy-stories with the same amount of sympathy now that you are an old man as when you were young?" "Oh, yes; but I've changed the sympathy about a little. I sympathize with the giants, for instance, now, instead of with that insufferable little pest, Jack."—*Bazar*.

She had been married to the count just a month. "Why," he asked one day, "do you not call me 'dear'?" "Because"—she smiled sweetly and patiently—"I don't want to hurt your feelings." For the hundredth time her mind reverted to the terms of the marriage settlement.—*Puck*.

"Well," said the ex-congressman, "I'm back to my native home once more." "Yes," replied the constituent, "I see you are." "I hope the members of the community will be glad to see me." "I can assure you of that, sir. They were wishing for you back months ago."—*Washington Star*.

The villain gnashed his gleaming teeth with the grating sound of the breaking up of an ice gorge. "Ha, ha! my proud beauty," he hissed, "I will yet bring you to the dust!" The proud beauty smiled a wan little smile. "Never," she twittered; "you are on the wrong tack. The man to win me must bring the dust to me."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Guide—"The castle and estate have been in Lord Blubud's family for three hundred years." *Mr. Hustleford* (of Boom City, Ill.)—"I don't wonder at it; the only way to get rid of property like that would be to pull down the house, cut the land up into building lots, an' sell it at auction, with a free excursion, a brass band, an' a hot lunch thrown in."—*Puck*.

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It is freely stated and generally believed in Washington that President Cleveland will decline to appoint delegates to the prospective International Silver Conference. Under the law, six delegates were appointed by Congress, and three were to be appointed by the President. If he refuses to appoint these three delegates, the United States will not be represented at the silver conference, and the will of the people, as voiced through their representatives, will be thwarted by President Cleveland.

The excuse which is being given out by the President's henchmen is a pettifogging one. It is thus voiced by Judge

Culberson, of Texas, who is close to the President: "The congressional resolution creating the commission authorized its delegates to attend a conference which will seek to fix the ratio between gold and silver as money, and provide for the coinage of both. The President has no authority to send delegates to any other kind of a conference, and no such conference is in contemplation by Germany, France, or England."

No one can tell what range the discussion of the coming conference may take, but every sensible man knows that its deliberations will be purely preliminary. No country attending it will be committed to any action of the conference until such action is approved and ratified by the government of that country. Therefore this excessive punctilio on the part of the President strikes us as being disingenuous. It does not look honest. What harm can come to this country through conferring with other nations on the subject of silver? No nation, no man is infallible; perhaps the United States may err; perhaps even Mr. Cleveland may at times be wrong. If there are ways and means by which, in conjunction with other nations, we can remedy the grave financial and industrial disorders from which the world is suffering, should we not try? Is all of the wisdom of the world in England and the United States? And is all the wisdom of the United States in the States of the East? And is all the wisdom of the States of the East under Mr. Cleveland's hat? Verily, brethren, we trow not.

There are many very sensible men who have taken for granted all that has been said against silver and in favor of gold. It has been said to them so often and in so many ways that they are almost parrot-like in their repetitions of its stock phrases—"silver only a commodity," "gold the only standard," "a fifty-cent dollar," etc., etc. But many of these men have just awakened to the fact that if the great nations of Europe seriously contemplate a conference on the remonetization of silver, it is certainly within the province of legitimate discussion. It is not outlawed. Yet the tone of the gold organs is that the bare discussion of silver remonetization is unpardonable, and that all silver advocates are dishonest. The advocates of free-silver coinage may be wrong, but it does not follow that they are dishonest. In fact, it would seem as if the dishonesty, at the present juncture, were on the other side. President Cleveland certainly represents the extreme gold wing of the Democratic party. As we have before said, it is unfortunate for the popular interpretation of his motives that he should so persistently go out of his way to oppose silver. If, as now seems probable, he should defeat the popular will by refusing to appoint delegates to the proposed conference, what excuse could he offer to his party? What excuse could his party offer to the country?

It is a poor cause that can not stand argument. The silver men are more than willing that the United States should send delegates to the proposed conference. The gold men are reluctant. Through their leader, the President, they are trying to stifle it. Yet this conference commits us to nothing, and its meetings will be purely for discussion, and to collate information on the use of the money metals. Why should the gold men fear it? The silver men do not—with the possible exception of Senator Stewart, whom the country is ceasing to take seriously. Do the gold men, the gold organs, and the gold President, Mr. Cleveland, fear even to discuss the silver question with friendly nations?

It would seem so. We can find no other explanation for the President's strange attitude. This journal has never been an advocate of the plan of unlimited coinage of silver by the United States alone, believing that without international agreement such a plan would be impracticable, not to say disastrous. We have always believed in and supported international bimetalism. But now that the first opportunity has come for an international agreement which may render free silver coinage practicable, and which would restore prosperity to this, one of the greatest silver-producing countries in the world, the movement is being stifled by the Democratic President in the dark chambers of his cabinet.

We warn Mr. Cleveland that if he carries out this pur-

pose which his friends threaten—to abort the coming conference and thwart the American people's will by refusing to appoint delegates—a wave of indignation will sweep over the land and roll up to the steps of the White House—a wave which will terrify even the torpid Grover.

The case of the Rev. Dr. Burtisnell furnishes a fresh illustration of the anomalous position of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. Dr. Burtisnell is a native New Yorker, who was brought up to be a Catholic priest. Twenty-three years ago he founded the parish of the Epiphany in New York city, built the church, raised the money to have the debt on it paid off, and had it consecrated. The sum collected by himself and his relatives to place the church and the school attached on a sound financial footing is stated at three hundred thousand dollars. He was remarkable for the zeal and fidelity with which he fulfilled his spiritual duties and for his devotion to the poor. It was he who founded the first Roman Catholic Church in New York for negroes, and he raised the money to insure its continued existence. He was disinterested, unselfish, always accessible, kind, and gentle, and thus naturally became beloved by his people and by many who did not belong to the Roman Catholic faith. His congregation said of him: "We knew him, we esteemed him, we loved him, we looked up to him with filial reverence and affection."

It was his misfortune to incur in some way the ill-will of the Irishman Corrigan, who is Archbishop of New York. What fault the prelate had to find with the priest has never been disclosed. A body of Catholics have stated in writing that Corrigan had simply conceived a spite against the rector of Epiphany, adding, as the fruit of their observation for many years, that "Archbishop Corrigan permits himself in his dealing with his priests to be dominated by personal spite, petty vindictiveness, and a spirit of persecution." Whatever motive the archbishop had, he used his power, summarily removed Dr. Burtisnell from the parish where he had been so useful and was so beloved, without assigning any reason, and transferred him to the parish of Rondout, on the Upper Hudson. The priest meekly obeyed, without a word of protest or remonstrance.

But his parishioners were not so submissive. They protested to the archbishop against the exile of their beloved priest, and this proving unavailing, they appealed to Ahlegate Satolli. The Italian refused to grant the American relief against the Irishman, saying that he was powerless, the matter having been passed on by the Propaganda; but he advised his visitors to appeal again to Corrigan. A committee waited on that dignitary accordingly, with a written petition. Corrigan treated them with rudeness, tore the petition in two, and said, in an acrimonious tone: "Never come here again on such a mission." Apparently, American Catholics have not even the right of petition where an Irish bishop is concerned. A second petition was then forwarded, with the request that the archbishop should transmit it to the Pope. So the matter stands.

It must be humiliating to American Catholics to perceive that in so delicate a matter as the choice of a pastor to minister to their spiritual wants, to baptize their children, to marry their young people, and to bury their dead, their wishes are subject to the supervision of an Irishman and an Italian. If the members of any Protestant congregation were told that they were not competent to choose a clergyman to officiate for them, but that they must defer in such a matter to an Egyptian or a Turk, a turmoil would arise which would shake the very foundations of the sect. Are American Catholics different? Have they none of the American feeling of independence which prompts citizens of this country to spurn foreign control?

It is not for Protestants to criticize Archbishop Corrigan's conduct. That is a matter between himself and his fellow-Catholics. We have nothing to do with Dr. Burtisnell's removal, except to observe that, from the standpoint of a spectator, it seems to have been an ill-advised proceeding. But it is none of our business. The point in the case which concerns the public at large is that a body of religious

this country, enjoying the full rights of citizenship, acknowledge the paramount authority, in a matter closely touching their dearest interests and their most tender feelings, of two foreigners, an Irishman and an Italian. That can not be a pleasant reflection for thoughtful Americans.

It is interesting, to those who are familiar with the earlier history of gold mining in this State, to read of the bysterical enthusiasm aroused in England by the gold discoveries in South Africa. The industry in this State has happily passed through the era of extravagant speculation; but in London the search for the royal road to wealth is perennial. When South American securities and Australian banks gave out, the South African gold-fields came to take their place, and new victims of the speculative mania appeared to supply the places of those who had been cured or ruined. The shares of these South African mines are now being sold on the London market for fabulous prices, and they are snapped up with avidity at any price. One mine, for instance, whose capital stock is divided into 2,500,000 shares, is quoted and sold at \$550 a share. At such a valuation, an annual output of \$27,500,000 would be required to pay five per cent. on the capital, without allowing for the ordinary expenses of running the mine. The Utica Mine in this State, which is probably the richest in the world, produces about one-twentieth of this amount each year, and the total annual output of all the mines in the State of California is equal to about one-half of it.

This unreasoning excitement is partly due to the large element always found in the world's great financial centre who are searching for the royal road to wealth through what may be called legitimate gambling, and partly to the fact that the South African gold-fields have been so recently developed. When the annual output of South Africa jumped in a few years from practically nothing to thirty-three millions of dollars, it was easy for the promoters to persuade speculators that this phenomenal rate of increase would be continued indefinitely.

Hamilton Smith, a former Californian and an excellent authority, estimated in 1892 that the maximum annual capacity of the South African gold-fields would not exceed \$50,000,000, and that their total yield would reach \$1,625,000,000. Last year he saw reason to change these figures, and placed the annual maximum at \$62,500,000, which was likely to be reached in about five years, and declared that an output of \$50,000,000 would be reached in 1897.

Accepting this estimate as approximately correct, and it is probably the most trustworthy obtainable, it does not justify the extreme excitement that prevails in London. In 1893 it was predicted that South Africa would lead the world in the production of gold in 1894, yet when the figures were obtained, it was found that Australia led in the race by \$7,000,000, and this country by about \$15,000,000. It is even yet too early to state the output of the United States with accuracy. Julian Ralph, in his latest study of the West, follows the figures of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s report and places it at \$45,892,668. This report is based upon the gold-dust, bullion, and ore carried by express during the year and an estimate of the amount shipped by other conveyance. Later figures, however, would correct this estimate in several particulars. Utah, for instance, appears in the Wells-Fargo table with an output of only \$529,689, while the product was actually worth more than twice that amount (\$1,128,100). Idaho is credited with \$1,879,000, while the United States assay office at Boise finds that it was \$2,308,775. Montana is credited with \$5,150,000, while the *Montana Mining and Market Reporter*, with later figures at its command and including sources of supply not included in the Wells-Fargo estimate, places it at over \$6,000,000. Colorado, on the other hand, was credited by Wells, Fargo & Co. with \$12,175,207, while the mint at Denver, after a more careful study, places it at \$10,616,463.

That inaccuracies should appear in the report is but natural, for it is issued several weeks earlier than any other. It is probable, however, that the estimate of \$45,892,668 is below the mark, and that later and more complete statistics will show that the output last year was much nearer \$50,000,000 than \$45,000,000. This year there will undoubtedly be an increase over these figures, and it is not improbable that South Africa's estimated maximum output of \$62,500,000 will be very closely approximated.

That Colorado will show a largely increased output over last year can not be disputed, although we are not so sanguine as some of the residents of that State. The *Denver Times* still insists that the *Argonaut* is wrong in maintaining that California will continue to lead the list of gold-producing States, but does not venture upon any estimate of this year's output. Captain W. H. Turner, an enthusiastic Coloradoan, in commenting on an article on the South African gold-fields, is, however, more definite. He declares that he would "not be in the least surprised to see the output for 1895 reach these figures: Cripple Creek, \$12,000,

000; Gilpin County, \$8,000,000; Lake County, \$7,000,000; Clear Creek County, \$2,000,000; Summit County, \$2,000,000; San Juan District, \$2,500,000; Boulder County, \$2,000,000, or a total of \$35,000,000." We confess that we should be surprised to see the output exceed one-half this amount, but if Captain Thomas is correct in his estimate, we shall cheerfully concede that California has been distanced in the race.

Whether the even more enthusiastic predictions for South Africa will be realized, the future must decide. Certainly the most extravagant claims and predictions that have been reduced to figures do not justify the prices asked and given for these shares in the London market. This country has nothing to fear from the development of the South African gold mines, even should they reach the point where the United States would be pushed back into second place in the list of gold producers. But the speculative craze that has attacked London will in the end cast discredit on gold mining throughout the world. It is impossible that any mines should pay on an investment at the prices that rule, and a collapse must come. That many English capitalists realize that the actual profits are greater where mining is carried on as a legitimate industry is proved by their many recent investments in this country, such as the purchase of the Morris Ravine Mine, in Butte County in this State, reported last week. Many of the mines in South Africa are legitimately conducted, but these are not the mines that are heard about in the London market. The money that is being wasted in speculation would bring handsome returns if properly invested in this country, and it is gratifying to see that the number of capitalists who appreciate this fact is steadily increasing.

The cheapness of living in California has been remarked so often that the subject is threadbare. Nothing strikes the European traveler more forcibly than the high prices which are charged by hotels and restaurants at the East. It is not till he reaches San Francisco that he finds bills of fare which remind him of the Duval restaurants at Paris or the sixpenny ordinaries at London. This is due partly to the cheapness of all kinds of food on this coast, and partly to the intelligent skill which has been brought to bear on the economy of feeding.

There are, for mechanics, clerks, and women workers, half a dozen or more respectable eating-houses which serve a good plain meal for fifteen cents, and send no one away hungry. At one of these houses, whose bill of fare lies before us—and it is a type of the class—the customer is served with soup, fish, two kinds of meat, two kinds of vegetables, pudding or pie, and a cup of coffee, or tea, or a glass of milk for fifteen cents. The bill of fare includes vegetable and bouillon soups, smelts, salmon, and halibut, beef, chicken, mutton, pork, and veal, roast or boiled, potatoes, turnips, cauliflower, cabbage, and onions, peaches, rice, rhubarb, apples, and plain puddings. At some houses a small bottle of native wine is substituted for the coffee or tea, if desired. The meals are served in light, airy, clean rooms, the tables are covered with white oil-cloth, and the service is complete and neat. The cooking is good; there is no reason why a man should not dine or breakfast well at one of these restaurants for the sum of fifteen cents.

But he can carry economy further if he chooses. At some places the fifteen-cent dinner is almost duplicated for ten cents. The same number of dishes are served, and to all appearance the meal is the same. Sacramento, Clay, and Commercial Streets are lined with restaurants of this class, and they appear to do a good business. Finally, over in the Mission, where there are a number of industries in which girls are employed, a meal consisting of a cup of tea or coffee or a glass of milk, with an ample supply of wholesome bread and butter, can be had for five cents. A working girl who consumes two such meals a day, with a ten-cent dinner at noon, spends six dollars a month for her board, and has the remainder of her earnings for her lodging and clothing.

Food is supplied as cheaply in London, though less attention is paid in the English city to cleanliness and to the comfort of the surroundings; at the very cheap eating-houses the customers eat standing. In London, too, a large proportion of the working-girls do not make over six shillings, or a dollar and a half, a week; of this there is little left if their food costs them tenpence, or twenty cents, a day. In New York it is impossible for a robust girl to satisfy the cravings of hunger at a restaurant for twenty cents a day. In Paris many working girls eat but one meal a day, relying for sustenance in the morning and evening on a penny loaf and a glass of milk.

It was, however, from the French that we learned the secrets of cheap feeding at restaurants. One of these is the knack of buying cheap at the large markets. At these markets, just before the hour of closing, dealers are prepared to accept almost any offer for their unsold stock. The

cheap restaurant-keeper waits till the last moment, and then appears on the scene prepared to buy fish, meats, and vegetables in large quantities, but at his own price.

All said and done, however, the cheap restaurant is made possible in San Francisco by the cheapness of all kinds of food. The prices which householders pay for beef, mutton, fish, and the staple vegetables constitute no criterion of the prices which these articles realize from first hands. The wholesale butcher is often doing well when he gets four cents a pound for his sheep and six cents a pound for his steers; except hoofs, horns, bones, and pelt, every pound is edible. As to vegetables, the coarser varieties can be raised on this peninsula and in the adjacent counties at figures so low that the value of the products can only be reckoned when they are estimated by the hundredweight. We have seen, within two years, potatoes dumped into the bay for the simple reason that there was no market for them at any price.

Cheap food is one of the prime factors in prosperity. Nations have sometimes prospered with dear food; but the occasions were exceptional. To thrive, a man must be able to sell his labor; but if the sustenance which keeps him alive costs more than the product of that labor, it might almost as well remain unsold. Thus the cheapening of food is as important to the working class as the maintenance of the rate of wages.

It is probable that the cheapest meals in the world are served in San Francisco. A kindly gentleman has established a restaurant for girls in the heart of the manufacturing quarter. Excellent meals are served there at the rate of one cent per dish—whether of meat, of vegetables, of pastry, or what not. The patron says that at this price the food is paid for, and that the deficit, which he makes good each month, is paid to the account of fuel, service, and rent.

Last week we remarked that the bullying note addressed to Spain by the administration concerning the *Alliança* was only sound and fury—hollow bombast—sheet-iron thunder; that it was designed to "fire the American heart," and thus cover up the numerous blunders committed in their "foreign policy" by President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham. Later developments confirm us in this belief, notably the milder tone of the administration organs, and the further fact that Mr. W. C. Whitney's blood has come off of a boil, and that he has stopped blowing off steam. It is a little awkward, in fact, for the United States to raise such a hullabaloo about the *Alliança's* being fired upon in Cuban waters, when this country fired upon some Spanish fishing-smacks on the high seas only a few months ago. Further than that, nobody was killed on the *Alliança*—only scared; while Italian and English subjects have just been killed in Colorado and Louisiana by United States citizens—a little matter which we have yet to explain.

It is our belief that Secretary Gresham adopted this particular time to threaten Spain owing to the embarrassments under which that country is laboring. There have been military riots in Madrid, owing to newspaper criticism on the unwillingness of the army officers to go to Cuba. A mob of subalterns wrecked the offices of several newspapers. General Dominguez, the minister of war, instead of ranging himself on the side of the law, demanded that the editors should be tried for libel by court-martial. Premier Sagasta and the rest of the cabinet pointed out to him that it was a civil offense, but he reiterated his demands, with such threats of further military mob violence, that the whole of the cabinet resigned. General Martinez Campos seems to be exercising the functions of a military dictator in the interim. On March 19th, he summoned the officers of the Madrid garrison and the leading journalists of Madrid before him; he informed the officers that if there was any further rioting, the offenders would be tried by court-martial and shot; he informed the journalists that if there were any further articles tending to incite riot, the journalists responsible for them would be court-martialed and shot. There has been no further disorder, as Campos means what he says. But in the meantime, neither Sagasta, the leader of the Liberals, nor Canovas del Castillo, the head of the Conservative party, has been able to form a cabinet. It is at this distracted time, when Spain is practically without a government, that Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Gresham have chosen to prefer demands for reparation in a most threatening tone. The action is not one of which this country can be proud.

The abolition of contract marriage in California by the late legislature will at last put this State, as regards marriage, in the same class with other civilized communities. Contract marriages were common in the days when the State was in the mining stage, and there were many communities in which there was neither magistrate nor minister to solemnize a marriage. But the Sharon case demonstrated the possible abuses of which the law was susceptible, and, in our time, there is no place in this State which is so far from

civilization that its denizens can not reach a justice of the peace, or a minister, or some official authorized to solemnize a marriage. The necessity for the recognition of contract marriages having passed away, the best way to deal with them was to declare them void hereafter.

The danger of the law as it stood was its liability to be used by a woman to entrap a man into involuntary marriage. Cunning girls, who, with their eyes open, gave themselves to men, beguiled them into a semblance of a contract, and used this as the basis of a suit for recognition as wives or as a foundation for a plea for divorce. This evil game is now blocked. A girl who desires to protect her reputation can always find a minister or a justice to marry her; if the man refuses, he means mischief, and the sooner the girl is off with him the better. Most of the talk about male libertines deceiving innocent maidens is twaddle. At the present day, most girls know enough to guard their own honor. If a girl strays from the straight and narrow path, it is generally because she wants to do so. It is scarcely fair to virtuous girls to elevate a *liaison* to the rank of a lawful marriage.

Law-givers all over the world have busied themselves with the regulation of irregular marriages, but the result of their labors has not been commensurate with their good intentions. In England, it used to be the law that a marriage was not valid unless it was performed before noon; the reason being that so many young men were inveigled into matrimony when they were drunk, and that they were more likely to be sober in the morning than later in the day. At common law, a man who introduced a female as his wife was often held to maintain her as such—Lady Avonmore insisted on her right to the title, because she had stayed at a hotel with her paramour, and their names appeared as Lord and Lady Avonmore on the hotel register. In Scotland, if a woman buys a parcel of dry goods and orders it sent to Mrs. Jones, at the address where she is living, the law recognizes her as Mrs. Jones, unless Mr. Jones sends it back with the message that there is "no such person as Mrs. Jones."

All these provisions were intended to force matrimony on men. They were tricks and traps unworthy of an intelligent code. A high-minded and virtuous woman would scorn to entrap a man into marriage, and as to the other kind, they really stand in no greater need of protection than the men do. Marriage ought to be open and above board. If two young people feel that they can not live apart, the country is full of functionaries who will make them man and wife for the customary fee. If the woman is so weak that she allows the man to persuade her to dispense with the ceremony, she must pay the penalty of her weakness.

The French law on the subject of marriage is clear and well defined. A woman, in France, is either married or single. If she is married, there is a record of her marriage in the *mairie* of the *arrondissement* where she lives, with names and date; there is no gainsaying that. A single woman can not claim to be married unless such a record exists, though she may have been living with a man for years and may have born him children. The law recognizes her as a *femme seule*, and nothing more. No private contract or secret understanding can take the place of the official record of the *mairie*. And in order to estop claims which she might set forth in equity, an article of the code especially prohibits the attempted foisting of children by unmarried mothers upon unwilling fathers. Still the spirit of the law encourages marriages between consorts who have hitherto dispensed with the ceremony. A legal marriage between a man and the companion of his home legitimizes all previously born offspring, and gives to the wife all the legal rights which would have been hers if she had been married at first.

In Germany, they have compromise marriages which are called "morganatic." These were originally no marriages at all. A man and a woman agreed to live together, and he, on the morning after their cohabitation, presented her with a morning gift—a *morgengabe*—in testimony of his affection. But of late years, the law has to some extent recognized morganatic unions, so as to give to the morganatic wife and her children a share in the property of the man. Simultaneously, the disgrace attaching to morganatic unions has vanished. Many of the *hochgebornen* potentates in Germany live openly with morganatic wives, who are received in society. When the Prince of Hesse, who is the father of the present Czarina, lost his first wife, Princess Alice of England, he took a morganatic wife to his arms, which did not prevent Queen Victoria from receiving him on her visits to Germany. To us, the plan seems to be bad, as a compromise with iniquity; but it is deeply rooted in German customs, and is excused on the ground that some of the nobles are restricted in their choice of wives by the exigencies of their rank.

We are heartily glad that secret, "contract," and "common-law" marriages are abolished in California, and that

those who wish to be married here must now be married in the sight of men.

The decision of the supreme court of California in the case of the murderer William M. Fredericks has attracted wide-spread attention. The court has affirmed the decision of the lower court, which sentenced the murderer to be hanged. It was not this fact which attracted such marked attention; for any other decision was scarcely to be expected. It was the extraordinary tone adopted by the court in its decision—a tone of remonstrance and of censure at the speed with which the murderer was tried, and of apparent regret at the fact that the murderer's attorney, Colwell, did not urge a motion for a change of venue. Had he done so, says the supreme court, "we should feel in duty bound to grant a new trial of this case."

What is this case, the speedy trial of which has so perturbed our supreme court? Only a case of causeless murder—merely that, and nothing more. On March 23, 1894, William M. Fredericks, armed with a revolver, entered the branch bank of the San Francisco Savings Union and demanded money of William A. Herrick, the cashier. Herrick made a move to defend himself, whereupon Fredericks shot him dead, and fled. He was pursued, arrested, and imprisoned. On March 28th, five days after the murder, he was examined in the police court and committed for trial; on March 29th, an information was filed against him; on March 30th, he was arraigned, and allowed until April 2d to plead; on April 2d, he refused to plead, and a plea of not guilty was entered for him by the court; on April 5th, the trial began; on April 7th, he was found guilty of the murder of Herrick, and sentenced to be hanged.

This is the record of the case, the conduct of which has met with the disapproval of the supreme court of California. That tribunal, speaking through Justice Garoutte, says:

"While the period of time, to wit, three days, intervening between the arraignment and the commencement of this trial of the defendant, might be ample time in some European countries to bring to trial, convict, and decapitate half a dozen criminals, yet in this country, where judicial tribunals are organized upon a different system, and where persons charged with crime have more rights under the law, we think this defendant might well have been allowed ten, twenty, or even thirty days to prepare for his defense. In view of the enormity of the charge against him; in view of the public clamor that was pursuing him; in view of his own poverty and friendlessness, the State could well have afforded to concede him a continuance in order that he might have full opportunity to make his defense, however weak it may have been when made. The State would have lost nothing by such a course, and justice would have been done just the same. While the State should administer justice to law-breakers with no laggard hand, yet at the instance of public clamor or other causes it is beneath its dignity to act with unseemly haste."

Justice Garoutte thinks that by conceding continuances to criminals "the State loses nothing" and that "justice is done just the same." Few people will agree with him. It is the belief of most men that by the elaborate system of delays which attorneys concoct and courts permit, justice is frequently thwarted. But what good end do these delays serve? Suppose that in "some European countries" they try, convict, and execute criminals in a few days, is that any reason why we should not do so here? The ratio of murderers to population is low in Europe, and in California it is high; if the swift and stern justice of Europe were applied here, instead of the uncertain and laggard justice of California, does not Justice Garoutte think that our ratio of murderers would decline? Does he not know that our State prisons are full of unhangd murderers—our county jails full of untried murderers? Does he not believe that their number is swelled by the fact that potential murderers do not fear the courts of California? Were every murderer to be tried and sentenced as swiftly as Fredericks has been, murder in California would decline.

Let us point out some facts to Justice Garoutte. In the nine years from 1885 to 1893—the latest figures we have at hand—there were two hundred and fifty murders committed in San Francisco. The annual total of murders in those years never went below twenty and has risen above forty. For the official year ending June 30, 1893, the police record in San Francisco shows: For murder, thirty—no convictions; for manslaughter, eleven—no convictions; for assault with deadly weapon, two hundred and eighty-one. Boston, with a population of half a million, had three murders in 1891; San Francisco, with about half her population, had in the same year thirty-one. Philadelphia, with a population of over a million, had twenty-two murders in 1892; San Francisco, with about one-fourth of her population, had twenty-eight. Liverpool, with a population of over half a million, had in 1892 six murders; San Francisco, twenty-eight. Edinburgh, with a population of about two hundred and sixty thousand, had in 1891 four murders; San Francisco, thirty-one.

We think that the speedy trials and stern justice of "some European countries" have much to do with their favorable record as compared with our evil calendar of murder.

When Cesario Santo was tried in France for the murder of Carnot, all was finished within sixty days. When Vaillant, the murderous anarchist, was tried last year, fifty-eight days was the interval between his crime and his execution. Is there anything "indecent" about this to Justice Garoutte? Does it seem to him "unseemly haste"? If so, we can not see why.

As we write, it is the 25th of March. William Herrick has been in his grave for a year and a day. That of him which is earthly is fast dropping into dust. Yet William Fredericks, his murderer, still lives. Over a year has passed, and still around him there is thrown the protecting mantle of the law. We are even told by the supreme court that if the murderer's attorney had done his duty, they would have granted Fredericks a new trial.

On the whole, then, we are glad that Fredericks's attorney was derelict in this regard. We are possibly not so tender-hearted as the supreme court of California, for we think Fredericks ought to be hanged, and hanged soon. If Mr. Justice Garoutte thinks that hanging Fredericks within thirteen months after his crime would be "unseemly haste," he should reflect that his victim did not live as many minutes. Fredericks murdered poor Herrick with "unseemly haste." If men should be merciful, let the murderers begin.

The convention of manufacturers which met last week in San Francisco has effected a permanent organization, and adjourned. The proceedings are to be printed, and the report will be a valuable one, for it will consist almost entirely of practical papers prepared by specialists. At one time the trades-union question threatened to break up the convention, for there were a number of union workingmen among the delegates. The matter was finally tabled, but we are glad to note that the convention refused to take any action hampering the rights of employers or employees. There are more non-union than union men in this country, and they have a right to make a living. That right is not going to be taken away from them, either.

The Manufacturers' Organization is to encourage manufacturing, to develop new industries, to work up our raw materials into finished products instead of sending them elsewhere to be manufactured, and to bring about the encouragement of home industry in every possible way. This is a most laudable end, and we hope it will succeed. When California produces herself everything that she wants to eat, drink, and wear, as she can easily do, and when the processes of production are all in the hands of Californians, and Californians live by supplying other Californians with finished products coming directly or remotely from our fertile soil, this will be the ideal dwelling-place of the universe. Those men who can not live without French wines and those women who can not get along without Paris gowns, may go abroad and stay there.

But this reminds us—what has become of the Democratic idea of free trade in this manufacturers' crusade? How do all the good Democrats among the manufacturers explain their action? They are advocating that which the Republican party has always worked for—"protection to home industry"—and it applies to a State just as it does to a country. What strange change has come over our esteemed Democratic contemporary, the *Examiner*? Only a few days ago, in commenting on this movement, it said:

"Keep your money among your neighbors. Don't send across the continent to get work done that can be done as well next door. When you buy here you give a job to the man next door, or over the way, or up the street, instead of to a man in New York, or London, or Bremen. These are the principles to be followed by the buying classes if they want to see California prosperous and their own business in consequence in good condition."

This is excellent advice—it could not be better. It is what we have been saying for years. Buy at home, and you make a prosperous community. Buy abroad, and you may save money, but you throw somebody at home out of a job. This is the Republican theory of "protection to home industries"—which the Democratic party, in its platform of 1892, denounced as "unconstitutional, a fraud, and a robbery," which platform the *Examiner* indorsed. But according to the *Examiner's* Democratic free-trade theory, the correct thing to do is to get the cheapest goods, and as the cheapest goods are made abroad, to get them there. If that is the correct rule for all of the United States, why is it not the correct rule for one of them? Why is it not the correct rule for California? Will the *Examiner* kindly explain? Was it wrong when it opposed protection for the whole country? Or is it wrong now when it favors protection for California?

An "era of good feeling" has apparently struck San Francisco. The proprietors of the dailies have taken to praising one another editorially. This shameful thing has caused a deep, dark disgust to fill the bosoms of the old war-horses of the local-room—a disgust which beer can not wash away.

CALKINS'S SILENT PARTNERS.

The Facts Connected with the Dissolution of Grimwood & Co.

It was on a clear, still, starlit night in May that the Theosophist, Calkins, and myself slowly rode abreast along the broad, sandy track marking the last stage of our desert journey to our goal, the railway station, twenty miles away.

I found the Theosophist eagerly ready to enlighten me as to the various abstruse tenets of his creed. "You must not," he said, continuing our conversation, "fall into the common error of confounding the 'Linga Sharira'—the third of the seven essential elements entering into the composition of the being we call 'man'—with the 'Manas,' or fifth principle. The 'Linga Sharira,' the true Astral form—the ethereal image and counterpart of the physical body—is but rarely seen disconnected from its fellow-principles, and then only at some such exceptional crisis as the natural dissolution of the seven elements, commonly spoken of as 'Death.' Even when thus disassociated, it has no distinct individuality, and is incapable of independent action. But on the other hand, the 'Manas,' or human soul—to be always carefully distinguished from the 'Buddhi,' or spiritual soul—when vitalized and given energy by the fourth principle, 'Kama-Rupa,' may, by an adept, be instantly launched to distant places as a visible and efficient agent, and such projected image is often but incorrectly referred to as an Astral body. I trust I make myself clear on this important point?"

"Perfectly," I responded; "I think, in fact, I am quite sure I follow you! But are these phantasms always obedient to recall? Are there never instances where, through unforeseen conditions, their return is altogether cut off or disastrously retarded?"

"Occasional calamities of that kind are but too well authenticated," replied the Theosophist, with a sigh. "In such event, the direful results, both to the projected principles and to those from which they have been severed, are maddening to contemplate."

"Right you are, Cap! In cases like you was speakin' of, it's a pretty rocky look-out all round, sure enough!" interjected Calkins, in an impressively lugubrious tone. "Salt won't save 'em then! Neither the 'pro-jec-tor' nor the 'pro-jec-tee,' like them 'jack-leg' lawyers used to put it when I was officiatin' as coroner. Just cut the lines, and 's you say, the jig's up for all concerned!" and he shook his head mournfully, as if in contemplation of the dismal situation he had thus vaguely pictured.

"I had a queer time once, with a couple of them Astrals," continued Calkins, taking advantage of the silence of amazement which his unexpected reflections had induced. "They didn't mean no harm whatever, I'll allow, but all the same, they just naturally 'euchred me out of my birthright,' as a preacher might say."

"While I confess I do not altogether grasp your meaning, Mr. Calkins," said the Theosophist, with interest, "at the same time I shall be much gratified to have your account of what must have been a most singular experience."

"You'll allow it was singular, all right enough, when you've heard me out, Cap," continued Calkins; "I consider it the bewilderingest thing ever I was mixed up in, and that's sayin' considerable."

"In the spring of '70, me and old man Grimwood—'Bombay' Grimwood, the boys called him, on account of him so often referring to a place called Bombay, where he'd lived a long time before ever he'd floated out to California—was driftin' on the main ledge of the old Black-and-Tan—a claim me and Bombay'd located way out on the edge of the desert, east of Coyote Holes. She showed up fine between solid walls, dippin' at an angle of about forty-five plumb into the middle of the hill, and the ore was free millin', easy worked, and high grade. We just bad the world by the heels, we thought, and we wouldn't have been far out in our reckonin', if things had only worked along, as we'd a right to calculate they would, in an ordinary, natural sort of way. But they didn't, all the same, and all on account of me bein' so tangled up with Bombay, he bein' just what he was, and havin' had what folks call a history."

"He was crowdin' sixty at the time I'm speakin' of, but he was a powerful lively worker, and knew more about mines and things in general than any man ever I run across. He never talked much concernin' himself, but now and then he'd let drop somethin' about his goin's on, way back when he was young, and puttin' this and that together, I made out as he'd lived in the Injees till he was nigh on to thirty, and was runnin' a church there when he'd quit. Also that he'd got switched off the last few years before he'd left into studyin' into all that necromancin' business the natives was up in; and somehow that a sudden sickness he had broke him all up and sent him out of the country. Since then he'd been wanderin', and all the time just droppin' down hill."

"Well, as I was sayin', we was openin' up a body of first-class ore in the drift, and me and Bombay was feelin' pretty good over the prospect ahead of us. Ever since the ledge had been showin' up that promisin', Bombay'd sort of braced up, and looked younger by ten years than ever I'd seen him. 'My luck is turnin', Calkins,' or 'Things is comin' my way at last, and it ain't any too soon,' he'd say now and then. Sure enough, things was comin' his way, and mine, too, if only I'd known it; but they wasn't the kind we was expectin' or'd been anyways calculatin' on."

"One evenin' in June, me and Bombay'd just come down the hill from the cross-cut, and was gettin' supper ready. I'd gone down to the spring just below camp to get water, and Bombay was potterin' 'round the fire attendin' to the cookin'. We was both feelin' pretty good over the day's work, for we'd opened up a rich stringer, comin' into the ledge, and the quartz was widenin'. I filled my bucket and was slow gettin' back up the hill, and when I struck the flat where the camp was, I stopped to get a breath, and looked up over toward the fire. There was Bombay attendin' to the bacon, and close behind him, settin' side by side on a rock, stiff and still as gate-posts,

was two of the queerest figures ever I see outside of a dime museum. I set down the bucket and rubbed my eyes to make sure I wa'n't dreamin'. The handle of the bucket rattled as I set it down, and the figures on the rock heard it and turned their faces towards me both together, like they was bein' worked with the same set of wheels; and Bombay looked at me, too, and, squintin' his eyes for the smoke, laughed and sung out, askin' if I'd seen spooks about—on account of me lookin' pale, and pop-eyed, and scared, I reckon. Then, from me not answerin' and still gazin' dumbfounded at the rock, Bombay stood up and looked there, too. It was gettin' dusk, but still in the flickerin' red of the firelight I could see his face growin' gray, and he took to shakin' all over, and let drop the fryin'-pan, spillin' out the bacon into the fire.

"Seein' how he was bein' affected, I begun gettin' riled, and asked them waxy-faced figures on the rock who they was and what they was tryin' to get at, hangin' 'round camp that way sayin' nothin'! But my remarks didn't have no effect on 'em. There they continued sittin', still and starin'. They was both sort of faded out and unreal-lookin', and every now and then you'd want to rest your eyes, to make sure they was really there. Both of their faces was young, but sort of unhealthy, and tired-out lookin', and one of 'em, who was dressed like a preacher, with a long-tailed black coat buttoned tight up in front, seemed to me to favor Bombay, only, of course, lookin' younger. The other was dark complected, had straight, black hair, and was all wrapped up in a long yellow cloak, though the night wasn't no ways cool."

"I got Bombay away from the fire and laid him out on his blankets. He was all of a shiver, and 's quick's he'd stretched out with me, settin' there beside him, he begun right away makin' revelations. His talk got now and then kind of ramblin', but it all come to this: that before he'd quit the Injees, he'd got so's he could do what you was speakin' of a while back—what you called 'projectin' his Astral,' if I recollect. Well, the last time he took to projectin', he struck just the worst kind of luck. He'd sent his Astral off to foreign parts on some little matter of business, and then right away after he'd done that while he was out ridin', he got pitched off his horse, and his head hit a rock. Then he never knew nothin' what happened till he come out of a brain fever, resultin' from his fall, and found he'd clean ferget all his little conjurin' dodges, and couldn't no ways make out how he'd ever get back his Astral again. So, naturally, he got disgusted and quit the country. But bis Astral, after wanderin' 'round loose all them years, somehow miraculously settles down that evenin' in camp, bein' the dough-faced dummy in the preacher's coat. The other freak, he allowed, was some other lost Astral, just travelin' 'round keepin' his one company."

"Bombay wouldn't eat no supper; but my appetite bein' of the complainin' kind that don't stand neglect, no matter what's happenin', I started up the fire again and got some coffee and bacon. So's to be hos-pit-able to friends of Bombay's, I asked them Astrals to come up to the fire, and be sociable, and have a bite; but they just stared at me glum and solemn, and continued settin' where they was. Then I give up tryin' to entertain 'em, and, bein' dead beat out, turned in and wa'n't long in gettin' off to sleep."

"Next mornin', there them Astrals was, settin' on the ground one each side of Bombay, who was still sleepin'. He woke up when he heard me stirrin'; but before he'd opened his eyes them Astrals was settin' on the rock again, just like they was nigh before. Bombay wasn't feelin' first-rate, on account of the shock he'd had; but after breakfast, though I advised his stoppin' down in camp, he, bein' stubborn, insisted on goin' on up to the mine same as usual. He was terrible put out at the idea of his Astral turnin' up that way and bringin' along his friend in the long, yellow cloak, and seemed sort of shamefaced about it."

"We went on up to the dump to start in to work on the drift, and when we'd got half-way up the hill, we stopped to rest a minute—the trail bein' steep and Bombay bein' no ways fit for any sort of work—and facin' 'round, we set down and looked back below to the camp. Then we had a surprise. The rock where the Astrals had been settin' was empty, and they wa'n't nowhere to be seen. At the notion of them havin' vamoosed, old Bombay's spirits commenced risin' right away, and mine did, too, and we went on up, both feelin' cheerfuler. But when we got to the dump, there them Astrals was ahead of us, settin' side by side on a pile of laggin' and lookin' waxier and solemn than ever. As you can imagine, me and Bombay was both considerable set back at seein' 'em waitin' there; but I didn't make no remarks about it, seein' how kind of put about Bombay was gettin' at the idea of them Astrals stickin' to him so. I tried to make him feel easy by laughin' it off, and told him we'd take 'em both in as partners and call the new deal 'Grimwood & Co.' But Bombay wa'n't in no mood for banterin', and went at his work glummer-lookin' than ever I seen him."

"When we come out of the tunnel for dinner, the surprisin'est thing we'd struck yet begun happenin'! It seemed like them two Astrals was takin' me up dead in earnest on what I'd said just jokin' about Grimwood & Co. They was still settin' on the pile of laggin' when we come out, but when we'd got the covers of the dinner-cans off, and was just settin' down, we looked over toward the laggin', and they'd both disappeared! Next minute we heard the dull sound of a pick, 'way in, on the drift, and a little later on the rumblin' of a wheelbarrow, growin' louder as it got toward the mouth of the tunnel. Then Bombay's partical' Astral came staggerin' out with an empty harrow, but with the handles strainin' on him, like it was filled clean up with the heaviest kind of ore, and when he tipped it, though there wa'n't nothin' to be dumped, you could hear rock tumblin', just like the barrow'd been full! We made a short nooonin', and when we got up to go inside again, the sound of the pick stopped right away, and there them Astrals was, settin' on the laggin' same as before! For all this sound of work goin' on, the tools was just where we'd left 'em, and nothin' seemed anyways disturbed."

"We was low-spirited, thinkin' of the kind of partners we'd got in with us, and feelin' half-hearted like about our work, we quit for the day earlier'n common. No sooner'd we started down to camp than them Astrals begun operatin' again, and kept at it without any let-up all night long. We could hear the barrow rumblin', and a sound like waste fallin' down the dump whenever we'd wake up. When we went up next mornin', there them Astrals both was, just comin' out of the tunnel, lookin' tired and stained up, like they'd been workin'. Still, on goin' on into the drift, things was just where we'd left 'em nigh before, and not a pound of rock was anyways disturbed."

"This sort of business went on for a week, them Astrals quittin' when we come up and goin' to work again whenever we'd quit. I begun to find all this was wearin' on my system, and as for Bombay, he showed clear signs of breakin' down. He kept gettin' weaker and weaker, never complainin' or sayin' much, but sinkin' all the time, and on the seventh night after them Astrals come, he died. I buried him right there, under a desert willow, puttin' up a timber at the head of his grave, with 'B. G.'—standin' for 'Bombay Grimwood'—in big letters cut on it. Them Astrals seemed to know all about what was goin' on, and knocked off work long enough to attend what little funeral there was, settin' down a few feet away, starin' at me while I was buryin' him, and then went on up to attend to their foolin' in the tunnel once more. They looked more unreal and faded-out like than ever, and next day, when I went up to the drift, they'd changed so—particularly Bombay's Astral—that I'd hardly've known 'em."

"I tried keepin' on with the work that day, but I was so all broke up through the strain on me ever since them Astrals had come, that with that all and Bombay's dyin' so unexpected, I found my nerves was givin' way, and that same afternoon I put things to rights about camp, hunted up my burro, and started in off the desert for a rest."

"I'd carried in specimens of our best rock, and showed 'em 'round considerable, and some Eastern men, lookin' out for a promisin' prospect, seen it, and we struck up a bargain on the claim, providin' it come up to representations. So, about six weeks after I'd come in, I went out again with them and their expert to show 'em the property."

"We got into camp after dark, and the first thing I heard, when we'd started up a fire and was settled down for supper, was the rumble of a barrow up by the tunnel and the rattle and roll of rock slidin' down the dump. The Eastern men and the expert heard it, too, of course, and right away expressed surprise at me not tellin' 'em work was goin' on on the claim. I tried to turn it off somehow, but didn't noways satisfy 'em. They begun lookin' suspicious one to another, and right away after supper insisted on us all goin' up to the dump."

"We'd hear the noise of the harrow as we climbed up, and when we come to the mouth of the tunnel, you could catch plain enough the sound of a pick 'way in on the drift. Before ever we'd a chance to light candles to go on in to inspect the ledge, we could see, 'way back in the tunnel and comin' towards us all the time, a sort of pale green light, without much shape, but bein' about the height and some-ways the figure of a man. It come out of the tunnel right past where we was standin', wheelin' a barrow, which bavin' tipped at the end of the dump, it started right away back in again."

"Of course I knew well enough what was up. It was just the faded-out remains of old Bombay's Astral peggin' away, just the same as when I'd left, but I couldn't no ways start in and explain all this to my company. The fact was, I didn't get much chance for explainin'. I'd often heard tell about capital bein' timid; but that evenin' capital—let alone bein' timid—was just scared stiff, clean through and through, and them two Eastern capitalists and their expert went just kitin' downhill back to camp with their coat-tails a-flyin'."

"After that, I couldn't bring 'em 'round to even talk about the claim. All they wanted, they said, was to get right away back off the desert. Of course all this broke up the deal on the Black-and-Tan, they claimin' there was drawbacks to the property which I hadn't represented. So we all went in, and I laid off for a time, feelin' considerable broke up and discouraged."

"When I went back the following spring, I found that Grimwood & Co. had faded out altogether and quit work for good, but the Bunker boys, who knew the claim well, had come up between times and jumped it, claimin' I hadn't done enough assessment work the past year to hold it. I consulted my lawyer, Colonel McVey, and he advised against me contestin' their claim, so I just give it up. It riled me, though, considerable, when I heard the followin' fall how the Bunkers'd sold out for big money, to think of me bein' done that way out of what by all rights belonged to me, and all on account of bein' mixed up with Grimwood & Co."

"Them's the lights of the station, gentlemen, you can just see over yonder. I reckon we won't be more'n an hour now gettin' in."

EDMUND STUART ROCHE.
SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1895.

A man sued the New York horse-dealing concern known as Tattersall's because a hunter sent to it by him to be sold by electric light had been inadvertently put up at auction in broad daylight, with the result that certain defects or superfluities in or upon his legs became easily apparent to purchasers, and he brought only a very small price. The plaintiff got a verdict of two hundred and thirty dollars.

The views of the elevator-boy on the new woman are worth repeating. Said he: "They talk about the new woman; I don't know what she is exactly, but if she ain't like the old kind, we don't want her."

Preparations have been made for taking the census of the whole of Russia on a single day next autumn. The last census was taken in 1886.

NEW YORK IN LENT.

How Society is Amusing Itself—Sewing-Circles and Charitable Entertainments—A Bicycle Meet in Fancy Dress—The Cycling Craze—The Michaux Club's Parade.

Ever since the beginning of Lent, society has put a stop to its entertainments. There has been an end to balls, dinners, and receptions. The ladies have begun their Lenten sewing-circles and similar meetings. One of these is called the "O. N.," in honor of its founders, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs and Mrs. Frederic Neilson. Their initial letters were adopted as the title. This sewing club meets on Friday mornings, and sews for a couple of hours, after which a luncheon is served. Another circle is called "The Nightingale." As the "O. N." is composed of married women, "The Nightingale" is composed of bachelors. The matrons make shirts and other practical things, and the bachelors make hemstitched handkerchiefs. Mrs. Elbridge Gerry presides over a Tuesday afternoon sewing-class, and a new one this year is the Thursday afternoon sewing-class which meets at different houses. At this the girls sew, but they send out cards to young men, who are invited to drop in and drink tea in the afternoon. This may be all right—it may be purely for charity—but it runs perilously close to a pre-Lenten afternoon tea.

Next to the sewing-classes, society has been diverting itself by attending lectures and entertainments for charitable objects. During the last ten days, for example, there have been a number of entertainments of this description, one of which was a benefit *matinée* at Abbey's Theatre in aid of the infirmary for women and children. At this entertainment Mme. Réjane, Mrs. Langtry, and Agnes Booth, together with a number of other lesser stars, appeared. The attendance was very large and fashionable, and a handsome sum was realized. Another charitable entertainment was a concert held at Sherry's for the Vacation Farm Society. The object of this is to provide a home in the country where working girls may spend their vacations. Among other entertainments of a similar nature announced are Trilby readings, musicales, and even lectures. For Jacob Riis is to deliver a lecture on "Tenement-House Children" at Sherry's, illustrated by stereopticon views. This is the gentleman who has written a book entitled "How the Other Half Lives," which is filled with photographs of the lives of the poor strugglers in the tenement-houses. The lecture is for the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association, and the tickets are one dollar and fifty cents apiece. It is to take place at Sherry's, and the location and price will serve to show that it is under the patronage of the fashionable set. The names of some of the patronesses, such as Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon, Mrs. Francis Delafield, and Miss Frelinghuysen, show that. Not the least odd of these entertainments will be a "bicycle meet," given by the Cycle Club of Brooklyn for the benefit of the Home for Friendless Women and Children. It is to be a ride in costume for prizes. Such is the present vogue of bicycling that this entertainment will doubtless be very largely attended. The masquerade idea is hackneyed, of course, but, none the less, it will look odd to see Mary Stuart, for example, and Richard Cœur de Lion going along like Daisy Bell and her lover—on a bicycle built for two.

Apropos of bicycling, the Michaux Cycle Club has decided to begin outdoor riding with the coming of Lent. All through the winter the club has been crowded, and its regular meets on Thursday and Friday mornings and Monday and Thursday afternoons have been very successful substitutes for the other social gatherings which Lent has brought to a stop. The club has over two hundred members, and a number of names are on the waiting list. The dues are twenty-five dollars for five months or five dollars each month, each subscription entitling an entire family to the privileges of the club, which include the storing and cleaning of wheels, the use of the baths, dressing-rooms, and reception-rooms, and the service of the maids and valets. There are almost as many spectators at the club meets as there are riders. Seats are provided on a raised platform running around the hall, and the ring is inclosed, thereby making it agreeable both for riders and spectators. It is a very lively scene at the regular club meets, when there is music, and the hall is decorated very handsomely. Last Saturday the club had its first outside run, when they went from their clubhouse, which is in Bowman's old riding-academy, up to Clermont. It caused quite a sensation to see the club wheeling along the Boulevard. It does look a little odd to see some of the leaders of fashionable society going along on the wheel. In the Clermont run the other day, I noticed Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mrs. W. Bloodgood, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and a number of others. Some of the enthusiasts are suggesting that the club should give a parade through the park and up the road when the fine spring weather has fairly begun. It would be a pretty sight. There is no reason why a bicycle parade should not be *en règle* as well as a coaching parade.

The ladies of the Michaux Club, by the way, do not incline kindly to bloomers. They all of them wear skirts. That worn by Miss Moore is a typical one, and is regarded as being in the best style. Her costume is made of brownish whip-cord, skirt and knickerbockers of the same material, the skirt reaching to the ankles. The coat is also made of whip-cord, and is quite long. Heavy knitted brown stockings, tan pigskin shoes, soft brown felt hat, and cloth waistcoat, collar, and cravat complete the costume. There are plenty of bloomers seen on the Boulevard, but they are not worn by society women. I have no doubt that the ladies who wear them are just as good, but they are not so swell. In fact, the wearers of bloomers in New York may generally be set down as type-writers or shop-girls. The influence of Paris has not been felt here. In that city they not only wear bloomers, but knickerbockers, and even tight-fitting knee-breeches. Those New Yorkers who were in Paris last year

tell with bated breath of startling costumes, in which occur the item of tights made like the Vandyke stockings which Aimée used to wear, the lower portion dark and the upper portion flesh color, with the dark lower portion ending in points something like castellated boots.

But nothing of this kind is seen in New York. In fact, if any of these Parisian maidens were to appear upon the Boulevard, I am very much inclined to think that "one of the finest" would run her in. As a matter of fact, a female cyclist was arrested last Sunday, with nine others, for riding after dark without lanterns. When the row of prisoners was lined up before the police justice, the vigilant eye of that official noted that one of them had short, curly brown hair and a very feminine face. Her attire consisted of tight black knickerbockers fastened below the knee with large knots of ribbon, tight-fitting jacket, long, black silk stockings, and a cap cocked jauntily upon one side. The magistrate looked at her severely, and asked her name. She replied that it was "Jack Adams." The judge then informed her that he was under the impression that she was a woman. Jack Adams at once denied it; but when the judge said, "Sergeant, take this man and lock her up!" she weakened, and said that her name was Mrs. Belle Adams, and gave her correct address. Messengers were sent to her house, and in an hour or two her friends came with clothes and bail. When she appeared in court the following day, she wore a black silk dress, a sealskin jacket, and a little black bonnet. She entered into a conversation with the judge concerning her costume. The conversation was of a comparatively intimate nature, not audible to the press reporters, but it was sufficiently convincing, for the judge said subsequently that the lady told him she was wearing the correct Parisian bicycle costume, and hence she was dismissed.

So sensitive is the Michaux Club on the question of costume that there was quite a discussion caused there by the appearance of Miss Strong on her wheel in a short skirt, and yet it was not so very short. The skirt was a plaited one of snuff-colored cloth, coming well below the knees. Her lower extremities were clad in tan gaiters fitting closely, and a neat pair of tan shoes. She wore an Eton jacket of the same material as the skirt, a white jersey, and a neat snuff-colored hat. The costume was a very natty one, but all the ladies of the Michaux Club raised their hands and eyebrows in horror, and it is needless to state that Miss Strong's short skirt has since faded away.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1895.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Why Does He Love Her So?

I know not why he loves me so,
I do not care or seek to know,
But filled with ecstasy divine,
Enjoy the thought that he is mine.

Percance he sees some loveliness
I am not conscious I possess;
And faults another might decry
Are charms to his discerning eye.

He praises not in words alone,
But daily is his homage shown,
In thoughtful acts and kindly care
That mark his presence everywhere.

And yet, so liberal is Love,
Like to the sun that shines above,
He finds occasion to deplore
His lack of power to give me more.

Oh! sweet attentions such as these,
From loving hearts, intent to please—
What are they but the breath of life
To mother, sister, sweetheart, wife?

And I, who have no special grace,
Not Juno's form, nor Clytie's face,
Count it a joy such friend to know,
And wonder why he loves me so.

—Josephine Pollard.

Why Doesn't He Love Her More?

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might have asked for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?
You have written my lessons of duty out;
Manlike you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until you shall questioned be!
You require your bread should be always good,
Your socks and your shirts should be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars
And pure as heaven your soul!
You require a cook for your mutton and beef—
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirt—
I want a man and a king!
A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first
And say, it is very good!
I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride!
I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you can not do this, a laundress, a cook,
You can hire, with little to pay,
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.—Anon.

A peculiarity of all good machines is that they can not be managed by drunken men. By a process of artificial selection, all the good places in the world are naturally passing into the hands of the sober men.

LOIE'S NEW TRIUMPH.

"Salomé," the Biblical Piece Mr. Meltzer has Written for Loie Fuller—Her Novel Dances Create a New Sensation in Paris.

The American girl continues to monopolize some of the foremost places in Paris. As I write, the daughter of Jay Gould is steaming across the Atlantic to take up her place among the highest born of the land. We have two American duchesses—the Duchesse Decazes and the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld—and now we have an American countess who will be a full-blown marchioness, the wife of the head of one of the oldest and most noble families in France, when the present marquis is gathered to his fathers. A very warm welcome awaits the Comtesse de Castellane, who does not come as a stranger, but is already known personally to some of the best people here.

Somehow your girls are destined to succeed in whatsoever they undertake, be it social supremacy, science, or art. Who was the first female house surgeon? Dr. Augusta Klumpke; and her younger sister reigns absolute mistress of one of the big telescopes of the observatory and is the only female astronomer through the whole length and breadth of France. Miss Lee Robbins is one of the few lady associates of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and her works command a central position in the galleries of the Champ de Mars. Miss Elizabeth Nourse is bound to have similar honors thrust upon her before long. An American prima donna is the Juliet of the moment at the opera, and we shall shortly be called upon to applaud her in another and an equally important character. Mme. Marchesi has a little nursery of American songstresses, each one of whom is destined to make her hit either on the stage or in the concert-room before many months are over. Mrs. Kinen was the first "foreigner" and, at the same time, the first non-professional to force the doors of the Conservatoire; and so on and so on.

But the greatest conquest of all was the one effected by the little dancing-girl of Chicago. I do not believe there is a single man, woman, or child in Paris to whom the name of Loie Fuller is not a household word; she has danced herself into our hearts and subjugated us with her pretty smiles and winning ways; and you may suppose we were all right glad to hear that she had come back to us. We ran a great risk of losing her altogether, for Chafik Bey, before whom she danced at Antwerp, was so delighted with her that he held out every possible inducement to get her to go to Cairo this winter, and heaven knows how far east she might have drifted, once those dance-loving Orientals had got hold of her. Loie, however, put him off with fair words and promises, and back she came, after starring it in different towns of Europe by the way of the Riviera.

Her plans had been laid for some time. One day, ever so long ago, when she first began drawing full houses to the Folies Bergères, Loie, in her dressing-room, was trying the effect of some beautiful Indian fabrics, and draping herself in a long scarf of sombre-hued gauze, she improvised a *pas* that was at once weird and dramatic. "What a splendid Salomé you would make!" cries some one. The suggestion bore fruit. During her flying visit to New York in the ensuing summer, Miss Fuller imparted to Mr. Harry Meltzer—the well-known dramatic critic of the *World*—her desire of personifying the biblical heroine, and asked him to write a *scenario*, to which he readily agreed.

Rome was not built in a day, nor was "Salomé" produced without much pain and trouble. The Folies Bergères, redolent of cigars and beer, was no place for it; the Bouffes Parisiens seemed to promise better; but after coquetting now with one theatre, now with another, Miss Fuller finally came to an agreement with M. Bertin, who had lately taken the Comédie Parisienne, an exquisite little theatre just behind the opera-house, and wanted something very attractive to inaugurate the new management. Loie dancing here, there, and everywhere would find time to run up to Paris to make arrangements, stealing for the purpose forty-eight bours, more than half in a sleeping-car.

It was considered necessary to give "Salomé" a French godfather, and the choice fell on Armand Silvestre, considered the best man in Paris for the business. Gabriel Pierné, who had written some pretty music for "Izely," was intrusted with the score, Rubi painted the scenery, while no less a man than Rochegrosse designed the costumes.

Mr. Meltzer has not followed the biblical story very closely. Salomé is something more than the instrument of Herodiade's ambition and hatred, and when she falls into the arms of Herod, she was sure to excite the warm blood of the tyrant to fever heat. The dainty figure posturing before him, now in a robe of black gauze, glistening with heetles' wings, now softly swathed in rose-pink scarfs, and anon the centre of wide-spreading drapery that catches the glimmer from unseen lights, which flash through the glass floor, is irresistible. Electricity plays a great part in "Salomé," and it is all the more potent in its effects that its source is concealed. When Loie waves her scarf, it is caught by touches of a crimson glow that transform it into the likeness of forked flames, and when she is robbed for the final sacrifice in creamy white, her draperies shine like mother-of-pearl on the crest of the waves beneath the moonbeams—a joy for the eye. It is a transfigured, etherealized Loie who dances at the Comédie Parisienne, in the hall of Herod's palace, with the distant view of Jerusalem bathed in sunlight as a background, and a dramatic actress who personifies before us, first the careless girl surrounded by her maidens decking herself and them with flowers, then the woman stirred into passionate action by the whispered counsels of Herodiade and his fears for the safety of the holy man, whose life is only to be purchased by her own dishonor. She is no longer the Loie of the Folies Bergères, with the pretty doll's face and the flaxen wig, but she charmed us then and she charms us now.

PARIS, March 8, 1895.

PARIS.

THE TALK OF LONDON.

An Epidemic of Influenza—Celebrities Stricken Down—The Elections—The County Council—Cecil Rhodes Lionized—Blackballed by the Travelers' Club.

These days, London talks of nothing but the epidemic of influenza and the election for the county council. The hard frost which lasted for so many weeks was followed at once by an outbreak of the epidemic. It was infinitely worse than it was last year, and nearly as bad as it was in 1893. It is difficult to identify deaths as specifically from influenza, but the best test probably is to take the list of deaths from respiratory diseases. At this season of the year there are usually five hundred deaths per week from these diseases in London. Last week, to take the average of the last ten years, the number should have been five hundred and four. But the actual number of deaths from respiratory diseases last week was eleven hundred and nineteen.

The epidemic has affected all manner of people. The Prince of Wales had a severe attack, and his departure for the Riviera was delayed. In fact, when he left he was still far from well. Lord Rosebery, the head of the cabinet, had so severe an attack that it is the general belief that his health is seriously affected. His doctors have advised him to resign his post. Mr. Henry Irving was forced to leave the stage, and his well-known manager, Mr. Bram Stoker, was also laid up for some time. Mr. Balfour, after printing in one of the papers what he called "an infallible formula for preventing the disease," was stricken down the following day. Mr. Walter Besant, in his weekly gossip in one of the journals, told a story of a golden wedding which he had recently attended, at which one hundred people danced. "Ninety of these guests," he wrote, "are now laid up with influenza." The number had to be increased to ninety-one, for on the next day Mr. Walter Besant was forced to take to his bed. Many other prominent persons were attacked with the prevailing pest, among them, Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Dunraven, Rustem Pasha, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Justice Davey, Mr. Justice Chitty, Lord Arthur Hill, Sir Ralph Thompson, Lord Amphil, Sir Henry Rawlinson, the Earl of Durham, Lord George Hamilton, the Dean of Westminster, Lady Palgrave, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby (who died of the disease), and a number of members of Parliament, among them, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Sir Charles Hall, Mr. T. W. Hussey, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, Mr. Powell Williams, Mr. E. Stachey, Mr. J. H. Stock, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Taypay" O'Connor, as he is generally called, the genial Irishman, who thunders in Parliament and thunders in his paper, the *Sun*, says that he was seized with the malady while riding to his office on a bicycle. This will give an idea of the ravages of the wheel as well as of the influenza. Mr. O'Connor stopped on the Thames Embankment to talk to a Tory, and was rewarded with a chill. Perhaps it was a judgment—Mr. O'Connor should talk to no Tories, except officially. The great parliamentarian and editor remarks with much pathos that he thinks he is getting more than his share of ill-luck. For, owing to the frost, his family was without water for a month, he had three consecutive sets of plumbers in entire possession of his house for weeks, he had the street in front of his house twice dug up, and even then he was forced to go to the House of Commons to bathe, thereby taking advantage of the bath-tubs provided for members of Parliament by the thoughtfulness of Mr. Herbert Gladstone and the generosity of a grateful nation. Mr. O'Connor is now recovered, washed, and in his right mind.

The theatrical world has suffered much from the influenza. As I said, Mr. Irving was obliged to put on a substitute in his place, and at the Criterion all of the principals were down with the influenza, so the theatre closed its doors. At one time, one thousand of the London police were disabled, four hundred post-office clerks, and three hundred telegraph clerks. At the great London hospitals the surgeons and attendants were also afflicted with the malady. At Guy's Hospital almost the entire staff was prostrated, and outside surgeons and nurses had to be called in to wait not only upon the patients, but upon the staff themselves. Such are the ravages of the malady that a number of the schools of London have been forced to close.

Next to the influenza epidemic, as I remarked, the election epidemic has been raging throughout this great city. Once in every three years we elect a county council. The election took place on the second day of March. The county council is the representative body of the "metropolitan district," which is the major portion of that vast aggregation of human beings known as London. The "city" proper, a very small portion, is ruled by the corporation of the mayor and aldermen. It is but six years since the county council has existed, and it has shown a most radical nature during those six years. It has abolished contracting altogether, and executed public works directly, thereby saving much money. It has also insisted on burdening the owners of land with some of the cost of public improvements instead of placing them all on the rate-payers. The great land-holders like the Duke of Westminster, Lord Salisbury, and the Duke of Bedford dislike the county council extremely for this reason. So do the keepers of the public-houses, for the county council have thrown all manner of restrictions around the business of keeping drinking-places. Unless the character of a public-house has been without reproach, they invariably allow an expiring license to lapse, and will not allow another public-house to be carried on in its place. It was this body which restricted the music-halls. I wrote you not long ago about the closing of the Empire. This was the work of the county council.

The election which has been going on has been divided between the Moderates and the Progressives, as they term themselves. The candidates elected come from almost every class of society, although, as is natural, the better class predominate. Picking out at random some of the more interesting names, I may mention as successful candi-

dates Lord Cadogan elected from Chelsea, Sir J. Hutton from St. Pancras, the Duke of Norfolk from the City, Lord Dunraven from Wandsworth, Mr. John Burns from Battersea (this is the workingman's member of Parliament who recently made a tour through your country lecturing on labor topics), Sir J. Blundell Maple from St. Pancras, Mr. C. T. Beresford Hope from South Kensington, and a sprinkling of ex-army officers, peers' younger sons, barristers, and medical men. As a whole, it is a fine body of men, and one which will endeavor to administer honestly the affairs of this great city. I do not believe that men of similar standing could be induced to fill such posts in your larger American cities. And when one considers that it is the health, the security, the government, and the lives of over four millions of human beings that they have in their charge, it will be seen that the duties of the London County Council are more onerous than those of the cabinets of many countries.

Two departures from London have recently taken place, both of which attracted almost equal attention. One was that of the Prince of Wales, who left by special train for the Riviera. He drove from Marlborough House in a closed brougham, and when he entered Charing Cross Station and passed within the barrier, there was a large crowd in attendance, many of whom cheered and waved their hats. The prince looked very pale and ill. His attack of influenza has been most severe. The other departure was that of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes. He left from Victoria Station, and a number of his friends and acquaintances were gathered there. In fact, some scores of people went as far as Southampton with him, including members of Parliament, directors of the South African Company, and directors of the numerous companies connected with it. He was taken aboard the queen's yacht to the Union steamship *Athenian*, which at once sailed for the Cape. The departure of Mr. Rhodes excited almost equal interest with that of the Prince of Wales for many reasons. One was the fact that he had just been blackballed at the Travelers' Club, although proposed by his royal highness. As a token of his displeasure, the prince and the Duke of Fife, his son-in-law, at once resigned from the club. During his stay in England, Mr. Rhodes has been much sought after as a guest at social gatherings, but he persistently declined to be lionized, and has in every way avoided notoriety.

Cecil Rhodes is one of the foremost men of his time. He is young, a little over forty. When a boy, he left England on account of his delicate health. He was one of the younger sons of an English country clergyman, and went to South Africa with absolutely no means. After having spent some time there, he returned to England to take his degree at Oxford, afterward returning to the Cape. He became one of the principal owners of the famous De Beers Mining Company, which owned the richest diamond mine in the district. But it was when the price of diamonds began to fall, in consequence of the enormous output, that he executed his first brilliant coup. He organized all the diamond mines into the famous Kimberly Trust, and, in conjunction with the Rothschilds, at once checked the falling price of diamonds. By this time he had accumulated an enormous fortune, but he was not satisfied with money. He wanted power. So he conceived the idea of forming a company for conquering and developing the lands which lie to the north of the Orange Free State, such as Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, and Matabeleland. In 1889 he thus founded the Chartered South African Company, which has exercised imperial power. It has hired mercenary soldiers, and, with the aid of modern weapons and machine guns, has subjugated the hapless blacks and brought under the domination of the South African Company an empire rich in reefs of gold and mines of diamonds. It is not known whether Cecil Rhodes intends to become the president, the dictator, or the emperor of this vast territory, or whether it is his design ultimately to turn it over to the British Government, and thus swell the number of British colonies which now belt the globe. The British Government, great as it is, has been compelled to treat with him, a former subject, as if he had been a foreign potentate. He has just been made a member of the Privy Council, a signal honor; and, as I said but now, he was taken aboard his steamer in the queen's yacht. Rumor says that the Rothschilds are backing Mr. Rhodes in some colossal South African scheme, which accounts for the recent visit of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild to Johannesburg and Kimberly. But what the scheme can be is not known. It can scarcely be for money that Mr. Rhodes allies himself with the Rothschilds, for his private fortune is already estimated at sixteen millions of pounds. But what are all these millions to a man who is avid of power? And yet such a man, when put up at the Travelers' Club, is blackballed by the vacuous London dandies who dawdle down Pall Mall. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, March 6, 1895.

Recently there were sold at auction in New York two shares of the stock of the Sun Printing and Publishing Association. The two shares sold for \$2,200, the par value being \$1,000 per share. The auctioneer declared that they were worth \$4,000 a share, and that he had sold five shares some months before at \$3,500 per share. It is stated by the *Fourth Estate* that the two shares were purchased by a representative of Joseph Pulitzer. If this be true, it would seem as if the *World* proprietor wanted to get an opportunity to look at the books of the *Sun*, in the capacity of stockholder. There is no love lost between Dana and Pulitzer. The *World* man has never forgiven the *Sun* editor for his famous article discussing him as "the wandering Jew of journalism," and headed: "Move on, Pulitzer!"

The injunction to honor our father and mother that our days may be long in the land is thoroughly well observed in China, and appears even to go a generation further back. The general in charge of the troops bound to Tatungfoo has excused himself from accompanying them upon the ground of the indisposition of his maternal grandmother.

OLD FAVORITES.

How the King Came Home.
"Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have said
The King comes home to-day.
The King on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown,
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the King comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the King, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past.
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept.
Along the moonlit highway
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field:
'Twas thus the King came home.

—Florence Tyler.

Our Lady's Penitent.
They hanged him high on a withered tree
On the wasteland bare and black;
Pale in the dusk they turned to flee,
And never a soul looked back.

Mute they fled from the place of dread,
But each in his heart made moan:
"O it's up and away from yon gallows gray
Ere the foul fiend claim his own!"

Rohber, murderer, beast of prey,
Fell as the were-wolf's race,
None dared stay in the silence gray
To look on that dying face.

None dared hide while the death-gasp died
On the lips foredoomed to Hell;
Yet all the days of his dark life through
Had he loved Our Lady well.

Still from his spoil would he choose the best
Of glittering gold and gem,
To hang in worship across her breast
Or lay at her garment's hem.

And all night long, 'twixt the man and Death,
She hovered in glory there,
And held him up in his living breath
With her long hands slim and fair.

All night long did she hearken—yea,
Till his evil soul was shriven:
She loosed his hands with the dawn of day
Lead and stark swung the lifeless lay,
But the ghost fled forth forgiven.

—Graham R. Tomson.

Recently we printed in our "Literary Notes" the very handsome offer of the New York *Herald*, by which that journal offered prizes aggregating \$16,000 for literary matter by American writers, amateur or professional. Of these, the largest is a prize of \$10,000 for the best serial story of between 30,000 and 75,000 words; next is a prize of \$3,000 for the best novelette of between 15,000 and 25,000 words; a prize of \$2,000 for the best short story of between 6,000 and 10,000 words; and a prize of \$1,000 for the best epic poem on some event in American history since the Revolution. All the manuscripts submitted will be examined by a committee of three persons appointed by the *Herald*; this committee will select the best three in each class. The three novels, three novelettes, three short stories, and three epic poems will then be published in the *Herald*, whose readers will be asked to determine by ballot which are the prize-winners.

Here is an open field and no favor. Those rejected writers who abuse editors for lack of discrimination will now have their opportunity. They can appeal to a jury of their peers—readers instead of editors. There can be no higher tribunal in the publishing business—it is the court of last resort. But we have an idea that nearly all these prizes will be won by practiced writers—by people whose names are already known to editors and to the reading public. The *Herald* had a similar competition a couple of years ago, differing, however, in this—that it was for plays instead of stories, and that professional playwrights did not enter the competition. Thousands of plays were sent in, and they were read by a committee of stage-managers, of whom Willie Seymour, well known in San Francisco, was one. Most of these plays were said to be of a most elaborate badness, and they engendered a profound melancholy in the minds of the luckless stage-managers. But out of them all, the committee found a few considered good enough to put upon the stage. The *Herald* produced them in good style, but absolutely none made a hit. They are all forgotten to-day.

We are aware that there is a wide-spread popular belief in "undiscovered Miltons." We confess to a faith in its falsity. It is our belief that if there are any Miltons or Shakespeares lying around this country, they can not long evade the public eye.

Aluminum launches are to be tried in the French navy on a large scale. An order for forty-two thousand kilogrammes of the metal has been given to the Aluminum Company at Neuhausen, Switzerland, which is at present the largest manufacturer of the metal in the world, though the Pittsburg company is rapidly catching up with it.

ANOTHER "CALIFORNIAN" ?

How George Bassett has Painted Californian and American Society in "Golden-Beak"—A Gay Young Widow who Wavered between a Japanese Shogun and a British Baronet.

San Francisco and the San Franciscans do not seem to have impressed the writers of fiction as possessing in a high degree the graces and refinements that characterize the civilization of older communities. In a story by George Bassett, glimpses of San Franciscan society are afforded that will shock our first families. The story is called "Golden-Beak," and the narrator purports to be an Englishman, with a fine insular scorn for everything that does not take its origin in the tight little isle. In telling his story, he keeps up a running comparison of American manners with those that obtain in England, always to the disparagement of republican institutions, of course, and he occasionally lets fall bits of cosmopolitan wisdom that are evidently the fruit of wide experience.

Here is the way the narrator introduces himself:

Lying back in my long cane chair, as the steamer swept broadly round the corner of the absurd city of San Francisco and awoke to the slow swing of the sea, I was very glad to have left America behind me. I knew that I was in the wrong; I knew I ought to have stayed in the United States long enough to live down that first aversion which almost every Englishman who visits the country finds awaiting his arrival, like a letter from home, and of which he possesses himself with a sturdy British satisfaction. But I was on my way to Japan, where I had been before, and was glad to go again.

He is rather surprised when he is offered a cushion by "a fair-skinned, yellow-haired little woman," who "spoke with a strong American accent, and I was very tired of that manner of speech." His more intimate acquaintance with her is brought about in this way:

When the head-steward appeared I made the little speech which I always made to steamer stewards, and which I can confidently commend to travelers who like to be comfortable at sea.

"Here," said I, "are two sovereigns for you. If I find that I am better cared for than the other passengers, you shall have two more at Yokohama. And here is my card, which you will give to the purser, telling him that I should be glad to have a seat at his table."

"Yes, sir—thank you, sir," said the steward; "and is there any one on board you would like to sit by at table?"

"No," said I; "I don't know anybody here—but you might give me a seat next to that lady with the blue rug," and I indicated the owner of the cushion.

"Mrs. Potwin, sir," said the steward. "I will speak to the purser, sir."

Their deck-chairs having been placed side by side by the thoughtful steward, our hero learns more of Mrs. Potwin the next morning:

I knew, as soon as I had seated myself in my chair, that I should hear her whole history, and I knew, too, that the opening chapter would be a dissertation on the profound rotage of her family tree. I knew also, since she was young and pretty and traveling alone, that the second chapter would concern itself with an unhappy marriage. There are, no doubt, young and pretty married women who travel alone on their way to rejoin husbands they adore, but in the course of much going to and fro over the surface of the earth, it has never been my fortune to meet one of them. All those I have known have been abused angels, and most of them victims of the world's unjust censure as well as of marital brutality.

I had the pleasure of patting my forehead on the back. It was ten o'clock when I came on deck, and by noon, when the purser came to invite Mrs. Potwin and myself to partake of a very rare and precious sort of cocktail which was about to compound, I had the story. As for the genealogy, it proved, as is often the case with American genealogies, to be rather a record of the political and financial achievements of the uncles and cousins of the narrator than a tale of past ages. They were all rich and great, it appeared, the men, and the women all unhappy and frequently consoling. Mrs. Potwin's father had, like many other rich and great men, sought less simple joys than those afforded by his hearth and home, and the mother of Mrs. Potwin had run away with a gentleman who wore gold lace on the sleeve of his coat. The brilliant creature whose effulgence had cast this dark shadow over Mrs. Potwin's childhood was not very clearly described. At one stage of the narrative, I conceived him to have been military attaché at one of the embassies in Washington, and at another his portrait seemed rather to be that of an *écuyer* in a traveling circus. At any rate, the mother had run away with him, and my young friend had found herself "standing with reluctant feet" bereft of maternal support. It is a general law that young and pretty women who are traveling alone have never known a mother's love, and perhaps it is because they have all lost their mothers early in life that their husbands have been permitted so truculently to ill-use them. Potwin had appeared, and she had promptly disliked him, and as promptly married him. It was a long story, but, accent or no accent, she had a soft little voice. That Potwin was a monster I need not say. We have all been taught in school that if we want to get a clear idea of any character in history we ought to try to imagine him present to our gaze, and to my sight Potwin appeared with a keg of rum in one hand, a cudgel for his shrinking bride in the other, and tender words, addressed to an obese lady, upon his sinful lips. Whether Mrs. Potwin had divorced him because he beat her, or he had divorced her because he was tired of beating her, I was not quite clear; but they two were twin. I ventured to ask her if it was because she liked the sound of Potwin that she had abstained from resuming her maiden name, and she told me it was out of regard for the feelings of her family. . . . In a word, Mrs. Potwin was a delightful acquaintance, but did not impress me as a person with whom I cared to cultivate an enduring friendship; and as for losing my heart to her, I should as soon have lost it to a fairy in a Christmas pantomime. My generalizations were, as I afterward discovered, more or less unjust. She was not an adventuress. She had a very comfortable income of her own. She wanted somebody to talk to, and accident threw me in her way. She could not help dropping her eyelashes at me; that was second nature to her, and she was frankly disappointed because I would not fall in love with her. She believed that she was a woman made to disturb the souls of men.

One of Mrs. Potwin's confidences has a particular interest for San Franciscans. It is, in part, as follows:

"Once upon a time, to begin with, I was divorced. I told you that before. And Mr. Potwin went off to Europe or somewhere; and that's the end of him. And I couldn't go to Europe or anywhere, because it was in May, and I had given the lawyers nearly all my money, and I wasn't going to have any more till October. So I took a little flat in San Francisco, and I lived there alone with old Delia, who is here with me now, and whom I am going to send back to America as soon as we get to Japan, and who has been with me ever since I was a little girl, and who is the dearest old woman in the world, only that she will drink too much, sometimes; and when she drinks too much, she keeps all night because her friends in Ireland are dead. . . .

"One afternoon, Charley Hart came to take me down to the Maison Riche for dinner. You know the Maison Riche is one of the French restaurants in San Francisco, and Charley Hart was a great friend of mine. He is in the insurance business, and he plays the banjo splendidly, and he belongs to one of the clubs, and he is a great society man. . . . You see, I have a lot of gentleman friends in San Francisco. They used to be Mr. Potwin's friends, but they all took my side about the divorce, and they used to come to see me all the time. But Charley Hart came oftener than any of the others. If

you knew anything about San Francisco you'd understand it better, because everybody there knows him. You see, he is such a society favorite, and yet he is lonesome, after all. He always leads the german everywhere; and when any of the rich people want to give a big party, they get Charley to come and arrange everything. He knows whom to ask and whom to leave out, and all about ordering the supper and the music; and he has had lots of lovely things given him by people he has been nice to in that way. One of them gave him an elegant gold watch with his monogram on it in diamonds. And when a young lady first goes into society in San Francisco, if he isn't on her side, she can't do anything at all. He is asked out to dine nearly every night, and of course it all helps him in his business, because he is agent for both life and fire companies, and lots of people who are trying to get into society do their insuring through him. Well, everybody thinks he has such a lovely time, but he isn't so very happy, after all. He is nearly forty now; and last fall he began to get so fat that it was awful for him to have to dance. But of course it wouldn't do for him not to dance, so he had to go without eating lots of things he likes. And whenever there happened to be an evening when he wasn't asked to a dinner-party anywhere, it was awfully stupid for him, because he hasn't any real friends—they are all society friends—so he got into the way of coming to see me a great deal. We would go to dine together somewhere, and perhaps go to the theatre afterward. He can always have seats at any theatre he wants, because the managers like to have him go to see all the new attractions, he's such a society man. And then, after the theatre, we would go up on the car together to my flat, and sit down and eat pickled limes and lady-fingers: that's about the only thing he can eat for supper. And then he would sit and play on the banjo, and tell me what he had been doing the night before, for ever so long. Of course going to so many parties he had got into the way of staying up late, and I never used to think anything of his being there till one o'clock."

Our author evinces the wisdom of the serpent when he arrives in Japan, where he has friends, and is confronted with the possibility of presenting Mrs. Potwin to them:

I learned long ago that it is always foolish for a man to try to help any woman about her social position, even in the miscellaneous society of a minor colony. A woman who is herself in a good position can, if she becomes interested in an eccentric creature like Mrs. Potwin, do a great deal to set her afloat; but the mere fact that a man is trying to help a woman in that way gives her a black eye at the outset. And, after all, English people who are living in out-of-the-way corners of the world have very good reason to be more suspicious than people at home. Every woman's first instinct, when she finds that she is being talked about, is to go somewhere where no one has ever heard of her. A man may do the same thing, but it is infinitely easier to know when a man is wrong. If he has been caught cheating at cards in England, it is a moral certainty that he can not go to a colonial club more than three or four times without encountering some one who knows all about him. Men travel about more than women, and the gossips of the outlying clubs manage to keep themselves very well posted about the happenings in the clubs at home. An undesirable traveler may sometimes be given the freedom of a colonial club by a too-confiding acquaintance, but he never lasts long. With women it is a very different matter. As long as a woman does not pretend to be anybody extraordinarily smart, it is by no means so simple a matter to trace her antecedents, and this tends to make people more cautious. I knew, too, apart from all these general principles, that if I induced any one I knew in Yokohama to give Mrs. Potwin the freedom of the Bluff, she would inevitably flirt with all the men and set all the women by the ears. Plainly enough, it was the path of wisdom for me to let her shift for herself from the start.

We have omitted mention of the main scheme of the story because we are concerned here only with the social pictures it presents. But to understand the allusions in the following extracts it is necessary to know that Mrs. Potwin, while in her flat in San Francisco, had had a Japanese servant who came nigh to murdering her one night, he being madly in love with her and jealous of—if not shocked at—Charley Hart's privileged long calls. Temehichi was the Japanese boy's name, and he claimed to be the son of a former *shogun*, and therefore the bope of the reactionary party in Japan, which aimed to depose the Mikado and to put him on the throne instead. He said he wished to marry Mrs. Potwin, and she not only temporized with him then, but is pleasantly attracted by the prospect of being a queen of the Japanese. She even has what she calls an "understanding" with him.

But in Japan she meets a Sir Francis Scarlett, and flirts outrageously with him, they even going off together on a trip about the island.

Mrs. Potwin sends our author a letter from which he learns that:

She was engaged to be married to Scarlett. It was not, she said, a regular engagement: it was the species of engagement called in America an "understanding"—a modified form of betrothal which she considered exceedingly convenient. She had told Scarlett that she was "sort of half engaged" to somebody else, and that, such being the case, she couldn't accept him outright; but that if this other conditional engagement should not result in a permanent and binding engagement, she would consider herself conditionally engaged to Scarlett. She didn't say what the conditions of this doubly conditional engagement were; but it seemed, as far as I could make it out, to be a solemn agreement that they would marry one another if they wanted to, and wouldn't marry one another if they didn't want to. And in the meanwhile, she said, she did not want to have it "announced."

When the narrator returns to England and visits the Scarletts, he finds Mrs. Potwin there as the guest of Sir Francis. The effect she produces is thus described:

To say that in an English country-house Ysande Potwin was absolutely impossible, is putting it very mildly. She chattered like a magpie all through dinner, and it seemed to me that she made a deliberate effort to be as exotic as possible. I saw poor old Lady Scarlett drop her eyes two or three times, but Frank looked as proud and pleased as if he were displaying some marvelous precious stone he had found in the course of his travels, and I knew that if he saw fit to marry Mrs. Potwin, and that remarkable young woman should decide to marry him, no one could gainsay him. There were, no doubt, extenuating circumstances in the present case. Mrs. Potwin was wonderfully pretty—much prettier even than I had thought her in Japan. Against the dark oak walls of the dining-room and against the sombre tone of English table-talk, she stood out like a brilliant orchid in a forest. She was aggressive, as, I think, almost all American women are when one meets them in England. She talked about California so much that she seemed to be telling us all that she was not ashamed of being outlandish. And I knew before dinner was over that Ysande Potwin in England was a failure, and would be the more of a failure if she became Ysande Scarlett.

I don't know what secret it is that the American young ladies have who succeed in England, who not only marry Englishmen able to give them a position in the world, but manage afterward to hold their own in their new environment. They do it; I am not a man who goes about much, but I know at least half a dozen of them who have done it. They are never quite like Englishwomen, but after two or three years they seem to lose all that English people find most distasteful in Americans. They are always foreigners, but only in the sense that a French girl of good family who marries an Englishman remains a foreigner. They cease to impress the beholder with the belief that their fathers were shop-keepers and that they themselves received their education at a board-school. They always have more manner than Englishwomen have. They are never altogether in sympathy with the life about them, and no one of them has ever shaken my belief that an Englishman who is fortunate enough to have the privilege of taking an English gentleman's daughter for his

wife is most ill-advised if he marries an alien. But in the case of Mrs. Potwin there was more than this. I know that the American women who have made a footing in London—and I don't for a moment mean to say that it isn't a firm footing—would say, if they were asked, that Mrs. Potwin was not as they were. She was, however, quite pleased with herself. She thought, as she told me after dinner was over, that such a marriage was just the surprising sort of thing that would be likely to happen to her.

Even Mrs. Potwin herself sees something of the incongruity that all but Sir Francis have noticed. In a conversation with Scarlett and the man who tells the story, she says:

"I want you to help me decide and help Frank decide what he and I ought to do. In the first place, I don't think it is right for me to go on being conditionally engaged to Frank, and having all his friends think it's a regular engagement. I told him before we left Japan that I didn't consider he was any more held to it than I was, and that he could back out whenever he wanted to. But he won't want to, because he is obstinate, and even if he did want to he wouldn't, because he'd be ashamed, and I think we have got to make up our minds about it one way or the other. In America it is as easy as anything to break off an understanding like that, or even a regular engagement. I know lots of girls who have been engaged five or six times, and they don't think anything of it; but here in England everybody seems to think it is a very serious thing. It is just like getting into one of your express trains. They lock the doors of the car, and you have to stay there until you get to where you have bought your ticket for. If I go on staying here with his mother and all his friends, and then, afterward, I tell him that I don't think it is going to do, they will all say I was a flirt, and that I made a fool of him, and he would bate that, because he is awfully proud. Wouldn't you, Frank?"

"I don't like to look like a fool, if that's what you mean, my dear," said Scarlett. "But I don't see what you want to talk all this nonsense for. Of course we are going to be married sooner or later. I'm not hurrying you; I will give you all the time you want. It seems to me the simplest thing in the world. You and I had an awfully good time out in Japan together, and we have a good time here. Why shouldn't we be married and go on having a good time?"

"I will tell you why," said Mrs. Potwin. "You know that man we saw the day we went over to Woodstock—the man who was driving what you call a piebald horse? We call them *paint* horses in America. Well, I didn't see anything out of the way about it. I think a spotted horse is awfully pretty. But you and all the other men on the coach laughed at it, and said that the horse looked as if it came out of a circus. Well, now, I am like a spotted horse. I am very pretty, but I am not the correct thing in England. Japan was a kind of a circus to you, and when you saw me out there you thought I was lovely; but if we got married, you would find out, sooner or later, that all your friends wondered why you harnessed up a piebald horse instead of choosing a regular every-day color like other people. I didn't know it was going to be like that until I came over to England. That is what I wanted to come here for—to find out. It isn't because I am a flirt; truly it isn't. I haven't flirted with you the least bit, Frank. I like you ever so much, and the only reason I don't want to marry you is, that I don't believe it would work. Your mother's awfully nice and kind to me, but I can see that she doesn't think it is going to work either."

Then at last she tells Scarlett about Temehichi—it should be said in her defense that she had tried to tell him about it two or three times before, but he would not listen—and Scarlett is very much shaken. He goes away to think it over by himself, and Mrs. Potwin continues:

"It is so hard to make you Englishmen understand!" cried Mrs. Potwin. "With us, people's ideas are so different. You can't expect it to be any other way. There are a few people in New York, and in Baltimore, and one or two other big cities who bring up their children on the English plan; but a good many people laugh at them for it."

"And you were not brought up on the English plan?" I asked.

"No," said Mrs. Potwin. "I wasn't. My father was rich, and of course he had a splendid position in Washington; but he brought all those old-fashioned European ideas were ridiculous, and I guess my mother thought so, too. It's awfully hard to explain it, but if I could only make you understand, you wouldn't blame me half so much. Why, you take it there in California: nearly all the old ladies whose husbands have so much money now—the old ladies that everybody looks up to—they worked with their hands thirty or forty years ago. Maybe they weren't servants in anybody else's houses, but they were servants in their own houses, anyhow. They worked like servants, they ate like servants, they talked like servants, and they thought like servants. According to our American ideas they're commoner than the ladies in the East, but I don't see but that it is just the same everywhere. I have been up, when I was a little girl, to stay with some cousins of mine in Vermont—people who were as proud as could be—but it was a farm, and the ladies used to do most of the cooking themselves. They had only one hired girl, and they used to have to get the men's dinner ready, hired men and all, and wait on them at table, too. Do you suppose that when a child sees such things, that child will grow up with English ideas about social distinctions and all that? Why, those old ladies up in Vermont would have thought any such talk as that worse than nonsense; they would have said it was downright wickedness. They had a kind of a Puritan idea that one person was just as good as another, and that it was wrong to be worldly, as they called it. That's the way all our grandmothers were in America. And we grow up to be as worldly as can be, and to want to spend lots of money, and to wear good clothes, and everything like that, but we still have their ideas about one person being just as good as another. I know I was wrong to encourage Temehichi to think about me, but if I had been in earnest it wouldn't have been wrong, according to the old American idea of things. You English people think it's awful bad manners for girls to flirt, in the joking kind of way our girls do, without trying to hide it; but I guess English girls brought up the way we are—girls in what you call the middle classes—are just the same. It isn't fair to judge me as if I had been brought up like your sisters. We don't have governesses tagging after us when we go out to walk: we go around alone, and of course we don't grow up so prim. It is very well for you Englishmen to be surprised at our American ways, but I have seen Australian girls come to America, and they carry it on with everybody just as American girls do. They are not a bit more proud, and yet they are real English stock, aren't they? It isn't a mixture of Germans and Italians and French and everything else, as it is in America. They are all of them English enough, but Lady Scarlett would find their manners and everything else about them just as queer as anything I do."

"That may all very well be," said I; "but you must remember that the young ladies from Australia have not had just the sort of fathers and grandfathers that women like Lady Scarlett have had. They were English, if you please, but they were a very different sort of English, and a sort of English we don't know. A good many of their grandfathers were transported English convicts, and for that matter, most of the men who go out to the colonies even nowadays are a worthless, shiftless lot, or else are the sons of worthless, shiftless people in England. If they were well off, they'd stay at home."

"Well," said Mrs. Potwin, "if you come down to that, I suppose it was the same way with our grandfathers who went to America. If they hadn't been paupers, or criminals, or religious cranks like the Salvation Army, or some other kind of no-account people, they wouldn't have gone. And how can you expect me to have the same ideas that an English lady has when all her people have been taken care of like the gardens at Dunkin House, for generation after generation?"

It is not our purpose to tell how the lady extricates herself, or is extricated, from the predicament in which she has been placed by her fine distinctions between "understandings" and "engagements" and her Japanese and English lovers' inability to discriminate. We have quoted enough to show that Mr. Bassett has written an entertaining story, and there we leave "Golden-Beak."

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Bookman* has it on good authority that the leading characters of "The Woman Who Did" are founded on distinguished personages who figure prominently in English society. It also states that a scathing criticism of the new novel, which appeared in a Sunday edition of the *New York World*, promptly sent "The Woman Who Did" into a second edition a few days later.

Henry B. Fuller, author of "The Cliff-Dwellers," said in answer to an inquiry regarding the main idea of his coming novel, "With the Procession":

"The main idea to the social scientist may seem to be the rich man's duty to the public; to the social 'struggler,' the general serviceableness of systematic philanthropy for the furtherance of social ambitions; to the mere story reader, with an eye more or less fixed on my *jeune premier* just back from Paris, it might seem to be the disastrous futility of attempting to lead the European life under local conditions. Other readers may, perhaps, find other 'backbones' according to their needs or inclinations. This book is on a higher social plane than was 'The Cliff-Dwellers.' (I am assured, too, that its tone is less hard and unsympathetic.) I deal more or less here with teas, receptions, and house-parties, and have three or four chapters on a charity ball at the Auditorium. But I should feel mortified, indeed, to be considered to have written a mere 'society novel.'"

Napoleon has proved a great success in an American magazine ere now: in 1857, *Harper's* began the serial publication of John S. C. Abbott's "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," which lasted three years and was received with unmistakable indications of public favor.

The following pleasant notice of a writer well known in San Francisco is from the *New York Tribune*:

"Mr. Edward W. Townsend, the author of the exceedingly clever 'Chimmie Fadden' sketches, has nearly completed a novel which he calls 'A Daughter of the Tenements.' It is a story of New York life. Young Mr. Fadden, of the Bowery, has been making his way energetically of late into the good graces of quick-witted readers, and this more ambitious work by the new author will be looked for with interest."

"Mr. Townsend was born in Cleveland, of parents who were originally New Yorkers. When not more than fifteen years old, he began to send to the Cleveland newspapers articles which were promptly printed. Before he was of age, he went to California to study mining; but journalism had laid a beguiling hand upon the boy, and after some experiences on rural journals, he did a great deal of good work upon the San Francisco newspapers. His earliest attempts at fiction were made for the benefit of the *Argonaut*. Later he became Washington correspondent of the *Examiner*, and three years ago he joined the staff of our esteemed contemporary, the *New York Sun*, and has ever since displayed brilliant ability in dealing with picturesque phases of city life and especially with the Bowery types. The young writers who think it easy to 'dash off' a newspaper story, and wonder why the articles they prepare by the midnight oil from their seething brains are not better appreciated, might learn a lesson from Mr. Townsend. Nearly every one of the short stories of 'Chimmie,' which are read in fifteen minutes, represented three or four mornings spent, not over his desk, but in the Bowery or the Fourth Ward, studying the character of the people about whom he wanted to write."

One of the choice things in the March *Century* is Mr. H. C. Bunner's protest against "Cheating at Letters." "Mr. Bunner tries to work a serious vein," comments the *Bookman*, "but his irrepressible humor is too much for him. There are touches of sarcasm in it which seem to reverberate with the thunder of the 'Literary Shop.'"

Mr. A. P. Watt, "the great Napoleon of the realms of print," was recently asked, "What authors command the largest prices at the present moment?" He replied:

"I have no difficulty in answering that. Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Besant, Mr. Haggard, Anthony Hope; and among the other sex, Annie Swan, Olive Schreiner, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Craigie, and Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet). Mr. Kipling, Dr. Doyle, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Stanley Weyman are among the writers for whom I can get the largest prices, both here and in America."

Another volume of short stories by Henry James is to be brought out soon.

Of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," which will begin in the April *Harper's*, the publishers announce:

"It will show Joan as a daughter of the people; the scenes and incidents of her girlhood among her rustic playmates and in the midst of bucolic associations; her childish superstitions, peopling her earth with strange, but to her familiar, presences suggested by fairy folk-lore and stories of the saints; her distressful solitudes for her country, fed constantly by tidings of defeat that pierced her heart and opened there the fountain of prophecy; the heavenly voices and visions that nourished the hope of deliverance that should surely come through her; her conquest of a corrupt court; her martial triumphs; her betrayal and martyrdom. The author's name is not disclosed, although he is one of the most successful among American writers of fiction. For the present, at least, he is disguised as 'the Sieur Louis de Conte,' Joan's 'Page and Secretary'; her playmate in childhood, as well as her attendant at the head of the victorious armies of France. Material for the illustrations has been gathered by Mr. F. V. du Mond amid the scenes associated with Joan's career."

A complete manuscript volume, entitled "Letters to a Boy of Twelve," has been discovered among the unpublished manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson, according to the *Bookman*.

Dr. William Wright's "Brontës in Ireland" has just reached its third edition. It contains a new preface, chiefly remarkable for its contradiction of a statement unnecessarily made in the first edition. In the original preface to the book, Dr. Wright spoke of the "baseless assertion" that the

family was called "Prunty" in Ireland. There was never the slightest doubt about that fact to all who knew the Brontë traditions. And, in his new preface, Dr. Wright concedes the point.

In an animated correspondence over the genesis of the dual idea in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," being conducted in the *Athenaeum* by Andrew Lang and others, this bit of news comes out: "It may interest you to know," Stevenson wrote to his publisher in 1885, "that the main incident occurred in a nightmare; indigestion has its uses. I woke up, and before I went to sleep again the story was complete."

In addition to the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, there will be many articles of interest:

The number will open with an article on "Our National Capital," by Julian Ralph, with illustrations characteristic of Washington. A fleeting and occasional phase of the French capital will be treated by Richard Harding Davis in an article entitled "Paris in Mourning," with illustrations by C. D. Gibson. Josiah Flynt will contribute observations of "Club Life Among Outcasts," "Venice in Easter," by Arthur Symonds, will describe the picturesque modern city during a season of religious observance. Alfred Parsons will contribute a descriptive article on "Autumn in Japan," with many illustrations. "Progress in the Public Schools" during recent years will be discussed by the Hon. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education.

A contribution from George Meredith may shortly be expected within the boards of the *Yellow Book*.

Marion Crawford has written a story of Italian life, entitled "Adam Johnson's Son," for the *Illustrated London News*, to commence in April. The scene is laid at Amalfi, and the story will be profusely illustrated by an artist who was sent to Italy for the purpose of making sketches on the spot.

A charming story of Robert Louis Stevenson is told in the *New York Times*:

"He was visiting a friend, afterward Consul to Samoa, in Northern Vermont. This gentleman had a little daughter about eleven years old, who confided to Mr. Stevenson the woeful fact that she was born on the twenty-ninth of February, and, therefore, had enjoyed only two birthdays in all her eleven years. The poet sympathized not only in comforting words, but also in action. He meditated a few moments, then went to the writing desk and drew up the following document:

"I, Robert Louis Stevenson, in a sound state of mind and body, having arrived at that age when I no longer have any use for birthdays, do give and bequeath my birthday, on the thirtieth of November, to Miss Adelaide Ide, to be hers from this year as long as she wishes it."

"The little girl's delight at this rare and most welcome gift has shown its appreciation once a year through several years of birthdays, and now the anniversary will be doubly treasured."

It has been ascertained that Miss Christina Rossetti has left no manuscripts behind her, nor has she retained letters written to her. Among her books have been found a good many copies of a very scarce little pamphlet containing a poem by her sister, Maria Francesca Rossetti. It was thought that only two or three copies of this booklet, which was issued at the same time as Christina Rossetti's privately printed verses, were in existence.

The curious statement is made that the favorite book in Turkish harems is a translation of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"

The new edition of Kipling's Indian tales will present some new stories which he has just completed. The edition is to be in two volumes, each of these volumes including beside the new stories some of the earlier Indian tales—the "Soldiers Three," "Under the Deodars," "Black and White," etc.

A few weeks ago, when a lady called at an up-town branch of the New York Circulating Library for a copy of Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution," there were fifty-one applicants ahead of her. The librarian told her that a few weeks previous they had seventeen copies lying on the shelf without demand; but on the same day that a lengthy review appeared in one of the New York dailies the demand set in, and has continued since then, with a long roll of names in arrears.

Andrew Lang says in a recent article on "Historical Novels and Historical Accuracy":

"How far an historical novelist is bound to cleave to historical truth is a question that has settled itself. He is not bound at all. This great blow for freedom was struck by Scott. The question whether or not it is wise to use these privileges is different. Nobody knows or cares whether Amy Robsart was dead (as she was) before 'Kenilworth' begins; nobody cares for the circumstance that Shakespeare could not have been about the court at the period covered by the tale. But I do not like Scott to move on or move back, whichever it is, the death of the Bishop of Liège, in 'Quentin Durward.' Perhaps it is pedantic to spoil an effect of M. Zola's, in 'Lourdes,' by consulting the Continental 'Bradshaw,' and demonstrating that there is no such train as that on which his effect depends. Perhaps, however, this is fair against that friend of 'documents,' M. Zola. Perhaps 'Esmond' comes nearer to historical truth than any other famous historical novel. The death of the Duke of Hamilton comes in very fortunately for the conduct of the plot, and it is, perhaps, an advantage that it is historically right. The Chevalier might have done as Thackeray makes him do, leaving Atterbury in the lurch, as he was really left by Ormonde and the Earl Marischal. 'Esmond' may be full of historical *blunders*, but they escape my notice if they exist, and ignorance here is bliss. In no novel, except where Louis the Eleventh and James

the First are on the stage, do historical characters appear so naturally, so like themselves—especially Swift, Addison, Steele, and the other wits. No novel is so true to the tone of the time, for we can not know how people thought and spoke under Richard the First, for example; but we do know that Queen Anne's men and women talked as Thackeray makes them talk, as a general rule."

Professor John Fiske is hard at work on a new book dealing with the early history of Virginia, which he hopes to have ready for publication in the fall.

"Anthony Hope's" Success.

Much has been written for the American papers about the books of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who writes under the name of "Anthony Hope." But little has been written about the man himself. Something about the personality of this successful writer will doubtless interest the readers of the *Argonaut*.

Mr. Hawkins is still a young man—he is only thirty-one years old, having been born in 1863. The public school which he attended was Marlborough, and he went from there to Balliol College in 1881. After the usual four years there, he took his degree under the celebrated scholar, Professor Jowett. From Oxford he went up to London in 1885. He at once began reading for the law, and occupied chambers in the Temple for two years.

He was called to the bar in 1887; but the law was not a congenial mistress to him, and he found himself distracted from her pursuit by politics. In 1892 he ran for Parliament as a Liberal candidate from South Bucks, and was very handsomely defeated by Viscount Curzon, a cousin of that Curzon who is now engaged to marry Miss Leiter, the American heiress and beauty. As his only relic of his unsuccessful political aspirations, Mr. Hope retains a handsomely carved oak chair, presented to him by the chair-makers of Wycombe, whom he had hoped to number among his constituents.

His unsuccessful attempt at political distinction having discouraged him, he turned from politics to literature. His first book, "A Man of Mark," appeared in 1890. It was a South American story, and the world went on in blissful ignorance of its birth. It is now about to be republished, hoping to grope to eminence under the shadow of its author's newly acquired fame. His next book was "Father Stafford," which was published in 1891.

That also attracted no attention, although—contrary to the accepted opinion of editorial dullness—both books were warmly praised by the *Athenaeum* and other leading literary periodicals. He followed this with a story called "Mr. Witt's Widow," which attracted very little attention. At this time he was sending manuscripts to editors in every direction, but most of them came back to him like the doves to the ark. He then began writing a number of brilliant short stories, most of which were printed in the *St. James's Gazette*. Some of these we reprinted in the *Argonaut* before Mr. Hope was known to fame. He recently collected them in a volume which has been published under the name of "Sport Royal." In 1893, he published "A Change of Air" and "Half a Hero"; these two books attracted some attention.

But it was not until last year that he won his spurs. During 1894 he produced four books, "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," "The God in the Car," and "The Indiscretion of the Duchess." All of these have been remarkably successful. He is at present publishing serially, in a number of journals in Great Britain and the United States, a medieval story called "The Chronicle of Count Antonio." This is a new field for him, as he has never before tried anything but modern work, although "The Prisoner of Zenda" has every appearance of being a medieval romance dragged into the nineteenth century, very much as Thackeray recommended the promotion to the peerage of fictional knights, and to the baronetage of wealthy commoners.

Mr. Hawkins has his working-place in the heart of London. It is in Buckingham Street, which runs through the sites of the old Elizabethan palaces from the Strand to the Embankment Gardens. He says that the roar and bustle of London do not interfere with his literary work. In regard to his sudden and startling financial success, Mr. Hawkins speaks with the utmost frankness. He ascribes it to the passage of the American copyright act. Previous to that, his books and those of many other of the younger English writers sold well in America, but brought in no returns to their authors. Now he is credited with having made ten thousand pounds in 1894. He intrusts all his business matters to an agent, A. P. Watt, who deals with the publishers. It may be said that Mr. Hawkins has every reason to be pleased with the profits which have come to him as a result of the American copyright act, as also have his confrères, Messrs. Barrie, Kipling, Doyle, and others. It is very much to be doubted whether American authors can say as much for the international copyright act. It has resulted in large gains to English authors, of whom Mr. Hope is one of the most successful, but it has not increased the sale of American books in England, and the largely increased sales of English books in America have almost driven American authors to the wall.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An Anglo-Californian Story.

It is, perhaps, a violent assumption to suppose that no clew could be found to the heirs of a prospective British peer, who, having married the daughter of a publican and been cast off by his father, embarked for America and died on the voyage out. But, if one accept that possibility, there is little to cavil at in "The Romance of Judge Ketchum," by Horace Annisley Vachell. The hero is not so much Judge Ketchum as Jack Tantallon, a young Englishman endowed with the best qualities of his class, who is refused by the girl he loves just after he comes into the Earldom of Tantallon, and sails for America to forget his disappointment in the active life of the Far West. In the California town of Hard Scratch, his life is saved by Judge Ketchum, the local justice of the peace, and in his defender he discovers the rightful possessor of the title and estates which he is himself then enjoying. He informs the old judge of the facts of the case, returns to Tantallon Castle with him and sees him put in possession of his rights, and is afterward rewarded for his self-sacrificing restitution by winning the love of the girl who rejected him while she was the dupe of his rascally cousin, and finally succeeding to the title and estates on the death of the new earl. It will be seen that the story possesses the possibilities of an absorbing tale, and Mr. Vachell has made the most of his material. Several of the characters are admirably drawn, notably the old judge. He is a splendid specimen of the Americans whom the life of the frontier develops—rough and untutored, but manly, honest, shrewd, full of the milk of human kindness, and possessing a strength of character that gives him native dignity when he is transported to the more complicated social system of England. Jack Tantallon, too, remains in the memory as a clean, wholesome young Englishman, not brilliant, perhaps, but a man who would lay down his life in maintenance of what he considers right. Henry Britton, the clean-cut, resourceful American man of business, son of one of California's multi-millionaires, who made an unfortunate marriage while a lad at college; Samantha Ketchum, who has always thought the old judge her father but proves to be Britton's daughter, a quick-witted, warm-hearted, adaptable American girl; and Mrs. Carrick Fergus, the doting mother of one of those scoundrelly drones who are the worst product of the English aristocracy—these are all drawn with vivid power. It is to be remarked that, though the plot of the story is sensational, the author is thoroughly at home as well in the upper classes of the English society as in the mining-camps of California. Of San Francisco life there is but one scene in one of the clubs. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"The Horse: Its External and Internal Organization," by A. Schwarz, Veterinary Surgeon of the First Royal Bavarian Regiment of Light Horse, a brief description of the horse physically, accompanied by elaborate colored charts, has been revised and edited by George Fleming, of the British army, and is published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, \$1.25.

An excellent little book of its kind is "Short Studies in Party Politics," by Noah Brooks. The first part treats of "Some First Things in American Politics," beginning with the contests between the Federalists and Anti-Federalists, and the three remaining articles are "The Passing of the Whigs," "When Slavery Went Out of Politics," and "The Party Platforms of Sixty Years." Twenty-seven portraits of men who have cut a prominent figure in the political history of the United States are scattered through the pages, the subjects ranging from Washington to Thurlow Weed. The book is carefully indexed. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"A Forgotten Debt," translated by Florence Belknap Gilmour from "Dette Oubliée," by Léon de Tinséau, is a Frenchman's story of America. Its heroine is Mlle. Chantal de Monestier, who marries the dissipated Marquis de Bernar, and, after her son Hélon is born, is practically driven from home through no fault of her own. She then comes to America to be the companion of an officer's daughter at an army post in the Rocky Mountains; later her young charge goes abroad, and meeting Hélon, falls in love with him, and subsequently marries him. Those who have read the very clever short stories by Léon de Tinséau in translation in the *Argonaut* need not expect to find the same Gallic wit in "A Forgotten Debt," for it is a sentimental romance with pictures of American life which, while more true than most foreigners paint, are curious to French readers rather than interesting to us. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Essays on Scandinavian Literature" is the title of a valuable series of studies by Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. They are in part the result of an ambition to write a history of Scandinavian literature, conceived twenty years ago, and since

then a constant study with the author. The chapter on Henrik Ibsen grew into a whole volume by itself, and the Swedish authors, Johan Ludvig Runeberg, Mrs. Edgren, and August Strindberg, and the Dane, Oehenschlaeger, are reserved for a future volume. The present work, then, contains: "Björnstjerne Björnson," "Alexander Kielland," "Jonas Lie," "Hans Christian Andersen," "Contemporary Danish Literature," "George Brandes," and "Essais Tegner." The study of Björnson is accompanied by a bibliography of the more important English translations of his works, so brought up to date as to include the new translation of "Synnöve Solhokken," issued in the present year. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo," by John Luther Long, is a most peculiar romance. Love in Japan, it would seem, is a cool, calm affection, in which passion does not exist, or is kept thoroughly in hand, and the author has set himself the task of painting the awakening of love, as we know it, in the heart of a Japanese maid. Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo is the daughter of a Japanese noble, and she is sent to the United States for a brief trial of Western education. She imbibes, of course, some few American ideas of social conditions, and when, on her return to her home, her beauty is quite ignored by Dick Holly, secretary of the American Legation, she is piqued and her womanly coquetry is aroused; but when he rescues her from a fire, love awakens in her heart and soon grows to passionate adoration. It is a difficult task to write such a story and not make it cloying, but Mr. Long has accomplished it with delicacy and taste, and "Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo" is an entertaining as well as an unusual tale. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

The latest of the "new woman" books is "Gallia," by Mémie Muriel Dowie, who is well known under that—her maiden—name as the author of "A Girl in the Karpathians," and is to her friends Mrs. Henry Norman, wife of the English journalist who has written some notable hooks on the political and social conditions of the Far East. "Gallia" is the story of a girl—beautiful, of course, and gifted in all ways, except in the possession of common sense—who refuses to go into society after her Girton days, but goes instead to Oxford. There she meets and falls in love with Dark Essex, a sentimental cynic, who refuses rather brutally to reciprocate the feeling, and him she continues to love in a less degree, though she marries another man. At the funeral of her mother, for whom she had never felt any particular affection, it comes to her that maternal love is the great passion of a woman's heart, and thereupon she determines to find a successful business man, sound in health and not bothered with aspirations or imaginings, to become the father of her children. The story—which is, perhaps, even more frank in some passages than "The Heavenly Twins"—follows her career as actuated by this somewhat remarkable theory. Two other startling theories advanced in the book are that good women as a rule prefer to marry men who lead bad lives, and that good women owe a lasting debt of gratitude to bad women. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

The "Nation" on the Press.

The excitement into which the press has been thrown during the past fortnight by the marriage of one rich woman and the divorce of another seems hardly distinguishable from a species of dementia. Unlimited space is given up to both events, and the illustrations include portraits of the entire families of the plaintiff and defendant in the divorce suit, and of the various houses which they inhabit. It must be remembered that this stuff is greedily read by all classes; and if we were to infer the character of the population from its consumption, using the standards supplied by ordinary life and by other kinds of literature, we should say that the United States was inhabited exclusively by servant-girls, longshoremen, and hackmen. Upon the effect of such compositions on the youth who are pouring out every year from the common schools, we need not comment. This is probably not yet fully visible, but it will become more and more so as the years roll by.

It is not their indecency that is their worst fault; it is their unutterable silliness and vulgarity. One who knew no better might fairly imagine that a lot of vicious boys had got hold of the press, and were amusing themselves with bringing civilization itself into ridicule. The most marked feature of these compositions, in fact, is their puerility. Nobody who was not accustomed to them would suppose they were the work of grown-up people. Childish hilarity, irreverence, and, we may add, childish inventiveness, are their leading characteristics.

What is most curious about this press problem is, however, that it is apparently insoluble. The silly youths who run this great machine—only a handful, after all, in number, and objects of more or less ridicule when they show themselves in *propria persona*—seem to hold this great nation in a kind of slavery. The press is, to the vast mass of the town population, at all events, an object of dread

and dislike. We have heard denunciations of its mendacity and inquisitiveness from people of all classes and conditions. But no mission set before the American people seems more hopeless than escape from it. The exclusion of the British from this continent, the provision of a sound currency and good banking system, the purification of the suffrage, and the abolition of the spoils system, all seem easy and practicable compared with the reform of the press. Clergymen preach about it, magazine writers write about it, and it is a common topic of conversation at nearly every social gathering in the land. There is hardly any one, rich or poor, who has not suffered from "the newspapers," and especially those who have passed through some notorious sorrow or misfortune. Traveling Americans hang their heads for shame when they see an American newspaper in a foreign reading-room. They hang them still lower when it is thrust into their hands on the wharf when they return to their native land.

But nobody seems able to suggest any remedy, and, what is worse, the grumblers over the wicked journals are often their most diligent readers. One too often finds that the bitterest denunciations of the bad newspapers are familiar with everything they contain every day, repeat their gossip, enjoy their "digs," and especially the hits of blackguardism with which they annoy decent people. Here is the root of the evil. There is no surer reflex of the popular taste than journalism. It may be asserted that every country has the kind of newspapers it calls for. It is through this cranny that the proprietors of blackguard newspapers effect their escape. They say they furnish only what the community calls for, and show their "sales" and their fortunes in proof of the statement. Of course there is always a certain action and reaction going on between the public and the press. The press in some degree creates the tastes which it gratifies, and the journalist's plea that he only publishes what he knows he can sell, might be set up by the vender of obscene literature. But the main fact remains that the public gets the kind of press it wants, and which it could kill or discourage if it chose.

For the press there are certain excuses which, while they do not solve the problem, are worth consideration. Fewer and fewer able young men go into it as a calling, owing to the absence of all prizes in it and the insecurity of tenure. It is recruited largely by men who shrink from the early drudgery of the regular professions, or desire to step rapidly into a salaried place, or enjoy the variety and excitement of a journalistic life, or the power of secretly bombarding or annoying their seniors. Most of these men begin in the reporters' room, which, as generally managed, is the grave of seriousness and truthfulness and high ambition. Moreover, the proprietors, in catering for a salacious and frivolous public, as they consider it, do not encourage young men who are burdened with thoughtfulness or attainments. They want the livelier, more unscrupulous and imaginative kind who "write up" the divorce cases and pursue the rich into their bedrooms.

Mrs. U. S. Grant is quoted by Southern papers as having recently given utterance to this remarkable sentiment at Tampa, Fla.: "I love the South, for I was raised in a Southern State—Missouri—and I hardly knew which side to go with. But the general went with the North and I went with him."

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While the New York dramatic season is having its final boom before spring extinction; while the foreign song-birds of Italian opera are packing their trunks, and the foreign song-birds of German opera are shaking out and hanging up their white robes, their blonde wigs, and their armor; while Miss Sanderson, fur-muffled and disgusted, is hurrying back to France, and Mme. Réjane, fur-muffled and radiant, is preparing to follow her example, two stars, twin stars, stars that once shone with the dazzling lustre of beauty and popularity and social prestige, have risen up once more above the theatrical horizon—Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter are in New York.

The English beauty had dropped out of sight of American eyes for some time past. The time was coming when she would drop out of their memories—the shallow memories in which she was once an omnipresent figure. The dark day was approaching when her picture would not be exhibited in that fascinating shop-window near Twenty-Second Street, where, six years ago, she shared the honors of public admiration with the regal Duchess of Leinster, the Princess Brancaccio of the marble shoulders, and the Baroness Marie Vetsera. New-comers have crowded out these old favorites. The Duchess of Leinster is dead, the Princess Brancaccio grows *passée*, and the unsolved mystery of Marie Vetsera's fate has become one of the sealed secrets of history. Mrs. Langtry was fast falling into the rear ranks and retiring to the back shelves with these old shop-window comrades of hers, when her re-appearance on the stage placed her back in the front row with Emma Eames and Lillian Russell.

The play she has appeared in is a piece described as trivial and frothy, entitled "Gossip." Somebody has discovered that it is an old work of Claretie's called "L'Américaine," refurbished for the occasion. Whatever it may have been in its early days, it is now flat, stale, and, judging by what one hears, Mrs. Langtry will find it unprofitable. The erstwhile English beauty portrays a fascinating American *divorcee*, and as the action takes place at Trouville in the height of the season, there is an opportunity for showing off good clothes that atones for any amount of bad dialogue.

All the world has gone to Palmer's to see the clothes, the jewels, and how time has treated the Jersey Lily, who, a good many years ago now, was made famous by a royal kiss. Expert critics say that the costumes were a little disappointing. But the jewels were as fine as ever; the honors were easy between the celebrated necklace of sapphires and diamonds and a massive diamond crown that fitted the wearer's head like a hat. As for her appearance, the English beauty is said to be as blithe and bonny as ever and in figure exquisitely slender. It was some enterprising newspaper man who announced to a curious world that Mrs. Langtry always at night clothed her countenance in layers of raw veal, which was a great preservative of the skin. Evidently it was a success; the wearing of veal-cutlets seems to be much better for the complexion than the eating of them is for the digestion.

But beauty, jewels, and clothes will not make "Gossip" popular. The day has passed with Mrs. Langtry when by the magic of her name and the advertisement of her jewels she could draw a packed house. Strangely enough, too, the promise of talent that at one time was quite marked in her acting seems to have been unfulfilled. She has not only not improved, she has deteriorated.

Her stage career has been more successful than that of most society actresses. In the beginning of it, advertised as no one ever was advertised before, unless perhaps "Buffalo Bill" and latterly Oscar Wilde, she drew the audiences that come from curiosity. The press was severe, but its severity had no effect in abating popular interest. People thronged to see her do Galatea in long, white draperies and a pair of French-heeled boots. Of her beauty there could be no doubt; of her talent there was some uncertainty. A prophet, rising boldly here and there, cried that there was ability in the acting of the beautiful, gawky, untrained creature.

In the course of two or three seasons it seemed as if the prognostications of these prophets were coming true. She gave performances that bore evidences of a slowly maturing talent. If at this stage in her career she had had such a tutor as Miss Fotheringay found in Old Bows, she might have made an actress. But there was no Old Bows to force and drive her on up the toilsome path. She deviated from the upward way to

worship at the shrines of strange, false gods. The temple, with its distant white columns and its flame fluctuating on the altar-stone, was far off against the sky, and the way to it was long and hard.

But there was a time when she struggled up toward it. Her acting in "The Wife's Peril," a hectic play of the average French sort, showed people that she could at least personate a lady of the *beau monde*, an art singularly rare on the English and American stage. Then came her performance of Lady Macbeth, and the world of the theatre-goers stood back in blank amazement at the hardihood of the actress who dared to essay the great character of Cushman and Siddons.

It was the same season as that in which Mrs. Potter appeared in Cleopatra. Everybody prepared for a good laugh, and wondered at which they would laugh the most. But, strangely enough, the laugh died when Mrs. Langtry appeared in her sweeping, sombre draperies, her head swathed in close wrappings of white linen, her hair in two thick-twisted braids. It was not a great performance; parts of it were not even good, but it was never ridiculous, and sometimes highly creditable. Her beauty, startling in the severe austerity of the mediæval dress, was still a potent factor in her success. It gave the character a new significance, making one understand how it was that this demoniacal but fair-faced siren could force the coward thane on to murder and treachery. It was the high-water mark of her success. A good season's work was done in "As in a Looking-Glass," a clumsy, foolish play, but giving her, as the adventuress, a chance to do some clever acting. Then came a visit to England and failure there. And now, after some years of absence, a return to New York, where the old admiration and curiosity are not quite dead, but where the hopes and prophecies of an artistic future seem to have slowly flickered and gone out.

Meantime, creeping shyly into New York by a back way, comes Mrs. Langtry's old twin star—she who also rose from fashionable into artistic places, who soared up above the horizon with the triple prestige of position, beauty, and belledoni. Mrs. Potter has not confined her flights with the muse to the highways and the great cities. She has toured in strange places, and taken the glory of her tawny mane and the music of her soft and drawing Southern voice into the earth's out-of-the-way corners. She has done Australia and amazed the heathen in India. She has worked hard and acted wretched plays, and fought a long, steady fight against popular prejudice and adverse criticism. Returning to New York, she enters the city—where, as an amateur, she was the idol of the hour, and, as a professional, the example of incapacity—by way of Harlem, edging tentatively by a back way into that metropolis where once she trod on flowers and afterward was the object of every paragraph's stinging shaft of ridicule.

To banish the slur of amateurishness, Mrs. Potter has had to work hard. The feeling of animosity so strongly felt by all professionals against the invading amateur was singularly bitter in her case. Mrs. Langtry lived it down in a few seasons; to Mrs. Potter it clung with the persistence of a cockle-burr. With a sort of inconsequent, childish folly, she succeeded in rousing a silent, caustic prejudice against herself in the minds of the hard-workers and the *dilettanti*. A silly remark made in the early days of her stage life went ringing down through the years, and to-day echoes dimly when her name is mentioned. Of all actresses now on the stage, she is the one who has most needed a sensible adviser and manager, some one who in the first days of her dramatic inexperience would have directed her words, and who to-day would select the plays she performs, and prevent her from producing the crazily unsuitable dramas that she seems to like so much.

Like Mrs. Langtry, a modern Old Bows would have made an actress of her. She has an admirable stage presence, a charmingly pretty face, and talents that fit her for the drawing-room drama and light comedy. In some of the more decent French comedies she could be an adorably attractive heroine, with her pretty, delicate face, her soft voice, and her knowledge of the fashionable world and its ways. But she will be dramatic, will select the piece where she can be intense and high-strung, where she sinks her voice down into an awesome whisper, and is surrounded by an atmosphere of dark and generally disreputable mystery and gloom. A play such as "Thérèse Raquin," the clumsy adaptation of a strong but revolting book, creates a prejudice against her, while the production of such a comedy as "A Scrap of Paper" turns popular feeling in her favor. The average theatre-goer does not like the American actress to produce the scandalous play. They do not mind it in the foreigner. But for them, the American actress must be one of those who are most sedulously careful to keep the American stage wholesome and clean.

What has stood in Mrs. Potter's way so long is not want of talent, but want of common sense. Very many clever people suffer from this defect. A play entitled "Charlotte Corday," which she is now performing in New York, seems to be at last helping her to brush aside the prejudice of years. Far away in the brown-stone wastes of Harlem

people are plodding to see "Charlotte Corday." Critics who were savage to the erstwhile belle and beauty, pause now and consider whether this auburn-locked lady, of a Botticellian slenderness of form, has not some real ability after all. "Charlotte Corday" does not revolt the moral sense, and the sensationalism that Mrs. Potter has always so dearly loved is not so obvious in the story of the heroic liberator of France as it was in "Thérèse Raquin" and "Cleopatra."

Here then, once more met on their old stamping-ground, stand the two most noted of society actresses. The Englishwoman, after touching a high plane, after having had her hand almost on the sceptre not exactly of fame, but of popular favor, seems to have lost her grasp, to have reached and passed the meridian of possible success. The American, after years of hard work, after endless paragraphs of open ridicule, after weary performances in the most dreadfully stupid and vulgar of plays, seems at last to have conquered prejudice and dislike, and to be on the road to that place among the smaller stars that she has so long coveted, so laboriously worked for.

AT THE PLAY.

A pretty comedy of love to-night,
And all the house is gay with flowers and light.
There is a hint of passion in the plot,
Of love that's lightly won, and soon forgot—
An old, old play.

But ah! my lady, though you sit and smile,
I see your eyes steal, dark'ning all the while,
To where a brown head bends above a gold
With all the grace it bent o'er yours, of old,
When at the play.

The scene goes on, with music and the dance,
But still she marks, with sidelong, furtive glance,
How tenderly he bends him down, to say
Some earnest words, in just the sweet old way—
It is the play.

Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace;
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face,
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,
With all the while a strange weight on her breast—
A bitter play!

The curtain falls; the comedy is done;
The music fades; the lights die, one by one;
My lady sees with what protecting care
Do strong hands wrap a slight form from the air
After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns;
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns;
And why her lips are white like can't guess,
Nor why her small hands tremble so—unless
Too long the play.

—Katharine Phillips Williams in *Harper's Weekly*.

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PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The revival of "Pinafore" at the Tivoli brings forcibly to mind the fact that it is nearly twenty years since the piece was first produced. To be exact, it was in 1877—eighteen years ago. The many gushing girly-girls who left church choirs to sing in "Pinafore" are now all old enough to vote. The first production in the United States was in Boston, and its first production in San Francisco was at the Bush Street Theatre on the twenty-third of December, 1878, when it was produced by Mrs. Alice Oates. It is amusing to reflect that the piece as produced was billed as "the latest musical English absurdity," and the audience certainly considered it absurd, for neither the singers nor the audience understood or appreciated it. Mrs. Oates played the part of the sailor-boy, Ralph Rackstraw, which will give an idea of the absurdity of the cast, and she introduced songs with a freedom which would have disgusted Sir Arthur Sullivan. One was "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye." Other members of the troupe introduced such ballads as "The Death of Nelson," "The Bay of Biscay O," and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." A capable critic of the day remarked: "Pinafore" was not exactly a success, but was enjoyable for its novelty and music, and disliked for the thoroughly English burlesque features which only those acquainted with the British navy could appreciate." The next production in San Francisco was in 1879 at the Standard Theatre, on Bush Street, when M. A. Kennedy was manager. By this time the "Pinafore" fever was raging all over the United States, and San Francisco concluded to revise its verdict. The troupe which put it on at the Standard was largely amateur, with Emily Melville at the head as Josephine; Ben Clark played Ralph Rackstraw; Frank Unger was the Admiral; Goodrich was Corcoran; Clay Greene was Dick Deadeye; Will Edwards played the Boatswain; Mrs. McCormick played Buttercup; and Mrs. Clay Greene was Hebe. The piece ran for a number of weeks to crowded houses. At the same time an Eastern company was playing it across the street at the Bush Street Theatre under the management of Charles E. Locke. Thomas Whiffen, who was then the husband of Catherine Lewis, sister of the beautiful Jeffreys Lewis, was the leading performer in this cast. It was not long after this that the Tivoli put on "Pinafore," when it moved into its then new quarters on Eddy Street, after having left the old place on the north-west corner of Sutter and Stockton, where it had been for several years. "Pinafore" was as successful there as at the other theatres. The leading performers in the Tivoli cast were Harry Gates and Hatty Moore. There is no doubt that the long and successful run of "Pinafore" did much to start the Tivoli off upon its career of prosperity. It advertises that it has for seventeen years produced operas uninterruptedly.

Managers Friedlander and Gottloh will take possession of Stockwell's Theatre on Monday, April 8th, when they will at once begin preparations to renovate and re-decorate the house. An illuminated sign bearing the words "Columbia Theatre" (as the theatre will be called after that date) will be placed over the arch at the entrance of the theatre. Jeweled glass takes the place of the unsightly panes now in the main entrance; new carpets, draperies, fixtures, and furniture will be added throughout. The electric lighting will be of the latest and most improved system, and the stage scenery will be entirely repainted. An offer has been made to these gentlemen by J. K. Emmett to play two weeks, commencing on Easter Monday (April 15th), and it is not unlikely that they will let him have the house prior to their regular opening. Mr. Emmett has two new plays this year, "Fritz in a Mad-House" and "Fritz in Ireland."

"The Fatal Card" had a run of one hundred and fifty nights to crowded houses at Palmer's Theatre, New York. The play is to be brought direct to this city, and will be presented at the Baldwin on April 29th. It is said to be the greatest melodrama written in years.

Edouard Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist, gives a farewell concert at Stockwell's Theatre on Wednesday evening, April 3d.

On Tuesday evening next at the Baldwin Theatre, Miss Marie Burroughs will make her first appearance in one of Shakespeare's rôles. She is to present on this occasion "Romeo and Juliet," and will be supported by a company of players specially engaged for the production.

Some weeks ago a correspondent wrote to the *Argonaut* from the Riviera, ascribing Loie Fuller's new spectacle-ballet, "Salomé," to M. Armand Sylvestre. The next week a brother of Mr. J. H. Meltzer, dramatic critic of the New York *World*, wrote to us, stating that it was his brother who was entitled to the honors of originating Miss Fuller's play. This week one of our Paris correspondents gives full details concerning the matter; he letter will be found in another part of the paper. Mr. C. H. Meltzer, by the way, was for several years a Paris correspondent of the *Argonaut*. He left Paris under engagement to Mr. James

Gordon Bennett, to act as musical and dramatic critic of the New York *Herald*. When Bennett returned to this country on one of his periodical trips, Mr. Meltzer preferred a request for a raise in salary. Pointing to his long locks, Bennett said: "I will double your salary if you will cut your hair." For answer Meltzer bowed, walked out, and did not stop walking until he had reached the *World* office—where he has ever since remained.

Messrs. Friedlander & Gottloh have done wisely in changing the name of Stockwell's Theatre to "The Columbia Theatre." Ever since it was named after Stockwell there has been a "hoodoo" on the theatre. Changing the name will probably lift the "hoodoo."

"The Girl I Left Behind Me," which comes to the California Theatre next week, has a record of five hundred nights in New York in two seasons, and has had a flattering reception all over the country. Charles Frohman is managing it now, and the present production is of much the same character as the noted scenic production of "Held by the Enemy." The members of the company are shown in the following cast of characters:

General Kennion, Maclyn Arhuckle; Major Burleigh, Thomas Oberle; Lieutenant Edgar Hawkesworth, James E. Wilson; Lieutenant Morton Parlow, Byron Douglas; Orderly McGlynn, J. P. Macksweney; Private Jones, Wilton Enos; Dr. Arthur Penwick, Charles E. Lothian; Dick Burleigh, Master George Enos; Andy Jackson, Edward Corness; John Ladroe, Myron Calice; Fell-an-Ox, Percy Smith; Silent Tongue, John Dauphin; Katie Kennion, Lavina Shannon; Lucy Hawkesworth, Gertrude Berkeley; Wilber's Ann, Lottie Alter; Fawn Afraid, Violet Rand; Maid, Mary Etta Hurley.

"Pinafore" is enjoying a revived popularity at the Tivoli Opera House and is to be continued there all next week. It will be succeeded by "The Bohemian Girl" for one week, and on Monday, April 15th, the new Tivoli burlesque by Wilson and Hirschbach, "Little Robinson Crusoe," will be given its first performance.

Many people will remember, some years ago, to have seen the great Carmencita when she appeared in San Francisco with one of the Kralffy troupes. Here Carmencita attracted very little attention—almost none, in fact. She was looked upon as being a not very graceful dancer, with a not very good figure, and a not very pretty Spanish face. In fact, at times she was gazed, as when, on one occasion, in the ardor of her castanet clicking she dropped from some mysterious portion of her garments a rubber bustle, which remained upon the stage until picked up by one of the supers. But although Carmencita did not make a bit in San Francisco, she caused a furor in New York. The great city of Gotham went wild over her. People crowded the theatres to see her dance; society maids and matrons hid themselves in Koster and Bial's boxes to see her dance, and artists painted her portrait. New York looked down upon San Francisco with much condescending pity for its lack of appreciation, and San Francisco was correspondingly humiliated. But now this is changed. Carmencita has appeared in London, and, much as we regret for the sake of New York to be obliged to say it, Carmencita is considered a failure. That is the general verdict of the press. We extract from two of the leading London weeklies some bits of criticism as indicating the verdict of the entire press. The *Sketch* says:

"The disappointment was great. I had heard such splendid rumors of Carmencita that I expected something astounding. For a few moments one was stupefied. Could this be the Spaniard rendered immortal by Sargent's picture, who was rushing about all over the stage and pirouetting recklessly? It seemed impossible. We have seen Otero and many others of lesser glory from the land of Cervantes; but instead of the self-concentration that gave a disdainful air to Otero, the famous Carmencita indulged in grimaces that can be likened only to the wooden smirk of a Dutch doll."

That is certainly not very commendatory, and scarcely in line with the criticisms of the New York papers. But here is another—from *St. Paul's* this time:

"At last I have seen Carmencita. There was a very full house to greet the much-heralded arrival at the Palace. Everywhere there was an air of expectancy, of suppressed excitement. At last she came. An opulent-looking, Spanish, handsome, dark-haired woman—emphatically a woman—dressed in a yellow frock; a face that expressed much, and motion which failed to do that facial play justice; a voice which had been robbed of something of its freshness; flecks of genius on an ocean of average—that is Carmencita. In a word, a disappointment. There is no blinking the fact, Carmencita is not what the glaring fancy of the American scribe has painted her. Judged as a Spanish dancer, she seems merely to suggest the nationality of her art. Judged as a dancer pure and simple, she has not the first element of art-grace."

From the foregoing it may be seen that San Francisco is not alone in her lack of appreciation at times, and that London has agreed with us while New York has disagreed. While we do not think that San Francisco is obliged to base her opinions of stage people on those of any other city, still it is gratifying to see the complacent egotism of New York disturbed by the disapproval of that city which its anglomaniacs so much admire.

Paul M. Potter's dramatization of "Trilby," which has been produced in Boston, has been well received, and is regarded as a play that would succeed even without the fame of Du Maurier's novel. The first act takes place in the studio of the "Three Musketeers of the Brush," where Trilby is already

established as a prime favorite. The second act opens with a joint celebration of Christmas and Trilby's engagement to Little Billee; then follow the appeal by Billee's mother and uncle and Trilby's flight while under the influence of Svengali. Five years are supposed to elapse before the curtain rises again and reveals a music-hall, where Svengali's death releases Trilby from his mesmeric spell. But with it her animating spirit seems to go, and she sinks swiftly to death. Billee wishes her to marry him, if it is only on her death-bed, but she begs to be left alone for a moment, and, when they are gone, her eye falls on a portrait of Svengali, which seems to hypnotize her again, and so she dies. The cast of the play was as follows:

Trilby, Virgia Harned; Svengali, Wilton Lackaye; Little Billee, Alfred Hickman; Taffy, Burr McIntosh; The Laird, John Glendenning; Gecko, Paton Gibbs; Zouzou, Leo Dietrichstein; Dodo, Herbert Aylings; Antony, Mr. de Silke; Lorimer, Mr. Brandt; The Rev. Thomas Bagot, Mr. Walton; Colonel Kaw, Reub Fox; Mrs. Bagot, Bertha Welby; Mme. Vinard, Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly; Angele, Grace Pierrepont; Hon-orine, Miss Nelson; Phillipe, Mr. Bean.

It is greatly to Mme. Réjane's credit as an actress that she has been such a success in New York, for, not only is she playing in French, but the French of "Madame Sans-Gêne" is very difficult of comprehension to all but the most perfect of French scholars. The dialogue is full of *argot*, and, worse still, the *argot* of Paris four-score years ago. Yet Réjane has triumphed by her perfect art.

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Paul de Cassagnac says that it was the Comte de Paris and not the Duchesse d'Uzes who furnished six hundred thousand dollars to the Boulangist committee to overthrow the French Republic.

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VANITY FAIR.

"Modern girls are almost unknown in the quaint and charming old towns of Brittany," naively remarks a young Englishwoman who recently spent eight months there with her people. She had occasionally walked twenty-eight miles a day in the colonies, "but in France," she says, "I contented myself with a twelve or fourteen-mile walk in the afternoon. I dare say my solitary, emancipated figure, with sailor-cap, hair down, black jacket, short skirt, and hob-nailed boy's shoes—not much smaller than my brother's—striding along at the rate of four miles an hour, became familiar to some of the villagers. French people remonstrated seriously with me about the great danger of these long, solitary walks—I might meet a tramp or a soldier, etc.—but I took the risk, and never had any real unpleasantness. The roads are very solitary, and I could safely smoke the whole way. It was slightly embarrassing, and yet very amusing, to hear the villagers call each other, and see them congregate in their doorways to stare at me. I would walk through the church-yard, look at any old château or ruin, and then enter a village café. I would ask for a glass of the bitter French cider, and some scones and butter. The conversation between myself and the woman was usually as follows: 'You are English, mademoiselle?' 'Yes. I have walked from—' 'Walked! And all alone?' 'Yes. I am going to walk back now. A good way, isn't it?' 'But it is wonderful; and you are not afraid?' How well I came to know that phrase, 'Et vous n'avez pas peur?' Some of the women disapproved, some admired, the majority shrugged their shoulders, and remarked: 'Ah! ces folles Anglaises!' At one café, the proprietress said: 'A glass of cider? Yes, mademoiselle—or madame, I don't know which.' I did not look like a madame, she probably thought, but still an unmarried girl could not be walking about alone like that. For, in France, girls of good family—whether aged fifteen or twenty-five—never go out alone; rain or fine, the young French lady has a poor old *bonne* trotting after her. The natural result of this system is that a Frenchman regards every woman not so protected as his lawful prey, and takes advantage of her liberty to insult her. An officer, on the point of marrying a young English lady there, suddenly left her, and took instead a French girl with a big *dot*; the other was only 'une Anglaise.' I had always thought the accounts of French laxity of morals were exaggerated, and gladly accepted a French officer's proposal to teach me shooting. This gentleman—who with his wife had formally called on us—had the audacity to kiss me by force, and, when I angrily protested, to say: 'Oh, you English are so cold. A French girl with your liberty would let me kiss her as much as I liked!' What was the use of arguing with a man like that? 'Mais, monsieur,' I said, shocked; 'vous êtes marié.' 'Qu'est que ça fait?' said he, in unaffected surprise; and I left him indignantly. He returned home, where his pretty, graceful, but utterly insipid little wife met him with a kiss. Truly they need New Women in France!"

When the Duke de Valentinois, son of Alexander the Sixth, visited Louis the Twelfth of France, his horse was loaded with gold leaves, according to Brantôme, and his cap had double rows of rubies that threw out a great light. Charles of England had ridden in stirrups hung with four hundred and twenty-four diamonds. Richard the Second had a coat, valued at thirty thousand marks, which was covered with balas rubies. Hall described Henry the Eighth on his way to the Tower, previous to his coronation, as wearing a jacket of raised gold, the sleeves embroidered with diamonds and other rich stones, and a great Vandekerke on his neck of large balases. The favorites of James the First wore ear-rings of emeralds, set in gold filigrane. Edward the Second gave to Piers Gaveston a suit of red gold armor studded with jacinths, a collar of gold roses set with turquoise stones, and a skull-cap *parsemé* with pearls. Henry the Second wore jeweled gloves, reaching to the elbow, and had a hawk-glove sewn with twelve rubies and fifty-two great orient. The ducal hat of Charles the Rash, the last Duke of Burgundy of his race, was hung with pear-shaped pearls and studded with sapphires.

A new argument for French colonial enterprises has been found. They are to fill up the rapidly decimating ranks of French servants. "Will you tell me," said a minister, a few days ago, to one of the most renowned of France's African soldiers—"will you tell me what good your Soudan is ever going to do us?" "Certainly," replied the general; "it is going to furnish you, twenty years from now, with the only people who will deign to black your boots or cook your meals." It is no doubt true that the servant question is getting to be almost as burning in the land of a fixed social hierarchy and traditionally well-trained domestics as in happy-go-lucky America. "We have seen letters of great Spanish ladies," says the *Nation*, "complaining of the sudden insolence of their ancient retainers; the wail of the poorly served is audible in France, and what sort of democratic bees are huzzing in the heads of English servants

may be inferred from such realistic pictures of them as 'Esther Waters.' The new French idea of meeting the difficulty seems likely to be the next resort of distressed civilization. It was anticipated some years ago by a comic paper, which pictured the coming servant in the person of the Esquimaux maiden, who would not object to sleeping in a cold room; the Zulu damsel, who would not mind a heated kitchen; and the other Calibans and Andreys of the ends of the earth who would fardels bear, and groan, and sweat in our behalf. But it is clear that this remedy could be only temporary, as the passion for equality and fraternity would surely, in time, reach and pervert the blackamoors as it had their predecessors before them. Whichever way we look at it, the future for civilized man looms dark and servanless. Sir William Harcourt told lately of a duke whose affairs were in desperate shape and who got a man to look into them. It was found that he had three high-salaried French *chefs*, and it was suggested that he might get on with two. But the duke rebelled, and plaintively said to his creditors: 'Surely, you will let me have a biscuit when I want it?' As things are going, we shall all have to be content with a biscuit or a crust before long, as the trouble is swiftly spreading in all ranks of society, from a dustman down to a duke, as they now say in Parliament."

There is a club out in Kansas for the purpose of helping persons to marry. The organization opposes marriages that are liable to cause misery, and its members combine to aid unions which may be conducive to happiness. All the workings of the order are secret, and the pressure is brought to bear so skillfully that no one ever knows that he or she is being influenced by such an organization. Meetings are held every week, and each member makes a report in regard to certain cases. "You have probably noticed the increase in good marriages during the past year," its president said; 'well, most of them were due to the influence of our society, and they have proved to be happy unions. We have about a dozen marriages well under way, and they will take place within a few months. Our organization works merely in the interest of humanity.'

It is all very well for men to denounce women as "foolish" for hating the draughts of opera-house and ball-rooms with bare chests and shoulders, hut, according to eminent medical authorities in Paris and London, it is the men who much oftener catch cold when wearing evening-dress than do women in their décolleté dresses. Extra precautions are taken by members of the fair sex, in order to avoid cold air in the evening when leaving the heat of a salon. They don fur-lined and wadded opera-cloaks, and wrap themselves up in all kinds of soft and clinging lace scarfs, while men act very differently indeed. The weak point of men's dress is that the lungs are exposed at the back almost more than in front. The dress-suit is thin, and as the majority of men leave the coat unbuttoned, the back is exposed to more or less draught with every movement. During the day a man goes about with thick woolen clothes, thick socks, thick boots or shoes with spats. At night he puts on the thinnest of clothes, a waistcoat which is no protection whatever, thin shoes, silk socks, and sallies forth to dine, after which, perhaps, he attends a dance or a theatre, where, when he arrives, he begins by congratulating himself that he is not clad as those "poor, silly women" who go about with the upper part of their chests bare, and he is positively amazed when pneumonia, bronchitis, or influenza overtakes him, instead of prostrating all the airily clothed women of his acquaintance.

It was in Paris that fashionable people first took up bicycling, and the English have been slow to follow the lead. But that they have done so is evidenced by the following article by so trustworthy an authority as the *London Queen*: "There is constantly an allusion to some well-known *dame du monde* having made such a journey on the steed which neither eats nor sleeps, or some remark anent the purchase of a *bicycle de luxe* by Lady ———. Ladies' cycling clubs and schools of instruction have sprung up in various parts of England, and at the latter, in some of the smart quarters of the metropolis, over one hundred and fifty members of the aristocracy take lessons weekly. Of royal ladies we have some notable examples in Queen Margherita of Italy, who is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, giving the pastime so much of her regal patronage that the cycling club Veloce of Milan recently presented her with a golden bicycle, which is said to be the first in existence. The Duchess d'Aosta should rank as a pioneer among women bicyclists, as she was one of the first to persuade the Italian nobility to adopt this means of locomotion. The young Queen of Holland finds pleasure and relaxation in rides on her tricycle in the grounds of the palace at Het-Loo, while the Princesses of Wales frequently ride theirs at Sandringham. When the Princess and her daughters were last in Denmark, they rode tandem tricycles in the parks of Bernstoff and Charlottenberg. Many English society women have provided themselves with *tricycles de luxe*,

some being made of ivory, with polished steel, others of silver plate and oxidized metal. Lady Dudley's is particularly beautiful, being enameled with white and lined with blue and gold, the handles being of real ivory. Queen Margherita—as do her husband and son—exercises on an English-made machine. Lady Margaret Spicer, the Duchess of Westmoreland, and Miss Musgrave always use the Rover. The Beeston Humber is ridden by the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Westmoreland, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady de Grey, Lady Wolverton, Lady Ashburton, Lady Paget, Lady Edward Somerset, Lady de Trafford, Lady Young, Lady Mabel Howard, Lady Lampson, and the Baroness de Tuyl. Miss Mabel Besant, the popular author's sister, is an inveterate cyclist, thinking nothing of enjoying a thirty or even forty miles' spin. Lady Jeune is a very practical wheelwoman, doing much of her shopping on her machine. Among the most recent recruits to the pastime are Lady Mills, Lady Colin Campbell, the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Norreys, Lady Lurgan, the Countess of Rosslyn, Sir Gerald Portal's widow, Lady Florence Bourke, Lady Fairburn, Lady George Hamilton, Lady Emily Kingscote, Hon. Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Asquith, and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie (Lady Randolph Churchill's sister)."

White muslin and a single rose are coming in again, according to a London dictum. At a recent important "first night" at a theatre, many of the smart set present wore a single pink rose in the hair, and though the gowns were not white muslin, they were more simple in character than has lately been the rule. On the stage, one of the chief actresses wore in a dressy scene a white gown with a spray of blush roses at the waist.

It is not every woman who can wear flowers. She may admire them very much, but if she be one of the warm-blooded sort, she can not adorn herself with them. Upon her they will wilt and wither after the first few moments of wearing, while upon a woman of cooler pulses they will remain fresh and erect for hours. It is an interesting sight at a luncheon-party to watch the fate of the flowers that each guest finds beside her plate. Every woman pins them in their freshness and beauty to her bodice, but not every woman is able to keep that freshness and beauty intact. Carnations themselves will fade and droop upon a plump, high-colored woman before the bouillon is finished, while upon some pale, slender creature the most fragile roses are still crisp and upstanding by the time bonbons come around.

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Surplus to policy-holders 1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
BOY & DICKSON, San Francisco, Agents, 507 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE, 407 Montgomery St.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital \$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

WILLIAM ALVORD President
CHARLES R. BISHOP Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON 2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY Secretary

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier.
Directors: John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

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(Incorporated April 25, 1894.)

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Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

NINETY-SEVEN YEARS

Is a very long time, and yet this is the chronological period during which Messrs. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. have been doing business. You are probably a tea-drinker, and, like most tea-drinkers, know that indescribable feeling of "tone" produced by drinking a good cup of tea. The nobility and gentry of Great Britain and the Continent.

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901 EDDY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 22, 1894.

WATSON & Co.—Dear Sirs: About two years ago I returned from the East, broken down in health from overwork and with a nervous system well nigh depleted. After trying many remedies, with but ill success, I was persuaded to give the Electrophone a trial. The immediate effects were certainly gratifying, for I experienced a return of vital force that was truly encouraging. This led me to persevere, and in the midst of many succeeding discouragements and moments of despondency I never wavered in my faith in this treatment; and now, after almost two years' trial, I am convinced that, under God, I owe my present condition to the wonder-working power of the Electrophone. Other members of the family are using it with like beneficial results; and I do not hesitate to recommend it to all those affected with any nervous trouble, with the sincere conviction that, if used intelligently, perseveringly, and faithfully, it will accomplish, in time, all that it claims. I thank God every day that it came to my notice as it did. Yours, gratefully and sincerely,

REV. W. F. KIP.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Glasgow man once remarked that a young townsman of his who had migrated was "a truly moral man." "Well, I don't know so much about that," said Russell, of the *Scotsman*, and he instanced a peccadillo or two of this blameless youth. "Nay," said the other. "I was na thinking of drink and the lasses, but of gamblin' and sic thing as you lose money by."

During the last campaign [says the Wilkes-Barre *Leader*], the candidates were all obliged to run the gauntlet of raffle-tickets, church-fair tickets, subscriptions, etc. One of the mayoralty candidates was approached by a tall, motherly-looking lady who solicited money for the missionaries in Africa. "Africa!" exclaimed the candidate; "not a cent; it is out of my district."

A diverting anecdote is told by Sala of the heir of the frugal Louis Philippe, who, being at a fair, extravagantly admired the beauty of Lady d'Orsay's hair. "Oh!" exclaimed his royal highness, "if I could only possess one of those enchanting ringlets!" "You can," said Lady d'Orsay. And poor monseigneur had forthwith to "shell out" six thousand francs for his unfortunate admiration.

Among the amusing anecdotes in an English country clergyman's reminiscences is a tale of a parish clerk who ruefully announced: "There'll be nae service in this church for m'appon a matter of fower weeks, as parson's hen is sitting in t' pulpit." At another church deep in the hills and hard to reach in winter time, there would sometimes be present at the administration of the Holy Communion, and the sympathetic clergyman used to whisper to those kneeling at the rails: "Drink gayly deep; there's not many o' us this morning."

A distinguished African explorer, M. Mizon, on his return to France, brought with him a young negress, twelve years old, called Sanabon. One day she was taken to see the pictures in the Goupil Gallery, and her entertainers were naturally desirous of knowing how a perfected art would affect such an utter savage. She was asked to tell what she saw, and answered readily enough, as she came to one canvas after another, that she saw trees, men, or animals. Finally she was led up to the canvas of an impressionist on an easel by itself, and interrogated in the same fashion. She hesitated for a long time. Then she walked up to the picture, looked behind it, and retreated again. "What do you see?" urged her companions. "It is a horse," she returned, hesitatingly. The intention of the artist had been to represent the margin of a pool, where a woman, with a child standing beside her, was washing clothes.

Dr. Barrett was a great friend of a brother Fellow, Magee, afterwards Bishop of Raphoe, and finally Archbishop of Dublin, who was the only person to whom Barrett ever lent money. He wanted a loan of five pounds, and went to see Barrett in his rooms, who agreed to make the loan, went into his bedroom, and returned with an old stocking full of guineas in his hand. Just as he came into the room, the stocking burst, and the guineas were scattered on the floor. Magee stooped down to help Barrett to pick them up. "Stop, stop, Magee!" said he; "do you see me now; get up and stand on that table, and I'll pick them up." The loan was then made, and Magee left him counting the guineas. A few days afterward he met him and said: "I hope, Barrett, you found your guineas all right?" "Well, do you see me now," said Barrett, "they were all right but one. One was gone; and maybe it rolled into a mouse-hole, Magee, and maybe it didn't."

When the French Government had determined to have a Joan of Arc demonstration, the French minister of foreign affairs went out of his way to explain to the British ambassador, Lord Dufferin, that this was in no way intended against England. Lord Dufferin concurred, and pointed out that as the Burgundians had insisted on her execution, it was fully realized in England that the demonstration was against Burgundians. The Frenchman had to concur in this. "I shall be happy to take part myself in the procession," said Lord Dufferin. The Frenchman smiled in a sickly way. "Nay, more," continued Lord Dufferin, "there is a gentleman at my embassy who is a lineal descendant of the Lord Talbot of that day. He, too, will be delighted to join." The smile became more sickly. "In the ancestral halls of the head of his family there is possibly the armor of the Lord Talbot of the days of Joan of Arc; his descendant would wear it." The Frenchman changed the subject of the conversation.

Early in the afternoon last Sunday (writes a *Chronicle* reporter), the big carp which occupies the pond with the pelican in Golden Gate Park had a most sickening experience, besides startling the beholders. It seems that a boy of an inquiring turn of mind tossed a small chunk of shaving-soap

to the fish to see if the carp would eat it. He did, and has been sorry ever since. After taking the morsel, the carp sank quietly to the bottom of the pond and apparently engaged in deep thought. Then his eyeballs suddenly dilated and his fins wriggled convulsively. A second later a large bubble, with rainbows in it, rose to the surface and floated slowly around in a circle. The carp gasped, and a perfect flood of suds and bubbles gushed from his mouth and gills. He dashed wildly along the bottom of the pond, coughing up later enough to run half the barber-shops in town. Great rifts of suds, foam, and bubbles formed on the surface, but still the fish seemed to have a good supply of soap remaining. At times he leaped clear of the water, evidently looking for something to take the taste out of his mouth, but not finding it, the unhappy carp went below again. In the course of twenty minutes he had his system comparatively clear of soap, but for the rest of the day the fish took little or no interest in what was going on.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* tells a number of amusing stories of D. G. Rossetti. Behind the house at No. 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, was a big garden, where Rossetti kept all sorts of animals. Once he bought from Janrab's agnu of an extremely fierce disposition. This had to be brought and pushed through the house backward into the garden, where it was chained up to a tree. The next morning, when Rossetti went to see it, the creature unfortunately broke loose and chased him furiously. Rossetti escaped, by good luck, into the house, and the gnu had to be recaptured and pushed back again through the narrow passages and carted off to the Zoo. He was with difficulty prevented at one time from purchasing, for a very large sum, a young elephant. Browning said to him: "What on earth will you do with him, Gabriel?" And Rossetti replied: "I mean to teach him to clean the windows. Then, when some one passes by the house, he will see the elephant cleaning the windows, and will say, 'Who lives in that house?' and people will tell him, 'Oh, that's a painter called Rossetti,' and he will say, 'I think I should like to buy one of that man's pictures'; so he will bring to come in, and I shall sell him a picture."

What a Blessing

It is to have strong nerves, and bow many are denied it. They to whom nature has been niggard in this respect can enjoy nerve vigor and quietude if they use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the finest nervines and tonics in existence. Dyspepsia, a prolific source of nerve inquietude, is invariably overcome by this genial medicine, which is also potent as a remedy for malarial and kidney trouble and constipation.

— THE LATEST IN FASHIONABLE NOTE-PAPER, "Florentine Mosaic," at Cooper's.

The Overland Flyer.

The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days. Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change in Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

— "CHIMMIE FADDEN" at COOPER'S.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

"FLORENTINE MOSAIC" at Cooper's, 746 Mkt. St.

O'Hoolihan—"Be jabbers, I bev me suspicion thot Mooney is a British shpy!" McGrath—"Phwt (hic) meks ye tink thot?" O'Hoolihan—"He pawned his regalia to pay his landlord!"—Puck.



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Wherever he may be.
We are satisfied if you try it, you will be satisfied if you do.
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CONSUMPTION

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T.A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From March 12, 1895.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.....	1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	11.45 A.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Stockton, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	7.45 P.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
10.00 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations. No baggage carried on this train.....	

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	1.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	10.40 A.
3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	3.48 P.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	7.38 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7.00 *8.00 *9.00 *10.00 and 11.00 A. M., *12.30 P. M., *1.00 *2.00 *3.00 *4.00 *5.00 *6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6.00 *7.00 *8.00 *9.00 *10.00 and *11.00 A. M., *12.00 *12.30, *2.00 *3.00 *4.00 and *5.00 P. M.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only.

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SS. Colon.....April 18th
SS. City of Sydney.....April 25th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

Peru.....Saturday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, April 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, May 25, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, June 4, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895

Belgie.....Thursday, April 4

Coptic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, April 23

Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 14

Belgie.....Saturday, June 15

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For E. C. and Puget Sound ports, March 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Wednesday, 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, March 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, March 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Escondido, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, 23rd month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New York Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General.

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

A Dinner to Mrs. Dolph.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martio gave a dinner-party last Sunday evening at their residence on Bryant Street in honor of Mrs. Dolph, wife of Senator Dolph, of Oregon, who is here on a visit. The decorations were all of pink, producing a very pretty effect. An elaborate menu was served, and the evening was most pleasantly passed. The guests present were:

Senator and Mrs. J. M. Thurston, General and Mrs. J. C. Cowen, Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Dolph, Miss Isabel McKenna, General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Andrew Martin.

The Bixler Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler gave a Mi-Carême dinner-party last Saturday evening at their residence, corner of Union and Pierce Streets. The dinner was served in the large library, which was beautifully decorated with a profusion of golden-hued flowers and lighted with candles set in stands that had red silk shades. The gentlemen were all in simple evening-dress, but the ladies had, by request, donned fancy dresses that added much to the ensemble. After an elaborate supper, all adjourned to the music-room, where vocal and instrumental selections were enjoyed until midnight. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bacheller, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Miss Helen Hyde, Miss Mabel Hyde, Miss Maren Froelich, Miss Louise Wall, Miss Bessie Wall, Miss Josephine Hyde, Miss Fanny Danforth, Miss Florine Brown, Miss Nickerson, Miss Helen Wright, Mr. Rothwell Hyde, Mr. Allen, Mr. Sigmond Beel, Dr. William Martin, Mr. Hallock Wright, Mr. Bruce Porter, Mr. Karl Howard, Mr. L. S. Vassault, and Mr. Henry Durbrow.

The Younger Lunch-Party.

Mrs. William J. Younger gave a very pretty lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence, 1414 California Street, in honor of her daughter, Miss Bessie Younger, who left the following day for New York city to join her sister, Miss Maud Younger. They will soon leave for Europe to continue their musical studies. There were fourteen at the table, which was handsomely decorated, with forget-me-nots as the prime feature. A delicious menu was served, followed by an hour of conversation and music. Mrs. Younger's guests comprised:

Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Ripley, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Clark, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Davis, Miss Mae Tucker, Miss Claire Tucker, Miss Michler, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Young, and Miss Bessie Younger.

The Austin Dinner-Party.

Mr. Joseph Austin, the park commissioner, gave a dinner-party last Saturday evening at his residence, 320 Page Street. It was originally intended that the dinner should be in honor of Governor James H. Budd and Judge Henshaw, of Oakland, but the former could not possibly attend, so the latter was obliged to take all the honors to himself. The decorations were of red carnations, gladioli, red roses, and maiden-hair ferns, and the remainder of the appointments harmonized with the predominating color, red. At each cover was a pretty menu-card bearing appropriate illustrations and quotations. The dinner was quite elaborate, and it was a late hour when it came to an end. Those present were:

Mr. Joseph Austin, Judge Henshaw, Mr. J. A. Fillmore, Mr. E. H. Hamilton, Mr. James P. Brown, Mr. J. Rosenfeld, Mr. William Be Del, Mr. W. B. Hamilton, and Mr. W. W. Foote.

The Clark Musicales.

Miss Clark and her sister, Miss Alice Ann Clark, gave a musicale last Thursday evening at their residence, 2020 Broadway. They were assisted in receiving their guests, about a hundred in number, by Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. W. S. Wood, and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman. The musi-

cale commenced about half-past nine o'clock, and an interesting programme was presented, the participants being Mr. Fritz Scheel, Miss Bacon, and Mr. Willis E. Bacheller. Afterward an elaborate supper was served, followed by a number of dances which brought the pleasant affair to an end about two o'clock.

Notes and Gossip.

Invitations will soon be issued for the wedding of Miss Alice Decker, daughter of Mrs. I. M. Decker, and Mr. Elliott McAllister, which will take place at Grace Church at noon on Tuesday, April 16th.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Claire Tucker, daughter of the late Dr. J. C. Tucker, of Oakland, to Mr. Philip Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn O. Sharp, of this city, to Mr. Pliny T. Evans, of Riverside. The wedding will take place next Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, 2315 California Street.

Miss Ethel Martel and Mr. Charles J. Stovel will be married on Saturday, April 20th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, on Buchanan Street. The maid of honor will be Miss Lodia Willis Scott, and the bridesmaids Miss May Colburn, Miss Blix Smith, and the little daughter of Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck. Mr. Harold C. Kirkpatrick will be best man, but there will be no ushers. Rev. Robert Mackenzie will officiate at the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Schweitzer and Miss Helen Schweitzer will give a dancing-party next Tuesday evening at their residence, corner of Post and Leavenworth Streets.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave a pleasant musicale last Tuesday afternoon at her residence, 1330 Sutter Street, and delightfully entertained many of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvaio Weil gave a most enjoyable dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence, 2202 California Street, in honor of some friends who are visiting here from the East. Covers were laid for eighteen, and the decorations were very artistic, pink and white being the colors.

Miss Steinhart gave a pleasant dinner-party at her residence, 916 Sutter Street, last Sunday to the Misses Gerstle, who will soon leave to pass the summer in Europe.

Miss Sadie Hecht gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Tuesday at her home, on Washington Street, as a farewell compliment to the Misses Gerstle.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle entertained twenty-eight of their friends at dinner last Wednesday evening at their residence on Van Ness Avenue. The table was beautifully decorated with fruit blossoms, and an elaborate menu was served.

Miss Helen Suto gave a theatre-party at the California last Thursday evening in honor of Misses Alice and Irma Adler, who will leave in a few days for Europe. There were twenty-five in the party, and they enjoyed a delicious supper after the performance at Miss Suto's residence.

About seventy members of the Bohemian Club were present last Saturday evening at the club at a dinner given to a number of Bohemians who recently returned to San Francisco. Among the returned wanderers were Mr. Clay M. Greene, Mr. Raphael Weill, Mr. Willard T. Bartoo, and Mr. S. Steinhart. There was an excellent dinner, some melodious music, and some good speeches at the festal board, over which Mr. Albert Gerberding presided.

The Memorial Museum.

The formal opening of the Memorial Museum on the site of the late Midwinter Fair in Golden Gate Park took place last Saturday afternoon with imposing ceremonies. The museum is located in the Fine Arts Building and an adjunct which was formerly the Royal Bavarian Pavilion. Both buildings have been remodeled and fitted for the reception of the many articles of value and interest that have been and will be gathered for display, and the array is even now of more than ordinary interest.

The exercises were commenced with an address by Mr. Jacob Neff, the chairman of the meeting, who introduced Director-General M. H. de Young, who, in detail, described the formation of the museum and its objects, and finally transferred to Park Commissioner Joseph Austin the golden key of the museum and the buildings on behalf of the executive committee of the Midwinter Fair. Then the flag of the exposition was lowered and the California bear flag run up to the masthead amid much applause, and Mr. Austin made an appropriate response to the address of Mr. de Young. He was followed by Mr. George A. Knight, who spoke at length for the park commissioners. Then the doors of the museum were opened to the public.

At the regular annual meeting of the San Francisco Art Association, which was held last Wednesday at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, the following directors were elected: Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. A. Page Brown, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. Edward Bosqui, and Mr. Arthur Rodgers.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The University Concert.

The members of the Stanford University Mandolin Club and the University of California Glee Club gave a joint concert on Friday evening at the Auditorium. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the following programme:

"El Vaquero" galop, Pomeroy, Stanford Mandolin Club; "Invitation," Hoffman, U. C. Glee Club; vocal solo, "My Love is All For You," Hedgcock, Dr. Gilbert Graham, U. C. '93; quartet, "Im Frubling," Pester, Messrs. Wells, Graham, Code, and Sewall, of the Stanford Mandolin Club; violin solo, "Caprice de Concert," Ovide Musio, Mr. Charles E. Parcells of U. C. Glee Club; "Predicaments," Yale song, Mr. Russ and U. C. Glee Club; "Polish Dance," Scharwenka, Stanford Mandolin Club; "Rosebud Fair," Macy, U. C. Glee Club; impersonation, Mme. Calliope Cardinale, of Stanford; "My Old Kentucky Home," Dr. Graham and U. C. Glee Club; "Estudiantina Italiana," Bellenghi, Stanford Mandolin Club; medley, U. C. Glee Club and Stanford Mandolin Club.

The personnel of the two clubs is as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA GLEE CLUB.—B. G. Somers, director; first tenors, B. G. Somers, T. Vail Bakewell, Clinton R. Morse; second tenors, C. H. Ellston, Frank Taylor, George Whipple; first bass, Frank Stringham, Douglass Waterman, O. Wedemeyer, Raymond Russ; second bass, Power Hutchins, Edgar Rickard, Dwight Hutchinson, H. P. Veeder; solo violinist, C. E. Parcells; accompanist, W. B. King; C. E. Parcells, manager.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY MANDOLIN CLUB.—W. Bittle Wells, director; first mandolin, W. Bittle Wells, Thomas K. Code, Edward C. Sewell; second mandolins, W. A. Graham, A. C. Kaufman; guitars, George B. Wilson, W. D. Longwell, Mark S. Porter, B. D. Weigle, W. L. McGuire; W. A. Graham, manager.

Huber's Hungarian Orchestra has gone to Del Monte to play there during the coming season.

Langley's Directory.

Langley's Directory will be issued to-day. It is by far the best directory ever issued in this city. The list of names and addresses is very large and positively accurate. The binding, paper, and press-work are excellent, and the new features introduced make it a book that every business man will require.

—FOR EASTER, DON'T FORGET ROUNTREE'S English Chocolates and the famous "Chocolate Russe" from St. Petersburg at W. L. Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter Street, one door above Kearny Street.

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SOCIETY.**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who have been making the trip up the Nile, were in Cairo, Egypt, on March 3d, preparing for a journey over the desert to Mount Sinai. They were equipped with four Bedouin tents and a caravan of twenty camels. Mr. D. O. Mills and Colonel C. F. Crocker were in Cairo at the same time, but did not accompany Mr. and Mrs. Reid. Mrs. A. M. Easton arrived in Paris on February 25th.

Mrs. George M. Pullman, of Chicago, arrived in Cairo, Egypt, early in March. Mr. Alfred Tobin left for the East last Saturday, and will be away three weeks. Dr. R. E. Williams, who was to have accompanied him, was obliged to postpone his trip.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Emelie, Alice, and Ethel Hager sailed for Japan last Tuesday. A large number of their friends were at the dock to wish them *bon voyage*, and many floral tributes were sent to them.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan arrived in the City of Mexico several days ago.

Mr. Frank Gould and his sister, Miss Helen Gould, left New York city last Saturday, and are expected in this city soon. They will remain on this coast until summer.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin has returned from New York and is at his ranch near Mountain View.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin and Miss Ida Irwin left last Sunday for Chicago to attend the wedding of Miss Mac Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington are expected here about April 10th.

Mr. William H. Mills was in Sacramento during the early part of the week.

Mrs. Austin Sperry is passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are visiting Monterey for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle and the Misses Gerstle will soon leave for Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have gone to San Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. G. B. Bayley, Mrs. H. H. Haight, Mrs. Robert Watt, and Mrs. B. F. Dunham, of Oakland, are at Paso Robles.

Mrs. Allison Clarke Bonnell will receive on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at her residence, 2326 Jones Street.

Mrs. Seymour Cunningham, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her mother, Mrs. George Whitney, at her residence in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Sanborn have secured a cottage at San Mateo for the summer season.

Mr. James Brett Stokes returned last Sunday from a long stay in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. E. R. Dimond has returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and family will pass the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stone and Miss Jennie Hobbs will pass the summer months at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Van Arsdale and Miss Van Arsdale have arranged to pass the summer in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore have left to make a tour of Southern California and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Norman, Jr., of Los Angeles, were at Biarritz early this month.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Mr. Reginald Dickinson will leave next month to occupy their villa, "Craig Hazel," at Sausalito, where they will remain until next fall.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing arrived in Paris a week ago.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. D. B. Davidson, and Mr. E. G. Schmiedell will return from Santa Barbara next week.

Miss Sihyl Sanderson left New York for Paris last Saturday on the steamer *La Gascogne*.

Mr. Robert C. Bolton sailed last Saturday from New York on the steamer *Lucania* for Liverpool.

Mr. H. Henry Veue left for Europe last Thursday on the *Sunset* Limited, and will be away several months.

Mr. Emil A. Bruguère and his son, Mr. E. A. Bruguère, Jr., left for the East last Thursday on the *Sunset* Limited.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin came down from Oroville last Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook have returned from a month's visit at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young did not sail for Japan last Tuesday as they had intended. They changed their minds regarding the trip last Friday, but may make it later.

Mr. Willard Thompson Barton has returned from a prolonged visit to New York city.

Mr. Bert Hecht has returned from an extended tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. David Rich has arrived here from New York city, and will reside here permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter will occupy the Gerstle cottage in San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., returned to the city last Saturday after a six weeks' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann has returned from a three months' visit to the Eastern States and Europe.

Mr. G. M. Livingston and Miss Alice Livingston will pass the summer at San Mateo.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have been at Del Monte for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Burns Macdonald will leave to-day to visit his sister, Mrs. Duke Baxter, at her home near Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have gone to Paso Robles for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bentz, of Santa Barbara, contemplate an extended trip through China, Japan, and India. They will leave late in April, and will be away several months.

Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Kahn will leave next Tuesday to visit the Eastern States for a couple of months. Dr. Kahn will take a post graduate course at a medical institute in New York, and Mrs. Kahn will visit her sister, Mrs. B. J. Horton, in Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Dannenbaum left for New York city last Thursday on the *Sunset* Limited.

Mrs. Charles G. Lyman is here from Chicago on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle have leased "Meadowlands," the De Young villa at San Rafael, for the summer.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood has returned to the city after a prolonged absence in the Eastern States.

— "FLORENTINE MOSAIC" AT COOPER'S. The latest in fashionable note-paper.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., has applied for membership in the New York Society of Sons of the American Revolution.

Major C. S. Wilson, Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. A., is here from Vancouver Barracks, Washington, accompanied by his wife. They are the guests of Mrs. Alexander Burnett at her residence, 1230 Franklin Street.

Major William H. Comegys, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from temporary duty in this department, and has returned to his station at Omaha, Neb.

Naval Constructor W. J. Baxter, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and ordered to the construction department of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant J. B. Collins, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., has been at Mare Island during the past week undergoing examination for promotion.

Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., has been detached from the office of Naval Intelligence and ordered to duty on the *Mohican* as navigating officer. He has been detached before his period of shore duty has expired. Mrs. Qualtrough is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mann, in Washington, D. C. Later in the spring she will go to Newport to visit her other sister.

Assistant-Engineer E. S. Kellogg, U. S. N., has been detached from the New York Navy Yard, and will leave here by steamer April 4th for duty on the *Baltimore*, now at Nagasaki.

A general court-martial was appointed to meet at the Presidio last Wednesday. The detail for the court comprised: Major Benjamin F. Pope, surgeon; First Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry; First Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry; First Lieutenant Frank O. Ferris, quartermaster, First Infantry; First Lieutenant Leon S. Roudiez, First Infantry; Second Lieutenant William M. Crofton, First Infantry; Second Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, First Infantry; Second Lieutenant Joseph R. Binns, First Infantry; First Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, judge advocate. Lieutenant Albert Buhner, U. S. R. C. S., has been assigned to duty on the revenue cutter *Bear*, at this port. Lieutenant C. G. F. Wadsworth, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the revenue cutter *Richard Rush*, at this port.

Major David H. Kinzie, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of three months.

Paymaster W. W. Woodbull, U. S. N., has been detached from the League Island Navy Yard, and ordered as general store-keeper at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Paymaster A. W. Bacon, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard, and ordered to the *Olympia*.

Chief-Engineer A. C. Engard, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is now absent on leave, has been ordered home to await retirement.

Captain Euclid B. Frick, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Townsend, Wash., and ordered to duty at the Presidio to relieve Captain Charles Wilcox, U. S. A., who will report for duty at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., now on leave from Fort Huachuca was at Fort Monroe, Va., last week.

Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detached as recruiting officer at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Charles E. B. Flagg, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to return from Fort Townsend, Wash., to duty at Angel Island.

Ensign Edward Moale, Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from the *Albatross*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

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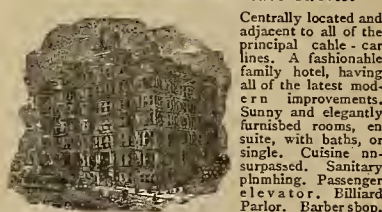
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throughout the world readily find Nature's unfailing
remedies for all their ailments, whilst civilized mankind
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by millions annually? Answer: Simply because of the
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fact, Dr. McLean made a special study of the whole
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"My task in life," said the pastor of one of our churches, complacently, "consists in saving young men." Whereupon one of our fair maidens, with a soulful longing, replied: "Save a good one for me."—*Troy Chief.*

Friends (from the next street, to happy father)—"Halloa, Jills! Let me congratulate you. I hear that you have a new boy at your house." *Happy father*—"By George! can't you hear him all that distance?"—*Tid Bits.*

Bjones (very parsimonious)—"It is a great comfort to me to reflect that time is money." *Browne*—"Why?" *Bjones*—"Whenever I go out to be particularly liberal to my friends, I go out and spend some time with them."—*Truth.*

Master—"Oh, will you get me my boots?" *Maid*—"If what?" *Master*—"Oh, if you please." *Maid*—"If you please what?" *Master*—"Will you kindly get me my boots, if you please, miss?" *Maid*—"That's better. No, I won't!"—*Ex.*

"If I should ask you to marry me," he said, smiling softly and sweetly, "would you say 'yes'?" "My dear fellow," she responded, in a tone of gentle reproof, "you talk to me as if I were receiving my first proposal."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I suppose you want the lady's name engraved inside, sir," said the jeweler, after Tillinghast had selected an engagement-ring. "Oh, no," replied the careful young man; "just put inside 'To my heart's own treasure,' or 'The star of my life.'"—*Life.*

Colonel Bagstock (of Kentucky)—"I've just returned from Washington, sah!" *Pilgrimage*—"And what do you think of the city of magnificent distances?" *Colonel Bagstock*—"Magnificent distances?"—all nonsense, sah! I nevah had to go furthar than two blocks to find a saloon."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Perry—"How contradictory all these papers are. I can't make head nor tail of them. I wish you would come to my aid and give me a real unbiased opinion of the last Congress." *Mr. Perry*—"All right, my dear; send the children out of the room and I'll begin."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Customer—"A table d'hôte dioner, including a bottle of good wine, for seventy-five cents? Yes, that's cheap enough, but I don't care for any wine, and I can't afford it. How much will it be without the wine?" *Waiter*—"I'll do what's right with you, boss. You can have the dinner without the wine for seventy cents, sah."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Meandering Mike (indignantly)—"Wot der yer mean by goin' an' bustin' up de harmony of dis little camp by hittin' Happy Hours on de head wid a couplin'-pin fer?" *Weary Raggles* (hotly)—"Well, I stood all youse fellers kiddin' me about me whiskers, but when he said I looked like Svengali, dat wos more dan flesh an' blood cud hear!"—*Puck.*

Aunt Cynthia (as her husband and nephew go out the door)—"That's jess one reason I hate to bring Josiah to town to visit any of his nephews. The very first night they allers take him out to see the sights of the city." *Her city niece*—"Oh, don't worry, aunty; he'll be all right." *Aunt Cynthia*—"Yes; but he allers has to bring his nephews home in a carriage."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Poorman—"It has been a hard winter, ma'am. My three grown girls have been very little help to me. The poor things are not strong enough to do washing, and they haven't clothes good enough to apply for any other work." *Distressed visitor*—"But, you say they have rich relatives; don't they look after them?" *Mrs. Poorman* (sadly)—"Only their morals, ma'am—only their morals!"—*Puck.*

Mother-in-law (severely)—"I'll have you to understand that my daughter was raised with some regard to religion and morality! It is better you two should separate now, if the pleasures of the gaming-table appeal more to you than your home." *Jack Potts*—"Well, mother, the ninety I won last night puts me some three hundred ahead of the game." *Mother-in-law* (playfully)—"You naughty, naughty boy!"—*Puck.*

Colds, caused by the sudden changes of temperature at this season of the year, make Ayer's Cherry Pectoral indispensable.

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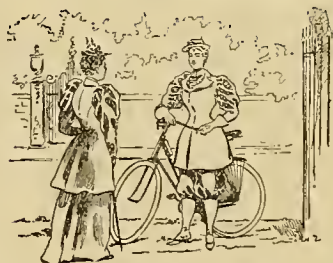
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Ever since the ground-swell of 1893, which was followed by the tidal wave of 1894, when the Democratic arks were kept from their moorings, the Democratic press has been edicting "a reflux wave." The Bourbon leaders, while mewling chastened by defeat, darkly warn the Republicans impending calamities. But the impending calamities do not come—that is, not in the shape of political defeats. Doubtless, Providence considers a Democratic Congress, a Democratic administration, and a resultant Democratic panic, as calamities enough for this country for four years. This, most people will agree with them. None the less, the Democratic press continues to pop up like Caesar's ghost in the Republican tents, and, shaking a skinny finger, issues "At Philippi!" Meaning doubtless at the next

election. But nothing dreadful takes place—nothing, that is, except the accustomed rout of the Democratic party, horse, foot, and dragoons.

Ever since the people committed the fatal error of placing all the branches of the government in the hands of the Democratic party, they have been more than anxious to atone for their mistake. They can only partially do so now—they can not wipe out the Democratic list of blunders which were worse than crimes—they can not remove the trail of disaster left by the Democratic free-trade panic, which still broods like a dreadful nightmare over the country—they can not rehabilitate the broken banks, the ruined merchants, or give employment to the workingmen who have been idle most of the time since the Democrats went into power. But, none the less, they show every disposition to repair their fault. They have elected a Congress which is overwhelmingly Republican, and have relegated to their homes the band of windy Democratic doctrinaires who during the last two years have half ruined the country. In two years more the people will replace Mr. Cleveland with a Republican President who will be sound on protection to American industries, and who will not be so closely allied with Wall Street.

In the meantime, the people are keeping their hands in by turning the Democrats out—both in State and municipal offices. Last Tuesday, April 2d, there were elections held in a number of States. All of them went Republican. George B. Swift has been elected mayor of Chicago by a plurality of forty thousand, the largest ever polled there for mayor. This is all the more gratifying, as the Democratic candidate, Wenter, tried to cater to the foreign vote. As a result, he disgusted and alienated the American voters, and did not win the foreign ones. He was rightly served. This is America. We hope that every political candidate who tries to win the votes of foreigners, as such, will be defeated as badly as Wenter has just been defeated by Swift.

In addition to Chicago, St. Louis has also gone Republican. Other Missouri cities that have gone Republican are Springfield and Sedalia. In Kansas, the cities of Topeka, Atchison, Lawrence, Leavenworth, Wichita, Fort Scott, and Emporia have all gone Republican. In Michigan, the Republicans have elected a judge of the supreme court and two university regents by forty thousand plurality, and a congressman as well. In Nebraska, the Republicans have swept the State. In Oklahoma Territory, the Republicans have been successful. Even in New Mexico, where the Roman Church and the Democracy are dominant, the Republicans have succeeded in carrying the day.

Even the most dyed-in-the-wool Bourbon Democrats are beginning to admit that the Republican wave of two years ago was more than a passing swell. They see that the resentment of the people at Democratic maladministration—to put it mildly—is keen. But what has taken place will be as nothing compared to the next national election—in the fall of next year. It is our belief that the Democratic party will receive the same treatment then that it got in 1860-61. It had then been put in entire possession of the government, and nearly ruined it by permitting rebellion to raise its evil head. It went out of office for twenty-five years. It has again been put in complete possession of the government, and has nearly ruined it again. We think it will go out of office for twenty-five years more.

The celebration of Prince Bismarck's eightieth birthday was kept as a national holiday in Germany, and the emperor made the *amende honorable* for having dismissed the veteran from his service by presenting him with a sword of honor. William stated that Count Von Waldersee would become chancellor shortly, and that he had been ordered to confer with Prince Bismarck as to the policy to be followed. Thus the German Empire enters upon a second stage of Bismarckian retrogression.

Throughout his life Bismarck has typified German Toryism. He is the lineal descendant of Metternich. He divides the people and popular rights; he has always held that the nearer a government approaches to absolutism and

paternalism, the nearer it is to perfection. During the twenty years that he controlled German politics, not a single measure enlarged the sphere of the masses or harmonized with the aspirations for increased liberties which were breathed in every German breast.

There had apparently been a lapse in that great mind of his which had obliterated the gains made by political science between the overthrow of Napoleon and the battle of Sadowa. To questions as they arose he applied principles such as would have been professed by Lord North or Lord Castlereagh. When he left Napoleon the Third at Biarritz, after vainly endeavoring to bring the emperor to his way of thinking, he said: "It is a pity; we, too, could have eaten up Europe between us; as it is, we shall have to eat each other, and I don't think that I will furnish the meal."

He was an assiduous reader of Richelieu's Political Testament—the work in which the astute cardinal shows how he paralyzed the soul of France by setting Protestants against Catholics, kings against nobles, the proletariat against the aristocracy, so that at last all power was concentrated in his hands, and the great interests of the nation were sacrificed to one man's ambition. By following the same tactics, Bismarck divided German thinkers into six or seven factions; now rousing religious bigotry by starting the Kulturkampf, now setting the merchants of the cities against the farming class, now coquetting with France till the rumor spread that he was going to surrender Alsace and Lorraine; and, again, thrilling the German heart by warnings that it might again be necessary to draw the sword to protect the fatherland. In this way the Reichstag was paralyzed, and its usefulness as a branch of the government was neutralized.

To accomplish his purposes, it was necessary for him to be always on his guard against a revolt of German intelligence. With this object, he kept on foot an army far larger than the needs of Germany required, and further strengthened himself by concluding a Dreibund with Austria and Italy. He environed himself with such a force of bayonets that he was able to defy the demands of his people and to divert aspirations for rational liberty into the direction of socialist conspiracies. He was so impatient of control or even interference that as soon as William the Third felt himself settled on his throne, a conflict between him and the haughty chancellor became inevitable, and the young potentate dismissed the minister before whose frown his grandfather had trembled.

Then followed several years during which the imperial government made itself ridiculous by vacillation and blundering, while the man of blood and iron sulked in his tent. Now William takes the octogenarian to his bosom once more, and proclaims that the old policy of Bismarck is henceforth to be the policy of the empire.

What will come of it? The emperor furnished his reply to the question in the speech which he uttered when he gave Bismarck a sword. He said:

"I could not find a better present for you than a sword, a symbol of the instrument which you helped my grandfather to forge, sharpen, and wield. It is the symbol of the historic time of blood and iron. It is that means which never fails in the hands of kings and princes against home foes, as well as against foreign enemies."

It is speeches of this kind which have led to doubts of the emperor's wits. It is paying the Germans a poor compliment, and it is displaying astonishing ignorance of history to describe the sword as "never-failing in the hands of kings and princes against home foes and foreign enemies." The whole history of Germany is a chronicle of failures of the princely sword. Without going back to the Thirty Years' War, there has hardly been a period of German history in which, at least for a time, the princely German sword has not gone down before a popular uprising based on human rights, or an invasion of a truculent foe. The German sword did not show itself invincible when Napoleon invaded Germany, nor did it cover itself with laurels when the emperor's grandfather confronted the mob in Berlin in 1848.

The Emperor William is a curiosity. He is appar

an archaic survival—a Hohenzollern “war-lord” of the mediæval time—a bit of atavism curiously out of place in the last decade of the nineteenth century. He is trying to build up, in one of the most intelligent countries in Europe, a régime which was already out of date fifty years ago. That both he and Bismarck are not in touch with the people is shown by the refusal of the Reichstag to vote congratulations to Bismarck at the emperor's request. His extraordinary policy is filling Germany with socialist conspirators, who will some day rise with a torch in one hand and a bomb in the other. When the revolution comes, the army will fail their “war-lord,” and it will be difficult for the emperor and some of his conservative councillors to get out of the country with their heads on their shoulders.

The State legislatures seem to have abandoned the attempt to suppress tall hats at the theatre. Bills with that object were introduced into quite a number of legislatures. But it occurred to the law-makers that in case the ladies insisted on wearing the objectionable head-gear, it would be almost impossible to enforce the law. So the movement collapsed. Ladies are free to wear hats of any size they please, and to shut out the stage from the view of persons behind them if they are so inclined; there is nothing to restrain them except the courtesy and the kindness which genuine ladies will exhibit on all occasions. Women wearing view-obstructing hats will be taken for the other kind.

A similar movement is now going on in the parliament of Prussia. Here it is directed against the length of women's skirts. It is claimed that the street-sweeping which is done by the tails of ladies' gowns promotes disease, by gathering filth and microbes. An intimate friend of the emperor, Count Duglaus, stated in the House that street dust is filled with the germs of infectious diseases, and that it carries these germs into the lungs of pedestrians; thus the ladies who appear on the public promenades are really distributors of tuberculosis and other maladies. Dr. Langerhaus concurred. He said that the long skirts worn by ladies stir up a poisonous dust in the streets, and carry bacteria into the home, the nursery, and the bedroom. To which a member of the ministry replied that the subject had been under consideration, and that the government was of opinion that the existing police regulations required amendment so as to limit the length of skirts worn in the streets.

In many American cities, attempts to interfere with the stage-dresses of actresses have been periodical. City councils have tried to prohibit the wearing of tights and the pasting of posters in which the female form divine was depicted without the usual draperies. At the present moment a vigorous endeavor is being made in New York to prevent the exhibition of young women as “bronze statues” or “living pictures,” while in San Francisco the Society for the Suppression of Vice is endeavoring to prohibit the appearance of lightly-clad actresses either on the stage or on the bill-boards. These struggles for decency have rarely been a success anywhere. Women will dress as they please, and those among them who belong to the theatrical profession will wear costumes which attract men. We may point out to the good ladies who are attacking the managers of the “living picture” shows that they are beginning at the wrong end. They ought to tone up the feminine mind first. If there were no women willing to exhibit themselves nude before the public, the public could not be debased by seeing nude women. Let the good ladies who wish to reform the public begin by reforming their sisters, the nude women.

It is amazing that with all our experience of the futility of sumptuary laws, men should still fancy they can regulate such matters as women's dress by law. Nearly half the mediæval codes are devoted to edicts prescribing what women shall wear, but contemporary pictures show that almost in every instance the enactments were a dead-letter. There were stringent edicts at Rome and Constantinople against the exposure of the female form on the stage; but Theodora proved that a single ribbon was sufficient compliance with the law, and the diatribes of the Christian fathers show that the prohibition was disregarded. In Spain and France every article of female attire was prescribed by ordinance; its size, length, breadth, and material were defined in Latin; but ladies went on wearing the clothes which suited them, just as if no attempt at interference had reached their ears.

There are some things which are beyond the reach of the legislator, and female dress is one of them. It is a matter which is regulated by the inexorable mandate of fashion. It may be absurd, like the tilting hoops of twenty years ago, or ugly, like the puffed sleeves of to-day. But it is the fashion, and ladies must adopt it under penalty of being out of fashion. Neither State legislatures, nor congresses, nor parliaments can alter it by legislative enactment any more than they can alter the changes of the moon.

Nor can public opinion affect it, if it is not the opinion of the real leaders of fashion, expressed in the right place.

There probably never was a more sensible garment invented for ladies' wear than the one to which the late Mrs. Bloomer gave her name; but it never commended itself to the dictators of the mode. On the other hand, there probably never was a more preposterous costume than the Directoire dress, with its waist under the armpits and its diaphanous skirt stopping half a dozen inches from the ground; yet it was the fashion for a decade, and many of the pictures of the belles of Washington's day show them in that uncomely attire. It will be admitted that pretty women never showed to more advantage than in the Marquise dress of the eighteenth century; but it has never been possible to revive it, and a lady who appeared—except at a fancy ball—in powder and mouches would simply be stared at.

The eye is quickly educated to the changes in fashion. Six months after an old fashion has gone out, it seems ridiculous even to men who are not supposed to be wise in millinery. And the changes at times cause a pother. Addison tells of the turmoil which was created in England when ladies abandoned the “modesty piece,” a part of the tucker, which ran in a ruffle round the top of the bodice and covered the shoulders. They were charged with flagrant immodesty. But by the close of Queen Anne's reign, a lady clothed down to the wrists and up to the chin would have been generally laughed at.

On the whole, it is doubtful, in the light of history, whether American legislatures and American boards of aldermen will accomplish more than did their ancient congeners when they attempt to regulate the height of women's bodices, the length of women's skirts, or the cut of actresses' drapery and tights.

Manitoba is a small province, with a population of only one hundred and fifty thousand; but a spark has been kindled there which bids fair to set a continent on fire. The province is inhabited by a mixed population of Protestants and Roman Catholics, with the former in a majority. The latter, under the lead of their priests, succeeded some time ago in establishing a separate school system, under which the children of Roman Catholics attended parochial or sectarian schools taught by priests, and their parents were relieved from the duty of contributing to the support of the common schools. Five years ago, it seemed to the people of Manitoba that it would be better for the province to follow the example of the United States, and to delegate the business of public education to non-sectarian schools, conducted without reference to creed, and sustained by general taxation. A law effecting this change, which is now known as the act of 1890, was accordingly passed.

It caused wild commotion among the Roman Catholics. Under the lead of the priests, excited meetings were held and inflammatory speeches delivered; and finally an appeal was made to the government at Ottawa, and through that body to the imperial government in England, to set aside the act of 1890, and to cause the separate parochial schools to be reestablished. That appeal was transmitted to Downing Street, and the decision of the Privy Council was substantially in favor of the Roman Catholics. On receipt of the news, the Dominion Government issued what is called a remedial order, directing the legislature of Manitoba to restore the school law as it stood before the passage of the act of 1890. Instead of allowing the remedial order to be discussed in the legislature, which would probably have led to a violent wrangle, Premier Greenway adjourned his parliament till May 9th, when he hopes that men's minds will be calmer.

At the present moment Manitoba is red-hot for resistance. The official newspaper organ of the government says:

“As a civilized people attempting to realize in a measure the ideas of the nineteenth century, the Manitobans will not silently submit to the demand that they should turn back the wheel of progress three hundred years. It is a struggle as to whether the nineteenth century or the dark ages shall prevail. Any one who believes that all citizens are equal in the sight of the law and what is good enough for one is good enough for another must stand by the act of 1890.”

Meantime, the Parliament at Ottawa, which meets on April 18th, will have to settle on a policy to be pursued in regard to its remedial order. The government professes a willingness to make the matter an open question, having no policy of its own; in this case, the Roman Catholics, being in a majority in the parliament, will probably require the order to be obeyed. It is said that a federal statute will be passed divesting the Manitoban legislature of its control of the school system in that province, and restoring the old system in accordance with the views of the Privy Council. This, of course, would be tantamount to abolishing the autonomy of Manitoba. It would be ruled from Ottawa.

The main difficulty in the case arises from the provisions of the Quebec act. When that act was passed, in 1774, the British Government, anxious to conciliate England's new French-Canadian subjects in Canada, formally stipulated that their religion should be respected and protected, so that, in

fact, in what is now the Province of Quebec the Roman Catholics had in some respects more rights than the Protestants. They were a numerical majority; they owned most of the land; the churches and ecclesiastical fraternities held many of the richest seigneuries. The law was so clear that it was quite out of the power of the Protestants to resist any policy which the Roman Catholics—as a sect—saw fit to pursue. The Roman Catholics of Manitoba now plead this act in bar of any measures of the provincial legislature which are regarded by the priests as hostile to their church.

In all this there is a moral for us. It is perfectly plain that in order to grasp control of education in Manitoba the Roman Catholic priests are prepared to plunge the province into revolution for the sake of a dogma. What they would do there, they would do elsewhere. When a Roman Catholic priest demands that Roman Catholic children shall not be invited to attend the common schools, but shall be carefully educated, at Roman Catholic institutions, to believe all the absurd superstitions of the middle ages, he is acting according to the dictates of his conscience, just as the Spanish inquisitors acted when they burned heretics at the stake. He is all the more dangerous because he is a fanatic.

If the Roman Catholics should win the day in Manitoba—as they surely will if the imperial government puts forth its power—a precedent will be established which will be quoted all over this country. The blow dealt to the common-school system in Winnipeg will be felt in New York, Ohio, and California. Success is very contagious; it would not be surprising if a Roman Catholic victory in this small Canadian province should lead to a reorganization of the Roman Catholic forces in some American city where the Pope's followers are numerous, and to a concerted agitation for separate schools. It is a matter of notoriety that in this city pressure is constantly brought to bear by the priests on Roman Catholic parents to remove their children from the public schools. The zeal with which the work is conducted is not met by any corresponding earnestness on the other side. Protestants are lukewarm; they argue that if Roman Catholics are so obtuse as to be blind to the priceless boon of our public schools, the only thing to do is to let them go on in their blindness till they tumble into the ditch. But it is best to take warning in time. Instead of neglecting, they may attempt to destroy our public schools. Their conspiracy in Canada is a pregnant lesson.

The latest evidence of the growth of bimetalism in England has been furnished by Mr. F. Lloyd, of the London *Statist*. Mr. Lloyd is a monometallist and the *Statist* is a gold organ; but, in a recent article, he discusses the currency situation in this country in a far more candid and temperate manner than is usual among writers of his school. Of course he thinks that the adoption of any but the single gold standard would be a mistake, but he admits that even the single silver standard would not be fraught with those dire results usually predicted by the gold men in America. Such admissions indicate the increased respect with which bimetalism is regarded, even by those who do not believe in it.

Mr. Lloyd says that three courses are open to this country—either to demonetize gold and adopt a single silver standard, or to open the mints to the free coinage of silver, or to allow matters to drift as they are. The adoption of the first course, he says, would ultimately result in a readjustment of prices, the silver prices being the equivalent of the gold prices. There would, no doubt, be a considerable rise in silver, but not sufficient to keep prices at the present gold level. The rise in commodities would be much greater and quicker than in wages or securities. But after a time matters would right themselves, for the prosperity of a country depends upon the qualities of its people and the resources they dispose of, not upon the money they employ. The future prosperity of the United States, he says, would be just as great with a silver standard as with a gold standard. The effect of this move upon other countries would be to increase the stock of gold in Europe from the gold released from the circulation in this country, and to encourage India to re-open its mints to silver and Japan to retain the silver standard. This is certainly very temperate language, coming from a British gold monometallist discussing a situation which the American gold monometallists can not even consider without being thrown into convulsions.

In case the currency is allowed to drift along without anything being done by Congress, Mr. Lloyd thinks that alarm will grow, and gold will go to a premium and quickly disappear from circulation. The premium will not be very high, but it will be sufficient to place the currency of the country on a silver basis, and this will cause a monetary and stock-exchange panic. These results may, however, be averted by the government continuing to borrow gold to cash its notes. The adoption of the third course—opening the mints to the free coinage of silver—would, he says, pre-

capitate a panic, and would make the premium on gold higher, because it would be regarded as a step toward demonetizing gold.

This review of the situation by Mr. Lloyd is very interesting, but he does not touch upon what is now the most important aspect of the question. The currency problem has ceased to be confined to any one country, but revolves around the prospects for international bimetalism. The *Argonaut* has always maintained that for any great country like the United States to attempt to maintain bimetalism alone would be even more disastrous than Mr. Lloyd admits. But bimetalism by international agreement is not only possible, but it would prove highly beneficial to those countries concerned. It would at once remove those financial and industrial ills from which the world is suffering. Suppose that at the proposed monetary conference France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, and the United States should agree upon an international coinage based upon an agreed ratio between silver and gold; and suppose, further, that England, either by refusing to take part in the conference, or by refusing to accept the results of its deliberations, should remain outside of the agreement. Is it not probable that England would be the only sufferer?

In the first place, other things being equal, the bimetallic countries would trade with those countries having a currency similar to their own rather than with a country in which one-half of their currency would be useless for the purpose of paying bills. The commodities that France, Germany, and Belgium now purchase from Great Britain, they would obtain from Russia or the United States; in return, these countries, partially to settle their bills with balances, would get their finished products from us rather than from England. The six European countries likely to join in the bimetallic agreement purchase annually from England nearly three hundred million dollars' worth of commodities. The greater part of these things are produced and sold as cheaply in the United States. With the advantage of a similar currency, is it not probable that this country would absorb fully two-thirds of this trade?

To an even greater extent would the South and Central American countries, and China and Japan, with their silver standard, find it profitable and convenient to trade with the bimetallic countries. South America, with an annual trade of \$380,000,000, Central America with \$30,000,000, Mexico with \$52,000,000, China with \$185,000,000, and Japan with \$71,000,000, now deal with England more largely than with any other country. The annual trade of England with these silver countries aggregates \$161,000,000, which, with the \$300,000,000 of trade with the bimetallic countries, makes a total of nearly five hundred millions of trade a year that England would endanger by placing herself outside of the currency system of the rest of the world.

Of course the convenience of a similar currency would not alone be sufficient to effect such a change in the ordinary channels of trade. England absorbed its present large proportion of the business of the world while trading with bimetallic and silver countries and maintaining for herself a gold standard. Where England has commodities that can not be obtained as favorably elsewhere, England will retain the trade in those commodities in spite of money disadvantages. But, where other things are equal, England will lose her trade.

The principal articles exported from England are yarns and textile fabrics; metals in a raw state and manufactured; general manufactures; raw materials, such as coal, cement, chemicals, etc.; machinery and mill work; articles of food and drink; and articles of apparel and personal use. These rank in value in the order of their enumeration, the first division forming about forty-five per cent. of the whole, and the first three divisions representing about three-quarters. Of the yarns and textiles, the greater part comes to this country and to South and Central America. The manufactured articles and articles of food and drink go for the most part to the countries of Continental Europe.

In nearly every one of these articles of export, England is already meeting with competition from this country. In textile fabrics of the cheaper grades, the United States can effectively compete for the trade of the Spanish-American countries; the finer grades, which are imported to this country, can be obtained from the Continental European countries. In raw materials, England can not compete with the United States anywhere. The Southern States furnish the cotton supply of the world; from the Mississippi Valley there come meats and meat products in sufficient quantities to supply the demand of Europe; vegetables and fruits come from the West and from California in abundance. Our iron and steel are equal to the products of England, and our machinery, perfected by American ingenuity and American skilled labor, is displacing that of European construction. There is not an export of England to the United States that can not be obtained as well from the countries of Continental Europe; there is not an export of England to

countries other than the United States that can not be furnished as well by this country.

There is nothing more dangerous than to attempt to forecast the result of a radical change in the methods of conducting the business of a nation. It may be that, in spite of the favorable conditions of similar monetary systems and the impetus inspired by the sympathy of similar aims, the competing countries would not be able to do business without England. But does it seem probable? Does it not, on the other hand, seem probable that if England refuses a monetary system which all the other nations of the world accept, that these nations will refuse to trade with her? Does it not seem as though England would stand alone?

Apropos of the recent articles on "San Francisco society," we have received the following communication from a Boston reader of this journal:

BROOKLINE, MASS., March 26, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The story entitled "A Californian," written by Miss Geraldine Bonner, and published in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*, is the subject of much discussion here in Boston—discussion which is of a nature painful to those Californians who, like myself, are living in exile. Despite the fact that many train-loads of travelers are conveyed from New England to the Pacific Coast every winter, the New Englanders in general, and the Bostonians in particular, possess little accurate information relative to California and the Californians. What little knowledge they have of California is based upon Riverside, Santa Barbara, and other points in Southern California. The questions I have been asked in regard to San Francisco and the San Franciscans are hardly what we would expect of the enlightened dwellers at the "Hub."

It seems to me, therefore, when a Californian girl has won a place in a publication of such high standing and wide circulation as *Harper's Magazine*, that she should use the opportunity to correct the false impression in regard to her countrywomen to which the Eastern mind is prone, instead of intensifying it. We of San Francisco know that while there may have been such women among us as Genevieve Ryan and her mother, they were never typical Californians. We know that the women who are truly typical Californian women have not only been "society" women, but prominent, also, in all movements for the promotion of moral, intellectual, and artistic improvement and development. We know that the women of San Francisco are the peers of their sisters of any city in the Union, Boston not excepted.

But the Eastern people do not know this; they can with great difficulty be convinced of it. Genevieve Ryan is the materialized expression of their preconceived ideas of the Californian girl, and therefore they accept her as typical. In justice to our Californian matrons, to the young girls whose beautiful faces reflect the beauty of their souls, I protest against Miss Bonner's story. I recognize its literary merit, but I wish that her force and ability had been employed in depicting a typical Californian girl. Had she done so, Californians might be as proud of her picture as they are proud of their girls.

FRANCES JULIAN.

We think our correspondent is unduly exercised over the story in question. It does not seem to us that Miss Bonner intended Genevieve Ryan as a "typical Californian society girl." In fact, if Frances Julian will remember, Miss Ryan says to the young Bostonian: "You know, Mr. Faraday, I'm not exactly in fashionable society." But despite this disclaimer, which seems to us to be unambiguous, many people have shared Frances Julian's feelings. Certainly many in San Francisco have, and, from our correspondent's note, it is evident that the same impression prevails in Boston. Whether wittingly or unwittingly, Miss Bonner has given forth the impression that Genevieve Ryan is a type of the young women of California, and the young women of California resent it. As we said, we think the impression and the resentment are both based on false premises.

It does not seem to us that the young women of good position in California differ very greatly from the young women of good position anywhere else. For purposes of brevity we shall call them "society" women or "society" girls. San Francisco is now half a century old. The large cities of the Middle West are not much older. The cities of the Atlantic seaboard are older; but California started shoulder to shoulder with older communities half a century ago—she was one of the "heirs of all the ages." There were many people of education and refinement here over forty years ago. There were brilliant lawyers here forty years ago. There were eloquent clergymen here forty years ago. There were officers of the United States army and navy here forty years ago. There were broad-minded merchants here, whose ships sailed over every sea, forty years ago. There were theatres and opera-houses wherein the world's great players, dramatic and lyric, fretted their brief hour upon the stage, forty years ago. Some people think that the "Brass Monkeys" and "Mrs. Tanquerays" of to-day are inferior to the San Francisco theatrical attractions of forty years ago. There were prosperous and luxurious clubs here forty years ago. There were handsome and hospitable homes here forty years ago. And there were refined and virtuous wives and mothers here forty years ago.

Given all these facts, it seems to us, if the years of a generation and a half have elapsed since then, there is no reason why there should not be many refined and cultured people in San Francisco now if there were a few forty years ago.

There are vulgarians here, rich and poor. There were vulgarians here forty years ago. There are now. Still we

do not think that the proportion of rich vulgarians to the population is any larger in San Francisco than in other American cities, if as large. We do not think that it is as large, for example, as it is in New York. That city drains two continents. It drains Europe of her poor vulgarians. It drains America of her rich. When a vulgarian in Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, or San Francisco has accumulated great riches, and finds that the "society" people of his own city are unwilling to receive him, he generally packs up his bonds, his baggage, and his feminine belongings, and goes to New York. There, if he and his family are not admitted to New York "society," they are at least lost in the mass of humanity, and can be spared the rebuffs that they experienced at home.

In San Francisco there is no marked desire for the society of vulgarians simply because they are rich. "Society" there, as elsewhere, is based primarily on the association of people who have congenial tastes. There are many people in what is called "San Francisco society" who are by no means wealthy. Correspondingly, there are many wealthy people in San Francisco who are not in San Francisco "society." For that matter, there are many circles of "society" in San Francisco, as in other cities. No doubt, there are quiet circles there, as elsewhere, whose members enjoy themselves fully as much as those who belong to the circle which is generally known—though why it would be difficult to say—as "society."

The tone of San Francisco "society" is very similar to that of other cities. It is pleasant, but superficial; it is cordial, but not deep. It talks of books, but it is not profound. It talks of art, but it is not Ruskinian. It talks of music, but it frequently talks also at the opera. The tone of "society" everywhere is essentially light, if not trivial, and San Francisco does not differ in this regard from other places. In the West End drawing-rooms of London, and in the salons of the "Noble Fauhourg" of Paris, people do not, as a rule, talk about the Armenian atrocities or the question of bimetalism. Perhaps they ought to do so. But they do not. Perhaps if some great minds were to introduce such topics there, the fashion might be started. But we doubt it. The great minds would speedily find themselves left to self-communion. One of the legends of London is that when Macaulay began conversing, people fled in terror. Yet Macaulay was one of the great "conversationalists" of his day.

The "society" of San Francisco is singularly free from scandals. There are in the *corbeille* none of the "spotted peaches" of whom Dumas wrote. If they are there, their spots are not revealed. If there are black sheep among the white ones, the white sheep do not know it. It is hard to tell what are the lines which surround San Francisco "society." But this is one which is drawn hard and fast, and it is the women who draw it. They make an inexorable requirement that there shall be no "woman with a past" among them. More than one woman, by reason of this rule, has knocked vainly at their gates. The result is the freedom from scandals of which we spoke. It is impossible to find a heroine of a *crime* case in San Francisco "society." That is more than can be said of London or New York. Even divorce is looked upon askance.

As for the girls in San Francisco "society," they are, as we said, much like "society girls" elsewhere. The European system of chaperonage has prevailed there in "society" ever since "society" existed there at all. The less rigid ideas of people from semi-rural communities were doubtless affected by the cosmopolitan population there, as was the case in New Orleans. As a result, it is almost unheard of thing for a young woman of good society in San Francisco to attend an evening entertainment with a man unless she is accompanied by a chaperon. The rules concerning chaperonage there have always been stricter than in any city in the United States except New Orleans.

Concerning the girls themselves, it may be said of them that they are often beautiful, nearly always pretty, and almost invariably good. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name a San Francisco girl belonging to what is known as "good society" who has "gone wrong." But that is only what is to be expected of them. Aside from their looks, they are generally intellectually superior to the men, and they are very charming in their dispositions. Even the wealthiest of them are by no means mere hutterflies, for there are a number of charitable associations in California to which many of them give kindly and loving care. Physically, they are more robust than their Eastern sisters. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, the chief enemy to female beauty in California is adipose tissue. But that is in the climate.

It seems a pity to add that with all her charms the San Francisco girl should not be more fatal to the San Francisco man. Yet it is a melancholy fact that she is often won by men from other lands, and it is a still more melancholy fact that she is often left to bloom, to blossom, and to fade in the ancestral tree.

A TALE OF TWO DINNERS.

Taken from "A Butler in Bohemia."

"The bread is three pounds nine shillings!"

"And the milk?" I queried.

"I don't know what the milk is, but it won't leave itself any longer until it's paid for."

"And the butcher?"

There was a perfectly respectful but firmly delivered knock at the front door.

"There is the butcher," said Yvette, rising afrightedly from her wicker-work chair: "he told Ada yesterday, while he was cutting the steak, that he meant to come up to-day and see the master personally."

"The master" hurled himself before his wife's pretty red slippers, and implored her to save him from this interview—to the consternation of Ada, who, having found her second tap disregarded, loomed apologetic in the doorway.

"Please, 'm, the butcher."

"Your mistress will see him, Ada," I said, briskly, but with a glance of agonized entreaty.

"Coward!" Yvette muttered, dramatically, as she swept past me on her way to the dining-room. I followed her to the door, and saw through its crack that Mr. Poulter, the butcher, had already placed his tall hat on one chair, and was sitting on another, with an unmistakable determination to come to an understanding with the man who cowered from him behind a woman's skirts.

"Don't give me up," I whispered after my wife. "Say I'm in Spain."

I leaned against the closed drawing-room door, listening to the noise of the field I had fled. No words were to be distinguished, but yet I could hear Yvette's chirping treble rise and fall, and through it the Gregorian accompaniment of Mr. Poulter's indignant reproaches. Ages seemed to pass before the booming fire of the enemy slackened and ceased. I followed Yvette's voice through the whole campaign. I knew when she was glad that Mr. Poulter had called, when she was distressed to hear how long the account had been standing, and recognized the graver tones in which she expressed her regret that my absence from home had prevented my seeing Mr. Poulter personally. A lighter key succeeded, having in it something of triumph, and I knew that Mr. Poulter was for the time out-generated and out-talked. I stepped out stealthily into the hall, and threw the guilty evidence of my own soft hat into the drawing-room; my sympathy with my wife was leading me to execute the opening steps of a *pas-de-victoire* under the reindeer's head, when the dining-room door opened suddenly, and I fled.

From a chink in the blind, I watched Mr. Poulter go slowly away. The sun was shining upon the two flowering laburnum trees swaying gently with the breeze, and I could have wept when I reflected that Nature permitted such a one as Mr. Poulter to co-exist with them on a June morning.

My wife rejoined me dolefully. I twisted a little branch from the fire-grate into a really effective laurel-crown, and I crowned her with it, but she took it off and said, bitterly, that it was "all very well."

"I have beaten him off," she pursued, gloomily; "but I know it will be only for a little while."

"Did you tell him I was in Spain?"

"No," she replied, "I couldn't say anything so untruthful as that even to save us from a butcher. But I told him you were in Manchester, and I was expecting you some every day. And I told him you positively wanted to see him. But what's the good?" she added, sitting down despairingly; "even if he were burnt up to-morrow with all his books, there's the fishmonger, and the milkman, and the greengrocer, and the man who bound Kipling in vellum. I know why it is—it's because we've had nothing but chops."

"The judgment of heaven!" I agreed. "Of course chops don't inspire confidence. Order a saddle of mutton and have a dinner-party. I have always noticed that a policy of chops hastens the crisis."

As far as the trades-people were concerned, we could not have thought of a better thing. The ten days before that dinner were the calmest we had spent for months.

The single knock almost ceased in the land. There grew about us a sort of virtuous hush, an ordered ease, as of folk who paid weekly. We touched the high water-mark of visionary affluence the day I called at the Briar Farm Dairy, and, complaining of the quality of the milk, ordered two quarts of double cream for the dinner. We asked the nicest people we knew, and from a mere hoodwinking of creditors, the dinner grew to a pleasing social prospect. We asked Summersales, the colorist; Hicks-Hake, the wall-paper designer; and Fawkesfield, the Socialist. The Johnson-Dows came and brought their cousin, the first violin; then Malpas Smith, of the *Sunday Sentinel*, came with his wife and sister. It was a nice little party. Summersales, who lives at Brighton, came to breakfast, and most of the others came about twelve o'clock. We had bread and cheese and beer for lunch, and walked round our absurd little garden-plot, smoking pipes to kill the apbides on the rose-bushes, while Yvette sat in the middle, playing the guitar.

When the day clouded over we retreated indoors to waltz in the guests' bedroom, a Blue Beard chamber kept ever locked, because we had never been able to furnish it with anything but a shelf for my boots. The locked door gave a charming air of mystery to the bouse. I said that our family ghost walked there by night, the "white curse of the Careys," for which reason our faithful Ada would pass the door by night with the bolt of a rabbit, and Yvette used herself to tell a story that if you looked through the key-hole at midnight you would see the floor of polished oak, the walls hung with Flemish tapestry, and a great tester bed with drawn curtains of cloth of gold. We danced there because dinner was laid in the dining-room, and the dimensions of the drawing-room would not permit even the swinging of a kitten.

Haycraft's arrival in shiny evening-dress was a little check to our happiness. He was the greengrocer, and we owed him sixteen pounds seven shillings and twopence. Feeling that our purchase of a pine-apple would not soothe him sufficiently, Yvette had added thereto a request for his services at table during the banquet. I received him with stately cordiality, and begged him to draw himself a glass of beer to hearten himself for his task. On his replying that he never touched anything, I felt, for the first time, that his presence was a fatal error, and that he would disapprove of us. He did disapprove of us. He noted at the first glance as we trooped into the dining-room that none of us were in black. From the expression of his fish-like right eye (the left was dull and emotionless) as it fell on Summersales's peacock-blue bow, I gathered that the color displeased him, and though Fawkesfield's jacket was buttoned over his breast, the eye of Haycraft pierced its brown material and knew of the missing waistcoat which Fawkesfield had removed when we were playing ball in the garden in the full heat of the sun.

The dinner itself was excellent. In ordering it we had spared no expense, and, as a cook, Ada is good and plain; but Haycraft knew as well as I did that nothing on the table was paid for, and waited morosely, as one who was with us but not of us. My guests regarded him in return with ill-concealed aversion.

Said Summersales, in a moment when the fish had taken Haycraft from us: "How do you do it, old man?"

"Do what?" I returned.

"Why, harbor that sombre menial, to be sure," said Summersales. "It jars with the worldly circumstances of your guests; it is discourteous. I did my boots over last night with lamp-black and copal, that they might bear me decently hither, and you flout me to-day with your retainers."

The latter part of his statement could not have escaped Haycraft, who had noiselessly returned to the room, bearing with him a made dish as if it were the body of a murdered infant.

I turned my face from the face of Haycraft. It was not meet that I should crouch as I did before this proud serving-man. Had my eyes met his, he would have read in them the apology that was near my lips.

"Haycraft," he would have read, "I confess it freely, the ways of the nobility and gentry, at whose tables you render your graceful service, are not my ways, nor the ways of these, my simple friends, but, in the name of our common humanity, relax a little among these uncongenial surroundings." This I might have said had not Ada come in at that moment, saying:

"Please, sir, Mr. Claringbold."

"The next room, Ada," I said; "light the lamp with the red shade, and say that Mrs. Carey will be with him in a—" but before the sentence could be completed a heavy step fell in the doorway, and my Uncle James's gray eyebrows were lowering on the revelers.

His glance swept the room. I watched it pass Summersales's necktie, and count the Tasmanian apples in the dish, at the same time that it noted my acute discomfort.

Uncle James's massive gold watch-chain (hall-marked on every link) sought to detain my eye, but I avoided its fascinations, and turned to the others.

"Yvette—Mrs. Johnson-Dow—Summersales, this is my uncle, Mr. James Claringbold."

Yvette rushed to the breach; she clasped his large hands, she seemed to nestle against the massive curve of his waistcoat. He softened a little, bowed to the company a guarded, not negotiable bow, and sat down. We exhibited to the full the parasitical traits of the artist class, fawning with one accord upon this hard-featured old man, with the stiff gray whiskers meeting his shaven chin. No words of mine were needed to explain that this man oozed capital at every pore. When he said the sky had an unsettled appearance for the first week in June, we loudly deplored in chorus the shortcomings of our climate, and grew jealous of the conversational success of Hicks-Hake, who boldly inquired the feeling in the City about the hop prospect. This must have touched Uncle James, for he gracefully brought forward the subject of art, which he told us he had himself encouraged to some extent during the present year by becoming the purchaser of "Your Turn Next" (little girl bathing dachshunds). Then Summersales took up the word, saying that this was in his opinion the picture of the year, a picture lost to the nation by the nation's apathy and the prompt discrimination of Mr. Claringbold.

Then the June evening died happily away, red and gold among the laburnums and the little poplars on the lawn, and in the gray haze of our cigarette smoke within. My good guests pressed Uncle Claringbold's hand and bade us farewell; Ada tripped about setting the lamps and candles and drawing the curtains, and Yvette and I came back from the hall to sit over the deserted table, face to face with Uncle James.

I am his only living kinsman, and my Uncle James is an uncle *pur sang*. My fancy can not picture him as adequately supporting any other relationship.

Fifteen—sixteen years before this dinner-party I had last seen Uncle James. Scarlet fever had broken out in my father's household, and I was sent in quarantine to Eltham, there to partake of my uncle's unwillingly extended hospitality. He sat bere to-night at my table, with the red flush of the lamp mantling his features and his large, red hands covering his knees, just as he had sat in his horse-hair chair in the little library at Eltham on that fell day when my aunt led me thither, with the guilt hot on my brow. I had been reading "Ivanhoe" that afternoon, and knew no happiness till I had barded and caparisoned a chair with an arrangement of string and the strap of my box. Thus equipped I had felt myself free to regard it as a Spanish jennet champing the bit so fiercely that I recognized the necessity for haltering it with my handkerchief to the knob of the door before I hurried away, lightly armed with a large wooden Japanese paper-knife, to seek harness for myself. In an evil moment, I found my

uncle's leather hat-box in his dressing-room. I removed the cover and was thoughtfully ruffling the nap of the Sunday hat, when its empty receptacle struck me in the light of a matchless tilting-helmet. Misguided boy! I completed the resemblance by cutting holes for sight and air with my pocket-knife. I had cause to wish later that I had also provided for the sense of bearing. Two minutes afterward I was in the saddle, hewing my desperate way through a rout of Saracens to regain the Christian hosts, when my aunt fell upon me with overwhelming force. On my uncle's return from the City, I was led, disarmed and humiliated, to the library, my aunt accompanying me with the evidence of crime—a veritable helmet of Mambrino, which had reassumed by foul enchantment the form of an injured hat-box. The soldier of the cross was beaten, and painfully beaten, with the flat of his own good sword—with the Japanese paper-knife, in fact.

"A heartless act of destruction," said Uncle James, breathing himself after the unwonted exercise; "only yesterday I encouraged you in your idle sports with sixpence, the initial cost of the game of ball, merely stipulating that it should be played out of reach of my windows. I have indulged your inclination for marbles, believing that that amusement, in the company of other boys, fosters sound commercial instincts, and you repay my generosity by secretly injuring my hat-box. I wash my hands of you. You must be a boy of destructive and immoral tendencies."

Somehow, after that visit we drifted apart. Ten years later I had written to condole with him on the death of my aunt, and was rewarded in due course by a black-edged card with a gloomy text on it.

Feeling that this must have established a cordial feeling, I wrote again on the occasion of the good fortune of my life—my improvident marriage—and drew from my uncle a stiff note of congratulation and a plated fish-slice. Then came the wolf to prowl round our little house on Wandsworth Common, and in the spasm of agony following the return of my manuscript novel by MacMurray, the publisher, I bethought me of my Uncle James, the lonely rich man who had succeeded in jute, and I wrote him another letter, telling him in well-chosen and heart-rending phrases of our domestic difficulties.

Ten days passed, and the letter—always a forlorn hope—was almost forgotten, and now—a turn of fortune's wheel—Uncle James was upon us! He had drawn my unfortunate letter from his pocket, and had stuck it up against a decanter for reference.

"I have here," he said, "a letter from yourself."

I could see from my place our Wandsworth address embossed in little blue capitals at the head of the missive in question.

"It is with reference to its contents that I have called on you this evening. A natural pity for the son of my poor sister Emma was aroused."

"It was very kind," I began to falter, but he raised his band to bush me, and went on:

"Was aroused by your remark that you were 'receiving your last crust at the grudging hand of grim poverty.'"

Mr. Claringbold peered through his spectacles to verify this quotation, which, even at that moment, struck me as having a charming literary flavor, and added:

"To-day it would appear that you have found the means to supplement that crust with some description of animal food."

I hung my head, and touched Yvette's foot under the table with a tap of agonized entreaty.

"I think," continued Uncle James, with a further reference to the document before him—"I think I am now in a position to weigh your description of your home 'made gray and desolate by the—er—blighting wing of undeserved misfortune.'"

As he rolled out the phrase, it sounded so well that I wondered, even in that awful moment, how any publisher could have refused a novel of mine.

"I find you," he went on, "banqueting with light-hearted companions. I find you—"

"Dear Uncle James," said Yvette, her lovely eyes filling with tears, "do not misjudge us because of our surroundings. I can hardly tell you how deceptive appearances are in the present case."

As she spoke, the tide of Uncle James's sarcasm suddenly ebbed; he sat moodily, picking almonds and raisins from the dish before him, and chewing them as if they were the cud of bitter reflection.

Said Yvette: "This banquet, as you term it, is our last effort—the last blow we can strike. My husband is a novelist. Dear Uncle James, you know the requirements of that precarious calling?"

"On the contrary," said Uncle James, "it is a means of livelihood of which I understand but little."

"You must have seen," continued Yvette, "the dark-haired man with a beard trimmed to a point, who sat in the seat where I am now."

Uncle James was giving his attention, but possibly I listened with even more interest. It did not occur to me what part my old friend Fawkesfield played in the affairs of our house.

"That man," said Yvette, "was MacMurray, the publisher."

"Bless my soul!" said Uncle James, feeling that some remark was required of him. I think I gasped at the same time, but Yvette went on:

"We are in the last stage of poverty, and, at the cost of my few remaining articles of jewelry, we have pandered to that man's lower nature. Under the softening influence of lamb and peas, of Burgundy, and a confection of whipped cream, I have appealed to this man, a well-known gourmand, to consider a new novel by my husband. I had almost succeeded when the gooseberry tart came to table imperfectly sweetened. He tasted it, I saw his brows knit, and I knew that all was lost."

"I had no idea," said Uncle James, "that such things were

possible. But, admitted that this extravagance in the matter of viands were an advisable one, how do you, in your present circumstances, justify the presence of a man-servant at table?"

Without replying for the moment, Yvette rose from her seat and unfastened the doors of the sideboard with a key banging at her girdle; she had turned rather pale and looked prettier than ever. "These files on the top shelf," she said, "are all tradesmen's bills. They now amount to nearly one hundred pounds. The patience of these people has been exhausted at last, and ah! how can I tell you, an upright merchant knowing nothing of these things—the man waiting at table to-day is a man in possession. For his dreadful trade be is not a harsh man, and when I told him myself of our bopes in giving this dinner to-night, he offered to conceal the reason for his presence by assuming an old dress-suit belonging to my husband's father, and—"

Here Yvette broke down and sobbed upon Uncle James's shoulder. A little more and I should have sobbed myself. I think Uncle James behaved well. He exacted from me a promise that I would quit my present occupation, offering me instead a stool in his office—a stool and possibilities. I would have refused, but I caught Yvette's eye and accepted with emotion. And then Uncle James sat down and called for a blotting-pad. We went over the bills together, and Uncle James, under Yvette's witchery, drew us a check—a bright crisp check—to cover the whole amount.

Holding this in his hand, he made me solemnly protest that I would never incur another liability, and when that vow was accomplished he banded the check to Yvette, and then he kissed her, and I felt that he bought that privilege cheaply. So he left us.

On the next day we paid them all—butterer, baker, candlestick-maker, and Haycraft. Perhaps it was owing to the news of the banquet that few of them seemed surprised when Yvette and I came with the canvas bag of gold and notes from Martin's, and gave each man his due. Indeed, if we had not been so bappy, the proceeding would have seemed somewhat flat. These people behaved as if the payment of accounts were an every-day proceeding. We paid them all, and yet money remained in the bag—four sovereigns and some silver. Mr. Poulter, the butcher, we paid last, and he was moved to ask for a continuance of our custom. He pointed out at the same time a glorious sirloin as an example of the type of meat he could recommend for its English and unfrozen qualities.

It was too large for three, but I think the sight put it into my heart to propose to Yvette on our way back that we should inaugurate our new and solvent career with a second and more humble banquet to the friends whom we were entertaining on the occasion of Uncle James's intrusion. We did so.

Fawkesfield was there—Fawkesfield and the Johnson-Dows, Hicks-Hake, and the violinist, Summersales, and all who were round us on that eventful evening. In the morning, Mr. Poulter himself had brought the glorious sirloin. To complete the hallowed association, we engaged Haycraft to lift the cover—a new Haycraft, who broke the pledge during the morning on bottled stout, and, in the course of the afternoon, consummated this injury to his principles with mixed potatoes. His face shone with enthusiasm. I heard his genial laugh behind my chair at every fresh witticism from Malpas-Smith. He filled glasses and banded plates as individual acts of homage to art and letters embodied in our persons. It was a far more successful dinner than the last. That had been a funeral feast, this was a species of christening-party. I told them so. I told them that henceforth I was no more of Bohemia, but of Mark Lane, and they drank uproariously the health of the new-born respectability. Yvette looked prettier and more barnying than ever. I felt certain every one must envy me. Even the passers-by turned their heads at the sound of our mirth, and gazed in across the strip of front garden at our feast. We had not pulled the blinds down. Why should we grudge others the pleasure of witnessing our enjoyment?

We sat long at table, and the shadows deepened; the lamp, the one with the red shade, was lighted. I believe Haycraft was enjoying himself as much as any of us. Suddenly a crisp sound broke through the noise of our gayety. I heard it holdly. What had I to fear from any footstep, or any knock, single or double? But no knock came, and I saw Yvette, who faced the window, turn suddenly pale.

"Uncle James!" she cried, and the gravel crunched again, and he was gone.

We tried to retie the thread of jollity so rudely severed, but it was a poor attempt. Our friends soon left us, resolving, no doubt, to be cautious in the future how they accepted invitations to houses where uncles might occur at any moment. Yvette and I were left looking at each other.

"Let's hope the best," she said, at last; "if I could only see him, I could explain."

"Of course you could," I said; "when my last account is presented, I only hope you will be allowed to go through it and explain the items. But we shall never see Uncle James again."

Nor have we. The next morning's post brought us a letter from him, in which he briefly stated his opinion of me, and pointed out how hopeless a thing it was to help a man who, when helped, plunged at once into such sickening, heartless extravagance as to bring again upon his heart within ten days the baneful shadow of the minion of the law. He added that my wife was too good for me, in which I quite agreed with him.

"I'm sorry, dear," said Yvette, "and it serves me right for the stories I told, for they were whoopers. Why couldn't I have told him about the pine-apple being so inadequate? The publisher tale was all right. It was the butler. I never tell a lie without regretting it. Cbeer up. All the debts are paid, any way. Perhaps he'll leave me something in his will."

But I don't think that's likely—at any rate, not while I'm alive.

E. NESBIT.

DEGRADATION OF THE STAGE.

New York's "Dramatic Attractions"—Immorality and Nudity—"Women with a Past" and "Living Pictures"—Loose Women and Evil Plays.

Any one who reflects upon the various programmes now presented in the theatres of New York can not but be struck by the present degradation of the stage. The disgusting craze for "living pictures" which has raged in London and New York for the past year, has here been lately pushed to the extreme. At present there are three people under arrest for posing in public practically nude.

But waiving the question of such degrading exhibitions as these, the plays and the players at the other theatres are not calculated to impress favorably the lover of his kind. Let us take a glance at the present programmes of the New York theatres, and at the actors and actresses who are presenting these programmes. Last night, there was presented at the Empire Theatre a new English play by Haddon Chambers, entitled "John-a-Dreams." The hero of this unpleasant piece is an opium-eater. He is the son of a clergyman, but is so sunken that he has fallen into this degrading vice. The heroine is another one of those "women with a past," of whom we have had so much, and who frankly confesses to her lover that she has made her living by her shame. But in the piece she has reformed and is "behaving decently," according to the lights of the lady with a past. The opium-eating hero falls in love with her, and wants to marry her. She has twinges of conscience, and confesses her past life to the clergyman, his father. This gentleman is of a forgiving nature, and assures her that her future can atone for her past. But she sees that it is with an effort that the clergyman decides to accept her as a daughter-in-law, so she frankly offers to the hero to be his mistress, as she is not fit to be his wife. The third leading character is a shameless libertine, who does not allow anything, either law or friendship, to stand in his way. This unpleasant play is another one of the many dramas upon the relations of the sexes with which the stage of to-day is burdened. It adds to its harm that it is well written and well played.

At another theatre—Abbey's—Mme. Réjane has retired "Madame Sans-Gêne," which itself is not any too moral, and has replaced it by Meilbac's comedy, "Ma Cousine." In this she takes the character of Riquette. Riquette is a young woman who—like the other "woman with a past"—is not of the kind found in respectable people's houses. She has, however, a respectable cousin who is a young wife. Riquette's father was the brother of the young wife's father, and although her mother had no marriage lines, Riquette and the young wife call themselves "cousins." Riquette is requested by the young wife to win back her husband, who is straying from her side. Her various adventures in this attempt diverge from her own boudoir to the apartments chosen as the rendezvous of the husband and his mistress. In her own boudoir Riquette wears *négligé* costumes and sits in *négligé* attitudes which are simply startling. She finally fascinates the husband, succeeds in breaking off the relations between him and his mistress, and at last reconciles his wife to him. The piece is very French, and the lines are of the most risky nature, so much so that they could scarcely be translated into English. In addition to the risky tone of the dialogue, the action is of the most risky nature. In one scene Mme. Réjane gives the cancan in a very realistic style. Those who have seen it danced in Paris will remember the frank way in which the ladies handle their skirts, and Mme. Réjane is fully as bold as are such stars as Grille d'Egout or Nini-Patte-en-l'Air. In fact, she took cancan lessons from the latter lady. When Mme. Réjane gathers up her skirts and begins to dance a regulation cancan, without any false modesty or frills, the ladies in the audience look at each other uneasily, but they do not go out. The public stood it very well. However risky the piece may be, it seemed to please the audience.

At two other New York theatres, while there can be no particular exception taken to the plays, there can be to the players. The first to whom I refer are Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter, who have just begun an engagement in "Charlotte Corday" at the Herald Square Theatre. The relations between these two people have been open and notorious for a number of years, so much so that a Western preacher—I think it was upon your coast—once denounced them from the pulpit. There can be no doubt that these relations led to the divorce between James Brown Potter and his wife, and there are few who will not sympathize with that unfortunate gentleman at seeing his name hawked around the civilized globe by the woman who once bore it honorably, but who has no right to bear it now. It is said that Mr. Potter has taken legal steps to force his ex-wife to drop the name which she is unrightfully wearing. It is probable that this is true, for she is now billing herself as "Cora Urquhart Potter."

At Palmer's Theatre, Mrs. Langtry has been appearing in a new play called "Gossip," which is not immoral, only stupid. But what a flagrant scandal to the stage is the appearance of this woman. She too, like Mrs. Potter, left an honorable husband, and persisted in flaunting his honorable name throughout the civilized world. Unnumbered scandals have attended her wherever she has gone, from the beginning of her long *liaison* with Gebbard to the time when she became the mistress of "Squire" Abingdon Baird, the reckless and brawling spendthrift, who once came from England to America as the "backer" of Charlie Mitchell, the ruffianly pugilist. It was Baird who was said to have squandered on Mrs. Langtry something like a half-million of dollars, and it is easily to be believed, for one of his gifts alone, the beautiful steam yacht *White Lady*, probably represents one-third of that sum.

At Hoyt's Theatre there is a farce comedy called "The Foundling," which also is a very risky play translated from the French. As if it were necessary to add to its risky features, Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, one of the seceding Gaiety

girls, has been playing in it the part of the dancer, and her acting is as full of ogles and winks as is that of Mme. Réjane in "Ma Cousine," and she is nearly as frank in her exhibitions of underwear.

But as if to add to her bouquet of *fleurs du mal*, Mme. Réjane announces that "Ma Cousine" will be followed by Sardou's "Divorçons" and Daudet's "Sappho." The first is known to the American stage. The second is not. The first is known, did I say? It is very unfavorably known. When Sardou wrote "Divorçons," he was nettled by the Parisians' cold reception of "Daniel Rochat." He said at once: "They don't like my 'Daniel Rochat,' eh? I will give them what they like. I know them—*je connais bien mes Parisiens, moi!*" So he gave them "Divorçons." It is infused with the wit of Sardou, but it is also infused with the monkey-like morality of Paris. The almost simian sensuality of the piece is ineffably repulsive. This gem is to be followed by Daudet's "Sappho." Mme. Réjane was interviewed regarding this, and she told the interviewer that the story of the play is the same as that of the book. It could scarcely be worse. The book is bad enough. It will be remembered by those who have read "Sappho" that Daudet dedicates it "To my sons when they shall be twenty years of age." It is curious that a father, even a French father, should like to lay before his sons such a festering mass of vice. Sappho is unfit for any young man to read, much less a young woman. The strong story of the high-spirited youth, Jean Gaussin, who throws himself away and blasts his career for a faithless and frivolous strumpet, only to be thrown aside by her at the end when she has wearied of him, might possibly have a moral application. But the book abounds with sensual touches, which prove it to be innately bad. They linger in the recollection even of those who look upon them with loathing. Who that has read the book does not recall the meeting between Sappho's lover and the bearded sculptor Caoudal, to whom she had posed as a model? Who could forget his hideous badinage with Sappho, when he says that she, unlike her Grecian prototype, had sounded "Toute la lyre"? Who does not remember the shame and horror of Jean's pretty and youthful aunt, when she finds that her affectionate caresses have been misunderstood and misconstrued? This is the play which is now being presented on the New York stage with all the art of Gabrielle Réjane.

Let us turn to another "temple of the drama." At the Garden Theatre the two hundredth performance of "Little Christopher Columbus" was advertised. This is an ordinary burlesque, which is not particularly amusing, and not particularly vulgar. The other night, however, there was a "souvenir night," and the tip was given out that there was going to be something "special." The result was a crowded house, hundreds in the audience being women. The "special" feature of the performance turned out to be thirteen "living pictures" exhibited in the second act, in nine of which the women had absolutely nothing on but tights from their necks to their toes. No drapery was visible. The effect of these "pictures" was added to by suggestive comments and remarks from the actors on the stage who were supposed to be looking at the "pictures."

If anything were needed to add to this long story of immorality and shame, it would be the fact, as I said, that the Casino managers have been arrested for exhibiting nude women upon the stage. So have the unfortunate women whom they employed. There were three women concerned in the case—Bessy Stanton, Nina Farrington, and Bertie Bache. The latter seems to be the most decent, as she rebelled and left the employment of the Casino managers rather than appear in what was practically a naked condition. The other women have been appearing nude, the only concession to decency being that they were rubbed with oil and then sprinkled with bronze powder. When they were brought into court, the women showed that if they were naked they were not ashamed. Miss Farrington said, indignantly, "I would rather appear in bronze than in tights," and then offered to pose in court. Judge Sims replied grimly that she would not appear in that condition in his court, and that he did not think she would appear again in that condition upon the stage. He held her and her fellow-criminals to answer under an act of the Penal Code which makes it a misdemeanor for any person to commit an act which outrages public decency. The managers and the women were obliged to give bail in the sum of five hundred dollars each.

After reading this catalogue of the current attractions at the New York theatres, it is not to be wondered at that a great London daily recently remarked that "New York city is probably the most depraved and the most hypocritical capital in the world."

NEW YORK, March 19, 1895.

FLANEUR.

A German gentleman whose wife and three children went down with the *Elbe* has, it is said, just made the voyage from Hamburg to Southampton on board the *Enns*. When the vessel reached the spot where the sea tragedy occurred, the captain of the *Enns* permitted the speed of his vessel to abate while the mourning husband and father lowered into the sea a huge wreath of flowers weighted with lead.

A new attempt to redeem the Roman Campagna is being made by a number of Lombard farmers. They have obtained land between Rome and the Alban Hills, where they will use improved methods of irrigation and agriculture. The malaria in the Campagna, it is officially stated, has diminished greatly of late years with the increase of cultivation.

The size of the Sunday papers and the size of the modern apartment-house are indicated by the bundle one sometimes sees tied up with a rope lying upon the steps, as the bulk being left at one house as twenty years ago would have started out with to cover his whole route.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Last week, in commenting on the reproof of the Supreme Court of California to the Superior Court of San Francisco for its "unseemly haste" in convicting murderer Fredericks, we gave to Mr. Justice Garoutte, who wrote the opinion, some statistics concerning murders in San Francisco, by which it appeared that there had been 250 murders here in nine years. We may supplement these figures by saying that we find a paragraph credited to the *Chicago Tribune*—a careful and trustworthy paper—which gives the number of murders committed in the United States last year as 9,800. Of these nearly ten thousand murderers, but 322 were executed, and 190 of that number were lynched, leaving only 132 as the number executed by the courts. The same authority states that the number of murders in 1889 was 3,567; in 1893, 6,615; and in 1894, 9,800. These are appalling figures. It seems to us that it is a bad time to censure courts for convicting murderers with "unseemly haste." The courts will have to hurry to keep up with the murderers. In the meantime, we may remark that as we write William Herrick has been in his bloody grave for one year and thirteen days, and that murderer Fredericks, who sent him there, and who, the California Supreme Court says, was tried with "unseemly haste," is still unchanged.

The New York *Sun* makes the unpleasant charge that California clarets are adulterated. The dealers and the daily press in San Francisco both say that this statement is false, the dealers claiming that the grape-juice is cheaper than any alcoholic adulterants. Here is an easy way to settle the matter: let the daily papers who are interested in maintaining the soundness and the purity of our California wines secretly purchase samples from the leading dealers, without their knowledge. Then let these samples, marked only by numbers, be analyzed by the professors and their students in the laboratories of the University of California. Then publish the result. That would settle the matter.

There has been much talk of late by "American citizens" and others to whom the Hawaiian Government is hostile, of claiming the "protection" of the United States. The latest instance in point is that of W. H. Cornwell, who was minister of finance under Queen Liliuokalani, and has since been an ardent "royalist," being accepted by the Hawaiian Government of having aided to send firearms to Honolulu with which to kill their adherents. Mr. Cornwell sailed this week for Honolulu, intending to land with a brass band playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," personally waving the banner aforesaid, and demanding the protection of the United States Minister. We think that as soon as he lands, President Dole will put him in jail. Mr. Cornwell ceased to be a citizen of this country when he declared his allegiance to and received pay from Queen Liliuokalani. Even if he were a United States citizen still, he goes to Hawaii at his peril when he violates Hawaiian laws. Does Mr. Cornwell think that the jurisdiction of the United States and the *habeas corpus* and *fi. fa.* writs of its courts extend over all the countries of the earth? If he so thinks, he is mistaken. Both the United States and Great Britain have submitted with the utmost calmness to the imprisonment of those of their citizens and subjects in Hawaii who have violated Hawaiian laws. Does Mr. Cornwell know that an American citizen, ex-Consul John L. Waller, has just been sentenced in Madagascar to twenty years' imprisonment by a French military court for "conspiring with the Hovas against the French authorities"? And does he know that the United States has not protested against this, for the reason that if its Wallers and Cornwells conspire against friendly governments, the United States has nothing to say?

Before the election of last November the *Argonaut* pointed out the folly of voting for the constitutional amendment concerning real estate held by aliens. Unfortunately, the amendment was carried. California is now beginning to reap the reward of her folly. The London *Times* recently contained an article on the subject, warning Englishmen against investing in California. As a result, numbers of Englishmen who were about to invest have withdrawn from the negotiations. This amendment means a loss of millions to California. Why any sensible men voted in its favor it is difficult to understand. The best thing to do now is to prepare the public mind for repealing it at the next election.

During the past week three criminals have met violent deaths in California—two at the hands of the officers of the law, and one at the hands of the intended victim. The first was the train-robber Browning, *alias* McGuire, who, with a fellow-criminal, held up a train near Wheatland. Failing to find anything in the express-car, the two bandits started through the train, robbing passengers at the pistol's point. There happened to be on the train Sheriff Bogard, of Tehama County, who was asleep in his berth. He was roused by the porter, hurriedly grasped his pistol, and at once went into the car where the robbers were. He took deadly aim, and shot the leader through the heart. But the other robber shot down the sheriff from behind, and then succeeded, under cover of darkness, in making his escape. The taller robber lay on his back in the car, stone dead, but the brave sheriff was dead, too.

The second killing of a criminal took place at San José. William Dowdigan, a grocer, was "held up" by two foot-pads at a late hour on a dark street. He drew a knife and stabbed one of them. None the less, they relieved him of his valuables without, strange to say, offering him any further violence. The next day the body of one of them was found in a vacant lot, traced there by a trail of blood.

Dowdigan's knife had pierced his heart. His name is unknown.

The third criminal to lose his life is also unknown. He and another highwayman robbed the station-agent and the station at Arroyo Grande some days ago, and they were on their way north in a freight-train. Sheriff Ballou, of San Luis Obispo County, telegraphed Sheriff Matthews, of Salinas City, to stop them, and followed in the next train. When the freight-train reached Salinas, Sheriff Matthews and a deputy went directly to the box-car where the train crew said the "tramps" were. The sheriff unbolted and threw open the door. As he did so, one of the nest of knaves opened fire with a revolver. The sheriff at once returned the fire with a Winchester. The highwayman was shot through the body and died in a short time.

Altogether, the week has been a bad one for the criminal fraternity. It would be a week to rejoice over, were it not for the death of the brave sheriff of Tehama County. Why does not the railroad company and Wells, Fargo & Co. put armed guards of the mettle of Sheriffs Matthews and Bogard on their trains? Engineers, firemen, and express messengers are not paid for fighting, and they have no stomach for it. Were men like Bogard and Matthews put as guards on trains, the number of train robberies would speedily diminish.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Wreck of the "Pocahontas."
I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower—
Ten golden and five red.
Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge—almost
They seemed to answer me!
O warning lights! burn bright and clear,
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear—
Burn till the break of day!
Good-night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me back with hoding cry.
A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows boiled below,
And dimly peered the stars;
The sails that flecked the ocean floor
From east to west leaned low and fled;
They knew not what came in the distant roar
That filled the air with dread.
Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain—
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.
It smote the waves for a moment still,
Level and deadly white for fear;
The bare rock shuddered—an awful thrill
Shook even my tower of cheer.
Like all the demons loosed at last,
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, while strong and fast
Rolled in the rising tide.
And soon in ponderous showers, the spray,
Struck from the granite, reared and sprang
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
Where overwhelmed they clung
Half drowning to the naked rock;
But still burned on the faithful light,
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
Through all the fearful night.
Was it in vain? That knew not we.
We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
One point whereon was cast
The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
Far on into the day,
When morning dawned, above the din
Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We who sat within
Answered with cries each one.
Into each other's eyes with fear,
We looked through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
The signals pealed, until
One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.
Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though blue the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.
And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,
We told our tale, and the boatman cried:
"Twas the *Pocahontas*—all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tossed."
Then I looked the whole horizon round—
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
"Father in heaven," I said—
A child's grief struggling in my breast—
"Do purposeless thy children meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat?
O wherefore! Are we naught to Thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more than them, after all?"
And I shut the heavy door from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below;
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.
Then I heard the far-off rote resound
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtle sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.
And like a voice eternal spake
That wondrous rhythm, and, "Peace, be still!"
It murmured, "bow thy head and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,
And wait. At last all shall be clear."
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.
Sighing I climbed the light-house stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died, sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again.—*Calix Thaxter.*

A FATAL FRENCH DUEL.

The Combat between Captain Le Chatelier and Editor Percher—
The Editor Slain—Some Talk of Stricter
Laws against Dueling.

Amid the number of French duels which to foreigners seem almost continual, the occurrence of a fatal one comes at times like a minor chord in the orchestra. Foreigners forget that men who are continually fighting with deadly weapons are apt at times to kill each other, and that the French duel is not always a joke. Such was the case with one which took place yesterday. One of the principals was M. Hippolyte Percher, better known by his pen name of "Harry Alis," a journalist on the staff of the *Débats*, and his antagonist was M. Le Chatelier, late lieutenant-colonel of the Marine Infantry. The quarrel ostensibly began over an article by Percher respecting certain concessions in Africa, in which Le Chatelier's name was involved. This led to an exchange of letters which lasted for some time, and finally Percher lost his temper, and wrote in the following terms: "I trust that you will not forget that you are an ex-officer, and if you will have recourse to more direct means, you will find that I am not afraid."

On receipt of this letter, Le Chatelier at once sent his seconds to Percher. The seconds were Lieutenant-Colonel Baudot and Major de Castelli. Percher was represented by M. Paul Bluysen and M. André Allays. These gentlemen endeavored to arrange matters amicably; but finding it impossible, the duel was decided upon. The weapons chosen were swords; choice of place was tossed for, and Percher won. He chose an island in the Seine called the "Grande Jatte," a famous and bloody dueling-ground. The seconds, who were averse to a fatal termination, placed the men carefully, and gave them fifteen yards behind in which to break ground. The duel was short. The first to attack was Percher, who made a feint in carte and lunged. This was parried by Le Chatelier, who riposted with vigor, but ineffectually. Le Chatelier then made a feint in his turn, and Percher left his chest uncovered. In a flash his adversary lunged and drove his sword through the body of Percher. Bluysen had barely time to run and catch his friend as he fell. Percher said to him: "I am badly hurt." To this Bluysen replied: "Pshaw—it is nothing but a flesh wound." "No," said Percher, "it is a fatal thrust," and so saying, he expired. The seconds had the melancholy ordeal of informing his widow of her loss. She had been married but a year, and her grief and despair can be imagined. Le Chatelier's sword is bent from the violence of his lunge, and blood-stained to the hilt. He says, however, that he had no intention of killing his adversary, but merely intended to inflict a wound on the arm.

The funeral of Percher is to take place next Tuesday. The family had wished to have the religious services held in Paris, but the parish priest has refused, owing to the strict rules of the Roman Catholic Church on the subject of dueling. Now the family is working hard to get the Bishop of Versailles to grant the requisite permission, in which case the religious ceremony will take place at Etampes. It is but a few years since Percher wrote in the *Débats* an article on dueling, in which he ridiculed the harmless duels which are so common in France, and spoke with scorn of the "scratches" inflicted there. He has come to his death by a scratch, but it was a deep one. 'Tis not as deep as a well, but it will serve.

The seconds at this duel are about to be examined by the courts to-morrow. But probably nothing will be done to them, as in all duels the seconds draw up a formal paper which they call the *procès verbal*. In this the whole history of the affair is given: the quarrel, the terms, and the results of the duel, signed by all the seconds. In case of the arrest of any or all of the principals or seconds, or of a fatal termination, this document is at once laid before the officers of the law, who almost invariably let the participants go free, if it is what they call a "duel loyal," or fair contest.

The tragic result of this affair has caused any amount of talk. The Abbé Lemire, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, intends to bring before the house a proposition for a law proclaiming special and severe penalties for duels as outside the pale of law. He also suggests that the publicity given to duels shall be strictly prohibited. "Many duels," he remarks, "are purely for the purpose of self-advertisement." Lastly, the abbé proposes the constitution of courts of honor for members of different professions, to which delicate questions can be referred. This is all very well. Inasmuch, however, as members of the Chamber of Deputies continually go out and fight with other deputies, it is scarcely to be expected that people will pay much attention to laws against dueling when the law-makers themselves are in the habit of fighting duels.

It is hard to believe, but there are about seven hundred duels a year fought in, around, and coming from Paris—an average of more than two a day. Of these, the fire-eaters say that about one-third are about women. They are not all about the *bataillon légère*, either—many of them are about wives. But Frenchmen have a horror of scandal, hence most duels with a deeper cause of quarrel are arranged to be about a dispute at cards or some such trifle. It is hinted that the apparent quarrel over "African concessions" in the late duel was not the true one, and that it was a woman who led to the bloody death of Hippolyte Percher.

PARIS, March 3, 1895.

ST. MARTIN.

Electric heat has been applied with success to the thawing out of frozen water-pipes in England. A wire is run into the pipe until it meets the obstruction, and then the current is turned on.

The Russian crown was made by an old-time Genoese court jeweler named Pautie. It was first worn by Catherine the Great. It is worth six millions of dollars.

A STUDENT IN ITALY.

Extracts from "Letters of a Baritone," by Francis Walker—The Experience of a Young American Singer, in Florence.

Hundreds of Americans whose hope and ambition it is to go to Italy to study music will enjoy reading "Letters of a Baritone," by Francis Walker, which has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. It consists of a number of letters which an enthusiastic student of singing wrote to his sister in New York during a residence of something more than fifteen months in Florence. In that time he studied under several masters and saw much of the artistic side of Italian life, and in preparing his letters for publication, he has retained all the fresh charm of intimate correspondence, presumably having eliminated only such passages as are purely personal. As Mr. Walker gives many hints as to expenses and ways of living and other matters of importance to possible students, and intersperses in his musical chat many vivid pictures of a life full of charm, we have made a series of extracts from the book.

One of the first quotable hits is his description of his first visit to an Italian theatre in Genoa:

For one franc I had an excellent seat in the parquet of the Teatro Politeama, and settled myself comfortably there to hear "L'Africaine."

How different from our opera-houses was the theatre! At first it seemed bare and poor, but soon I began to realize how we, with our ever-increasing passion for luxury and show, offer up art as a sacrifice upon the altar of that unworthy appetite. We must have all the floors of our theatres richly carpeted, and then covered again by rows of upholstered chairs, so that the whole area is one great cushion ready to absorb and smother sound. Heavy draperies must be hung in every possible place—before the stage, in the boxes, and at every doorway—and so far from being satisfied with that, we must, forsooth! carry rich festoons of velvet or satin over the fronts of galleries and boxes. And the inevitable consequence is that not for one instant in a long evening's work is any singer heard with that ultimate, far-reaching brilliancy of *timbre* which convinces the ear and captivates the soul. The fine quality of individuality which, for lack of a better term, we call "magnetism" is quite lost.

The fact is that we keep our singers working under hopeless conditions, struggling against an arbitrary material environment which stifles at its birth much artistic effort. Padding and cushions everywhere, instead of clear space and firm surfaces to develop and reflect sound and inspire the singer. The voice, to be at its best, needs space in which to travel forth and exult in freedom, else the soul of the singer can not expand, feed upon itself, and create an empyrean in which it can fuse into one the voice and itself. I am told that all Italian theatres have to Americans the meagre look of which I spoke, and that fact affords me some new lights.

We often speak of the futility of possessing voice without soul to guide it and to be its needed complement, in order to secure lofty expression in song; and this first experience in Italian theatres has suggested to me another and even subtler dualism of force. I have, for the first time in my operatic experience, either as artist or listener only, felt an audience taking its proper share in the rendering of an opera. These people who listened to Meyerbeer's somewhat insincere music, heard it given by a tolerable orchestra, a very inefficient chorus, and artists of but mediocre ability. They chatted with most amiable unconcern all through the first scene. That over, I could distinctly feel myself swept on toward an approaching hush of expectation—a something coming! Over and over again in the course of the opera, the tide of careless, murmuring talk arose—over when any solo work was being done, but during the familiar *ensemble* portions which did not enchain the general interest. Then it was followed by the premonitory hush, and each time that silence led the way to some brilliant point of the opera which everybody seemed on the alert to expect and enjoy.

When it arrived, those directly employed in its execution, whether orchestra, chorus, or soloists, or all together, had the straightforward sympathy and the tangible, though subtle, help of the entire audience. I could not but give it favorable contrast with our calm, collected, coldly critical public and their leaning-back, lapped-in-luxury, "please-amuse-me" sort of manner. And the difference in the auditoriums seems to me largely responsible for the difference in the musical results. With the house such as gives the voice, or instrument, free play, the artist has "great moments"—is upheld—grips the listener, who answers quickly to the touch, exactly as an "echo-organ" is played at a distance from the main one by the player who knows how cunningly the electric connection has made it possible for him to compel it to call back its clear, sweet, answering, helping accents.

Mr. Walker soon proceeded to Florence and set about arranging his lares and penates:

Needing, first of all things, some information about rooms, prices, etc., I called at once upon the American consul, who was most friendly and obliging. Declaring that he knew the very man who could best help me to what was required, and who himself was a student of singing, he wrote me a line of introduction—which I immediately started to deliver—to Mr. George T—. He was at home in his pretty apartment in the Piazza Carraia, and he was just singing the last phrase of the "Salve, dimora," when the pretty, dark-eyed *cameriera* opened the door for me. He received me cordially, and, after dismissing his accompanist, went forth with me to look for rooms. His fluent Italian cleared away all difficulties, and we sooth food and engaged a large sitting-room and bedroom adjoining. Great, gaunt, cavernous rooms they are, but well furnished in rather ugly modern Italian fashion, with the regulation tables, sofas, and chairs set in stiff order upon the floors of shining Venetian mosaic. The ceilings are high and deeply vaulted, and as little of the winter sunshine enters my south windows because of the lofty buildings opposite, it is not always easy to keep comfortably warm.

My rent is fifty francs a month, and my *padrone*, a professional cook, furnishes my modest meals at a charge which I have already discovered to be quite high, although it would seem almost absurdly cheap in an American city. I have also found that the mistakes of foreigners here lie chiefly in paying foreigners' prices, and in not taking into account that, while the main items of living expenses are comparatively small, every little extra supply and service must be paid for, so that it is difficult to keep the total down to a reasonable figure. By foreigners' prices I mean that all things to be bought or hired are bargained for, and as soon as a *forestiere* is recognized, most dealers ask him a price about double that which an Italian would give. But it is always done good-naturedly, and if one takes a little trouble to learn the just value of things, the amiable haggling over prices is taken as a matter of course by both dealer and buyer.

Mr. Walker thus describes his first interview with an Italian *maestro*:

As soon as I was comfortably settled and had a small, but tolerable, *biacio* hired for fifteen francs a month, I made inquiries about the celebrated *maestro di canto*, Signor O—. With the intention of beginning lessons as soon as he would receive me. Provided with the letters of introduction given to me by several of his American pupils, I went to his house and found him at home, but had to wait some time for him to finish a lesson then in progress.

When he entered the room to greet me, which he did with much cordiality, I found him to be a bland, courteous, elderly man, of medium height, rather stoutly built, and having a florid, good-natured face. He talked a little of his old pupils who had given him the letters, and seemed much interested in hearing of their success as singers and teachers, and then he readily promised to give me lessons, not even finding it necessary to hear my voice before con-

senting to teach me. I had always supposed it difficult to get lessons from him. This did not seem like it, but perhaps my introductions cleared away some ordinary obstacles, and made him so willing to receive me as a student. The price is ten francs an hour for professional pupils, and that is the largest fee paid by such students in all Italy. One detail of the arrangement surprised me much; he preferred coming to my rooms for the lessons, saying it gave him needed exercise to attend most of his students at their homes.

On the following Tuesday he drove up to my door in his little carriage, and, after a fatherly sort of greeting, he ran his handsome, facile hands over the keys of the piano, selected "In questa tomba" from my music, and desired me to sing it.

Further revelations on the cost of living are given as follows:

Perhaps no foreigner can hope to manage here quite as cheaply as an Italian can, but certainly the other American students spend twice the amount it costs me to live in comfort. Most of them pay from fifty to one hundred francs per month for rooms—foreigners' prices! I pay twenty francs. The good Maddalena takes care of my room and is glad to do me any extra service for a slight fee. My breakfasts, which must be simple and slight in order to utilize the morning hours for study, cost me about fifteen francs per month, and I have two good, plain meals per diem at an excellent restaurant. For those I pay by the week—fifteen francs, with a franc every week to the *cameriere* who serves me. For luncheon they give me soup or macaroni, then meat with vegetables, and then a choice of cheese, pastry, pudding, or fruit—all with abundance of excellent bread and good red wine. Everything is well cooked and neatly served, and within those stated limits there is always an appetizing variety of dishes.

I speak of the wine as "good," and it is good—for wine I but it is ever a mystery to me how anything so acid and crude to the taste can be manufactured from such delicious things as grapes. They must take a deal of trouble to eliminate everything pleasing to the palate. Still, everybody drinks it freely and there is almost no drunkenness, so I swallow my Chianti, Barbera, or Pomino, with a clear conscience if a wry face, and wonder whether our Prohibitionists might not better promote the production of cheap wines in America rather than make political crusades against bad whiskey.

Well, now you have the principal items of my living expenses. To Signor Cortesi I pay one hundred and fifty francs per month for my daily lessons of one hour each. That amount would afford me in New York five lessons of equal duration, so saying nothing of the difference in the cost of living, you see one reason why students should come here.

My *maestro*—great and constant as is his interest in all his students—is certainly especially kind to me. Thrice in one day sometimes am I summoned upstairs to go carefully over my vocal exercises or to hear some lesson which he thinks may be of help to me, and often I am placed at the piano to accompany some pupil while he himself walks about smoking and giving an occasional direction. If he is called away for a few minutes, I, knowing his routine now, continue from one exercise to the next, repeating when needful, and practically giving the lesson—frequently to some famous artist. It is capital practice for me, and as such the *maestro* intends it.

And if it seems like slackness or shirking upon his part, let me say that lessons of one hour each are the custom here, partly because it takes an Italian teacher an hour to give a half-hour lesson. They have none of our terrible impetuosity in work—none of our high-pressure speed in any of their vocations. I have sung in the little studio upstairs almost incessantly for an hour and a half, and at other times have taken it very easily, stopping several times in the course of an hour to rest or to talk. In the busier season, doubtless, I shall have only the time to which our arrangement entitles me, but just now it is free-and-easy, and I am the gainer by it. Whoever engages an hour of Signor Cortesi's time may be sure that his voice will in that time be worked as fully as is good for it.

A passage that has particular interest for those whom Mme. Duse's powers captivated during her recent American tour is this:

There has been an excellent company at one of the summer theatres, the Arena Nazionale, and I went several times. The roof of the auditorium is raised from the walls, so as to leave a ring of open space all around, which admits air and lets out smoke and the heat of the gas, so that the theatre is a popular hot-weather resort. The company is excellent throughout, and its members are evidently accustomed to playing together. The very best of the actresses is a rising celebrity in Italy, and rapidly becoming the formidable rival of Virginia Marini, who is often called the Bernhardt of Italy. This other one is Signora Duse. She is a wonderful exhibition of what can be done by one to whom nature has denied great beauty of face or figure. Her voice is small, but managed with consummate art. It is not as bewitching as the Bernhardt's, which is also lacking in power; but, unlike the great French actress, Signora Duse always makes it last through the most exacting role.

Her versatility is only that of the whole company epitomized. She plays a large repertoire and seems at home in everything. To see La Duse one night in the throes of such a part as Fedora or Odette, and the next fairly consecrating with gayety in Goldoni's comedy, "La Locandiera," is to see two marvelous women in one frail body. Her Italian is delicious music, so firmly and fully and so naturally does it sound forth, with the most fascinating *pizzicato* effect, or with smooth grandeur, as she wills and the part demands. You may care to know that a good seat in the Arena Nazionale costs me one franc thirty centimes, so considered only as lessons in the language, the evenings are not expensive, particularly when there is to be heard such an exponent of *la lingua Toscana* as Signora Duse.

Mr. Walker has this little note on Italy's rulers, Umberto and Margherita:

These two are absolutely great because absolutely unselfish. They work themselves old and give themselves poor, and are a splendid reproach to most others. In all her troubles Italy never forgets to account herself fortunate in having this noble pair as a pattern of pure life and lofty patriotism for all her sons and daughters. The king, at a whispered word, leaves his table to don the strange robe of the Misericordia and engage in some work of mercy among the poorest. Is there a scene of calamity he can reach? He is there with his money and his example—his very hands to work with if helping hands be scarce. Queen Margherita is, of all women, foremost in works of organized charity. Her visits to hospitals, and schools, and asylums are not casual and ornamental. With her own hands and eyes she examines the tasks and the products of educational and industrial schools, and into the kitchens of her hospitals she goes to see that the poor and the sick have proper food properly prepared. No show monarchs these. They are workers for country and humanity. Italy renegade and in the rough they took from mighty King Victor Emanuel, and theirs is the scarcely less heroic task to hold up by lives of devotion to duty the lamp of pure patriotism. Their example shames those who make politics a trade—if such are capable of feeling shame. For their people they live, and in the hearts of that people their names and memory will be deathless.

Of the royal schools of music in Italy, Mr. Walker writes:

In a former letter I spoke of the schools of music supported by the Italian Government, and have lately been learning more about them and about many others maintained by funds from various sources. Besides the one in Florence, there are state schools in Milan, Parma, Naples, Rome, and Palermo, although I believe the Roman school has assistance from the city and province, in addition to that given it by the general government. Pesaro has the excellent institution supported by funds which Rossini left for that purpose to the city of his birth. In Venice a school is maintained by a society organized with that object. Reggio (Emilia), Perugia, Lucca, Turin, and Genoa have music-schools supported by the municipalities—that of the first-named city also having aid from private sources. Novara and Bergamo have academies, the burden of whose maintenance is divided between the cities and the churches. But the most important school in all Italy for the attainment of broad musical scholarship is that of Bologna, which was founded by Napoleon the First. It makes that historic and interesting town the Leipzig of Italy.

A phase of Italian character that all foreigners have remarked is thus touched upon by our author:

To the Italian poor the theatre is so much! Many have so little that can be described by our dear English word "home"—only some place within walls where they cook, eat, and sleep. The few spare sous may well go for seats up in the fourth or fifth tier of the theatre, where for some hours they have light, warmth, companionship, and music. It is a softening and refining education to them. It is the very core of many poor lives, but they can not bid high for its possession.

How well they know all the operas of the ordinary repertoire: "Il Trovatore," "La Sonnambula," "Lucrezia Borgia," "I Puritani," "La Traviata," and many more. I have heard it claimed that it would be quite possible to go into a full theatre where the first-named of these was being performed, and make up from the audience half a dozen companies, any one of which—soloists, chorists, and all—could go upon the stage then and there and perform the opera perhaps quite as well as the troupe before them. Going out of the house between the acts, one is likely to hear the score or two of coachmen outside singing the choruses of the work being given. On the way home, the other evening, after a performance of "Rigoletto," I heard "La donna è mobile" all the way—not whistled, or hummed wordless, nor even warbled in half-voice, but sung out with heartiness and zest. The bright, crisp strain would be taken up here and there by whoever had just been hearing its brilliant mockery in the theatre over poor Gilda's corpse, until its fascinating rhythm seemed a part of the winter night's splendor. Now it would be a mellow young baritone voice singing tenderly, and, at the next wide, moonlit piazza, a rich, free, well-posed tenor voice, the possessor of which had probably never had a lesson in his life beyond the teaching gained by sitting up there at the top of the house, and hearing all the best artists known to the Italian stage. One scarcely ever hears had voices or bad singing.

The music is not the loftiest in the world, but at least it and the *canti popolari* are not trashy. Those songs of the people—many of which have never been in type—are most fascinating, and always go with such style and swing. And how the young lads can sing them! I have stopped in the street of an evening, and waited for them to go by, some of them playing guitars and mandolins—a little company of five or six young fellows going homeward from their work. Many such times have I been astonished to see headless, boyish faces after hearing voices so full, so mature in tone, and so perfectly placed. The lovely Tuscan songs would sound out so resonant, so passionately colored, and phrased with actual elegance.

Italian audiences have a *naïveté* which is charming. They can "make believe" like veritable children. Not long ago I went to a representation of "Aida"—one of those characteristic ones wherein the success is made by the spontaneous aid which the audience gives to the performers. There seemed to be an electric communication between the two, with frequent coruscations taking place. When the curtain rose upon the last scene, one could feel the audience bracing itself to bear the delicious anguish of the duet. It began presently, Amneris, kneeling upon the stone that has sealed Rhadames in the crypt in which her own machinations have condemned him to be immured alive, was calling out her pathetic "Ohimè! Ohimè!" while the solemn Egyptian priests chanted their "Immenso Ftha!" and Aida was just beginning the wonderful swan-song, in which the souls of the two devoted lovers seem ascending to eternal bliss. Just then some man, a stage-carpeteer, perhaps, not wishing to lose a note of that superb *finale*, opened a door at the back of the dungeon, and in the full glare of the light thus let in stood there, cigar in mouth, hands in pockets, listening calmly, and, gazing past the ecstatic, dying *amanti* at the audience, seemed to have no remotest idea of being considered an anachronism or intruder.

The great *pubblico* in front were not to be disturbed by such a trifle in their enjoyment of the music, and I, curiously enough, found myself in such sympathy with them that all objections to the comfortable stage-carpeteer seemed trivial and hypercritical.

In one of his later epistles, when he had come to know more than his early superficial observations taught of American students in the Italian city, he wrote:

I have talked with some of the Florentine teachers about their foreign students of singing, and it is with much pride that I hear them all say they are ever on the watch for American students, who are almost sure to have bright, fresh, vigorous voices. There must be something about our stimulating climate which tends to produce such voices. Of English students not much the same vocal characteristics prevail with the male students, and they are generally better musicians than the American young men, because they are almost sure to have had early training as choir-boys.

Few Englishwomen come abroad to study. There is, perhaps, still too much caste feeling prevailing in England to encourage young women of the best blood and education to enter upon professional work as singers, and when that is overcome it is not considered safe and right for an English girl to live in the isolation and independence which is permitted to her more "emancipated" American sister. There are things to be said on both sides of the question, and to me the so-called "independence" of our girls over here is often painful to see. But the fact remains that there are more American women than English who become famous singers, and it is evidently because an artistic career is considered desirable and honorable in our country, and therefore attracts our best-born and best-educated girls. When an Englishwoman of such origin and advantages does become an earnest professional singer, she is greater and goes farther because she has less of the feverish haste which is the curse of Americans.

There is another evil besides hurry. It is dissipation, and it is noticeable among our girls as well as the young men, but in a different form. Do not be shocked: I am using the word broadly. A young woman who comes here to study singing should not be seen every afternoon about the galleries, churches, and museums, and before shop-windows, Baedeker in hand. It is her form of dissipation to fly about, see everything, go everywhere, get "culture"—and then go to her lesson with tagged nioid and body. I have known of bright, gifted girls here who really never gave their teachers any chance to work upon their voices. I am the last one to deprecate the value of a many-sided education for an artist. No one more than a singer needs to store his mind with knowledge and fill his soul with beauty; but when the time comes to make the most of the voice, as a voice alone, the student should live for that, and concentrate upon its development all his attention, and conserve for it all his strength.

As for those of the other sex—well, they are too often boys with little general musical preparation and limited ideas of what equipment is needed for an artist. They get over here and feel at once the charm of the easy, Bohemian life, and finding themselves emancipated from the restraints of home, with no responsibilities to family or society, are led into a manner of loose living which is, to say the least, time-wasting. They find it impossible to struggle with any degree of thoroughness, and in many cases it is because they have little accurate knowledge of the grammatical construction of their own tongue, so as to be able to learn by making comparisons. They merely "pick up" the Italian, which generally means the acquiring of enough to talk of the weather or the theatre, and a few such every-day subjects—all with a viciously bad accent. The voices are generally good enough, but I am daily astonished at the lack of devotion to study, the amount of time and strength wasted by our students. The teachers nearly all complain of the evils—at least all those do who are themselves in earnest and anxious that their pupils should make progress.

We have here quoted from Mr. Walker's book only a few passages that are of general interest. In addition to much more on the same lines, the book contains many pages of technical talk on music, and especially on singing, that will be found full of interest and valuable suggestion for singers, critics, and all to whom music is more than a purely sensual pleasure.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The first and second volumes of the English translation of "The Memoirs of Barras" will be published here in May. Two more volumes will complete the work, which will be illustrated with portraits and fac-similes. Barras was a gossip as well as a politician, and was sharp and bitter in both characters, and these memoirs reflect the man with much fidelity.

New novels soon to be added to the Appleton list are "Into the Highways and Hedges," by F. F. Montresor, and "Eve's Ransom," by George Gissing, the author of "Denzil Quarrier."

W. J. Courthope's "History of English Poetry," which the Macmillans will publish, is to be a prodigious work in four or five volumes. The first volume, which is nearly ready, contains chapters on the character and sources of mediæval, Anglo-Saxon, and Anglo-Norman poetry. The author's aim is to interpret the development of English poetry by showing the relations of thought existing between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Chatting about the remuneration of popular authors in these days, an English writer recently related these experiences of Mr. Stevenson:

"The book with which, even at this day, his name is most familiarly linked, though it is scarcely the one to which his span of immortality will be owing—I mean 'Treasure Island'—appeared first as a serial in a small weekly journal for young readers. Mr. Stevenson accepted, and was glad to accept, the standard rate of that journal, a guinea for the first fifteen hundred words of the story and half a guinea for subsequent installments of the same quantity. The story, in the editor's opinion, was not particularly successful; but he was disposed to give the author another chance. 'Treasure Island' accordingly was succeeded in the same journal by 'Kidnapped,' an admirable piece of work. This, however, was thought even less marketable than 'Treasure Island,' and was presently transferred from the first page of the journal to the last, and deprived of illustration. Yet a third story ('The Black Arrow,' I think) did the modest and conscientious author contribute to the same journal, and at the same rate of pay which he had received for 'the modern classic of adventure.' Indeed, during the years in which he was writing the books which are now the admiration of his critics and the envy of his followers in the novel of adventure, Mr. Stevenson's income was scarcely that of the occupant of a third-rate provincial parsonage. I remember a letter of his to the editor of a Christmas annual, for which he had written on commission one of the very finest of his short stories: 'For God's sake send me the check; haven't a shilling in the house.'"

Jules Marcou, who writes the book entitled "Louis Agassiz: His Life, Letters, and Works," which Macmillan & Co. announce, is the last surviving European Nationalist who came to this country with Agassiz, and was closely associated with him as pupil, assistant, and friend.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish shortly a remarkable romance of royalty entitled "Majesty," by Louis Couperus. A foreign critic remarks that there have been few literary efforts in the field of royal portraiture so striking as the work of Couperus. The remarkable if superficial resemblance between the leading characters of the book and those of at least one reigning imperial house will attract attention.

The novel by Edward W. Townsend which we announced as in preparation several weeks ago, deals with certain phases of New York life, and will have the title, "A Daughter of the Tenements."

Judging by the length and tenor of the reviews of "Degeneration," by Max Nordau, which the Appletons have just published, it would seem to be the coming popular book of the day. An exchange gives this gossip about it and its author:

"Herr Max Nordau has borrowed from Professor Lombroso—whom he calls his 'dear and honored master'—the theory of degeneracy by which the Italian explains criminality. This Nordau applies to the 'degenerates' in literature, music, and painting—among whom he thinks are Ruskin, Swinburne, and William Morris—and with these and other distinguished personages he proceeds to deal in many harsh words and cutting phrases. Mr. Swinburne, for example, he calls 'a delirious Diabolio,' while Ruskin is 'a Torquemada of æsthetics.' Herr Nordau's previous book, published ten years ago, was called 'Conventional Lies of Society.' In this the causes of modern unrest were referred to the discord between the actual motives which rule the conduct of civilized men and the inherited creed to which they give lip-service."

A new edition of the novels of Daniel Defoe will be published by J. M. Dent & Co., in England, and by Macmillan & Co., in America. It will be completed in sixteen volumes, and there will be a limited large-paper edition. The series will contain all the works that seem rightly attributed to Defoe; among others, the valuable and very scarce "Due Preparation for the Plague," the "King of the Pirates," the pamphlets on the pirate Gow, and the Cartoucheans in France.

Here is Andrew Lang's story of Stevenson slapping a Frenchman's face:

"Stevenson was in a Paris café, when he heard a native stigmatizing the English as cowards. He slapped the face of the traducer, who said: 'Monsieur, you have struck me.' To which Stevenson blandly retorted: 'So it seems.' Yet there was no bloodshed!"

The eleventh edition of "Kidd's Social Evolution," published by Macmillan & Co., in paper covers at twenty-five cents, will be a novelty in that it is a really cheap edition for the general public. This edition contains the author's latest revisions

and an entirely new preface not to be found in any pirated edition.

Frank Vincent's forthcoming book of travel, "Actual Africa; or, the Coming Continent," gives a comprehensive survey of the entire country. In addition to his inland travels, Mr. Vincent has circumnavigated the continent. In the Congo country he entered new ground. The publishers, the Messrs. Appleton, have profusely illustrated the book and provided it with a large map, corrected to date.

At George Cable's home, in Northampton, Mass., there was lately a double celebration—that of his own silver wedding and the marriage of his eldest daughter, whose advent inspired her father's only published verses:

"There came to port, the other day,
The queerest little craft,
Without a stitch of rigging on,
I looked and looked and laughed.

"It seemed so strange that she should come
Across that stormy water,
And anchor there, tight in my room,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

The new translation of Balzac, which George Saintsbury is to supervise and edit, will be published by the Messrs. Dent, of London, and Macmillan & Co., of New York.

Charles A. Dana has edited, revised, and added to his lectures on the making of a newspaper, which will be published in book-form by the Messrs. Appleton. Few lectures have attracted more attention than these by the editor of the *Sun*, and the book is sure to have a wide reading.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe has joined the ranks of Californian writers. A New York publisher is bringing out her novel, "Go Forth and Find."

Appropos of Sir Walter Scott's repeated denial that he was the author of the *Waverley* Novels—his views of the right to anonymity are still held by the author of "Alice in Wonderland" and the creator of Mark Rutherford—"C. K. S." has discovered in a comparatively unknown book, entitled "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North," by B. S. Naylor, published at Amsterdam in 1833, the following letter:

"To Mr. DEFAUCONPRET, LONDON—Sir: I am favored with your letter, which proceeds on the *generous* supposition that I am the author of 'Waverley' and the other novels and tales which you have translated into French. But as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatever either to become a party to any arrangement in which that author or his works may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you design for him.

"I am, sir, your very obedient servant,
"EDINBURGH, 15 April, 1826. WALTER SCOTT."

"The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," a powerful and gloomy novel by John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), is announced by the Appletons. The same firm is bringing out S. R. Crockett's new book, "Bog-Myrtle and Peat."

An irate correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* wants to know why William Watson, who is an able-bodied man in the prime of life, should, on the plea of having written two or three small books of imitative verse, be provided with one hundred pounds a year of the public money for the term of his natural life. The correspondent intimates further that Mr. Watson is "a pauper on Parnassus" and a "cockered-up nursing of a clique."

A new edition is in the Macmillan press of the well-known translation of "Don Quixote" by H. E. Watts. It will fill four volumes, and a fifth and supplementary volume will contain a new biography of Cervantes.

The "last will and testament" of M. Renan overflows with the characteristic, delicate humor of its author. M. Renan wrote it at the age of sixty. Nature, he said, had not changed since the remotest antiquity; from which circumstance he concluded that he would be very likely to die some day, and it had occurred to him that he might as well be ready with his will. The most interesting portions of it are those in which he bequeaths, not his goods and chattels, but his qualities, to his various friends. For a specimen or two:

"My amiable, easy-going ways are bequeathed to Regnier, the innocent, who is at present in New Caledonia, after having been unjustly condemned to the galleys by the just laws of the country."

"My excellent character I leave to M. Laur, deputy for Neuilly, who seems to me to stand in need of it."

"My constant good temper I leave to the miners of France, to be divided among them. Possessing this legacy, they will soon solve the social question which they seem to have very much at heart."

"As for my gayety, I leave it entirely for the foundation of a hospital, which is to bear the name of 'Hôpital de la Gaïeté,' with a sub-title, 'Founded by M. Ernest Renan.' All morose and disagreeable people to be treated gratuitously. It is to be divided into various wards—pessimists' ward, philosophers' ward, etc. The inmates, after death, to be dissected, in order that science may some day arrive at a certain conclusion why some men are glad and some men are sad."

Mr. Howells's new volume of poems, "Stops of Various Quills," is nearly ready for publication. His latest prose work, a magazine paper relating some curious psychological experiences, is to be entitled "True, I Speak of Dreams."

M. Paul Meurice becomes by the death of the late M. Vacquerie the literary executor of Victor Hugo. He will bring out the posthumous works

still unpublished of the great poet. There are still four or five volumes of Hugo's writings to be published. One volume a year will be brought out.

Frederic Remington, the artist, has made use of his experiences on the Western plains in the preparation of a volume of adventures, which he calls "Pony Tracks." A quantity of his own illustrations accompany the text.

Mr. Thomas Hardy says, in his preface to the new edition of "Tess," that the descriptions of landscapes, of prehistoric antiquities, and of old English architecture to be found in his books have all been "done from the real." He has drawn a map of Wessex for this volume—which volume is the first of a uniform edition of his works. The new novel will be included in it. He has written a preface for each story.

A New Woman Writer.

Many of the people who have read the books appearing from the pen of "John Oliver Hobbes" have been in ignorance of the fact that the writer is a woman. She is not only a woman, but a very young woman, and a married woman at that. Her real name is Mrs. Craigie. Although she was born in England, she is the daughter of an American, Mr. John Morgan Richards. Four generations of his family have lived in America. The great-grandfather of Mrs. Craigie founded the first theological seminary in New York, and the Richards family are cousins of that brilliant Field family to which belong Judge Stephen J. Field, David Dudley Field, and Cyrus Field.

A number of years ago the Richards went to England, and have ever since lived in London, where Mrs. Craigie was born. They occupy a spacious house near Hyde Park, in that district called Lancaster Gate. The Richards are very hospitable, and entertain largely. They are on the best of terms with some of the leading people of London. The Duchess of Teck and the Princess Christian are often to be seen at their house, and at their social reunions London celebrities—journalistic, artistic, and theological—are always found.

Mrs. Craigie is young, slight, and very pretty. She lives with her parents, and acts as one of the hostesses at the social gatherings of which we speak. She is a remarkable woman, for she has studied theology and philosophy most profoundly, and worked for two years at the classics with Professor Alfred Goodwin at the University College, London. For years she has had private tutors on every subject which she has chosen to take up. She works assiduously at her writing, taking the morning hours, during which time the family sees that she is not interrupted, and although she works steadily and regularly, she is so critical about her own work that she destroys much, and the amount produced is small.

The book which first attracted attention on this side of the water was "Some Emotions and a Moral," written in January, 1891. Since then she has published "The Sinner's Comedy" and "A Study in Temptations." Of the latter, the *Argonaut* published a review about a year ago. At present she is publishing a serial in the *Pall Mall Budget*, entitled "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham." This is the longest and most pretentious of her books. It is a powerful work, and in our opinion will create more of an impression than anything which she has yet produced. As soon as the book is out, we hope to give an adequate review of it in the *Argonaut*.

Last autumn she produced a little play, called "Journey's End and Lovers' Meeting." The cast was a striking one, consisting of Ellen Terry, Forbes Robertson, and William Terriss—the latter will be remembered as having played in San Francisco with Henry Irving. The play was produced one afternoon, last year, at Daly's Theatre, and the audience was an invited one. It was, in point of London celebrities, one of the most remarkable audiences ever assembled in the great city. It was the unanimous opinion of the audience that Mrs. Craigie had shown great talent as a playwright, and it is possible that she may lay aside her task of novel-writing and devote herself to writing for the stage.

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Kitty's Engagement.

By FLORENCE WARDEN, author of "The House on the Marsh," "At the World's Mercy," "My Child and I," etc. No. 162, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents cloth, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Completion of the "Standard Dictionary."

The publication of the second volume of the Funk & Wagnalls "Standard Dictionary of the English Language" completes the task its editors undertook five years ago, and the result is a work that well deserves its name of "standard." It contains in the two volumes 2,338 pages, 5,000 illustrations made expressly for this work, and 301,865 vocabulary terms, which is about two and one-half times the number of terms in any single-volume dictionary and about 75,000 more than in any other dictionary of the language. Isaac K. Funk, D. D., was the editor-in-chief, and associated with him were Francis A. March, LL.D., L. H. D., Daniel S. Gregory, D. D., John Denison Champlin, M. A., Arthur E. Bostwick, Ph. D., and Rossiter Johnson, Ph. D., LL.D., who directed a corps of 247 editors and specialists, selected from the front rank of English and American scholars, while some 500 readers furnished quotations for the work. The dictionary has been produced at a cost of nearly one million dollars and after five years' labor.

The vocabulary of the "Standard Dictionary" is extraordinarily rich. Where, under the letter *a*, Johnson's dictionary contained, in round numbers, 3,000 words, "Webster's International" 8,500, and "The Century" 15,500, the "Standard" has nearly 20,000. The full number of terms in Johnson is 45,000; in Stormonth, 50,000; in Worcester, 105,000; in "Webster's International," 125,000; in "The Century," 225,000; and in the "Standard," 301,865, exclusive of the appendix, which contains 47,468 entries. Thousands of new words are admitted here for the first time—among them *apendicitis*, *cable-car*, *cliticism*, *craps* (game of chance), *criminology*, *clivatesen*, *Delsartian*, *electrication* or *ocution*, *errancy*, *kodak*, *linotype*, *mafia*, *pantata*, and *populist*, to quote only a few of the more common.

Other notable characteristics of this work are the fact that the most common of two or more meanings of a word is given first, the tendency toward simplicity in spelling has been recognized with careful discrimination, needless new terms have been excluded, the source of a quotation is plainly indicated, specialists have passed upon the definitions of each set of words, only proper names or proper terms derived from them have been printed with initial capital letters in the vocabulary, synonyms and antonyms are given very fully, as are also examples of the uses of prepositions, the compounding and division of words in printing has been carefully considered, and the pictorial illustrations have been especially prepared for the work, being admirably done and so up-to-date as to include a picture of a whale-back steamer.

The appendix is quite a reference library in itself. It begins with a "language key," a table showing the pronunciation of the leading living and dead languages, and after this come "The Principles and Explanations of the Scientific Alphabet," and "A Partial List of Illustrations, Groups, and Tableaux." The pronouncing list of "Proper Names of All Kinds" includes notable names in bibliography, bibliography, biography (excluding living persons), fiction, geography, history, and mythology, together with much information of various kinds. Then follow a glossary of foreign words, phrases, etc., used in English literature; a brief statement of the principles deciding correctness of usages in cases of faulty diction (in which *different* from is preferred to *different to*, which is so common in England); tables of disputed spellings and disputed pronunciations, in which the choice of some fifty authorities, in addition to the preference of various dictionaries, is shown; a table of abbreviations and contractions; the arbitrary signs and symbols used in the sciences, in commerce, and in typography; and, finally, the poetic or symbolical significance of flowers and gems.

The "Standard Dictionary" is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, of New York, and is sold only by subscription; prices: (single-volume edition), \$12.00, \$14.00, and \$18.00, and (two-volume edition), \$15.00, \$17.00, and \$22.00 for half Russia, full Russia, and full Morocco, respectively, the two latter bindings being provided with Denison's patent reference index.

New Publications.

"Memories of Italian Shores," by Mena C. Frisling, a rather personal record of the Italian travels of a Chicago woman, accompanied by her husband and their fifteen-year-old son, has been published for the author at the Dial Press, Chicago.

"El Desdén con el Désden," a comedy in three acts by Don Agustín Moreto y Cabaña, edited with an introduction and notes, by Alexander W. Herdler; and "French Verbs, Regular and Irregular," by Charles P. DuCrocquet, have been published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price 35 cents each.

"The Story of Christine Rochefort," by Helen Choate Prince, will be read both because its author is a granddaughter of Rufus Choate and for the interest of its subject. It deals with labor troubles in Blois, in the south of France, and has for its leading personages: a manufacturer whose wealth makes him an object of envy to his employees; Christine, his wife, a fine, true-hearted woman; an

anarchist whose wild theories do not prevent his having many attractive traits; and the parish priest, who represents, ably and pleasantly, the conservative element of society. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The New Woman," by Mrs. Eliza Linn Lyntoo, is a new novel by an independent thinker and a forcible and entertaining writer. It was published in England under the title "In Haste and at Leisure," which is, perhaps, more appropriate, for, not only does the heroine marry in haste and repent at leisure, but she is prone to follow her impulses on all occasions, and the result is not always what she expects or desires. This "new woman" made an imprudent marriage at sixteen, and, separating from her husband, becomes a great club-woman of the new type; she is also attractive to men, and her independent views carry her to the verge of criminality. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A book that all Americans should read who are interested in their country's welfare is "Un-American Immigration," by Rena Michaels Atchison, Ph. D. The work is based on a study of the census of 1890, of the consular reports, and of the documents of the recent congressional investigation of immigration. In Part I. the "Character of Our Immigration" is considered under the heads: "Our Foreign Belt," "Our Criminal Belt," and "Our Pauper Belt," and in Part II. the sociological aspects of the question are considered in their educational, industrial, municipal, and national bearings, with a final chapter in which the author draws her conclusions from the facts she has shown. In an appendix are given many statistical tables bearing on the subject. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe" is a very useful little book. It measures little more than three and one-half by five inches, and contains more than five hundred pages in an inch of thickness. The work was planned and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and compiled by Edward King; and this is a revised and enlarged edition. It opens with a chapter on travel in general, and then follows an itinerary through the British Isles, Northern France, the Lowlands, Germany and Austria, South-eastern Europe, Switzerland, Italy, Southern France, and Spain, with added notes on Norway and Sweden and Russia. Information about these places that is of real value is given concisely, several maps are printed in the book, and appendixes containing useful hints conclude the book. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two new books by Anthony Hope have recently been issued in red-lettered linen binding. They are "A Man of Mark" and "Sport Royal and Other Stories." The first is a highly imaginative romance, full of incidents that are thrilling though quite impossible, and in both the dialogue is of that sparkling kind of which Anthony Hope is past-master. The "man of mark" is one Marcus W. Whittingham, a middle-aged Virginian who has become President of Aureatland, "on the coast of South America, rather to the north." He manipulates the finances of his republic in an extraordinary manner, and enters into strange pecuniary relations with one Jack Martin, manager of the branch of an English bank. These two, with Colonel McGregor, Commander-in-Chief of the Aureatland army, are rivals for the favor of "the signorina," Miss Christina Nugent, a stranded member of an opera company from the United States, and from this situation Mr. Hope evolves a very diverting story. The other book contains, in addition to "Sport Royal," ten short stories: "A Tragedy in Outline," "A Malapropos Parent," "How they Stopped the 'Run,'" "A Little Joke," "A Guardian of Morality," "Not a Bad Deal," "Middleton's Model," "My Astral Body," "The Nebraska Loadstone," and "A Successful Rehearsal." These first appeared at intervals in various English publications, and though they were then printed without the author's name—and, indeed, it was before "Anthony Hope's" name was known at all—all but "Sport Royal" and "A Little Joke" were reprinted in the *Argonaut* at the time, as we intimated in a brief article on their author in our issue of last week. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents each.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Rival.

This is the hardest of my fate—
She's better whom he doth prefer
Than I am, that he worshiped late
As well as so much prettier,
So much more fortunate!

He'll not repent it—you will see
She'll never give him cause to grieve.
I dream that he comes back to me,
Leaving her; but he'll never leave.
Hopelessly sweet is she!

So that if in my place she stood
She'd spare to curse him; she'd forgive.
I loathe her, but I know she would;
And so will I—God—as I live!
Not she alone is good.

—Gertrude Hall in April Harper's.

Now You are Mine.

Now you are mine, what is there left to pray
Of the high gods, since you and love combine
To make this earth a paradise for me,
Turning life's sordid cares to joy divine,
Now you are mine?

Now you are mine, and love sings in my heart
A rhapsody perennially sublime;
I count the past a sleep from which I wake
To find in your dear eyes love's godhead shine,
Now you are mine.

Now you are mine, e'en Fate may do her worst:
I do disdain all fear save that, in fine,
Of losing you—long-loved and hardly-won
By patient vigils kneeling at love's shrine—
Now you are mine.

—Ethel M. de Fonblaque in April Pall Mall Magazine.

While the Robins Sang.

"The tune means naught to you," the captain said,
"Only a quaint old melody; but to me
'Tis as a breath of fire. At earliest dawn
Our hands would play our Yankee Doodle; then
From far and far away across the dusk
Of ghostly morning land an echo came,
Elf-beautiful, elf-changed, the rebel hands
Faint chiming Dixie."

I had played the air

On the piano in the parlor's dusk,
Before we started on our sunset walk,
My friend the captain and myself; and now
We faced the sunset in a cool clear gloom,
Breathing moist pleasant smell, and listening
To robin-carols. Tender shone the west—
Peach-pink and violet-bloom along the hills,
And delicate gold above; and long we stood
Musing and silent, till he spoke again:
"So glowed the sky, but not so beautiful,
After a raid; we looked back south at dusk,
And half the heavens were lit with burning horns."

A robin somewhere near began to sing
An intricate melody, buoyant lyric love
At utterance from cool tongue and silver throat
High in the sycamore. Dreaming we heard,
And dreaming he resumed:

"In willow-wilds
And cedar-swamps by deadly Murfreesboro',
For days we fed the wounded in the woods
On robins: there were myriads of them there.
Into the hush at night with clubs and hags
We went, and came back loaded: every eve
Their gay and frolic passion fluted crisp
To wests as rich as this; and every night
We slew that music for the Nation's wounds,
Stanching blood with bird-songs, stilled the cold
sweet air
Of all that keen roulating and fine grace
To make a dainty food for death. So I,"
He said, "give honor to these hilted orange-breasts:
The robins helped to save the stars and stripes
From being sadly torn."

Reluctantly

We turned, and faced a drowsy purple east,
And faint gold staining all the huddling trees:
Familiar bluebirds laughed about the slopes,
And twitter-winged turtle-doves passed o'er
To croon a distant; and the meadow-larks
Dropped plaintive violin-sweetness down the dusk;
And on ahead across the twilight slope
The girls were out for frolic, racing gay,
With bird-like shrieks and somewhat of a show
Of glimmering ankles, till they saw us come,
And hlew away upon a windy laugh:
But with the robins our hearts flew a-low,
Skimming the grass, and calling lovers home,
And piping to the earliest of the stars.

—J. Russell Taylor in April Atlantic.

Jones (to Brown, who has been to a hall at Robinson's)—"Many women there?" Brown—"No; only their mothers."—Sketch.

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It has been said that no actress can play the part of Juliet till she is too old to look it. The Shakespearean Juliet was, it will be remembered, fourteen, the age which, from the Elizabethan dramatists up to the Restoration, was the chosen one for the unmarried heroine. It was the ideal age of those dead-and-gone eras, and was so associated with the heroine of the mediæval romance that Browning made Lady Mildred of "The Blot on the Scutcheon" count up this same number of years.

The stage Juliet is raised to eighteen, to harmonize with our ideas of the fitting age for the heroine of the great Italian love-story. Fourteen to-day suggests pig-tails and bread and butter, which others than Byron hold in high contempt. At the rate we are going, with the leading ladies of novels and plays steadily advancing toward a fascinating and well-preserved middle age, the Juliet of the next century will be announced as being "forty next Lammis Week," and then the extremely aged appearance that Lady Capulet and the nurse seem to regard as appropriate to themselves will not be so absurdly incongruous.

The Juliet of Tuesday night looked almost the traditional fourteen, and a very pretty fourteen beside. Miss Burroughs never looked better than she does in the close, white satin gown, with long, filmy sleeves and a woven strand of pearls confining the thick, curly hair, that she wears in the ball-room scene. She is a charming picture, moving with pensive grace through the slow-pacing, stately dance, her glistening white draperies glimmering beside the softly-tinted robes of the other dancers, her figure swaying and bending in the dignified measure, followed by the fiery glances of the love-stricken palmer.

Her conception of Juliet is like many other conceptions of Juliet that have been put on the stage by actresses more distinguished by beauty than genius. Juliet is one of the stage women who shine with an almost terrible loveliness. Shakespeare imagined her dowered with a beauty that might subjugate "the mighty hearts of captains aod of kings." Rosalind we may picture as joyously, charmingly, graciously pretty. There are times when one does not care if Viola is beautiful or not, so that she have the subtle charm of an exquisite, tender grace. Beatrice was spirited and brilliant; but one can imagine her a brown, flashing sort of creature that was not of necessity radiantly handsome. The splendid Portia, the ideal grand lady of Shakespeare's heroines; the stately, white Hermione; the gentle, fibreless Ophelia; Desdemona, Perdita—these were all fair women in their way, but not beautiful with that convincing, conquering beauty of Juliet, the beauty "that doth teach the torches to burn bright."

Juliet, with the obligation of being triumphantly good-looking weighing her down, has always been personated by actresses who were more famous for their *beaux yeux* than for their talents. Charlotte Cushman played Romeo to her sister's Juliet, but never the ill-fated daughter of the Capulets. The great Juliets have been great beauties—women who have claimed fame more by the lustre of their beauty than by the brilliancy of their minds. These incompetent *houris* have handed down a tradition for Juliet—a tradition formed in the beginning by their mental deficiencies and temperamental limitations—that subsequent Juliets have unquestioningly adopted.

This is the tradition of a sweet Juliet—a sweet, clinging, tender creature, a rose from the rosebud garden of girls. In fact, however, nothing could be more unlike the Juliet that Shakespeare drew, that impetuous, untamed spirit, compounded of fire and sun. All the sweetness that Shakespeare infused into Viola, and Imogen, and Ophelia are lacking in this daughter of the Capulets, whose blood has absorbed some of the heat and ardor of the fierce Italian sun. Juliet was of the same class of Shakespearean women to which Portia, on the one hand, and Katherine, on the other, belonged—the impassioned, vehement women, born subject to no law but the dominating force of their own imperious instincts, destined to rule and command, or he carried headlong onward in a whirlwind of chaotic passions to inevitable death and destruction. Of sweetness, gentleness, or submission there is little in her composition. The very scene where she teases the nurse to tell her what Romeo has said, and which the average Juliet acts with much pretty cooing and playful, kittleish airs of petulance and cajolery, should be one of fierce impetuosity or harassed irritation. The nurse and her mistress are nothing to the girl who is waiting for oaths of love.

Miss Burroughs's Juliet is the usual sweet, poetic, tender creature that as great a predecessor as Adelaide Neilson made an example to be followed for all time. An actress, to be sure, can only act within the circle of her own limitations. Miss Burroughs's limitations stop short at the edge of those realms where the actress ceases to be only a pretty, clever, and attractive woman and becomes a great and serious artist. Miss Burroughs will never portray any part badly; but she can not rise to the great heights of passion and despair where Juliet raves alone in her tempestuous sorrow. That she did not disappoint in these scenes is very much to her credit. That most trying, fatiguing scene when she hears of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment, when line after line of frenzied raving falls from the lips of the half-crazed girl, where in the mad swirl of emotion rage succeeds to horror, remorse to frantic upbraidings—that scene was acted with a good deal of power and feeling, if not with that volcanic violence of emotion that Shakespeare intended.

The most serious defect of her portrayal is an inclination toward a monotonous sameness of intonation in the intense as well as in the lighter scenes. Miss Burroughs has a voice which seems a source of great trouble to her. It is a pretty voice, with soft and caressing inflections and a fullness of tone that is at times quite remarkable. With all these advantages, it is a pity that Miss Burroughs can not learn to use her voice better. The balcony scene, which she did with much charm and grace, was marred by the vocal eccentricities of Juliet, who, the more coyly bold she became, the more drawlingly did she drag out her words with lingering reluctance. Toward the end of the scene this peculiarity grew more and more marked, till, at the exquisite, softened finale, she seemed hardly willing to let the reluctant syllables drop from her lips. It was a relief to hear the deep-toned and fervid celerity of Mr. Keller's delivery of the two rich and perfect concluding lines: "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast; Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest."

The charge of monotony may be brought against the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" itself. Unless in the hands of great artists, who can charge the quick-crowding scenes of strained, throttling emotion with the revivifying fire of their own genius, the accumulations of troubled and turbulent climax grow too heavy, and the exhausted actors sink beneath the weight of the toppling load. It is the only tragedy of Shakespeare's that has this emotional over-pressure. Even in "Macbeth" and "Othello," where upon horror's head horrors accumulate, there is not such a cramping together, without relief, of compressed, tight-packed agony. The Juliet who will pass with fresh courage and energy from the scene of Romeo's banishment to that where she takes the potioo, and from the potioo scene to the death in the tomb of the Capulets, must have the force, and vigor, and self-reliance that go to the making of a star.

The character of Romeo is not so tragically over-weighted as that of Juliet. Mr. Keller is a romantic actor of promise, and it was with some anticipation that one waited for his portrayal of Romeo, a part not to be understood or acted by one unless touched by the fire of romance. Mr. Keller's Romeo was not a revelation of genius, but it did not refute one's beliefs in the talent of this young man. It was too melancholy and too level. The Rosalind episode was not cut, and Romeo had no chance to show that gayety of spirit and jolly *bonhomie* which must have been his to make him friendly with such rollicking blades as Mercutio and Benvolio. Mr. Keller takes the Rosalind love-affair with the solemn seriousness that marks calf-love. This may be natural and realistic, but it does not make the necessary contrast with the troubled and gloomy demeanor of the unhappy Montague who he is seized with a real passion for the daughter of his hereditary enemy.

One very striking point in the portrayal of Mr. Keller was the suggestion of youth that pervaded the character. His Romeo was essentially a lad—a boy, an impetuous, undisciplined, passionate boy. He receives the jests of his comrades on the subject of his first lady-love with a sort of shy, boyish sullenness, and in the great scene in Friar Laurence's cell, he expresses his feelings with a blind, unreasoning, frantic anger and wretchedness that suggest the helpless storms of indignation that sway spoiled, self-willed children when they are thwarted. His performance is full of promise and possibilities, though at present marred by a monotony of somewhat limp dejection.

For *prurigo senilis*, that eruptive affliction of old age, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best specific.

— "CHIMMIE FADDEN" at COOPER'S.

The Lurline Baths.

Situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. Every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock an exciting and interesting game of water-polo is played by clever amateurs. After the polo, there are clever feats of high-diving and somersaults. The baths are open from early morning until ten o'clock in the evening.

"FLORENTINE MOSAIC," at Cooper's, 746 M'k't.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" will begin its second and last week at the California Theatre on Monday night.

"The Fatal Card" is to be run at the Baldwin on April 29th. "The Case of Rebellious Susan," in which pretty Isabella Irving has a prominent part, will come later in the season.

"The Night Clock" is the name of the new play John J. McNally has written for Peter Dailey. He will use it next year, and May Irwin, who is now in his company, will also be a star then in a play now being written for her.

"The Bathing Girl" is the name of the new piece in which the opera company that gave "The Fencing-Master" is to re-open the Baldwin Theatre on April 15th. It was given its first performance only a few weeks ago in Denver.

Miss Leila O. Ellis, one of Nelson Wheatcroft's most promising Californian pupils, has scored another success in New York. Mr. Wheatcroft put on two plays at the Empire Theatre a week ago Thursday, and in both Miss Ellis had excellent rôles—in the first, an eccentric character part of a Chinese boy, and in the second, an emotional rôle, full of tears and laughter, in which she was enthusiastically applauded and received three curtain calls.

J. K. Emmett, with his sweet songs and graceful dances, will re-open Stockwell's on Monday, April 15th, when it will begin its career at the Columbia Theatre under the management of Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob. His play will be "Fritz is a Madhouse," and his company includes Emily Lytton, Laura S. Howe, Florence Foster, Florencia Germaine, Hudson Liston, Fred De Vere, Theodore De Vere, Harry Coffin, Frank Wise, David Rivers, Little Baby Sionot, and others.

"Pinafore" will close its successful run at the Tivoli to-morrow (Sunday) night, and will be followed on Monday by a revival of Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," with the following cast:

Count Arnheim, John J. Raffael; Thaddeus, Arthur Messmer; Florestine, Philip Branson; Devilshoof, Ferris Hartman; Captain of the Guard, Duncan H. Smith; Arline, Alice Nielsen; Buda, Edith Woodthorpe; Queen of the Gypsies, Fanny Liddiard.

After a week of "The Bohemian Girl," Wilson and Hirschbach's new burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe," will be elaborately produced.

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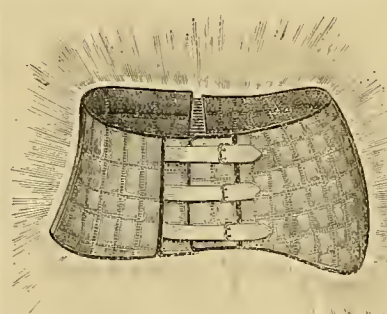
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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Reginald Hanson, at one time lord mayor of London, is said to be the power behind the long celebrated tailoring firm of Poole & Co.

Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, is such an inveterate tobacco-chewer that he is obliged to keep a cuspidor in his pew at church.

M. de Giers left behind him no provision for his family. The Czar, however, has granted Mme. de Giers and her children a pension of twelve millions of roubles.

Count de Castellane had two thousand five hundred cigars made in New York which cost one dollar and fifty cents each. It took two months to fill the order.

Archbishop Corrigan received three thousand dollars for performing the Gould-Castellane wedding ceremony in the shape of a check signed by George Gould.

England is laughing at the Duke of Fife because, in learning to ride the bicycle, he has a solemn-faced footman walk on one side of the machine and a page in buttons on the other.

Blondin is, in his old age, a sturdy, thick-set man. His habits have always been abstemious, and he is well preserved at seventy-two. Blondin has walked thousands of miles on the rope, but has never made another trip so daring as that across Niagara Falls.

Congressman Sibley, who is to be the silver party's Presidential figure-head, is a tall and slender man of about forty-two years. His face is headless and he is said to have the grace of a courtier. Mr. Sibley is a rich farmer and has an interest besides in several manufacturing industries.

President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic is not gifted with an appreciation of music. A short time ago, at an entertainment in his honor, one of the most gifted singers of Bloemfontein sang a song. The hostess asked the president how he liked the music, and he replied: "I go out into the country when I want to hear a she-wolf scream."

Kate Field says she thinks that Worth made for her the only dress that he ever made of American material. She took him a piece of American satin for the purpose, and at first he refused point-blank to touch it. "The manufacturers at Lyons would never forgive me," he said; "they would accuse me of treachery." But eventually Miss Field's persuasion prevailed.

Prince Bismarck said recently to a visitor that he had only one serious complaint to make against old age, and that was that he had been obliged of late to abstain almost entirely from tobacco. Gladstone, too, has become very sensitive to the odor of tobacco in his old age. He dislikes it intensely, and the surest way to obtain his antagonism is to go into his presence with the odor of a cigar or a pipe on your person.

A former pupil of the late Professor Blackie says of him:

"He adopted wearing a shawl when he was too poor to buy an overcoat, and continued it on account of its warmth and comfort. Except when at a full-dress dinner, he always wore a dressing-gown with a red silk scarf, yards long, wound around his waist, and a Panama straw hat on his head. He wrote at a standing desk, and was always singing. He was an early riser, and could be heard singing around the house or wherever visiting at five or six o'clock in the morning, and never went to bed before midnight. He used to say that four or five hours were enough for any man to spend in sleep. He hated to carry luggage when traveling. Gladstone, one of his nearest friends, once telegraphed him to meet him at the Marquis of Breadalbane's castle, and he went there, cane in hand, with a single clean collar wrapped in a piece of newspaper, in spite of his wife's protestations. When Lord Rosebery was married to Miss Rothschild, Professor Blackie was one of the guests, and presented the bride with a book inscribed 'To Hannah Rosebery, ignoring her title.'"

President Faure of France takes a good deal of pride in the dinners he gives at the Elysée. He has one of the best chefs in Paris, and his wine-cellar is well stocked with rare vintages. He is not a gourmet himself, but he takes great pleasure in hearing epicures praise the dishes that reach his table. M. Faure is to visit Algeria after parliament adjourns. He will be the only French ruler, save Napoleon the Third, who has ever set foot in the province.

A correspondent of the *Independent* gives this note on Rudyard Kipling during his recent visit to Washington:

"One of the most interested visitors, apparently, in the Senate Diplomatic Gallery, was Rudyard Kipling, who spent all of Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday there. Mr. Kipling occupied a front seat, and his posture was one of general relaxation, which some people might term general laziness. It was not for a short time, but for most of the time that Mr. Kipling sat in this bunched, settled-down position, his chin resting low on his arms, which were crossed over the rail before him, gazing intently down on the statesmen's heads below, and altogether indicating a profound study in phenology rather than interest in the proceedings. But whatever it was, Mr. Kipling's face beamed with a broad, continuous smile, and it was evident that he enjoyed himself—at somebody's expense. His desire to 'do' Washington quietly, or as a 'youth to fortune and to fame unknown,' was easily gratified. He would never be taken for an Englishman. His short, slight figure, round, boyish face, gave him the appearance of a young man of twenty, or thereabout, and the manner of his eye-glasses is suggestive of the German student. But Mr. Kipling is entirely English in

sight-seeing on foot, and his capacity to 'do' Washington thoroughly in three days."

The Japanese Mikado is a man of much energy and endurance in spite of the fact that he is a great cigarette-smoker. He is fond of outdoor sports, and has warmly encouraged the introduction of football into Japan. He is a hunter and fisherman, and is quite a good shot with a rifle. His devotion to lawn-tennis is marked, and he wields a very clever racket.

A few days ago the *Examiner* had an article several columns in length on "The Feud between the Astors." Among other arguments adduced to prove the existence of the feud was this—that John Jacob Astor was about to build a new Astor hotel immediately joining the Hotel Waldorf on Thirty-Fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, partly for the purpose of overshadowing the Waldorf by its superior height and superior magnificence, and partly for spite. This is a very pretty story, but it has no foundation, as a matter of fact. The Waldorf Hotel is so crowded now that three adjoining lots on Thirty-Third Street have been purchased, on which an annex is to be built at once. Then the new John Jacob Astor Hotel on Thirty-Fourth Street is going up. It is to be built architecturally in a style like the Waldorf, and it will then make of the joint property a great hotel with four fronts, with three hundred and fifty feet on Thirty-Third Street and three hundred and fifty feet on Thirty-Fourth Street, Fifth Avenue making one frontage, and a wide alley-way on the west making the fourth frontage. The idea that the new hotel is to be undertaken has been because of enmity between the two Astors is declared by Mr. George C. Boldt, manager of the Waldorf, to be absurd. He says: "I am lessee of both properties. I could not hold my place as manager if everything were not harmonious." The work of tearing down the residence-buildings for the annex will be begun at once under the supervision of Henry J. Hardenbergh, the architect of the Hotel Waldorf.

The Insurance of Real Estate.

Almost every one has an inherent desire to own real estate; but ownership does not always give a person the right to use the property as he desires. You may, if you have the money, purchase half of a township, but unless you have an insurance on the title of your property, you have no guarantee as to the legality of your purchase or your own rights of ownership.

There is much real estate in this city that is owned by various parties who could not to-day sell that same property if they so desired. And why? Simply because they can not present to a would-be purchaser an absolute guarantee of the title to the property.

This condition of affairs has necessitated the establishing of what is known as the California Title Insurance and Trust Company, of which ex-Mayor Ellert is manager, and the offices of the company are on the ground floor of the Mills Building. It is the laudable mission of this company to search the titles of property; to go to the starting-point of ownership, and step by step trace the doings of every owner as regards it. They ascertain if all of the taxes have been paid, if there are suits at law existing against the property or the owner or owners of it, or if there is any action of law that can in any way affect its value.

If it be found that the title to ownership is clear, the company will issue a guarantee to that effect, and it is a guarantee that perfectly protects both the buyer and seller of the property. In case a loan or mortgage is desired upon the property, the seal of approval of the California Title Insurance and Trust Company is all that is required by any bank, for the reason that the corporation is one with a sound financial backing and its officers have had the practical legal training that fully qualify them to act in their various capacities.

It is not necessary to mention here who the officers of the California Title Insurance and Trust Company are. The fact that Mr. Ellert is at the helm, the high esteem in which the corporation is held by banks and money-lenders in general, and the success of the company from its inception, together with its known financial stability, are factors that certainly tend to make it popular and worthy of every degree of confidence.

Peter Dailey is coming to the California Theatre soon with "The Country Sport." May Irwin and Ada Lewis, the "tough girl," are in the company.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Of Interest to Writers of Short Stories.

APRIL 1, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I inclose you a letter which came to me a few days ago and which you may be glad to see, showing, as it does, how widely and attentively the *Argonaut* is read. I frankly admit that I am not quite disinterested in doing so, as I consider it a good deal of a feather in my cap to have had a firm of —'s importance notice my stories and remember my name.

Very truly yours,
GWENDOLEN OVERTON.
The letter Miss Overton incloses is from one of the leading publishing houses in the United States, but we withhold its name lest its readers be overwhelmed with manuscript novels of aspiring authors. The letter runs as follows:

NEW YORK, March 22, 1895.
MISS GWENDOLEN OVERTON—Dear Madam: We beg to acknowledge your letter of March 16th proposing the reproduction of your stories of army life which have appeared in the San Francisco *Argonaut*.

We have already read some of these stories with much interest. It is necessary to say, however, that the market is over-stocked with publications of short stories, and the experience of all publishers has been that they have been uniformly unsuccessful. We shall be happy to examine the stories if you wish to forward them, but we fear the chances are against their publication.

We should be specially glad to see a novel from you, if you have written one or have one in contemplation.

Very truly yours,
— & Co.

A Warning to Workingmen.

MARINE BARRACKS, SITKA, ALASKA,
March 15, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed please find a money order for six dollars and a half, for which please continue the *Argonaut*, sending with it *Harper's Monthly Magazine*.

It would be justice to humanity if you would call the attention of the laboring class of San Francisco, who are taking advantage of the low fare to Alaska, to tell them that this is the worst place in the world to come to.

It would be better for them to go to the great Sahara Desert to look for work. There is not enough work here to keep one-tenth of the men now here alive; and as to reaching the Yukon Mines, they have no idea what it requires. Some think Forty Mile Creek is only forty miles from Juneau, when the fact of the matter is it is nearer four hundred miles, and that over mountains where it is very hard to travel. When they get there they have to pay exorbitant prices for provisions, and then they can only work about four or five months in the year.

Juneau is now overflooded with destitute men; they are breaking into houses and robbing and garroting people to get money to keep alive. As yet they have not reached Sitka; but if they do, they will find this place worse than Juneau.

By all means advise them not to come to Alaska unless they have plenty of money. Very respectfully,
WM. A. RUSSELL.

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Most respectfully yours,
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VANITY FAIR.

"The reign of the unconventional society young woman is over," Robert Grant declares in the current *Scribner's*. "She shocks now her own countrywomen even more than foreigners. There are thousands of daughters of well-to-do mothers in this country who are brought up on the old aristocratic theory that a woman should study moderately hard until she is eighteen, then look as pretty as she can, and devote herself until she is married to having what is called on this side of the Atlantic a good time. To be sure, in France the good time does not come until after marriage, and there are other differences; but the well-bred lady of social graces is the well-bred lady, whether it be in London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, and a ball-room in one capital is essentially the same as in all the others, unless it be that over here the very young people are allowed to crowd out everybody else. There are thousands of mothers who are content that this should be the limit of their daughters' experience: a reasonably good education and perfect manners, four years of whirl and then a husband, or no husband and a conservative, afternoon tea-drinking spinsterhood—and they are thankful on the whole when their girls put their necks meekly beneath the yoke of convention and do as past generations of women all over the civilized world have done."

Photographers complain that women's sleeves are so enormous nowadays that the utmost skill has to be used in posing a subject, in order to get them into a picture. Somebody devised the ingenious idea of turning the ordinary cabinet photo-plate sideways, and in that manner the huge leg-of-muttons get a full show. Bicycle sweaters, with big sleeves, are in evidence.

"Him," of *Vogue*, gives this latest bit of information about men's fashions: "The prince has at last started a novelty which, I think, will be more lasting than the link-button, which has not been generally adopted. In Paris, recently, the prince appeared in what is known as a smoking-jacket, or a Cowes coat, on the street. Of course, he had the overcoat over it, but the jacket was worn in the day-time, and when he removed his Chesterfield, he was found clad in light shepherd's-plaid trousers, white waistcoat, and a lounge, or Cowes, jacket of black faced with silk and with gorge collar. The idea, however, is not for winter, but for summer. This summer, after midday, Cowes coats, or lounge-jackets, or Tuxedos, or whatever you may be pleased to call them, will be worn with light trousers and fancy or white waistcoats. At least, this is the prophecy."

Among the "fads" just now apparent in Berlin is the adoption of the monode by the fair sex. True, it is a tinier, prettier, costlier sort of monode, smaller, and worn by a slender gold chainlet. When worn by a rosette of a girl, the impression the monode makes is startling, and—well, weird. When, however, this useless and injurious thing is stuck in the optic of an elderly and forbidding-looking matron, its effect is simply awful.

There is much curiosity in commercial circles and in those of fashion as to who will succeed Worth as king of *couturières*. Worth's sons have for several years past been virtually at the head of the business made famous by him, but it is by no means certain that they have either the genius or influence to continue the glories of the house. There are two or three firms in Paris that will use every resource of enterprise and intrigue to secure the sovereignty vacated by Worth. Conspicuous among these are the firm of Morin et Boissier, the house of Doucet, Félix, and one or two others. But for some time (says the *Illustrated American*) "the best-dressed woman" in Europe—her name is legion—has been going to Vienna for her gowns, where one Spitzer has acquired fame in rigging out the stunning beauties of the Austrian and Hungarian capitals. The Spitzers are personally ambitious; they will go to great lengths to secure the sceptre that Worth laid down. In Vienna they still tell how when Janisch, the actress, married a title some years ago, the Spitzers forgave her all her past debts to them—a bagatelle of one hundred thousand dollars or so—on her promise that when she came to court her first task would be to secure a knighthood for the senior Spitzer.

It has long been rumored that the Universal Provider in London sends out, as his prototype in Paris does, a *quatorzième*, as he is called, that is, a gentleman who at a moment's notice will, in faultless garb, supply the place of a defaulter at a dinner-party, which but for him would be that fatal thirteen, one of whom is sure to die before the year is out. Anstey has immortalized this person in his story "The Man from Blakeley's." From the same emporium excellent partners, if desired in military or naval uniforms, are to be procured for balls; and, indeed, there is nothing one can think of which is not to be got there upon the hire system. What one has not thought of, however, is the supply of family officials for bridal ceremonies,

and even these are now supplied from this enterprising establishment. These comprehend either "bridegroom's best man" or persons whose duty it is to give the bride away. At first sight it strikes one that, like the gentleman whose trade was to black glasses for eclipses, their services would not be, as a source of permanent income, sufficiently in demand, but the need of them is quite brisk. So many folks marry now without the consent of their friends, or who have no friends, that additions of this kind to the bridal party are much sought after. Both officials are, of course, attired in wedding garments (made at the emporium) of the usual fashionable cut; the "best man," though the younger and more distinguished-looking, is the cheaper; the other is more venerable, but has to display emotion. He is giving into the hands of a stranger a maiden (or widow) he will probably never see again. The fact that he has never seen her before is the last notion you would gather from his behavior.

This season might be not inaptly described as the era of the filthy glove. At matinees, afternoon receptions, church, in street-cars, swarms of well-dressed women display hand-covering so dirty as to be as disgusting as soiled fingers. Among a hundred fashionably dressed women picked out at random at any day-time function there will not be more than five pairs of spotless white gloves. Women could not be induced to wear dirty white lace bonnets, nor carry soiled handkerchiefs or dirty visiting-cards, or wear dirt-begrimed collars or cuffs. Are dirty light gloves a whit daintier or more presentable than any of the objects named?

"Carnival began" writes Katharine de Forest from Paris in the *Basar*, "with the balls—the masked balls of the Julian schools and the Opéra. Some of our art-student friends, who went to both, dropped in last evening with the after-dinner coffee and told us about them. The Julian ball, they said, was a great success. The students of the four *ateliers*, in costume and masked, entered in a procession and marched round the hall, each *atelier* carrying a banner decorated with a caricature of its leading master's work. The *ateliers* La Fontaine and Le Dragon were represented by two models, dressed, one as a fountain and the other as a dragon, carried round in the procession on the shoulders of an Herculean American student in the costume of a wrestler. Many of the students were got up most effectively. Two of the most artistic costumes were those of an Arab in white and gold, the burnoose and the rest of it in white silk, and a Rubens in gray and white, wearing one of those gray, laced doublets, with wide, lace-edged collar, that we all know so well in Rubens's pictures. The members of the fair sex who assisted at this ball were all of the type of Trilby in her unregenerate state. Their costumes were decidedly scanty, and grew scantier as the evening proceeded. At this point our *chronique* of the Julian ball ended. The *bal de l'Opéra* was voted slow this year. The first *coup d'œil* was picturesque. The dance was arranged as a Venetian fête, and the whole floor, stage included, was made into one great ball-room, spanned by a bridge that was an exact imitation of the Rialto. The dancers were all paid. They were little *ouvrières*, with their sweethearts, who asked nothing better than to earn three francs a night by dressing as harlequins or soubrettes and whirling about till morning, interspersed with a few choice votaries of the terpsichorean art from the Moulin Rouge, dancing that cancan for which Paris is so famous, but which is so much more in name than in reality. On all sides rose tiers and tiers of boxes filled with dominoed figures, most of them of the Manon Lescaut type, and wearing the most charming dominoes possible—pink and blue brocade, for instance, perfectly fitting to show the exquisite figure, with hoods of silk or gauze filled in with fluffy lace ruffles. But with the first impressionist view the interest ended. Color, movement, and sound alone pall at the end of an hour if there is nothing underlying them. Paid dancers grow monotonous, and the great crowds pushing through the foyer and corridors were too dense to give any opportunity for intrigue or much amusement. On the whole, I fancy the much-talked-of *bal de l'Opéra* is more in name than in reality."

The magnificence of old-time weddings is typified in this account of such an event in 1471: "The number of guests, between relations, prelates, and ambassadors, was so great that the Duke of Ferrara was obliged, in order to provide them with lodgings, to billet them on private families, to whom he sent the necessary tapestries, silken covers, and Flanders sheets; but the mattresses and bolsters they were obliged to hire from the Jews, who kept a bank in Ferrara, and they often had to be contented with old goods. As long as the stranger nobles remained in Ferrara, the court sent them all they required for dinner and supper, and not only this, but also enough to give over to the poor or anybody they chose. For example, to the Cardinal of Roverella, who had a suite of thirty people, were sent every morning three hundred and sixty pounds of meat, and the rest in proportion. The great dinner of all was given on the Fourth of July (the day after the arrival of the bride). Among

the many dishes that appeared there were served at one course, on large, square silver trays, eighty gilt peacocks, with fire issuing from their mouths. As for the cooks, only, at the Villa of Belfiore, where the bride remained a few hours before coming into the city, there were thirty-six. In the court kitchen, the cooks of the Duke Ambrosio of Prussia and Gerardo of Arezza had forty-two cooks under them, besides a Lorenzo, who cooked only sturgeons, Mastro Bernardino, who gilt the peacocks, and Mastro Martino, who provided the iron frames to hold them up. A company comes from Venice in order to make all kinds of sweetmeats."

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Yours, gratefully and sincerely,
REV. W. I. KIP.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Napoleon was a student at Brienne, he happened to be asked by one of the examiners the following question: "Supposing you were in an invested town threatened with starvation, how would you supply yourself with provisions?" "From the enemy," replied the sub-lieutenant of artillery; and this answer so pleased the examiners that they passed him without further questioning.

One evening, Colley Cihher, by missing his cue and giving a message at the wrong moment, spoiled one of Betterton's best scenes. So soon as he passed the wings, Betterton, in a rage, said to the prompter: "Forfeit, Master Colley." "Can't he do," replied the prompter; "Master Colley has no salary." "Well, then, put him down for ten shillings a week," cried the enraged manager, "and forfeit him five!"

A clergyman once undertook duty for a preacher, the chief feature of whose sermons was their tediousness. The visitor apologized one Sunday to the clerk in the vestry, when the service was over, for the shortness of his sermon, as a dog had been in his study and torn out some of the pages. "Oh I sir," said the clerk, with a gleam of hope illuminating his sad face, "do you think that you could spare our vicar a pup?"

Whistler is an American, and he has not loved England since he failed of reflection to the presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists. After the election of 1888, when a rival candidate was chosen, Whistler and his friends resigned. In his letter of resignation, he said: "In view of the fact that there are no longer any artists in the society, I suggest that its name be changed from 'The Society of British Artists' to 'The Society of British.'"

It is related in the *Chap Book* that Eugene Field, of Chicago, being asked out to dinner in London, found himself seated next to Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mrs. Ward was in a meditative and receptive mood, and said little at first; but about the time the fish came, she turned to Mr. Field and said: "Tell me of Chicago, of your habits and customs. I have never known any one who lived there." Whereupon Mr. Field replied: "Well, Mrs. Ward, when I was caught, I was living in a tree."

Lord Dufferin once addressed the University of Toronto in Greek, and on the following day the Canadian journals announced that his command of the language was astounding, idiomatic, and grammatically perfect. Whereon the following dialogue ensued: "How did those idiots of reporters know that?" asked Sir Hector Langevin of Sir John Macdonald. "Because I told them," replied Sir John. "But who told you? You don't know Greek," persisted Sir Hector. "I don't know Greek," admitted the premier, with his usual gravity, "but I know politics."

The Leiters are always willing to give out for publication anything which the public has a right to know. Perhaps that is the reason some people believe the story told about Mr. Leiter's meeting with William D. Howells. According to the chronicler, Miss Leiter met Mr. Howells just prior to the entertainment dedicating the beautiful Leiter mansion, and extended an informal invitation to the distinguished writer to attend the reception. Therefore, Mr. Leiter was not expecting this particular guest when his daughter presented him. "Father," she said, "this is Mr. W. D. Howells, the celebrated writer." "Glad to meet you, sir," said Mr. Leiter; "well, if you want to write anything about me for your papers any time, just come to me and I'll give you all the facts. I'd rather give them to you than have you get them all wrong."

Of Cecil Rhodes it is related that once while he and a rival diamond dealer, one Barney Barnato, were somewhere together in South Africa, Barnato had an immense quantity of diamonds in his possession and ready for sale, when Mr. Rhodes, with easy good humor, suggested that they should be photographed together with a bucket containing Mr. Barnato's diamonds between them. This delighted Mr. Barnato, who is rather inclined to be theatrical in his effects, and forthwith a bucket was filled—filled until it was brimming over. Diamonds, however, are very easily mixed, but very difficult to sort. It took six weeks for these stones to be separated and classed by an expert and put into different packets, and during this time Mr. Rhodes put a quantity of his own diamonds on the market, whereby he forestalled and utterly got the better of Mr. Barnato.

When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was going to take possession as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was driven by a storm on to the Isle of Man, where a Rev. Mr. Joseph, a poor curate, entertained him as hospitably as his means permitted. On his departure, the duke

promised to provide for him as soon as he became vicar. The curate waited many months in vain, and at last went over to Dublin to remind his grace of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he obtained permission to preach at the cathedral. The lord lieutenant and his court were at the church, but none of them remembered their humble host till he pronounced his text, which, it must be acknowledged, was well chosen: "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The preacher was at once invited to the castle and a good living provided for him.

Thackeray once asked one of the men who lets out skates on the Serpentine whether he had ever lost a pair through the omission to exact a deposit, and he replied that he had never done so, except on one occasion, when the circumstances made it almost pardonable. A well-dressed young fellow was having his second skate fastened on, when he suddenly broke away from the man's hands and dashed on to the ice. The next instant a thick-set, powerful man was clamoring for another pair. "I shall nah him now," he cried, "for I am a dah at skating." He was a sheriff's officer in pursuit of his prey, and a very animating sight it was to watch the chase. He was, as he had boasted, a first-rate skater, and it became presently obvious that he was running down his man. Then the young fellow determined to run a desperate risk for liberty. The ice, as usual, under the bridge was marked "dangerous," and he made for it at headlong speed. The ice bent beneath his weight, but he got safely through. The sheriff's officer followed with equal pluck, but, being a heavier man, broke through and was drowned. "His skates," said the narrator of the incident, "I got back after the inquest, but those the young gentleman had on I never saw again."

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From March 12, 1895.	ARRIVE.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.00 A.	"Sunset Limited," Vestibuled Train through to New Orleans.....	1.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, "Raymond, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 8.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Eakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 P.
† 6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
10.00 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations, No baggage carried on this train.....	

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	† 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 P.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.38 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8).
7.00 8.00 9.00 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.30, 1.20, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway "6.00" 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 and 11.00 A. M., 12.00, 12.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00 P. M.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only.

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SS. City of Sydney.....	April 26th
SS. Acapulco.....	May 8th

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City of Peking.....Saturday, May 4, at 3 P. M.

China.....Tuesday, June 4, at 3 P. M.

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Coptic.....(via Honolulu) Tuesday, April 23

Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 14

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

The Riggs-Wiggin Wedding.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at high noon on March 30th at All Souls' Unitarian Church, New York, the bride being Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, a Californian author, well known in literary circles, and the bridegroom, Mr. George C. Riggs, of New York. Owing to illness in the bride's family, only a small number of intimate friends and the relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Roderick Stebbins, of Milton, Mass., son of Rev. Horatio Stebbins, of this city, who wrote a special prayer for the occasion. The bride was given away by her cousin, Lieutenant George Leland Dyer, U. S. N.

The bridegroom was attended as best man, by Mr. Clarence Campbell, and the ushers were Mr. Elwood Kendrick and Mr. George McCutchen, all of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Riggs will go South for a short trip, and sail for Europe on April 17th, visiting England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and finally spending a month in Venice, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hutton. Among the notable guests at the wedding were:

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. William Dean Howells, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, Hon. Carl Schurz and family, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hutton, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mr. Clyde Fitch, Rev. Robert Collyer, Mr. and Mrs. George Haven Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic P. Vinton, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Scudder, Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, together with all the members of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Spiers Tea.

Mrs. James Spiers gave a delightful farewell tea in honor of Mrs. David Loring and Miss Ruth Loring at her home in Berkeley Friday afternoon, March 29th, between the hours of three and six o'clock. A large number of ladies called, and the afternoon was made very pleasant by a short musical programme given by Mrs. George B. Hatch, Mrs. Dr. Rosenstirn, and Mrs. J. M. Pierce. Mrs. Pierce sang two of the famous Tribby songs, "Ben Bolt" and "Bon jour, Suzon," both of which she was obliged to repeat. Delicious refreshments were served in the dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with sprays of plum and pear-blossoms. Wild-flowers, too, were in great profusion in the rooms.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Florence Herrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrick, of Oakland, to Mr. Mark Regua, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua, of Piedmont.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Miles, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Department of California, and Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, First Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at noon on Monday, April 15th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1829 Sacramento Street. Owing to the recent death of a relative of the groom, the wedding will be very quietly celebrated. Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Church, will officiate. Miss Kilbourne will be the maid of honor, and Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., will be the best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kellogg have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Anita Merrill Kellogg, and Mr. Thomas Lavender Cornell, which will take place at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, April 17th, at St. John's Episcopal Church in Oakland. There will be a reception from eight until eleven o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, 1253 Grove Street. Mr. and Mrs. Cornell will reside in Derby, Conn.

The wedding of Miss Evelyn M. Sharp, of this city, and Mr. Pliny T. Evans, of Riverside, took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, 2315 California Street. There were no

attendants in the bridal party, and only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Riley. Mr. and Mrs. Evans left on Thursday for Riverside, where they will reside.

The final assembly of the Friday Night Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, April 19th.

A series of entertainments will be given at the residence of Mrs. Henry T. Scott, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets, on the afternoons of April 17th and 18th, for the benefit of the Bishop Armistage Orphanage at San Mateo. The charity is a worthy one, and it is hoped that the financial support will be generous.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst gave a luncheon-party recently at her home in Washington, D. C., in honor of Miss Peck, of this city, who has been visiting her.

Under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, a reception will be held at the library this evening for the purpose of displaying an exhibition of rare illustrated books.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Remenyi Concert.

Mr. Edouard Remenyi, the violinist, gave a concert last Wednesday evening, which was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Piano solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise," Liszt, Mr. Henry Eames; vocal, "Stella," Faure, Miss Pauline Stein; violin solo, concerto, (a) allegro molto appassionato, (b) andante, (c) allegro molto vivace, Mendelssohn, Mr. E. Remenyi; (a) minuet, Bizet, (b) album, Pfefferkorn, (c) etude, Chopin, Mr. Henry Eames; violin solos, (a) "Hungarian Pastoral," National, (b) "Pizzicati" (transcription from "Sylvia"), Delibes, Mr. E. Remenyi; vocal, "In Summer," Chaminade, Miss Pauline Stein; violin, impromptu, andante, and variations, Paganini, Mr. E. Remenyi; "Ave Maria" (ensemble for voice, piano, and violin), Gounod, Miss Pauline Stein, Mr. Henry Eames, and Mr. E. Remenyi.

The Philharmonic Society of San Francisco will give its third concert of the sixteenth season on Wednesday evening next at Odd Fellows' Hall. Mr. Fritz Scheel has been able to assume the baton, again owing to the conclusion of the Auditorium concerts. The programme will include Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, three numbers of Moskowski's suite, "The Nations," Haydn's "Le Midi" symphony, largo (Handel), and a Strauss waltz. The society will be assisted by Miss Regina Newman, mezzo-soprano.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore, whose album of songs is becoming widely and, what is better, favorably known among the lovers of high-class music, has lately written several songs which are commended by the critics. The new songs are richer in harmonic coloring and broader in form than his earlier works, and in consequence are more suited to concert.

San Francisco Cooking School.

Mrs. E. M. Hinckley recently established, at 703 Sutter Street, what is known as the San Francisco Cooking School, where she delivers a lecture on cookery every Monday afternoon, and teaches her pupils all of the new creations in that line. Mrs. Hinckley, who has resided here for the past thirty years, secured her training in the East from the Boston and Miss Parloa systems, which she has taught during the past seven years. She is the authoress of two books on cookery, "Progressive Cookery," and "Chafing-Dish Cookery." At each of her lectures she gives a practical demonstration of each menu she describes. Mrs. Hinckley will soon give a matinee affair, at which she will describe the method of making Moorish tea, the recipe for which she received from a lady residing in Morocco. Among the members of her Monday afternoon class may be mentioned Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Fanny Lent, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck, Mrs. Frederick B. Lake, and Mrs. W. F. McNutt.

The *Chronicle* of Friday says that "Oscar Wilde's latest book, 'The Green Carnation,' is said to have precipitated the present libel suit in London," and adds "there is no doubt that Oscar wrote the book, though he adopted the scheme of issuing it anonymously." This is a gross error. Wilde would scarcely have written such a scorching satire on himself. The book was written by Mr. E. J. Hichens, a young harrister of London, who has acquired much local fame thereby, and whose portrait has appeared in the English illustrated papers.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, speaking of success in opera, in answer to a question as to what one quality more than another was required to be a great singer, said: "Will, will, will." She says that strong and unswerving will-power can overthrow all ordinary obstacles.

John Drew, the actor, has recently made a radical change in his appearance, a change which is a decided improvement. He parts his hair on the right side, following in this the Duke of York, who sets the fashions for the younger generation of Englishmen.

THE POLO TOURNAMENT.

The grounds of the Burlingame Club, near San Mateo, were the scene on Thursday of the first day of the polo tournament, in which the contestants were members of the Burlingame Club, the Fort Walla Walla Club, and the Riverside Club. The personnel of the three teams is as follows:

BURLINGAME CLUB.—Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Lawson, and Mr. Harry Simpkins.

FORT WALLA WALLA CLUB.—Lieutenant Cecil Stewart, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gordon Voorhies, U. S. A., Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, U. S. A., Lieutenant Paul Compton, U. S. A., and Lieutenant H. S. Hawkins, U. S. A., all of the Fourth Cavalry.

RIVERSIDE CLUB.—Captain G. L. Waring, Mr. C. E. Wand, Mr. R. Bettner, and Mr. R. A. Allen.

The grounds where the contest took place are situated about half a mile from the Burlingame Club building, and are excellently adapted for the sport that the club has done so much to foster. A grand stand was erected for the spectators, with a seating capacity that was ample. The attendance on Thursday was large and fashionable, and the game exciting and interesting. The Burlingame team won, with a score of 10½ to 1½. The final match will be played this afternoon between the Burlingame and Riverside teams.

The Burlingame team was greatly elated over the victory it scored, as the members really expected to be defeated by either of the other teams, and this opinion was general among the club members. Consequently, the outcome of to-day's contest will be observed with a great degree of interest.

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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-lb. Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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HAIR
TONIC

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that Mme. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. Mme. Yale personally indorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY Hair Specific. It STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxurious growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, \$1.

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Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults.

Delightful after shaving.
Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blisters, Pimples, Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents. Send For Free Sample. (Name this paper.)
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Wonderful and natural, by using CARPENTER PERRALLINE. It clears the skin from pimples, makes it white as the driven snow. My Wrinkle Balm cradicates wrinkles and fills out sunken cheeks. Erratae removes hair permanently from the face. My remedy, Blondine, for blending the hair to any shade, is the most harmless of its kind. My Fructus Capillaris restores gray hair to its natural color. Every article guaranteed to do as claimed or money refunded.

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POISON
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SPECIFIC

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EXTRA LIBERAL TERMS.

Only one-quarter cash, balance in one, two, and three years. Interest at seven per cent. per annum.

TITLE—The California Title Insurance and Trust Company will issue a policy of insurance guaranteeing the title perfect to each buyer for the small sum of \$10 for each lot. The Hayes Street cable is to be changed to an electric road, and extended to the Cliff House as the great north-of-the-Park route. Lots are all numbered; auction flag on premises.

NOTE—To reach these elegant residence lots take the Hayes Street cars to Ashbury Street or the Oak Street cars to Ashbury Street; walk north across the Park to the property.

Do not fail to examine these elegant residence lots. All must be sold to close an Eastern account. Attend the sale; purchase one or more lots. A sure, handsome profit of 50 per cent. within two years. Catalogues at our office.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig, Mr. Frank L. Unger, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham left Japan on March 19th for Honolulu.

Mr. Winthrop E. Lester returned to Santa Monica last Monday, after a fortnight's visit in this city.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Josephine and Antoinette Delmas have returned from Southern California and will soon leave for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Donnell have leased the residence of Mrs. H. N. Cook at Belvedere for two years. Their two sons and Mrs. Wayman will reside with them.

Mrs. J. R. Walker, of Salt Lake City, who will be remembered here as Miss Margaret Jones, arrived here last Monday with her little daughter, and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Witcher Jones, in San José, for a few months. Mr. Walker is expected to arrive here late in August to join his wife for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham have left the Hotel Pleasanton and will pass the summer months at "Buckingham Park," their country home on the shores of Clear Lake.

Miss Martha P. Gibbs left last Tuesday to visit Mrs. George Carrat at her ranch near Bakersfield, and from there will go to the fiestas at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. She will return home late in April.

Mr. William Whittier will soon join his sister in New York city, and go abroad with her in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page will return to their home in Belvedere on May 1st.

Mrs. H. N. Cook, Miss Ethel Cook, and Master Clifford Cook left last Wednesday to visit the East and Europe; they will be away about three years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Mamie and Helen Thomas will leave on May 1st to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond and Miss Bettie Hammond sailed from England on March 30th for South Africa, and will reside in Johannesburg.

General Nathaniel Harris returned last Monday from a visit to Portland.

Miss Rathbone has returned to her home in New York, after a visit to her uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, the Misses Gerstle, and Miss Clara Joseph left last Thursday for Europe; they will be away several months.

Mrs. W. S. Barnes has returned from a visit to friends in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Burns Macdonald left last Saturday for New York, en route to Europe, and will be absent about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and family are occupying Mr. M. Castle's house until their own residence at the corner of Jackson and Octavia Streets, now in the course of erection, is finished. They will be at home on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mr. George Siebe will return from Eureka, Humboldt County, on Sunday.

The Misses Alice and Irma Adler left last Monday for Europe, where they will remain about a year.

Mr. Charles Graham, the artist, has gone to San Mateo to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Shortridge will soon occupy their new home at 224 Washington Street.

Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Simmons returned to Sacramento last Sunday after a prolonged visit to the Eastern States and Europe.

Mr. George Maguire is at San Mateo, where he will remain during the entire season.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann will leave in a few days for Unga Station, Alaska, where he will remain about six months.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Colonel Evan Miles, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty here on April 30th, as Acting Inspector General of the Department of California. His successor will be Colonel George Burton, U. S. A. When Colonel Burton arrives here, Colonel Miles will report to the commanding general of the Department of the Missouri for assignment to a station. Colonel Miles will take a four months' leave of absence; and will remain here until next October.

Lieutenant Commander F. J. Drake, U. S. N., of the *Albatross*, delivered a lecture last Thursday evening before the Geographical Society of the Pacific on "Recent Developments in the Bering Sea."

Captain Rudolph G. Ebert, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Huachuca, Ariz. Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A.

The engagement is announced of Miss Young, of Los Angeles, to Lieutenant William M. Crofton, First Infantry, U. S. A., son of Colonel Crofton, U. S. A.

Captain Wilher E. Wilder, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point on May 15th for duty there.

Captain William D. McCaw, Medical Department, U. S. A., of the Presidio, is visiting relatives in Richmond, Va.

Passed Assistant Engineer Emil Theiss, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Passed Assistant Engineer J. M. Pickrell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Albatross* and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Lieutenant C. P. Eaton, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Bennington* on May 1st.

Lieutenant J. E. Craven, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Bennington* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Thomas Snowden, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to duty on the *Bennington* until May 1st, when he will be granted three months' leave of absence.

Ensign Harry George, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Albatross* and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., will arrive here next week from San Diego on a three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles P. Summerall, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been undergoing examination with a view to a selection for transfer to the Ordnance Department.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Wadsworth, New York Harbor, and ordered to join his battery in the Department of the Columbia.

DCCL.—Bill of Fare for Sunday, April 7, 1895.

Cream of Corn Soup.
Deviled Crabs.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
Stuffed Potatoes.
Roast Chickens.
Celery Salad.
Banana Ice-Cream.
Jelly-Roll.
Coffee.

JELLY-ROLL.—Make the sponge-cake mixture as for lady-fingers, and bake in a shallow pan for twenty minutes. While it is yet warm, cut off the edges and spread the cake with currant jelly. Roll up and pin a towel around it. Put in a cool place until serving-time. Cut with a very sharp knife.

KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE RECEIVED the only medal at World's Fair. The new granulated package dissolves in two minutes. Makes one pint more jelly than shredded. Ask your grocer for it.

— COOPER'S, 746 MARKET STREET.

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A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

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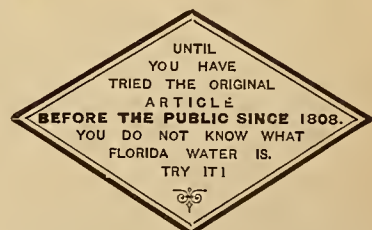
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Sub-editor—"How is Pennington on spelling, anyway?" Editor—"Well, he's a little too quaint for ordinary English and not quaint enough for dialect."—Somerville Journal.

The debutante (aside)—"How many verses shall I sing?" The professor—"Do you want an encore?" The debutante—"Of course." The professor—"One."—Boston Budget.

The professional lecturer—"Isn't it funny? They frequently pay me as much for a short lecture as for a long one." His friend—"I should think they'd pay you more."—Chicago Record.

"What has your representative done since he's been in Congress?" "What's he done?" "Yes." "Built two houses, paid off a mortgage, and opened a grocery-store."—Atlanta Constitution.

Romeo Rosenstein—"Suppose we go on our wedding-trip to Milwaukee?" Juliet Jacobs—"Vy should we go to Milwaukee?" Romeo Rosenstein—"It vos der furdest place I could get a pass for."—Life.

Impatient tourists (to small boy fishing in the lake)—"You told us the boat always left here at four, and we have waited now till past five." Boy—"Oh, it doesn't begin to run till May."—Fliegende Blätter.

"Seems to me you have put an unusual amount of smoke in this fire scene," mildly complained the editor. "Had to do it," said the artist; "I hadn't any idea how high the building was, so I had to hide it. See?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

"Think you'll run for office this year, colonel?" "Sure to." "What's your chances?" "First-class. The price of cotton and the general shrinkage of values have operated to bring votes down to where an honest man kin git at 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.

She shrank away coyly at his approach. "Are we alone?" she faltered in apprehension. "I don't know," he answered; "you might sing a few selections and make sure." He rose, and would have led her to the piano but for the cold stare she gave him.—Pick Me Up.

O'Brien—"Poor Doherty! He's so short-sighted he's bound to work himself to death." O'Grady—"Phwat has hein' short-sighted to do with it?" O'Brien—"Whoy, he can't see when the boss ain't lookin', an' has to keep shovelin' away all the time!"—Puck.

The white man approached the redskin chief. "Why not bury the hatchet?" said the white man, bolding out his hand. The sullen face of the redskin chief was made almost beautiful by a smile. "Aye, why not?" He hurried the hatchet in the white man's hand.—Pick Me Up.

"No man ever obtained anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, who was in a discouraged mood. "That's so," replied Mr. Bickers, reflectively; "I remember that I obtained you without the slightest difficulty."—Harper's Bazar.

Harry Dunn (who has been cleaned out at poker for six consecutive nights)—"I shouldn't think it would be much pleasure for you to play cards with me. There's no uncertainty about it for you." Charley Doemup (taking in the boodle)—"Oh, yes, there is! I never know how much money you have with you."—Puck.

"Sirrah," remarked the Sultan, "my first wife and I are one." The court mathematician bowed low in affirmation. "Well," proceeded his majesty, "how about me and my second wife?" "You are another," promptly rejoined the man of science. Whereat divers high functionaries made shift to leave the apartment, not deeming it good politics to give their puissant sovereign the ha-ha to his face.—Detroit Tribune.

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The Democratic-Populistic-Socialistic Income-Tax "Law" has been shot full of holes by the United States Supreme Court.

It is another curious illustration of how the effect of a law, when the courts construe its language, may often baffle those

who framed it. The Democratic Congress, to curry favor with the Populistic and Socialistic rabble, designed the late law as a raid on the rich. The fact that it also mulcted unjustly the moderately wealthy tradesman, the well-to-do professional, and the salaried employee, did not disturb the equanimity of the Democratic Congress. To "cinch the rich" and win the votes of the Populistic rabble was what they were striving for. So they passed the late iniquitous law. The result is before us. The imposition of an income tax upon revenues from real estate and from State, county, and municipal bonds is declared by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional. Thus the very persons whom the Democrats and their Populist allies wished to "cinch" have escaped—the land-holders and the bond-holders. The tax now falls upon business men and professional men.

It is not worth while for us to go into an analysis of the various opinions rendered by the justices of the Supreme Court. Suffice it to say, briefly, that a majority of the court—Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Field, Gray, Brewer, Brown, and Shiras—declared the tax on rents to be unconstitutional; that all of the justices except one—Justice White—declared the tax on State and municipal bonds to be unconstitutional; and that concerning what was left of the law the court was evenly divided, four justices—Brown, Shiras, Harlan, and White—holding the remnant to be constitutional, and four justices—Fuller, Field, Gray, and Brewer—holding it to be unconstitutional. This division of the court was rendered possible by the illness and consequent incapacity of Mr. Justice Jackson.

In reading the copious extracts from the various opinions, as telegraphed by the Associated Press, one can not but be struck by this point: that the justices who uphold the constitutionality of the law struggle with labored sentences to make their points, and when they are made, they are far from clear or convincing. Take, for example, the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice White, the only member of the court who upheld the constitutionality of the entire law. The strain is apparent throughout his opinion. One of his most important points—in fact, the keystone of his opinion—is that wherein he maintains that the power of the Federal Government to collect an income tax is based on "the peculiar significance given to the word 'direct' as used in the constitution." We should call this a distorted rather than a "peculiar" significance. So apparently thought the other seven members of the court when they differed with Mr. Justice White.

On the other hand, the opinions of the justices who declared the law to be unconstitutional are easily comprehended, are lucid, and are clear. Take, for example, the decision of the court, as read by Chief-Justice Fuller. In it, he said that all the cases concede that taxes on land are direct taxes. What, asks the chief-justice, is the difference between a tax on land and a tax on the income derived from land? Of what value is land if one can not enjoy the use and profits thereof? Further, says the chief-justice, income from bonds of States, counties, or municipalities can not be taxed by the Federal Government, because such a tax is a tax on the power of States, and therefore repugnant to the constitution.

But the most cogent as well as the most sweeping opinion is that of Mr. Justice Field, who held that the entire law is unconstitutional. His opinion is clear and convincing, and seems to us to be solidly based upon broad constitutional grounds. Justice Fields declares the law to be unconstitutional by reason of its inequality. After discussing the exemptions of various mutual corporations, building associations, and the like, which exemptions he declares to be contrary to the spirit of our laws, he says:

"The income-tax law discriminates between those who receive an income of four thousand dollars and those who do not. It thus vitiates, by this arbitrary discrimination, the whole legislation. The legislation, in the discrimination it makes, is class legislation. Whenever a distinction is made in the burdens a law imposes or the benefits it confers on any citizens by any reason of their birth, wealth, or religion, it is class legislation, and leads inevitably to oppression and abuse, and to general unrest and disturbance in society. It is the same in essential character as the English statute of 1681, which

taxed Protestants at a certain rate, Catholics as a class at double the rate of Protestants, and Jews at another and separate rate."

Never were truer words written. If this most iniquitous law should be upheld, it would create in this country two distinct classes. And yet this class distinction would be brought about by the Democratic party, which boasts of being "the party of the people."

We say "if this law should be upheld." For the matter is not yet settled. As things are at present, it is the law of the land. The case just argued came up from one of the New York Circuit Courts, which declared the law to be constitutional. The United States Supreme Court is evenly divided, and has failed to reverse the lower court. The decision therefore stands for the New York Circuit. Suits can, however, be brought in every other circuit of the United States, and the judges of those circuit courts may decide the matter according to their own convictions. As many millions are involved, it is certain that such suits will at once be brought. As the justices of the Supreme Court differ so radically on the points involved, it is probable that the circuit justices will also differ. It is possible, therefore, that the law will be upheld in one part of the country, and set aside in another. It is quite within the bounds of reason to say that the citizens of New York may be forced to pay this Federal tax, and the citizens of California go scot free—under the law.

So this is the condition in which the country will be left by the outgoing Democratic party. This is another legacy left by the late Democratic Congress. That body left but little, but what little it left has caused nothing in this country but unrest. It unsettled the country over the tariff. It unsettled the country over the currency. And now it has unsettled the country over its socialistic income tax.

When the late Democratic Congress convened, it undertook to "reform" the tariff, and declared war on Republican protection. It paralyzed business by its threats, brought on a panic from the effects of which the country has not yet recovered, and then replaced the Republican protective tariff by a Democratic protective tariff. The difference between the two is that the Republican tariff paid the expenses of the government, and that the Democratic tariff does not. The Democratic Congress then attempted to "reform" the currency. But it did not know whether it wanted State bank-notes, or national bank-notes, or only government notes, or whether it was in favor of gold monometallism, or silver monometallism, or national bimetalism, or international bimetalism. It does not know yet what it wanted. Neither does the country. But the country knows that it left the currency in confusion, nearly exhausted the gold reserve, and borrowed one hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars to keep the government going.

The last thing that the Democratic Congress did was to attempt to raise money by its infamous socialistic income tax—partly, as we have said, to win the suffrages of the Populistic rabble, and partly to cover up the fact that its attempt to reduce tariff duties was disingenuous and dishonest. The result is now before us. A Democratic Supreme Court can not see its way clear to uphold this Democratic law; the income-tax bill is partially dismembered, and will soon, we hope, be backed to pieces. So this, then, is all that is left of the labors of the Fifty-Third Congress—the Democratic Congress of 1894—the Congress of Dishonor.

Simultaneously with the outbreak of a fierce discussion between Max O'Rell and Mark Twain on French and American morals, M. Groussier, of Paris, has announced the discovery of a scientific method of tracing paternity. By M. Groussier's process, a son may prove his descent from some one who had carefully concealed his responsibility, and an unsuspecting father of a family may find that he is not accountable for the olive branches round his table. Since the publication of "Japhet in Search of a Father," nothing so startling has stirred society.

It was with a view to avoid domestic scandal that an

seemly investigations that the Code Napoléon forbade *la recherche de la paternité*. It had more than once happened in the most distinguished circles that impostors had claimed to be the sons and putative heirs of men in high station. Napoleon himself is known to have paid large annual stipends to men who claimed to be his progeny, and who were probably lying impostors. The code blocked the path of the most brazen of these adventurers. No such case as the Blythe case could occur in France. In this State, the law of succession recognizes that illegitimate children have rights, and may assert them if they can establish their paternity. It is a question whether our law is as wise as the French, especially as matrimony is so easy. It is probably not for the public interest that a bait should be held out to unscrupulous women to produce supposititious heirs to rich men—dead or alive. If M. Groussier should come to this country, and set up his establishment for the discovery of long-lost fathers by the application of the rules of heredity, he might make a great deal of trouble.

In high life the genealogy of adulterine children is no secret. Every one knew that the Count de Walewski was the son, not of M. de Walewski, but of the Emperor Napoleon; that Louis Napoleon was the son, not of King Louis, but of the Dutch Admiral Verhuel; and that M. de Morny was the son, not of his mother's husband, but of M. de Flaubert. These were matters so notorious that no one ever took the trouble to deny them. There was no attempt at Vienna to conceal M. de Neipperg's responsibility for the children of Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife; nor was the royal paternity of Mrs. Jordan's children ever a matter of doubt in London. But in less conspicuous orders of society the disposition to flaunt irregular connections in the public face is not general; people try to bide their vices, if they can, and the paternity of many young men and women is kept a sacred secret in the mother's breast. There is an obvious impropriety as well as impolicy in rattling family skeletons.

In criticising M. Paul Bourget's "Ouvre Mer," which is occasionally sarcastic over our manners and customs, Mark Twain hints that the careful provisions of the French against indiscreet inquiries into paternity were suggested by the prevailing immorality of the French people and the frequency of illegitimate births. As a matter of fact, Mr. Clemens's knowledge of the French is derived from French novels and is absurdly imperfect; real life in France is just like real life here or elsewhere; an overwhelming majority of Frenchwomen are virtuous, and a vast preponderance of the children are born in wedlock. But when Max O'Rell intervenes in the conflict and attempts to raise the moral character of his countrywomen by disparaging the moral character of American women, he pushes the argument to a ludicrous absurdity in the other extreme. The Frenchman who handles statistics with an airy lightness, begotten of unfamiliarity with such dry matters as figures, glibly observes: "Now I shall tell Mark Twain that the proportion of illegitimate children to legitimate ones is nine per cent. in Paris, twelve per cent. in New York, fifteen per cent. in Chicago, and more than that in San Francisco."

The vital statistics of Paris are not to hand. As to the American cities, M. Blouet drew upon his imagination for his facts. Concerning New York, General Emmons Clark, Secretary of the Health Board, has furnished the following statistics:

Year.	Total births reported.	Born out of wedlock.	Percentage of total.
1891.....	45,904	1,104	2.34
1892.....	49,447	1,207	2.44
1893.....	51,529	1,241	2.41
1894.....	55,030	1,069	1.92

General Clark adds that he can not conceive where M. Blouet could have got his information, as there are no statistics on the subject except those collected by the board of health.

Being curious to ascertain how far the Frenchman was astray in regard to San Francisco, the *Argonaut* applied to the health bureau in the City Hall for information, and received the following answer: "No record of illegitimate births was ever kept in this office. It is certain, however, that the estimate of fifteen per cent. is a gross exaggeration."

The San Francisco Health Office should segregate the illegitimate births, for they constitute a valuable test of civilization. In a properly ordered country, where marriage and divorce are as easy as they are here, there should be a very small percentage of illegitimate births and few poor little waifs left to graduate in vice and crime for want of a natural protection. In some foreign countries, where statistics of illegitimacy are kept, they have formed the basis of sound and humane legislation. But it is a mistake to suppose, as Mr. Clemens and M. Blouet do, that the illegitimate birth rate constitutes an unerring test of public morality. The highest illegitimate birth rate reported by any city in Europe is at Stockholm, where it is thirty-eight per cent.; it is also high in Bavaria, and in parts of rural England and Wales. In these countries, marriage is avoided by the

poorer class because of its expense. The poorer class of Swedish women are faithful to their partners, but marriage is infrequent among them because there is a heavy tax on the solemnization of the rite. So in rural England and Wales, Sidney Godolphin Osborne and Borrowe have shown that it is the high charges of the clergy for celebrating marriages which cause so many young women of the peasant class to make irregular unions.

What would happen if this country should open its mints to the free coinage of silver? What would happen even if all the gold should be shipped to Europe and the currency of the country placed on a silver basis? The gold monometallists have always maintained that the fate in store for a country so situated is too terrible to be formulated into words—that it would be national self-destruction. But why should political and commercial death inevitably follow the adoption of even a single silver standard? Other countries have done it and survived, and even prospered. Mexico has a currency based upon silver, and yet enjoys a fair measure of prosperity. It is the character of the people that limits Mexico's advance. Who will say that the progress would be greater or more rapid with a currency based upon gold? The population of the countries using silver as the basis of their currency is four times as great as that of those using gold. The market that they offer for the sale of commodities is fully as large.

Were this country to adopt silver instead of gold as a standard of value, the prices of goods and of services would be higher, but the ratio between the prices would remain the same. Would not the laborer be able to purchase as much clothing, and groceries, and meats with his silver wages as with his gold wages? Is it not possible that in purchasing articles of American production he would get more?

The monometallists contend that in international transactions there would be a constant loss, because we would sell for silver and purchase with gold. The American farmer, they maintain, would sell his wheat in England and receive for it one hundred silver dollars, worth, say, seventy-five gold dollars. In return he would purchase clothing in England, paying for it in gold. In effect he would obtain seventy-five dollars' worth of clothing in exchange for one hundred dollars' worth of wheat. But why is it necessary for him to purchase his clothing in England? If he can get one hundred dollars' worth of clothing in this country for his wheat and only three-quarters of that amount in England, would he not prefer to purchase here? And would not the manufacturer in this country profit by the transaction? It might be that England would not require so much of the farmer's wheat under these circumstances. A country pays for what it purchases with the goods it sells, and if the sales of England's clothing fell off, there would be less capacity for buying wheat. But is there no other market for the wheat? Already large quantities of wheat, ground into flour, are being shipped to China; this puts American millers to work instead of English millers.

Under existing conditions, it is probable that this country must purchase commodities from gold countries. Practically all of the countries of Europe have the gold standard, and should this country adopt the silver standard without the cooperation of the others, there would undoubtedly be a considerable loss to us in our trade with Europe. The United States is a vast and prosperous country, with the greatest variety in its products, but it is not yet prepared to stand alone against the rest of the world. With international bimetalism, however, the case would be different. In that case, those commodities that the United States finds it profitable to purchase abroad could be obtained in bimetallic or silver countries. It would not be necessary to go to England for anything should that country hold out against bimetalism.

Suppose that by some violent convulsion of nature the British Isles should be submerged beneath the surface of the sea, how long would such a catastrophe seriously affect this country? There would be a period of transition while commerce was adjusting itself to the new channels of trade; but would the United States be seriously inconvenienced? Is there anything among the articles now purchased from England that we could not do without and that could not be obtained here or elsewhere? Would any other country that now buys from England be seriously inconvenienced? There are some articles of luxury that are provided in England and not elsewhere, but articles of necessity may be produced in every part of the globe. England exports large quantities of coal, but coal deposits are found throughout Europe and in this country; England exports cotton and woolen goods, but the raw cotton and wool are raised here and in other countries, and could be manufactured into cloth elsewhere as well as in England; England exports iron and steel, but Pennsylvania, the Lake Superior iron-fields, and even the Pacific North-West could supply the world's demand; England exports machinery, but in design, efficiency,

and mechanical ingenuity the American machinery is the equal, if not the superior, of the English.

Should the countries of Europe—with the exception of Great Britain—and the United States enter into an agreement to base their currency on both gold and silver, what would be the first and most important effect? All bimetallic and all silver countries would find that in selling to England they must receive silver, and in buying from England they must pay in gold. There would be a profit to England in this, but there would be a loss to the other countries. Is it probable that the other countries would continue to trade with England under these circumstances? Could England produce so cheaply as to compete against the advantage of silver prices in production and in payment, and still make a profit?

Should England persist in remaining outside of a bimetallic agreement while the other countries entered into it, there would be more advantage to the United States than to any other country. This country can produce practically every commodity that the silver-using countries now purchase from England. With the advantage of accepting payment in the metal which they use in their currency, while England would charge gold prices, it would not be long before the United States had the bulk of the trade with these silver countries. With the bimetallic countries, the position would be similar. England would pay them in silver while selling to them only for gold. Would they not soon find it to their advantage to buy and sell with the United States? Would it not be probable that in time, with the abundant resources of this country, the world's clearing-house would be removed from London to New York?

Maggie Tiller, the Chicago murderess, is the first woman sentenced to death in the State of Illinois. She deliberately took the life of a man who had won the heart of a girl she loved. A jury has found her guilty, a court has sentenced her to hang, and Mrs. John Vance Cheney, Mrs. Bedell, Mrs. Matilda A. Corse, Miss Ada Sweet, Mrs. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Mrs. Catherine McCollough, Mrs. C. Henrotin, and the other advanced leaders of the woman movement in Chicago opine that she will be rightly served.

It is not easy to find grounds for dissent from their opinion. One of the consequences of that sexual equality for which some women clamor is that the old leniency to female wrong-doers is now brushed aside. A woman nowadays must bear the full responsibility of her acts, and can not plead her petticoats in bar of judgment.

The old idea was that a woman's intellect was inferior to a man's and her power of resisting temptation less; hence, while no distinction of sex was made in the law, there was a marked distinction in the practice, and crimes which in a man entailed the penalty of death were usually punished by imprisonment in a woman. A departure from this practice occurred in the witchcraft delusion at Salem; with one exception, the victims of that delusion were all women. The horror inspired by the memory of that dark blot on the history of Massachusetts may perhaps have led to the general repugnance to the execution of women which undoubtedly prevailed before the execution of Mrs. Surratt. That was a case which put the feeling to the test. Of Mrs. Surratt's guilt no careful reader of the testimony can now entertain a reasonable doubt; she was probably the most guilty of the conspirators, after Booth; the rage against her at the time of her arrest was intense; yet a large proportion, perhaps a majority, of the Northern people were decidedly opposed to hanging her, because she was a woman; long after her execution, the lawyer who led the prosecution was stunned and silenced in Congress by the taunt that he had "hanged a woman."

We note this feeling all through the murder calendar. It figured doubtless among the reasons for the escape of Laura D. Fair for the murder of Crittenden in San Francisco. It contributed to save Mrs. Maybrick in England and Lizzie Borden in Connecticut. In these cases the counsel for the defense played dexterously upon the emotional chord in the jurors' hearts, and appealed for mercy for his client on the ground that, even if she had done wrong, she was entitled to the tender sympathy and forgiveness of every manly man. He told the jury that a woman ought not to be treated with stern severity or held to strict accountability.

It is the converse of this argument which we hear at women's conventions. There we are told that women are not by any means poor weak creatures, but, on the contrary, are as strong as men and as capable of self-control. This is well. But if they are entitled to the suffrage, and to the same political rights as their fathers and their brothers, they can not claim any exemption from the consequences of their acts on the ground of their sex. The ladies, so far as they have been heard from, have the courage of their convictions and are not afraid of carrying them to their legitimate conclusions. With the exception of those who are opposed to

capital punishment in all cases, not a voice has been raised to beg for mercy for Maggie Tiller.

There is this to be said in favor of the stern execution of the law. Although women, as a rule, are more gentle than men, and the sight of bloodshed generally jars on their nerves, there have always been murderesses since the days of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite. According to the census of 1890, six thousand nine hundred and fifty-eight homicides were committed in the census year; of these, three hundred and ninety-three, or 5.35 per cent., were the work of women. Some of the most atrocious murders in history were performed, either directly or indirectly, by women. When a woman's nature is bad, she is very bad. All the great poisoners were women, from the days of Locusta to those of Mme. de Brinvilliers. The chief employers of the professional bandits who flourished in Rome in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and who were ready to take life for coin, charging one price for an ordinary murder and an extra price for the killing of one who was engaged in committing a deadly sin, were members of the gentle sex. There never was a more cold-blooded assassin born than Mme. Joniaux, of Belgium, who has just been condemned to imprisonment for life.

As a matter of abstract justice, we may thus conclude that the sentiment which would discriminate between the sexes in penalties for crime is a false sentiment not justified by reason. If a woman is vigorous enough to take life, there is no shock to the proprieties in making her suffer the due penalty of her guilt. The only exception the law makes to this is when a condemned murderess is with child.

The legislature of Pennsylvania has just passed a bill prohibiting the wearing of religious garb in the public schools. The object of the law is to abolish every trace of religious sectarianism in schools which are intended to place all creeds on a level, and to prevent the intrusion of any of them into the business of education. As such, it does not appear that it should provoke the antagonism of reasonable men.

But Bishop McGovern, of Harrisburg, sees in it a covert attack on the Roman Catholic faith, and denounces it in a letter which is published in the press. He says that the law is unmitigated persecution; that it is designed to exclude priests and nuns of the Roman Catholic persuasion from serving as teachers in the schools; and that the denial of their right to appear in the schools in their religious dress is simply "denying them liberty of conscience." It strikes the public that the bishop's logic is loose. The Pennsylvania bill does not interfere with the faith of teachers. They may profess any religion they please, or cling to any superstition they fancy, without molestation. It merely provides that they shall not ostentatiously display in the schools a garb which, as the bishop says, is a badge of sectarianism. It does not impair the right of a Roman Catholic to teach in the schools. It simply declares that if a Roman Catholic, male or female, does so teach, he or she must dress as other teachers do, and must not carry into the schools a denominational banner. That seems a reasonable provision, and does not deserve the hysterical anathema with which the bishop brands it.

Bishop McGovern goes on to say that this has always been a land of bigotry, and in proof thereof he quotes the harsh laws of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries against those whose religious views differed from those of the colonial authorities. The point is well taken. In New England, as in the Southern colonies, sectarian bigotry was rampant at the period mentioned, and Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Baptists suffered in consequence. But the good bishop should in fairness have mentioned that at the time when non-conformism was visited with penalties in the colonies, there was no such thing as religious toleration in any part of the Christian world. In Spain, France, Portugal, and Germany heretics were visited with the utmost severity of the church. Men were imprisoned, fined, tortured, and executed because they chose to worship God according to their conscience. Even in England Roman Catholics burned Protestants at the stake when they had power, and Protestants improved upon the example when their turn came. It was an age of darkness, superstition, and intolerance, and it is marvelous that in such an age freedom of opinion should have managed to rear its head in Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. But if the Roman Church had its way, the same darkness, intolerance, and superstition would prevail to-day.

If a feeling antagonistic to the Papal Church has arisen in this country, it is the work of the hierarchy of which Bishop McGovern is a member. It is the legitimate fruit of the efforts of the Roman Catholic clergy to secure secular power for their church. We do not see Episcopalians, or Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Baptists, trying to get control of municipal governments, or to smuggle through legislatures bills intended to promote the advantage of their particular sect. The Roman Catholics are always doing this; and such is the apathetic indifference of Protestants that the

servants of the Pope have succeeded in gaining control of some of the largest municipalities in the country, and have placed in office faithful servants of the Pope. Americans have seen with disgust the banding of Roman Catholic voters to secure the success of Roman Catholic candidates, regardless of party, and the truckling of conventions to those who claimed—probably with reason—to control the Roman Catholic vote. Bishop McGovern and his fellow-prelates are trying might and main to make Catholic Americans Romanists first and citizens afterward; can they wonder that members of other denominations resent this attempt to inject sectarianism into the conduct of the public business?

This bishop arraigns Americans for selecting Roman Catholics for persecution. No case of persecution has been brought to public notice. But would it be wonderful if there had been such a case when, alone among the churches, the Papal organization sends an ambassador to represent it in this country, as if it were still a temporal power, as in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries? We do not bear of the Church of England or the Established Church of Scotland sending ablegates to Washington to extend the power of their sect. But Mgr. Satolli is accredited by the Pope to this country with the particular mission of conquering the land, and beguiling, or seducing, or coercing us into a belief in the blood of St. Januarius and the Holy Coat of Treves. This is courting a fight. It is throwing down a gauntlet. It is offering a challenge. It is simply natural that such provocations to battle should lead to the organization of A. P. A. societies, and to the passage of bills designed to keep the priesthood out of the schools, however they may dominate city councils. These steps are not persecution. They are merely self-defense.

Like most ecclesiastical controversialists, the bishop is not careful about his facts. He says:

"The reform in the various State constitutions did not reform the spirit of intolerance of a large number of the people of these United States. Catholics are the marked victims on nearly all occasions of this fanatical hate; they are slandered and vilified in newspapers, pamphlets, on the rostrum, in political and religious conventions, in the pulpit, in the State legislatures, and in the halls of Congress; they are proscribed at the ballot-box and debarred from all offices or places of trust or profit, which emanate from the vote of the people, except their constituents are Catholics, by a prejudice that has the force of organic law."

This is absurdly false. No sect is treated so tenderly as the Roman Catholics; there is hardly a newspaper anywhere, and only one in San Francisco, which dares to criticize the adherents of Rome, and as to offices, their habit of casting a solid vote at elections insures them their pick of offices where there is plunder to be grabbed. There is hardly a county or State convention held at which more or less terrorism is not exercised by Roman Catholic wire-pullers inspired by their priests.

Bishop McGovern ironically thanks the legislature of Pennsylvania for quickening Roman Catholic zeal by proscribing the religious garb in the public schools. Strange to say, no such view is taken by the Jewish rabbis or the Russian popes, whose ecclesiastical costume is also shut out from the schools. It seems that neither the Israelites nor the members of the Greek Church consider themselves persecuted by a law which forbids their parading in the schools in their clerical garb. The reason is simple. They are not always seeking pretexts for quarrel with the prevailing religion in this country. It is the McGoverns and similar members of the proud and sensitive race who are always spoiling for a fight.

For some time now, it has been stealing into the minds of Du Maurier's admirers that "Trilby" is becoming the international nuisance of the nineteenth century. It is not, perhaps, Trilby herself so much, for she is a very charming if improper person. But it is the people who utilize her. There are now "Trilby shoes," "Trilby bonbons," and "Trilby cigars." We have had "Trilby tableaux" until we are tired; the number of young women who "look like Trilby" grows from day to day; while the number of females—we use the word deliberately—who talk about their "Trilby feet," is as the sands of the sea. Most of them know as much about Trilby or Trilby's feet as they do of her mesosternum; but, none the less, they babble of her pedal phalanges. Yet it has been reserved for San Francisco to give the final blow to Du Maurier's book. A firm of ready-made clothing dealers now run stariog "ads" headed with the familiar picture of Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee walking out together arm in arm. These three unfortunate gentlemen are decked out with most gorgeous garments, all ready-made, and all duly ticketed. They wear upon their countenances the feeble smirk peculiar to tailors' dummies. Their attire is spoken of in the "ad" as "ideals of Trilbyism." It is segregated. "The Laird" is "a double-breasted sack, the newest weave in Scotches, and bewilderingly handsome." Another garment is "The Taffy," which is "one of these soft-roll sacks that's so jaunty, and so free from that stiff

look." The "Little Billee" is "our new cutaway, one of the most artistic garments that ever left a tailor-shop." We submit to Mr. du Maurier that henceforth "Trilby" is impossible. Talleyrand said that a blunder was worse than a crime. So has it been with Trilby. We bore with her as an immoral person, but she is unendurable as a chestnut. We extend to Mr. du Maurier our sincere sympathies, for it is indeed bitter to be used as the vicarious eulogist of ready-made raiment—to become, as it were, the laureate of a band-me-down.

The following communication has been received at this office:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I would like the candid opinion of a competent and unprejudiced party in regard to a matter of business, and have decided the *Argonaut* would be the best authority. The case is this: Is there room and a field for a clean, decent daily newspaper, either morning or evening, in San Francisco? I know of a man who would try the experiment if he could see some encouragement. The journal should be perfectly fearless and honest in every sense; a paper that will not publish obscene articles, nor lottery schemes, nor assignment-house advertisements, nor puffs of quack medicines, nor permit any so-called doctor to display his portrait in its columns; a paper that is not given to sensation and scare-heads—in short, a respectable journal, one that would not be a dangerous visitor in the family circle. Could such a paper exist in San Francisco? A reply in your columns would oblige.

The question is rather a difficult one to answer. Many observing men believe that the taste of San Francisco readers has become so debased by long reading of indecent dailies that a decent daily would die. However, there is a move being made in the right direction. The *Call*, under its new management, has banished all lottery matter from its pages. It further announces that it will give only the barest mention to such scandals as the infamous English one with which its San Francisco contemporaries have lately been defiling their columns. It kept its promise in this regard—it gave the matter but a few lines. If it keeps its various promises concerning cleanness and decency, it may force the other dailies to be decent despite themselves. In that case, our correspondent may find it unnecessary to advise his friend to start a new daily here. Let him watch the course of the *Call*; if it fails in its commendable attempt to purify daily journalism in San Francisco, it would be futile for his friend to try: if it succeeds, his friend's attempt would be superfluous.

The *Examiner* last week printed a number of interviews with leading citizens, under the heading "What shall San Francisco do to acquire half a million of inhabitants?" The views were various. Mayor Sutro thinks—but then it doesn't make any particular difference what Mayor Sutro thinks. Mr. Isaac Upham very justly says we ought to have more railroads. Rev. John Hemphill believes we should make an advance in public morality. Engineer Marsden Manson thinks that our streets and sewers should at once be improved by skillful engineers. Park Commissioner Joseph Austin believes that people will be attracted here by improving and beautifying our park system, and particularly Golden Gate Park. None of these gentlemen seem to consider the desirability of the sudden increase to half a million as debatable. But Postmaster Frank McCoppin says very crisply that there are more people here now than can find employment, and wants to know what the Half-Million Club are going to do with the extra one hundred and fifty thousand when they come. The point is well taken. Before the city can increase its number of toilers, we must find something for them to do. Mr. McCoppin suggests that we "quit kicking," stop calling San Francisco the most immoral city in the world, quit abusing each other, and begin developing local industries. The advice is excellent. When we do that, the half-million will come to us. That will be better than for us to go seeking the half-million.

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* remarked, apropos of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad, that it ought to go to the towns that made it an object to go. By this, we meant towns that made liberal subscriptions in cash and land, and not "moral support." When it comes to building railroads, moral support "doesn't go." The *Stockton Mail* at the time remarked that our advice was "vicious," and that it would be "a scheme to extort money from every large town in the valley under pain of leaving it off the road." Precisely so. That is what we meant. If there are two towns wanting the road, and Squareburg gives cash and Sutroville gives wind, we should side-track Sutroville. That is business. We think that Stockton, the *Stockton papers*, and the *Stockton Mail* will agree with us, now that they have the road, and are trying to make their own citizens put up one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There are a number of wealthy Stockton niggards whose voices are so husky that they can not say "coin." Their fellow-citizens add the press are now engaged in chiding them out of them.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

An Event in the Life of a Successful Man.

This is a short tale of what passes for romance in these latter days. There was a time when every romance was a love-story also, and all ended alike with "and so they were married and lived happily ever after." That time is not now. We no longer know the ending of every story, hardly even when Death causes an interruption.

There was a certain house, not too large for comfort and not too small for generous entertainment, not ornate to ugliness nor plain to severity. A house with wide windows, airy rooms, and round-the-corner verandas, set on a velvet-green lawn that sloped to a broad avenue, lined on either side with similarly well-appointed homes. Out of this house one May morning, when Nature in shrubs and ornamental beds and highly trained vines smiled a well-dressed suburban welcome to him, stepped the owner, smug and satisfied with himself and his belongings. He stood on his wide stone steps for a few minutes with his after-breakfast cigar between his fingers, and enjoyed all the delicious sensations of elation and dominance that his well-made and daintily served cup of coffee had sent trickling over his nerves. He was a handsome, well-set-up fellow, who might have been carefully preserved at forty-five or a little gone off at thirty-five, and the pride that percolated through him stiffened up his erect back, swung his legs out vigorously, and put a good-humored smile on his naturally kindly face. His morning thoughts were taking account of stock, for this was his wedding anniversary, and the balance on his side was a handsome sum to contemplate. There was professional success to his credit, and he felt a keen joy at the long list of legal fights in which he stood the victor. The money that had come out of it was very good to have; he liked to be finely appointed and silently served; but he was not sordid, after all, and the fever of the battle was his chiefest delight. And then there was the social success he had won, he and his wife, and she certainly came in for a share of the deserts there, for she was like all his belongings—the best to be had.

Yes, Constance was certainly his most paying investment, and the thought of her lovely presence ran through his meditations like the chorus in the Greek play—not, perhaps, indispensable, but essential to its perfection. She was a woman of few words, but those were always to the point. No nonsense about Constance, either; no poetry and that sort of thing, and so she was a woman to be trusted. Here he gave a half-unconscious smile at the absurdity of any man he knew being preferred to him. She was a woman of stately dignity, too, and the idea of her condescending to anything approaching a flirtation was too incongruous. He had always allowed his wife the most perfect liberty in her dealings with the numerous men who thronged their social functions, and she was safe, for all her beauty and fine presence—oh, yes, perfectly safe—almost too safe! A little spice of the devil was unquestionably a great attraction in a woman, but in a wife—certainly not, it would never do.

Constance's morning letters and notes were in his pocket now to be posted in town, and several of these were addressed to men. All social missives, of course, that bad to do with the engagements they two made, accepted, or declined, together or apart, as they decided. One of those letters he remembered was pretty bulky for a note. But Constance was safe, perfectly so, and they understood each other. She wasn't a woman to expect too much, either. Of course a good deal of the demonstration will wear off in ten years; a man can't be always making love to his wife, and decidedly Constance wasn't the woman to expect it.

These reflections had somehow wandered on, uninterrupted by the episodes of the ride on the cars, the meeting and greeting of many friends going into town, and they followed him into his office, where he opened his mail and called in the boy to carry out his letters. As he laid them out on his desk, he almost without thinking pushed aside the bulky one from his wife's packet, and sent off the rest without it. He could not have said why he did it, and at intervals through the morning he looked at it and meant to send it, but somehow he waited. It was addressed as many of their joint invitations or her own brief communications were, to "Mr. Roland Van Sittart." There was nothing unusual about it, Van Sittart was one of their most intimate friends, though somehow he never quite liked the fellow now that he thought of it, and, as he turned it over, he noticed that the flap of the letter had come loose.

At last the temptation became too great for him. He took the letter out and read it from beginning to end. He had never done such a thing before in the ten years of his married life, and he knew perfectly well that it was not the sort of thing gentlemen do. He did it, he assured himself, against his own will and quite without suspicion of Constance. This is what he read:

"It is quite useless for you to say more to me upon this subject. You ask the impossible, and with a man's calm oblivion of any view of it but his own. You think that if I were to love with you, as you are with me, happiness could only be achieved for us by going away to live our lives out together. But I am not sure we should find happiness that way. I am not even sure that this feeling we have for each other would be lasting. My husband had it at first for me, and it did not last. He loves me now as I have loved him—in a kindly way that is like an intercessor friendship. But even this makes a bond between us that you do not understand and that I can not break. If I hated him, I should go with you, loving you as I do; but I also have love for him, and I could as soon do violence to the tie that binds me to my mother or to a child, if I had one. There is no passion between us, but there are ten years of a kind of affection that you can not comprehend, a thousand experiences that have come to us two alone of all the world, and two little graves. That alone would hold me to him, and the memory of his gentleness and considerate kindness to me even when at last I had to do without his passionate love, would embitter my days with you. If I had found you years ago, it would have been different—how different, it breaks my heart to think; but it is too late. You say there are no children, as if that altered the case. But there is a memory of little, clingy hands that unites us more firmly than any marriage vow. If you had found me the woman I was ten years ago, I dare not think of

what we might have been and have lived, of the happiness we might have known together. But now it can never be, for I am that woman no longer. I am, as every wife is, a part of the man to whom I have joined my future. Marriage is not a thing of words or promises; it is a remodeling of life, and there is no going back or starting over again.

"It is not, as you scornfully say, 'the Fetish of convention' that holds me true, it is my own heart, and that is—what marriage has made it. There are married relations from which I should go unhesitatingly and without sense of guilt, straight to the man I loved, but those relations are not mine. My life with him is not what I hoped or longed for, and that through no fault of mine, but there is in it not a little of beauty, after all, and much of deep affection and truth, and I shall remain faithful to it, God helping me, as far as I am able. It might be made easier for me, perhaps, by your going away for a time, but your going or staying will not alter it. What I am I shall remain."

The man finished the letter, folded it firmly, and pasted it shut. Then he rung for the boy and sent him out with it to post. After that he locked the door and sat down with his head clasped tightly between his hands.

What had happened to the world to turn it upside down like this? Was he going crazy? He got up and looked in a hanging mirror to see if his hair had turned gray. Then he sat down again, and waited for the emotions that seemed bursting his heart to straighten themselves out. Anger against them both, friend and wife who had deceived him, against life that had lied to him with a false prosperity, then misgivings as to his own course—all raged within him by turns. But above and within it was one predominating thought as persistent as pain: that better than all the world he still loved his wife.

What should he do, go home and denounce the whole thing to her face, kill Van Sittart, or bury the secret in his sore heart and try to win back her love? He had taken it for granted for so many years that now perhaps it was too late. He buried his face in his folded arms upon the table and wept. His life that had seemed so rich, and full, and prosperous in the morning seemed now so meagre and bereft. What, indeed, was he to do?

What would you have done?

ANNIE E. P. SEARING.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1895.

ABANDONED BABES IN PARIS.

How the Mothers Come to See them at the Assistance Publique—
Sad Scenes in One of France's Strange Public
Institutions.

While the recent terrible and unusual cold was making so many victims among the young children of the poor, we thought it would be a curious if sad sight to see, at the office of public charity known as the Assistance Publique, the bureau where the mothers of the poor little abandoned ones go to ask news about their babies, for all are, happily, not willing to leave them on some church steps or on benches in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées or Bois de Boulogne.

There are numberless mothers of illegitimate children, and of married women also, alas! who are obliged, through poverty, to separate themselves from their *petit mignon*, but who keep, nevertheless, an imperishable love in their hearts for them, and have only confided them to public charity with the hope and belief that when the slack season or the strike is over, they will be able to take them to their homes again. For these latter every three months—think of it! only every three months a bureau of information is opened, where mothers can learn the fate of their little ones.

It is up three flights of stairs, sorrowful to climb with the fear in their hearts of bad news, and then on the landing is a written notice "Nouvelles"—news—and an arrow pointing to a door marked Number 2. Along the corridor are two lines of wooden benches, worn and shiny, on which the women are crowded together in a compact mass.

There are all kinds here, from the *drôlesse*, with banged hair falling over her forehead and decked out in gaudy rags, which proclaim their purchase at third-rate old-clothes shops, to the bread-carrier, who has stopped on her way between two houses, and whose apron and over-sleeves powder with flour the grimy benches.

Here is a peasant girl—not yet polished by city life—with red cheeks and sun-burned face; she has come to Paris, having gone wrong in her village. There, perhaps, she would have thrown the *chiquet* in the river; here in the great city she has taken it to the "Assistance." She looks smiling, knowing her shame is well hidden, and she waits till she has laid aside a few francs to take the child back again. Do they throw stones in the capital at mothers without husbands?

Nearer to us is a young girl, perhaps sixteen years of age, a true Parisian *gamine*, slight, pretty, a little dress-maker's apprentice, probably. Her eyes are bright, her smile cunning, bold, not exactly audacious. She does not keep still a moment, gossips with everybody, and, with her Faubourg slang, explains the workings of the institution to her neighbors: "The *mômes* are very well off here, you know. I was here myself when I was a baby. That is the way it is with us. We come from the street and we return to it, the little ones as well. We make a *bêtise*; the papa goes off to his military service before we have had time to economize enough for the *conjungo*, and we are obliged to leave the *moucheron* at the Assistance until the day of the *petit grillage*. We earn so little at the shop." The *petit grillage*—the little wire fence—is, in popular parlance, the small wire-covered frame under which are placed the publications of marriage-bans at the doors of the different town halls of Paris.

In a corner sits a worn, emaciated woman, whose age it would be difficult to divine: she might be a grandmother as well as a mother. She has evidently been abandoned. The husband is doubtless a drunkard, perhaps is working out a penalty at the Central Prison House. Her eyes are full of anxiety. Three months ago the news was not good—who knows what may have happened?

All these forlorn creatures and castaways call each other "madame," as respectfully as any group of good *bourgeoises*. Many of them wear a wedding-ring in imitation, which the Sisters give them to save their reputation. They hold in their hands a small yellow ticket, on one side of which is printed the date of the visit, on the other a number.

The door opens. "Come in!" shouts out a clerk. The women rise with a bound and burry, struggling through the door like sheep at a pasture-gate. "Have patience! have patience! Pay attention to your numbers," calls out the clerk.

A little order is established; one by one the questioners present their tickets at the desk, where on a long table are laid in a line enormous registers resembling huge account-books. An employee verifies the number printed on the card, and while the woman waits with a hungry, anxious face, he consults one of the registers.

"Number one?" he calls out. "The child is well. There is no particular indication," he finishes, with the monotonous tone of a bureau official accomplishing a wearying task, always the same.

"But?" insists the mother.

"There is nothing more. The next?"

"Here!"

"Number two? The child is not very well—"

"What is the matter with my baby?" interrupts the mother, with anguish in her face and voice.

"Don't know!" returns the official, accentuating his answer with a dubious shrug of his shoulders. "The next! We are in a hurry to-day." And so it continues, with alternates of joy and pain. And then they go away slowly, talking together, bitterly denouncing the quill-driver's lacanism. But are the clerks so much to blame after all, and how is it possible for them to say more than what is written opposite to the name of the child?

Finally a young and pretty blonde woman approaches, holds out her ticket with a confident smile, the clerk gives her a friendly nod—she is an *habitué*—and then goes to consult the register. He returns to the woman, and, stammering a little:

"You have not received the letter?"

"No," she replies; "it's not surprising; they turned me out of my room because I couldn't pay. Sewing is very hard to find in these bad days."

"Give me your new address. They will write to you again."

"But you can tell me," begins the unhappy creature, who has turned pale.

"No, no! Go away!" murmurs the employee, with unusual gentleness.

Suddenly the woman lets her arms fall, stares in a half frantic way, then a long, strident cry, like that of a wounded dog, escapes her; she has understood.

While the clerk bites his lips and, feigning indifference, holds out his hand for another ticket, the woman rushes away, her head covered with her apron, giving utterance to hoarse sobs. She has not left her new address, what is the use now?

A shiver of alarm has passed over the other women, who hesitate to show their numbered tickets. It seems to them that they have felt the brush of the wings of the great reaper of souls. And, while in the distance the sound of the stumbling feet and broken sobs of the poor mother grow fainter, the monotonous chant continues: "Number 7? The child is better. Number 8? There is nothing new."

We, too, leave with a lump in our throat, and wonder to ourselves why the Assistance Publique can not with more humanity send to the desolate women, at least once a month, "tickets of life," instead of sending to them only "tickets of death."

DORSEY.

PARIS, March 22, 1895.

In a recent issue we spoke of the selfish attitude of Great Britain in regard to a silver conference. Since that article was written, a still more striking instance of that selfishness is to hand. In 1889, twenty-eight maritime powers drew up a set of rules of the road at sea. The British Government selected March 1, 1895, as a good date for the rules to go into effect, and urged other governments to adopt that date. It was so agreed. Congress at once passed an act to that effect. France and other countries did the same. All around the globe the ships of the world were prepared to adopt this uniform set of rules on March 1, 1895. But on January 16, 1895, six weeks before the date set, the British Government suddenly announced that it must wait, and asked Congress to postpone the date agreed upon. Naturally, the American, the French, and other governments were much irritated at this curt request, particularly as Great Britain had herself set the date, but as the safety of thousands of lives was involved, no recourse remained. Cable messages have gone to foreign ports all over the world, warning American ship-masters that the President's proclamation of July, 1894, establishing the new rules, is to be ignored. The selfish and discourteous action of Great Britain may result in the complete failure of the attempt to establish a uniform set of rules of the road at sea, and to save annually many human lives.

At the Bordeaux exhibition the special feature will be the largest bottle ever made. It will be one hundred and fifteen feet high and divided into stories, in the lowest of which there will be a restaurant; a winding staircase will lead up the neck to a kiosk, taking the place of the cork, where there will be room for thirty-five persons at a time to sit and look over the exhibition grounds and the city.

Gas-engines are being used in Dresden to propel street-cars. They are of nine-horse power, and are placed under the seats. A speed of nine miles an hour can be obtained with a car carrying thirty-six passengers, the cost being fifteen cents a mile with gas at one dollar a thousand feet.

AMERICA'S LEISURE CLASS.

As Pictured in "The Golden House," by Charles Dudley Warner—
A Dance in a Studio, a Busy Trifler's Day, and
the Scheme of a Social Climber.

Charles Dudley Warner's new story, "The Golden House," is a novel of American society such as Marion Crawford has essayed—with less success, be it said—in the Lauderdale Series. His personages are the people of wealth and position who make the nearest approach known in America to the leisure class of European society, and his theme is the wreck suffered by all but the very few in the mad rush for wealth and the reckless expenditure that pervades all classes in this end of the century.

The tale is a powerful one, admirably constructed, and swift in its course to the end; the personages are types of modern life, well chosen, and drawn in vigorous lines; and it presents a series of vivid pictures of life among a certain class of New Yorkers. Of these latter we have chosen a few, as samples of the good things the book contains and for their inherent interest.

The opening scene is laid in the studio of a famous painter—was it Sargent or Beckwith who had Carmencita to dance in his studio and so made her fame?—where a Spanish girl is to dance. Here it is:

It was near midnight. The company gathered in a famous city studio were under the impression, diligently diffused in the world, that the end of the century is a time of license if not of decadence. The situation had its own piquancy, partly in the surprise of some of those assembled at finding themselves in Bohemia, partly in a flutter of expectation of seeing something on the border-line of propriety. The hour, the place, the anticipation of the lifting of the veil from an Oriental and ancient art, gave them a titillating feeling of adventure, of a moral bazaar bravely incurred in the duty of knowing life, penetrating to its core. Opportunity for this sort of fruitful experience being rare outside the metropolis, students of good and evil had made the pilgrimage to this midnight occasion from less favored cities. Recreant scholars in the physical beauty of the Greeks, from Boston, were there; fair women from Washington, whose charms make the reputation of many a newspaper correspondent; spirited stars of official and diplomatic life, who have moments of longing to shine in some more languorous material paradise, had made a hasty flitting to be present at the ceremony, sustained by a slight feeling of bravado in making this exceptional descent. But the favored hundred spectators were mainly from the city—groups of late diners, who fluttered under that pleasurable glow which the red Jacqueminot always gets from contiguity with the pale-yellow Cliequot; theatre-parties, a little jaded, and quite ready for something real and stimulating; men from the clubs and men from studios—representatives of society and of art graciously mingled, since it is discovered that it is easier to make art fashionable than to make fashion artistic.

The vast, dimly lighted apartment was itself mysterious, a temple of luxury quite as much as of art. Shadows lurked in the corners, the ribs of the roof were faintly outlined; on the sombre walls gleams of color, faces of loveliness and faces of pain, studies all of a mood or a passion, hits of shining brass, reflections from lustrous were struggling out of obscurity; hangings from Fez or Tetuan, hits of embroidery, costumes in silk and in velvet, still having the aroma of balls a hundred years ago, the faint perfume of a scented society of ladies and gallants; a skeleton scarcely less fantastic than the draped wooden model near it; heavy rugs of Daghestan and Persia, making the footfalls soundless on the floor; a fountain tinkling in a thicket of japonicas and azaleas; the stems of palmettoes, with their branches waving in the obscurity overhead; points of light here and there where a shaded lamp shone on a single red rose in a blue Granada vase on a toppling stand, or on a mass of jooquills in a barbarous pot of Chanak-Kalless; tacked here and there on walls and hangings, colored memoranda of Capri and of the North Woods, the armor of knights, trophies of small arms, crossed swords of the Union and the Confederacy, easels, paints, and palettes, and rows of canvases leaning against the wall—the studied litter, in short, of a successful artist, whose surroundings contribute to the popular conception of his genius.

On the wall at one end of the apartment was stretched a white canvas; in front of it was left a small cleared space, on the edge of which, in the shadow, squatting on the floor, were four swarthy musicians in Oriental garments, with a mandolin, a guitar, a nay, and a darabooka drum. About this cleared space, in a crescent, knelt or sat upon the rugs a couple of rows of men in evening dress; behind them, seated in chairs, a group of ladies, whose white shoulders and arms and animated faces flashed out in the semi-obscurity; and in their rear stood a crowd of spectators—beautiful young gentlemen with vacant faces and the elevated Oxford shoulders, rosy youth already blasé to all this world can offer, and gray-headed men young again in the prospect of a new sensation.

Then follows a poetic description of the dance, which we shall not quote, but pass on to the scene and a bit of the chatter that succeed it:

While the spectators are breathless, the fury ceases, the music dies, and the Spaniard sinks into a chair, patting with triumph, and inclines her dark head to the clapping of hands and the bravos. The kneelers rise; the spectators break into chattering groups; the ladies look at the dancer with curious eyes; a young gentleman with the elevated Oxford shoulders leans upon the arm of her chair and fans her. The pose is correct; it is the somewhat awkward tribute of culture to physical beauty.

To be on speaking terms with the phenomenon was for the moment a distinction. The young ladies wondered if it would be proper to go forward and talk with her.

"Why not?" said a wit. "The Duke of Donnycastle always shakes hands with the pugilists at a mill."

"It is not so bad"—the speaker was a Washington beauty in an evening dress that she would have condemned as indecorous for the dancer—"it is not so bad as I—"

"Expected?" asked her companion, a sedate man of thirty-five, with the cynical air of a student of life.

"As I feared," she added, quickly. "I have always had a curiosity to know what these Oriental dances mean."

"Oh, nothing in particular now. This was an exhibition dance. Of course its origin, like all dancing, was religious. The fault I find with it is that it lacks seriousness, like the modern exhibition of the dancing dervishes for money."

"Do you think, Mr. Mavick, that the decay of dancing is the reason our religion lacks seriousness? We are in Lent now, you know. Does this seem to you a Leoten performance?"

"Why, yes, to a degree. Anything that keeps you up till three o'clock in the morning has some penitential quality."

"You give me a new view, Mr. Mavick. I confess that I did not expect to assist at what New Englanders call an 'evening meeting.' I thought Eros was the deity of the dance."

"That, Mrs. Lamon, is a vulgar error. It is an ancient form of worship. Virtue and beauty are the same thing—the two graces."

"What a nice apothegm! It makes religion so easy and agreeable."

"As easy as gravitation."

"Dear me, Mr. Mavick, I thought this was a question of levitation. You are upsetting all my ideas. I shall not have the comfort of repeating of this episode in Lent."

"Oh, yes; you can be sorry that the dancing was not more alluring."

Meantime there was heard the plop of corks. Venetian glasses filled with champagne were quaffed under the blessing of sparkling eyes; young girls, almond-eyed for the occasion, in the costume of

Tokio, handed round ices, and the hum of accelerated conversation filled the studio.

Among those who witnessed the dance was Jack Delaney, Mr. Warner's hero, a man liked by everybody—by the cowboys and "the severe moralists of the plains, whose sedate business in life is to get the drop on inoffensive persons," as Mr. Warner puts it, as well as by the matrons, men, and maidens of his set in New York. He is well married, and has an income of twenty thousand a year. This is the way he puts in a day in town:

It was indeed a busy day for Jack. Great injustice would be done him if it were supposed that he did not take himself and his occupations seriously. His mind was not disturbed by trifles. He knew that he had on the right sort of four-in-hand neck-tie, with the appropriate pin of pear-shaped pearl, and that he carried the cane of the season. These things come by a sort of social instinct, are in the air, as it were, and do not much tax the mind. He had to hasten a little to keep his half-past-eleven-o'clock appointment at Stalker's stables, and when he arrived, several men of his set were already waiting, who were also busy men, and had made a little effort to come round early and assist Jack in making up his mind about the horse.

When Mr. Stalker brought out Storm, and led him around to show his action, the connoisseurs took on a critical attitude, an attitude of judgment, exhibited not less in the poise of the head and the serious face than in the holding of the cane and the planting of legs wide apart. And the attitude had a refined nonchalance which professional horsemen scarcely ever attain. Storm could not have received more critical and serious attention if he had been a cooked terrapin.

Storm was entirely taken to pieces, praised and disparaged, in a way to give Stalker, it might be inferred from his manner, a high opinion of the knowledge of these young gentlemen. "It takes a gentleman," in fact, Stalker said, "to judge a boss, for a good boss is a gentleman himself." It was much discussed whether Storm would do better for the park or for the country, whether it would be better to put him in the field or keep him for a roadster. It might, indeed, be inferred that Jack had not made up his mind whether he should buy a horse for use in the park or for country riding. Even more than this might be inferred from the long morning's work, and that was that while Jack's occupation was to buy a horse, if he should buy one his occupation would be gone. He was known at the club to be looking for the right sort of a horse, and that he knew what he wanted, and was not easily satisfied; and as long as he occupied this position, he was an object of interest to sellers and to his companions.

When the inspection of the horse was finished, it was time for lunch, and the labors of the morning were felt to justify this indulgence, though each of the party had other engagements, and was too busy to waste the time. They went down to the Knickerbocker.

The lunch was slight, but its ordering took time and consideration, as it ought, for nothing is so destructive of health and mental tone as the snatching of a mid-day meal at a lunch-counter from a hill of fare prepared by God knows whom. Mr. Russell said that if it took time to buy a horse, it ought to take at least equal time and care to select the fodder that was to make a human being wretched or happy. Indeed, a mao who didn't give his mind to what he ate wouldn't have any mind by and bye to give to anything. This sentiment had the assent of the table, and was illustrated by varied personal experience; and a deep feeling prevailed, a serious feeling, that in ordering and eating the right sort of lunch a chief duty of a useful day had been discharged.

It must not be imagined from this, however, that the conversation was about trifles. Business men and operators could have learned something about stocks and investments, and politicians about city politics. Mlle. Vivienne, the new skirt-dancer, might have been surprised at the intimate tone in which she was alluded to, but she could have got some useful hints in effects, for her judges were cosmopolitans who had seen the most suggestive dancing in all parts of the world. It came out incidentally that every one at table had been "over" in the course of the season, not for any general purpose, not as a sight-seer, but to look at somebody's stables, or to attend a wedding, or a sale of etchings, or to see his boot-maker, or for a little shooting in Scotland, just as one might run down to Bar Harbor or Tuxedo. It was only an incident in a busy season, and one of the fruits of it appeared to be as perfect a knowledge of the comparative merits of all the ocean racers and captains as of the English and American stables and the trainers. One not informed of the progress of American life might have been surprised to see that the fad is to be American, with a sort of patronage of things and ways foreign, especially of things British, a large continental kind of attitude, begotten of hearing much about Western roughing it, of Alaska, of horse-breeding and fruit-raising on the Pacific, of the Colorado River Cañon. As for stuffs, well, yes, London. As for style, you can't mistake a man who is dressed in New York.

The wine was a white Riesling from California. Docstater said his attention had been called to it by Tom Dillingham at the Union, who had a ranch somewhere out there. It was declared to be sound and palatable; you know what you are drinking. This led to a learned discussion of the future of American wines, and a patriotic impulse was given to the trade by repeated orders. It was declared that if American wines lay the solution of the temperance question. Bobby Simerton said that Burgundy was good enough for him, but Russell put him down, as he saw the light yellow through his glass, by the emphatic affirmation that plenty of cheap American well-made wine would knock the bottom out of all the sentimental temperance societies and shut up the saloons; dry up all those not limited to light wines and beer. It was agreed that the saloons would have to go.

This satisfactory conclusion was reached before the coffee came on and the cigarettes, and the sound quality of the Riesling was emphasized by a pony of cognac.

When the party broke up, the street-lamps were beginning to twinkle here and there, and Jack discovered to his surprise that the Twist business would have to go over to another day. It was such a hurrying life in New York. There was just time for a cup of tea at Mrs. Trafton's. Everybody dropped in there after five o'clock, when the duties of the day were over, with the latest news, and to catch breath before rushing into the programme of the evening.

Among Delaney's acquaintances are Henderson, the "King of the Street," and his pretty wife, Carmen. There has been something a trifle shady in the latter's past, but she is a social climber of brains as well as ambition, and she is determined to force the sacred portals of Society with the might of her husband's gold. As Henderson had brought Jack out on the right side of the market when the latter took a little flyer in stocks, Delaney had persuaded his wife—without avowing the reason—to accept the Hendersons' invitation to dinner, and thereafter the acquaintance between the house of Henderson and the house of Delaney was not permitted to languish:

Jack had his reasons for it, which may have been financial, and Carmen had her reasons, which were probably purely social. What was the good of money if it did not bring social position? And what, on the other hand, was the good of social position if you could not use it to get money?

In his recent association with the newly rich, Jack's twenty thousand a year began to seem small. In fact, in the lowering of the rate of interest and the shrinkage of securities, it was no longer twenty thousand a year. This would have been a matter of little consequence in the old order. His lot was not cast among the poor; most of his relatives had solid fortunes, and many of them were millionaires, or what was equivalent to that, before the term was invented. But they made little display; none at all merely for the purpose of exhibition, or to gain or keep social place. In this atmosphere in which he was born, Jack floated along without effort, with no demand upon him to keep up with a rising standard of living. Even impecuniosity, though inconveient, would not have made him lose caste.

All this was changing now. Since the introduction of a new ele-

ment even the conservative old millionaires had begun to feel the stir of uneasiness, and to launch out into extravagance in rivalry with the new millions. Even with his relatives Jack began to feel that he was poor. It did not spur him to do anything, to follow the example, for instance, of the young fellows from the country, who were throwing themselves into Wall Street with the single purpose of becoming suddenly rich, but it made him uneasy. And when he was with the Hendersons, or Miss Tavish, whose father, though not newly rich, was one of the most aggressive of speculators, and saw how easily every luxurious desire glided into fulfillment, he felt for the first time in his life the motion of envy. It seemed then that only unlimited money could make the world attractive. Why, even to keep up with the unthinking whims of Miss Tavish would bankrupt him in six months. That little spread at Wherry's for the theatre-party the other night, though he made light of it to Edith, was almost the price he couldn't afford to pay for Storm. He had a grim thought that midwinter flowers made dining as expensive as dying. It was only a matter of course for these people to build a new country-house in any spot that fashion for the moment indicated, to equip their yachts for a Mediterranean voyage or for loitering down the Southern coast, to give a ball that was the talk of the town, to make up a special train of luxurious private cars for Mexico or California. Even at the clubs the talk was about these things and the opportunities for getting them.

The acquaintance became a sort of alliance when Jack dropped in at Mrs. Henderson's, one afternoon, for a cup of tea:

"You look tired, monsieur," she said, as she passed behind his chair and rested the tip of her forefinger for a second on his head. "I shall make you a cup of tea at once."

"Not tired, but bothered," said Jack, stretching out his legs.

"I know," she replied; "it's a bothering world." She was still behind him, and spoke low, but with sympathy. "I remember, it's only one lump." He could feel her presence, so womanly and friendly. "I don't care what people say," he was thinking; "she's a good-hearted little thing, and understands men." He felt that he could tell her anything—almost anything that he could tell a man. She was sympathetic and not squeamish.

"There," she said, handing him the tea and looking down on him. The cup was dainty, the fragrance of the tea delicious, the woman exquisite.

"I'm better already," said Jack, with a laugh.

"She made a cup for herself, handed him the cigarettes, lit one for herself, and sat on a low stool not far from him.

"Now what is it?"

"Oh, nothing—a little business worry. Have you heard any Street rumor?"

"Rumor?" she repeated, with a little start. And then, leaning forward, "Do you mean that about Mr. Henderson in the morning papers?"

"Yes."

Carmen, relieved, gave a liquid little laugh, and then said, with a change to earnestness: "I'm going to trust you, my friend. Henderson put it in himself! He told me so this morning when I asked him about it. This is just between ourselves."

Jack said "Of course," but he did not look relieved. The clever creature divined the situation without another word, for there was no turn in the Street that she was not familiar with. But there was no apparent recognition of it, except to her sympathetic tone, when she said: "Well, the world is full of annoyances. I'm bothered myself—and such a little thing."

"What is it?"

"Oh, nothing, not even a rumor. You can not do anything about it. I don't know why I should tell you. But I will." And she paused a moment, looking down in an innocent perplexity. "It's just this: I am on the Foundlings' board with Mrs. Schuyler Blunt, and I don't know her, and you can't think how awkward it is having to meet her every week in that stiff kind of way." She did not go on to confide to Jack how she had intrigued to get on the board, and how Mrs. Schuyler Blunt, in the most well-bred manner, had practically ignored her.

"She's an old friend of mine."

"Indeed! She's a charming woman."

"Yes. We were great cronies when she was Sadie Mack. She isn't a genius, but she is good-hearted. I suppose she is on all the charity boards in the city. She patronizes everything," Jack continued, with a smile.

"I'm sure she is," said Carmen, thinking that however good-hearted she might be she was very "snubby." "And it makes it all the more awkward, for I am interested in so many things myself."

"I can arrange all that," Jack said, in an off-hand way. Carmen's look of gratitude could hardly be distinguished from affection. "That's easy enough. We are just as good friends as ever, though I fancy she doesn't altogether approve of me lately. It's rather nice for a fellow, Mrs. Henderson, to have a lot of women keeping him straight, isn't it?" asked Jack, in the tone of a bad boy.

"Yes. Between us all we will make a model of you. I am so glad now that I told you."

Jack protested that it was nothing. Why shouldn't friends help each other? Why not, indeed, said Carmen, and the talk went on a good deal about friendship, and the possibility of it between a man and a woman. . . . Jack rose to go.

"So soon?" And it did seem pathetically soon. She gave him her hand, and then by an impulse she put her left hand over his, and looked up to him in quite a business way.

"Mr. Delaney, don't you be troubled about that rumor we were speaking of. It will be all right. Trust me."

He understood perfectly, and expressed both his understanding and his gratitude by bending over and kissing the little hand that lay in his.

When he had gone, Carmen sat a long time by the fire reflecting. It would be sweet to humiliate the Delaney and Schuyler Blunt set, as Henderson could. But what would she gain by that? It would be sweeter still to put them under obligations, and profit by that. She had endured a good many social rebuffs in her day, this tolerant little woman, and the sting of their memory could only be removed when the people who had ignored her had to seek social favors she could give.

We have here shown how the alliance between Jack Delaney and Carmen Henderson was brought about. For its results, for Jack's apparent luck in the Street and Carmen's social progress, we must refer our readers to the book itself, with the assurance that the time spent over "The Golden House" will not be wasted.

What organized workmen can gain without strikes is shown by the New York bricklayers. They have not struck once in the past ten years, yet during that time have succeeded in getting their wages raised from forty-two to fifty cents an hour, and in securing an eight-hour day; although a long strike in 1884 for a nine-hour day failed disastrously. These results have been brought about through a permanent joint arbitration committee, composed of equal numbers of employers and employed, in which all differences have been rationally discussed and amicably adjusted. But this method is hard on the dignity and emoluments of the walking delegate.

A play running at the Comédie Française deals with cheating at cards. The French term for a card-sharp is *un grec*. M. Clarétie, the director of the theatre, has now to deal with a remonstrance from the Greek students in Paris against the use of the word, as being offensive to their nationality.

THE CRAZE FOR KAFFIR SHARES.

South Sea Scenes Redivivus—London Mad over South Africa—
Silver, Gold, and Diamond Mines—The Brokers
Block the Streets of London.

In London lately, the scenes in and around the Stock Exchange are beginning to look like the historic pictures of the South Sea bubble. All the world seems to have gone mad about South Africa. Everything is South Africa. London is daft over African exploration, tramway, and "consolidated investment" companies, African coal mines, African gold mines, African silver mines, and African diamond mines. The fluctuations are violent and the volume of shares sold each day is enormous. The favorite investments are the Croesus, Transvaal, Roodepoort, Randfontein, Crown Reef, and Fontino gold mines, and the New Jagfontein, De Beers, Kimberley, and Burma diamond mines. Such is the volume of business done at the exchange that it is sometimes impossible to effect the clearances in the hours of a business day, and steps are being taken to extend the time in some way so as to keep up. The clearances for the week ending March 20th amounted to £157,383,000, an increase of about £15,000,000 over the same week last year. This is a weekly business of about \$786,915,000. This is enormous, and it is needless to state that the African boom has resulted in other securities being neglected. None the less, American securities during the last week have been quite firm, the favorites being General Electric Trust, Distilling Trust, Sugar Trust, Lake Shore, Reading, Rock Island, and Lackawanna. Nearly all of these have advanced, the only exception being Central Pacific. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson has made a report concerning the Central Pacific Railway, in which he says that despite the refusal of the last Congress to refund the debt of that corporation, he has every reason to hope that the new Congress will do so. Despite these rosy assurances, the financial papers are filled with advices from California stating that such is the intensity of the popular feeling against the refunding of the Central Pacific debt that it is doubtful if Congress will dare to do it. Under the influence of these advices, Central Pacific declined three-fourths of a point last week.

But there is little interest taken in any securities, whether they be American railways, Canadian Pacifics, Argentines, Egyptians, Colonial securities, French Rentes, Brazilians, or the industrial securities incorporated in England, such as the Allsopp's and Bass's Brewery stocks, etc. South Africa is all the cry. Such has been the intensity of the excitement that every afternoon, after Stock Exchange hours, Throgmorton Street has been filled and entirely blocked up by yelling crowds. Throgmorton Street has long been known as the "Little Stock Exchange," where the brokers continue their business after the regular Stock Exchange has closed. It is similar to what is called the "Petite Bourse" in Paris. Up to this time, no one has attempted to disturb the stock-brokers who collected in Throgmorton Street, but the present boom in South African stocks has caused almost a riot there during the last few days, and the result was that on Tuesday last the police attempted to clear the street. It resulted in a general free fight, and two stock-brokers, Arthur MacBair and Alfred Hicks, were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct. The case was tried the following day, and the magistrate stated that the police had acted temperately in the matter, and he would therefore fine the two defendants five pounds each, not for obstructing the street, but for resisting the officers. None the less, he warned the stock-brokers that they must allow the ordinary traffic of the street to be unimpeded in future.

It is difficult to understand the mania that exists about South Africa. It is almost as bad as in the days of John Law. Not only shares in gold and diamond mines are for sale, but securities of every description. The Transvaal is said to be the country of the future. Big towns are springing up like magic in what was recently a desert. Johannesburg is a town of eighty thousand inhabitants, close to the diamond mines. There are theatres and music-halls there, tramways and electric lights, and a railway service to Cape Town. Everybody is enormously rich, according to the brokers, and everybody in London seems to want to share their wealth. Breweries and all sorts of factories are being constructed, and shares and bonds for their construction are being floated in the London market.

Next to the Kaffir stock boom, the talk of London is principally about the unspeakable Wilde case; but that is too vile even to mention. Two of the plays of Wilde are still running at the theatres, but the audiences are dropping off. This is a curious manifestation of British morality which has much impressed the managers. It is even hinted that if the case goes against Wilde his plays will be withdrawn. It would not be a bad thing if they were. The tone of the London stage has been slowly sinking of late years, and Wilde has been one of the foremost in bringing this about; but there are others who are not far behind. Arthur Pinero has followed up his unpleasant play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with a piece called "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," which is in the same line, only worse. The piece has been put on at the Garrick Theatre, and all the characters in it are malodorous types. The heroine, Mrs. Ebbsmith, is the daughter of a socialist agitator, and is herself a socialist lecturer. She is the widow of a barrister, with whom her married life was most unhappy. She becomes a nurse, and is called in to attend upon one Lucas Cleeve, who is suffering from fever in Rome. He is a young married man who has made his mark in Parliament. He is separated from his wife. Between him and his nurse there speedily grows up a feeling which rapidly becomes love, and as Mrs. Ebbsmith is an atheist and defies conventionality, she resolves to throw aside all scruples, and when the curtain rises they are living in Venice together in frank and open adultery.

But the political career of Cleeve is threatened by this scandal, and a relative of his, the Duke of St. Olphelt,

comes to Venice. He endeavors to break off the relations between Cleeve and Mrs. Ebbsmith. She has believed all along that the union between her and her lover was largely an intellectual one, but when she finds that there is danger of losing him, she realizes that she loves as other women do. She flings away her socialism, her radicalism, her dowdiness, and endeavors to make herself fair. She adorns herself as every woman will when she wishes to charm a man. She hates herself for doing so. It runs counter to all of her preconceived ideas, but she can not help it. As she herself says, "My sex has found me out." She triumphs. Cleeve is a sensualist. He is won by the woman, and determines to stay by her side. But the duke is a man of the world. He suggests that Cleeve should return to England and keep two establishments; that he should be reconciled with his wife, and let Mrs. Ebbsmith live in "a suburban villa with two discreet servants." The duke proposes this arrangement to Mrs. Ebbsmith. She angrily refuses. "Do you think," asks the duke, "that Cleeve will do the same?" She indignantly replies, "Yes." "Ask him!" says the duke. When she does so, Cleeve's weak and shuffling answers convince her that the duke is right.

Help comes to the struggling woman. She has a friend, a Mrs. Thorpe, who comes to see her, accompanied by her brother, a clergyman. They attempt to comfort her, and the clergyman writes their address on the fly-leaf of a pocket Bible. He gives it to her, but in an outburst of frenzy she hurls the book into the fire. The two friends turn sadly away. Overcome by her emotions, the unfortunate woman thrusts her hand into the flames and rescues the Bible. She clasps it to her bosom and falls upon her knees. This made a very effective curtain. On the first night it was enthusiastically received. Since then people are beginning to think it a trifle weak.

The last act is one of the most repulsive of all. Mrs. Cleeve comes to Mrs. Ebbsmith and tells her that her husband is frantic at the separation, and begs her to remain his mistress. The haughty spirit is broken, and Mrs. Ebbsmith consents. When her humiliation is complete, the wife rises in righteous anger, denounces the mistress, and commands her to bave done with her husband forever. When the weak husband appears upon the scene and begs her to forget him, she scorns him, and drives him from her side. The play closes with the old duke coming to Mrs. Ebbsmith and bolding out his hand. She extends her hand. It is maimed and scorched in snatching the Bible from the fire. The duke congratulates her on her salvation, and says, sympathetically, pointing to her band: "An accident?" "Yes." "I am sorry." And the curtain falls.

Truly, a pleasant picture this, of contemporaneous life and morals.

LONDON, March 25, 1895.

OLD FAVORITES.

[For many years, silence has reigned in Swat. To be exact, it is over twenty-nine years since Swat electrified the world, when the news of the death of the Ahkoond was announced in the London papers of January, 1876. The fact moved Mr. George T. Lanigan to poetic tears, and he hurst forth into a fine theodyssey upon the death of that Asiatic potentate, the Ahkoond of Swat, unknown to him, it is true, but apparently dear. The Ahkoond is dead. Poor Lanigan himself is dead. But the theodyssey still lives. Years have passed, and Swat has been silent. But again out of the deep there comes a sound. By a dispatch from Calcutta it seems that one Umra Kaho Jandoe has invaded Chitral. His supporters were composed of Swats. It is evident that the successor of the Ahkoond, Umra Kaho, is a stout-hearted Swat, for even the British themselves report that they had fifty wounded and three killed, and we do not know the Swat side of the story either. At last advices, the British troops were pursuing the flying Swats, who were on their way toward the Swat River. Altogether, it is evident that if the Ahkoond of Swat is dead, the old Swat spirit yet lives. We have before printed the poem of Lanigan upon the death of Umra Kaho's war-like predecessor, but the opportunity seems timely to reprint it.]

A Theodyssey.

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
iterranean—he's dead!
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoond't.
Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow Swats?)
Swats who hae wae wi' Ahkoond hied,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory hed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats matter!

Mourn, City of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot,
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed he the ground)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that hend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat hurry the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat hurry the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swatish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat.
Is not!—George T. Lanigan.

THE COLONEL'S PROTÉGÉ.

A Sketch of Army Life.

I was sojourning in the land of the Far South-West, and contentedly loafing, as particularly suits the climate and a second lieutenant, when the office door opened slowly and a head covered with an old Grand Army bat was thrust in. The eyes of the head peered around from under their ragged eyebrows and took on a look of keen disappointment. The lips moved but made no sound; then the head was withdrawn and the door almost shut. It opened again, a very little way, and disclosed part of a blue-clad figure some six feet in height. Then it closed again, and opened as before, only somewhat wider. I swung around in my chair and waited to see what would happen. The man came into the room, but kept one hand on the knob, to facilitate his escape if necessary, it appeared. I beld my peace and watched him. He was worse than unkempt, he was, in fact, about as seedy an individual as I have ever seen covered by a Grand Army coat; his eyes were red and his hand shook badly. I suspected, at once, what the trouble was, knowing the failing of his class.

I let him decide to speak first, however; but he took his time. Reconciling himself to the shutting of the door, and relinquishing his grasp on the knob at last, he took off his hat and sat upon the extreme edge of a chair. He studied the window-panes intently and chewed his tobacco in a meditative fashion. There was no telling how long this might last, so I faced about to my desk again and began to write.

Fully ten minutes elapsed before the silent figure gave any sign. "I'm busted again," it began.

The announcement evidently called for no expression of surprise. I gave none. "Yes?" I answered.

"Uh-hu."

I went at my copying again. Five more minutes.

"Where's the colonel at?"

"He's sick."

"Oh! he is?" This in the tone of a child reading a primer. "What's the matter with 'im?"

"He's got the grippe."

"When's he comin' back?"

"In two or three weeks, perhaps."

"Oh, damn!" Quite as you or I might mildly say "Pshaw."

The veteran continued to look at the window and to chew.

"I want to see the colonel."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nope." A resumption of the window and tobacco.

"I'm husted again."

"So you said."

"I've been drunk, too."

"Well, you look rather like it."

"Do I?" He examined his hat, and hands, and boots.

"I reckon I do." He smiled genially. "Queer, ain't it, bow you can most generally tell."

"Very queer," I agreed.

"Now, I thought I looked pretty good, but I reckon I was off."

"You might be worse." I consoled him. "I've seen them look worse."

"Yes, so've I." His knowledge of the world was evidently as good as mine. The pause was repeated. "I told you I was busted, didn't I? Well, what in hazes do you s'pose I told you for?"

"I really can't say."

"Can't you, really?" I felt that I was the target at which fine, sarcastic arrows were being aimed. "You can't really, eh? Wasn't you never busted?"

With a truthfulness far greater than might be generally felt, I replied that I had been, sometimes. Only a second lieutenant like myself can appreciate the honesty of my answer.

"Well, what do you generally want when you're in a hole?"

"Money."

"That's what I want."

The deduction was so logical and obvious that I felt very like a child who had been given to reason on some such axiom as "Green apples make boys sick. John ate green apples. John is sick." The old soldier was evidently pleased with the impression he had made. I felt my nerves trembling and fell weakly into the net. "I suppose you want me to lend you some?"

"Nope, hut I want you to give me some."

"Oh, you do? Doesn't it strike you that you're just a trifle cheeky?"

"Nope. You're going to give me some, ain't you?"

"Well, I really can't see why I should."

"The colonel does."

I did not doubt it, the colonel's unusual poverty was ascribed in the regiment to just that sort of thing.

"The colonel may have some reason for it. Besides, how do I know he does?"

"I say so." The tone was above dispute.

"Very good; but as I said, the colonel probably has some reason for it. How often do you go on sprees?"

"When I get my pension."

"And do you spend every cent?"

"Generally; yep."

"And does the colonel act as your paymaster whenever you are hard-up?"

"Yep."

"Might I inquire why he supports you in the path of destruction?"

"Huh?"

"Why does he help you go to the bad?"

"It does him more good than it does me hurt, I guess." The depth of the sentiment was appalling; moreover, it was exquisitely convenient. From a psychological standpoint it might be true enough, but looked at from the view of tem-

poreal comfort, the argument was had. The colonel was not one deliberately and in cold blood to care for the cultivation of his soul; there must be some other reason, and I said so. "I reckon there is."

"What is it?"

"I done him a service once."

"May I ask what it was?"

"I jest kept his little hrother from gettin' shot."

"How was that?"

"Oh, it's a blamed long thing to tell."

"Never mind; I want to hear."

"Well, will you give me a quarter if I tell you?"

"What will you do with it?"

"Get two drinks."

"All right; go on."

He sat even further upon the edge of his chair and held one shaky arm out straight. I wondered if he might be going to declaim, or repeat some ancient verse.

"That's how I got that arm."

"What arm?" I inquired, looking at the member.

"That. Don't you see I can't bend it?" I noticed it now for the first time, and he rose in my estimation. "The piece of shell cut through my arm and along in here," placing his palsied fingers on his side. "The colonel set an awful lot of store by that hrother of his. His name was Kingsley, and he wasn't more'n eighteen. He was a mighty fine feller, too, and they told a lot of stuff about 'his havin' a young wife up there in the North. They sez she was the very girl the colonel was mashed on, too. I dunno how true it was, but I reckon it wasn't all lies, because the colonel ain't never married, and onct when he had the fever, he done a lot of talkin' about some woman named Dora, an' that was the name that Kingsley told me his wife had. The colonel's a good-hearted cus, ain't he?"

I replied with conviction that he was.

"If it had been me an' my brother, I'd have wanted him killed off, I guess; but the colonel he like to have went crazy every time the youngster got in the hot part of a fight. He sez to him onct—I heard him—'If you should he shot, it 'ud jest end Dora'; and one time they got a letter sayin' that Dora had a little girl. The colonel told Kingsley then that he'd have to take more care of himself than ever. Kingsley, he just laughed. He was a brave feller, kind of hot-headed, and I guess he wasn't as much in love with his Dora as the colonel was."

The story came to an abrupt end here. The veteran was thinking over his past. In course of time, he went on:

"Onct, just before the baly was born, there was a fight, and the colonel couldn't make Kingsley stay where it was safe. He jest laughed, and went right into the fuss as soon as he could get there. The colonel he was charging around like a hen that's hatched ducks and sees 'em swimmin'. But he couldn't get near his hrother. He was by me for a minute, and he sez to me to keep that fool boy out of trouble. 'Bout ten minutes later a shell busted near us, and I got in front of Kingsley. That's all."

That was all. It certainly didn't sound like much, as the laconic old fellow put it. I looked at his face, which was to the last degree "battle scarred," as the soldiers say; at his nervous hands and wavering eyes, his filthy coat and shapeless hat. This was all that was left of a hero—a man who for a mere friend had risked death and endured worse than death. I admired a character I could not understand. Then, with the sophistry of my race and kind, the mighty virtue of small souls, I condemned his weakness. He was disgusting; a dirty old drunkard, a beggar, too; a man who would ask for a dime to get a drink with; lost to all pride and sense of shame. It was men of his kind who gave old soldiers such a hard name; and then I remembered that it was men of his kind who had composed our army; who had "made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train"—a thoroughfare which no fifty by three hundred miles can measure—a thoroughfare for Destiny and a pathway on Eternity.

However, I came down to his mental level by degrees. He was quivering with anticipation, and the hand of the good arm was lying on his knee ready to be stretched out at a moment's notice. I assumed the air that went usually with the act of swearing men into Uncle Sam's service, and which is the nearest one to severe and unimpeachable virtue that a lieutenant can command. "What makes you drink like that?" I felt that the rôle of reformer did not suit me.

"I like it."

"But why don't you try to stop?"

"Can't—now."

"You could have once?"

"Yep."

"Whatever made you start in?"

"The pain from the wound. I got drunk to stop it, and by and bye, when it had stopped for good, I couldn't let up. Ain't you done askin' questions yet? I want that quarter."

Now I have no doubt that I was guilty of an infringement of the laws of the State of California in assisting to promote drunkenness and disorder—if not legally, morally—and I also realize that the powers that he would have been justified in depriving me of the detail in that fair State which I thoroughly understood to be a very soft thing after the rigors of Montana weather, because I was helping one who drew the pension which the government kindly gives to its disabled supporters, and who was the inmate of a soldier's home, to bribe discredit on his kind; but my conscience did not reproach me in the least for turning over to him enough of my month's pay to keep him gloriously drunk for a week, nor did it even when, two hours later, I saw him taken in a limp and senseless state to the station-house. I told the colonel, and he paid the veteran's fine—for the thirty-first time, he informed me.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1895.

At a hall given by the Princess of Thurn and Taxis in Regensburg lately, a trained pony, with rubber shoes, was led in, hearing the dancing favors in two paniers on his back.

GENTLEMAN WHIPS.

The Coaching Season in New York—The "Pioneer" to go Out on Easter Monday—Who will Hold the Ribbons—New York to Philadelphia.

The first regular coach this year for Westchester, with a gentleman whip on the box-seat, will roll out of New York, as at present intended, on Easter Monday.

The coaching season promises to be a very lively one this year. Up to last spring, coaching had been on the decline for about four years, and the panic of '93 seemed to have given it a finishing stroke. But this fine sport is not governed by ordinary laws, and its revival has been as sudden as it has been unexpected. Last year the number of people who were willing to pay fifteen dollars to ride on a coach between New York and Philadelphia was extraordinary. This is rather a long trip, however. A two or three or four hours' journey on a coach, with an easy return to town by train, if you so desire, is a pleasure, but an all-day trip, extending from eight o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock at night, requires an ardent passion for the sport.

None the less, the Philadelphia coach last year ran for some months and was filled every day. The favorite coach was the "Vivid," and the start was made from the Waldorf. The distance is one hundred and ten miles, and there were fourteen stops to change horses. The route ran through four States—New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Pennsylvania. The first stop was made at Five Points, just beyond Jersey City, where the first change of horses was made, and then the route continued through Newark, Elizabeth, Plainfield, Metuchen, New Brunswick, and Princeton, where the guests lunched at the Princeton Inn as guests of the Philadelphia Suburban Road Coaching Club. From Princeton on, the road runs through a level but interesting country, past revolutionary battle-fields and Jersey farms, and thence on to Trenton, where there is a unique statue of the Father of his Country, which is doubtless well intended, but which it requires a patriot to admire, for Washington seems wobbly about the legs. From Trenton you bowl on to Bristol, the oldest town in Pennsylvania, then to the Red Lion Inn, built in 1750, and so on to Philadelphia, the coach stopping at the Stratford Hotel, on Broad Street, at eight o'clock in the evening.

On the return trip from Philadelphia, the route goes out Broad Street past the twenty-million-dollar city hall, on through the avenue to Clearfield Street, and up the York Road to Rising Sun Lane. In an hour and four minutes the coach reaches Frankford, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, where the first change of horses is made. From there on, the coach goes along the Bristol turnpike, which follows the Delaware River closely. It runs through a beautiful country, dotted with magnificent mansions. The river in May is covered with every imaginable kind of craft, including yachts and river steamers. The Delaware is crossed at Trenton House at 11:35. Going out Princeton Avenue, the old University House is reached at 12:45. Here lunch is taken at the Princeton Inn, and the horses changed. Then on again through New Brunswick, Metuchen, and Plainfield, where at 4:05 the horses are changed again. From there to Newark the country is rather flat and uninteresting. The last change is made at Five Points, outside of Jersey City, and the coach draws up at the Waldorf at 7:45—just twelve hours.

Mr. Neilson Brown was one of the most punctual and constant whips in tooling the Philadelphia coach last year. Two coaches plied between the two cities, the "Vivid" and the "Alert." They were very successfully handled. There has to be rapid work done at the various stopping-places, as it averages about two minutes to change the horses, and when the coach is behind time, it has frequently been done in fifty seconds. This coaching line was all due to the efforts of the Philadelphia Suburban Road Coaching Club, which is made up of the more enthusiastic members of the Four-in-Hand Club of Philadelphia. When the project was begun, the usual doubters were willing to wager that it would be a failure. Horses had to be bought, trained, and got into condition. As one hundred and eight horses were needed, this was no small undertaking. But the project did not fail.

The principal drawback last year was the fact that the Philadelphia coach would not take way-passengers. Many people, for example, would like to coach it from Trenton to Philadelphia or from New York to Plainfield, but the long trip of twelve hours was too much for them. This, however, the Philadelphia coach managers would not permit. It is to be hoped that this season they will change their plan. The managers of the coaches running to the Westchester Country Club are much more accommodating. They will take passengers between any two points on the road where they change horses. This is no more than should be done, as the amateur coaching is a revival of the old coaching days and coaching ways, when you could go any distance that you pleased.

As I said, the coaching season will begin on Easter Monday. The first coach to go out will be the "Pioneer," and it may be driven by Colonel Delancey Kane, the famous coaching veteran, who started amateur coaching in the United States in 1875.

As many people may not be familiar with the methods adopted for maintaining coaching lines tooled by gentleman whips, a few points will not be without interest. As a rule, they are organized by coaching clubs, in which only men who can drive four are allowed to be members. But the club merely takes the initiative in putting the coaching line on its feet. A subscription is begun for the purpose of making up any deficit which may exist, to which the members of the coaching club subscribe, and others as well. Horses are purchased, and the coach started. It is run through the season, fares being charged, and at the close of the season the horses are sold at auction, and if there is any deficit it is made up from the subscriptions; if any

money still remains, it is returned to the subscribers. If, as rarely happens, there is no deficit, the subscribers have their entire subscriptions returned to them; if there is a deficit, the subscribers have the pleasing consciousness of having encouraged a gentlemanly sport.

This is the plan followed in London and Paris, where there are coaches running every year to various points. It is a very common sight of a morning in London during the season to see half a dozen coaches bowling along Northumberland Avenue, the seats from the box to the rumble filled with well-dressed men and well-gowned women, the guards playing their fantastic melodies on the coach-horns, and bound for Brighton, Windsor, or some of the many points in easy reach of London. So, too, in Paris. The coaching club which runs the "Meteor," which was started by James Gordon Bennett, has now been in existence for a number of years, and the coaches ply between Paris and Versailles regularly during two or three months of the year. During the last two years there have also been coaches running to Maisons-Lafite and other points in the beautiful environs of Paris. These coaches are maintained by the subscriptions of coaching enthusiasts in Paris and London, and James Gordon Bennett deserves high praise for his efforts in keeping up this fine sport.

The coach which goes out on Easter Monday, the "Pioneer," is to ply between the Hotel Brunswick and the Westchester Country Club. The coach will start from the Brunswick every morning, except Sundays, at eleven o'clock. The course will be through Fifth Avenue, Central Park, Seventh Avenue, Morris Heights, and Fordham. Luncheon will be served at the Westchester Country Club House. The coach will then start on its return at four o'clock, arriving at the Brunswick at six. The gentlemen who have subscribed toward the "Pioneer" coach are: Colonel Jay, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Charles F. Havemeyer, Charles A. Baldwin, Perry Belmont, F. Sturgis, Ogden Mills, George G. Haven, J. R. Roosevelt, William K. Vanderbilt, Colonel Delancey Kane, Fred Bronson, and Dr. W. Seward Webb. Twenty-five head of coach-horses have been purchased and are now being trained. It is always an easy matter to dispose of these horses at the end of the season, as many lovers of horse-flesh and coaching have an opportunity to notice their good points, as they sit behind them on the coach. There will be four teams required to keep up the fast time required. The road is about twenty miles long, and runs through a very picturesque country.

There are few things more exhilarating than dashing along behind four spanking coach-horses on the top of a well-appointed coach, going over the fine roads in the older settled portions of the United States. True, it may not be so interesting as leaving London, and rolling over 'Ampstead 'Eath; it may not be quite so picturesque as coaching in the outskirts of Paris, going by the battle-fields of the First Empire, or whirling under the guns of the forts which thundered when the Germans drew their circumvallation of fire around Lutetia in the "terrible year." But none the less, there are historic battle-fields in America, and there are quaint old inns, and beautiful roads lined with stately trees. Coaching is a noble sport, and although it is a new one comparatively in the United States, let us hope that it will thrive. For in this way we shall learn more of our beautiful country than we ever can from car-windows, and when we learn more of it, perhaps even our anglophobes may come to love their country, as Englishmen and Frenchmen love their own.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1895.

FLANEUR.

One of the facts brought into strong prominence in connection with the recent operations at Wei-Hai-Wei is the helplessness of ships against well-constructed forts, admirably located, and armed with disappearing guns. The Chinese ships and mainland forts and artillery, which, after falling into Japanese possession, coöperated with the fleet in bombarding the insular defenses, never succeeded in touching these forts once. They remained to the end absolutely unimpaired by the storm of iron which was directed against them. Similar immunity was enjoyed even by an ordinarily constructed fort on the Liukung. The Japanese ships did no harm whatever, while, on the other hand, the Chinese gunners in the forts, though not conspicuous for their skill, succeeded in hitting and more or less seriously damaging no less than seven of the Japanese ships. The fact is, the incomparably greater vulnerability of a ship handicaps it seriously in a fight with a fort. A dozen shells from a ship's guns may exhaust their energy upon the massive parapets of a fort, whereas one shot from the heavy guns of the latter can not fail to inflict cruel injury upon a ship if it strikes her. The question of a moving and a stationary target seems to be of secondary importance.

France's single volcano has been unusually active during the cold weather. It is a low, broad hill, four hundred feet high, near Décazeville, in the Department of the Aveyron. The crater sends out thick clouds of smoke, and burning lava is seen at the bottom of the fissures. If a stick is thrust into the ground, it catches fire, and smoke, sparks, and sometimes flame come from the hole made. Since 1870, the hill has never been so active as now.

According to a recent legal decision reported in the *Timberman*, hard wood is "any tree that has a leaf as distinguished from a needle." A man contracted to deliver to a railroad hard-wood cordwood, and he delivered poplar in part fulfillment of the contract. The railroad rejected this as not hard wood, and sued, but the contractor won the case on the decision of the court, as reported above.

The New York *Tribune* announces that it is not for sale. It is gratifying, too, to know that it is exceptionally prosperous, and that Mr. Reid, who has been reported to be seriously ill, "is in as good health to-day as he has been any time during the last ten years."

LITERARY NOTES.

The Stevenson Memorial Fund.

The fund for a Stevenson memorial in San Francisco is slowly growing to a practical amount that will justify the committee in charge in stating definitely when the fountain will be set in place.

Of there being a memorial in San Francisco there is no doubt whatever; but it is a matter of regret that contribution to the fund is made so languidly. The fact is that the project has been received with more enthusiasm in the East than on our own coast, all the prominent publications having given important place to it. A recent editorial in the *Springfield Republican* says:

"People in the East should subscribe such sums as they may feel able and disposed to give, that other parts of our country may share with the Pacific Slope the honor of raising the first memorial to a great magician who has made us all in debt to him for the inextinguishable light of romance in an age too much given to the dullness of a transitory realism."

From England comes word from Mr. Andrew Lang, telling of the satisfaction Mr. Stevenson's friends there have in this projected memorial in San Francisco. Best of all, the letters from "the house at Samoa" from Mr. Lloyd Osborne and Mrs. Strong, saying that no word brought by the steamer has given the comfort and pleasure that the movement in San Francisco gives.

The committee desire to complete the work with as little delay as possible, and to this end urge that all persons who desire to contribute sums, large or small, send these contributions to 606 Jackson Street, San Francisco, to Mr. Bruce Porter.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Richard Realf's poems are to be published in the early fall by a New York publisher. It will be a limited subscription edition, numbered, and only those volumes previously subscribed for will come to this coast. The work will contain one hundred and sixty poems, three pictures of Realf, and a sketch of the author's life. Those desiring copies of this work should send their names to E. E. Cothran, San José.

The late Professor Blackie several years ago entrusted the preparation of his biography to Miss Anna M. Stoddart, who has had access to all the professor's papers and correspondence. Its publication may be looked for at an early day.

Of the general enthusiasm shown in Boston at the recent opening of the new Public Library, the *Critic* correspondent writes:

"The first woman to pass the doors (and she was a local author) had stood in line waiting for the opportunity to seize that honor. The gentleman who obtained the first book gloried in the distinction, and the man to whom the first card was issued has declared with enthusiasm that he will keep that card as long as he lives, and that money can not buy it. The blue-coated policemen stationed in the new building to prevent too great a jam at any point, finding everything peaceful, assiduously devoted themselves to helping the assistants in the distribution of books, and to piloting the visitors to the different parts of the building."

Grant Allen shrinks little before the storm of criticism called forth by his story, "The Woman Who Did." In a letter printed in one of the London weeklies, he said recently: "I have written what I consider to be a work of art, and I am ready to stand or fall by it."

George du Maurier sold "Trilby" for five thousand dollars, when the publishers' offer would have yielded him nearly twenty-five thousand dollars; and General Lew Wallace once unsuccessfully offered the manuscript of "A Fair God" for seventy-five dollars, while the royalties on "Ben-Hur" have returned him seventy-five thousand dollars. He is said to have sold his "Prince of India" for fifty thousand dollars outright.

The sales in England of some recent novels are given as follows:

"Discords" (fourth edition), 6,000 copies; "Episodes," 2,000 copies; "Great God Pan," 2,000 copies; "Earl Lavender," 1,000 copies; "Gallia," 2,000 copies; "Woman Who Did" (fifth edition), 8,000 copies; "Yellow Aster," 24,000 copies; "Heavenly Twins," 45,000 copies; "Keynotes" (sixth edition), 10,000 copies.

The new matter which Mr. Kipling has contributed to the new edition of his stories includes a ghostly little sketch of a fog at sea and a doomed vessel. The thing is simple, but wonderfully vivid and weird.

In reviewing G. A. Sala's book, the *Nation* says:

"In the early sixties, the *Saturday Review*, then largely written by the late T. C. Sandars and Lord Bowen, used to make great game of Mr. Sala and his literary pretensions, and he candidly admits 'that in many respects the writers were justified in reviling him'; but he chuckles at the recollection that at that very time he was earning two thousand pounds a year. Some years later, Matthew Arnold was wont to cover with ridicule the writings of the gentlemen whom he called 'the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*'; and to this, also, Mr. Sala replies that his income at that time was forty pounds a week. This is the quintessence of Philistinism. He says, in effect: 'My style is execrable, and my ideas on most subjects are snobbish or banal, but I care not so long as they please the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* and bring me in so much a year!'"

S. P. Crockett, whom the "Stickit Minister" made famous, has now an assured income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and is said to have contracted to do enough literary work to keep his pen busy for the rest of the century. Only re-

cently he occupied a pulpit in a Scotch village church on a salary of twelve hundred dollars. Mr. Crockett is a very fine figure of a man, six feet two inches in height, and broadly proportioned. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and was a reporter on a London daily newspaper before he went into the ministry.

Mary Cowden Clarke, who was born in the same year as Mr. Gladstone, has been living for nearly thirty years at the Villa Norville, in Genoa, and is still in good health. The *Westminster Gazette* recalls the remark of Douglas Jerrold at the time of the completion of her "Concordance": "On your first arrival in Paradise you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare—even though your husband should happen to be there."

The Right Honorable A. J. Balfour's book has made a great success in England, in spite of the fact that it is rather expensive. Six thousand copies have been sold in the few weeks since it came out.

Students of things Spanish will be interested in the following announcement of a new "Revista Critica de Historia y Literatura Españolas":

The first number was to appear on March 10th. The purpose of the review is to supply a monthly account of works, both in Spanish and other languages, relating to the literature and history of the Spanish peninsula (Portugal included) and of Spanish America. In the list of Spanish contributors, we note several well-known names—Azárate, Cánovas del Castillo, Codera, Joaquín Costa, Menéndez y Pelayo, Juan Riaño, Rubio y Lluch, Eduardo Saavedra, etc. Several foreign scholars also have promised aid—Morel-Fatio, Hübler, Fitzmaurice Kelly, Farinelli, Croce, and others. The editing of the historical part of the periodical will be in the hands of Sr. D. Rafael Altamira, of the Royal Academy of History; and that of the literary part in those of Sr. D. Luis Ruiz y Contreras. A further interesting and valuable feature, especially for foreigners, will be *comptes-rendus* of the more noteworthy novels, dramas, poems, and other works of *belles-lettres* published in the Spanish-speaking countries. The subscription price of the review is to be 15 pesetas (\$3.00) a year for countries in the postal union; and subscriptions may be addressed to No. 55, Paseo de Santa Engracia, Madrid.

Mrs. Burton Harrison will write for the *Bookman* an account of her last summer's visit to Anne Thackeray Ritchie. The article contains some interesting facts about Thackeray and "Henry Esmond."

Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, has found a curious little "flower-book" that was made up by Una Hawthorne, the novelist's daughter, in 1858, and he intends to send it to the museum of Hawthorne relics in Salem. It is a faded little volume of eighty pages, containing flowers, leaves, even blades of grass, gathered at historic spots by Miss Hawthorne, sod or leaves from Keats's and Shelley's graves, an olive-leaf from "Casa Guido," in Florence, and a sprig of grass from Petrarch's house.

Announcement is made of a new romance by Frank R. Stockton. The title is "The Adventures of Captain Horn," and it deals with the salt-water and kindred experiences of a party of shipwrecked people.

"Butterflies: A Tale According to Nature," is the title of a Kentucky story which James Lane Allen has recently been writing. It is the largest work he has written, but it is not long—about forty thousand words.

Among the books included in D. Appleton & Co.'s spring announcements are:

The fourth volume of John Bach McMaster's great work, "The History of the People of the United States," which brings readers to the year 1820. Two more volumes will probably complete this history. Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") will have ready "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham"; S. R. Crockett will furnish "Dog-Myrtle and Peat," uniform with "The Lilac Sunbonnet"; Miss Doughtall will have a novel, called "The Mermaid"; Dorothea Gerard has written an international romance, of which the scene is Italy, to be entitled "An Arranged Marriage"; "Into the Highways and Hedges" will be the title of a new novel by F. F. Montross; and "Eve's Ransom" is the latest novel by George Gissing, who (says the *Academy*) has taken rank now with Kipling, Crockett, and Weyman. Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) is preparing a story of the Indian mutiny and the years which immediately followed, to be called "The Story of Sonny Sahib"; and there is to be a translation by A. Teixeira de Mattos and Ernest Dowson of "Majesty," by Louis Couperus, a romance of autocratic imperialism. The Library of Useful Stories will be the work of writers of authority in their various spheres. "The Story of the Stars," by G. F. Chambers, with twenty-four illustrations, is now ready, and the forthcoming volumes already in preparation include "The Story of Earth," by H. G. Seeley, with illustrations; "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd; and "The Story of the Solar System," by G. F. Chambers. Frank Vincent has prepared a work on Africa to be published under the title "Actual Africa; or, The Coming Continent"; the book will be elaborately illustrated and will contain a large map carefully corrected to date. Professor Max Nordau's "Degeneration" has just been issued. "Evolution and Effort," by Edmund Kelly, will discuss evolution in its application to the religious and political life of the day, with illustrations drawn from recent events in New York city. Charles A. Dana, the able editor of the *New York Sun*, has edited, revised, and enlarged his lectures on the making of a newspaper, and this house will shortly issue them in book-form. A new edition of "A Dictionary of Terms, Phrases, and Quotations," edited by Rev. H. Perry Smith, completes the list.

In order to study the working classes thoroughly, M. Henry Leyret, a literary man of Paris, started a small liquor saloon in one of the most crowded districts of Paris. He has embodied his peculiar experiences as a saloon-keeper in a book which has just been published.

INTAGLIOS.

The Spectre Riders.
The north wind bloweth bitter,
The leas are lost in snow;
The pines are black upon the height,
The river black below;
While swift across the ways of night
The spectre riders go.

Their path is paved with azure
And lit with lamps of gold;
They revel in the stormy roar,
They glory in the cold;
Above, beneath, the seas of air
In frosty waves are rolled.

Their steeds are shod with opal,
Of pearl each bridle rein;
And like the new moon's silver floss
Each tossed and tangled mane;
As subtle as our dreams they are,
That change and change again.

But, oh, the spectre riders!
No mortal eye may see
Or form or face, the while through space
They guide their coursers free;
Intangible they are as Death,
Whose couriers they be.
—Clinton Scollard in *Leslie's Weekly*.

The Breath of Morn.

I like a cow's breath in sweet spring;
I like the breath of babes, new born;
A maid's breath is a pleasant thing;
But oh, the breath of sudden morn!

Of sudden morn—when every pore
Of mother earth is pulsing fast
With life, and life seems spilling o'er
With loveliness too sweet to last.
—Joaquin Miller in *Chips*.

Song.

Oh, like a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head!
But, oh, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed,
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So proud, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy, queenly tread,
And oh, her queenly golden head!
But oh, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

—William Watson.

Compensation.

If Helen love me, she does so
After the cautious modern fashion,
And usages like linkboys go
To light the progress of her passion.

Say mine estate should dwindle: say
The hreath of scandal fogged mine honor,
Helen would weep her love away,
And hid me think no more upon her.

Say I fell ill, or lame, or blind,
The counsel of her friends would move her,
Regretfully, to prove unkind,
And seek a less unlucky lover.

But these things happen not, that is,
Not in such sort as frightens Helen,
Whereas her dear small prudencies
Make me a fenced demesne to dwell in.

Song of the Little Hunter.

Ere Mor the peacock flutters, ere the Monkey-people cry,
Ere Chil the kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the jungle very softly flits a shadow and a sigh—
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching
shade,
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near,
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now—
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Ere the moon has climbed the mountain, ere the rocks are
ribbed with light,
When the downward-dipping trails are dank and drear,
Comes a heathening hard behind thee, snuffle-snuffle
through the night—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

On thy knees and draw the bow; bid the thrilling arrow
go;
In the empty, mocking thicket plunge the spear;
But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood has left
thy cheek—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the slivered
pine-trees fall,
When the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib clear,
Through the trumpets of the thunder rings a voice more
loud than all—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

Now the spates are banked and deep; now the footless
boulders leap;
Now the blinding, lashing rain-squalls shift and veer;
But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against
thy side
Hammers: Fear, Little Hunter—this is Fear!

—Rudyard Kipling in *St. Nicholas*.

The author of "The Manxman" writes so
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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

George Macdonald's popular novel, "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," has been re-issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Elam Storm, The Wolfen," by Harry Castlemon, a tale of boys' adventures among the wild beasts and wild humans of the Far West, has been published in the Lucky Tom Series issued by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

Victorien Sardou's famous comedy, "Diplomacy," translated into English by H. L. Williams and newly named "Diplomates," has been issued in Denison's Alto Series of plays published by T. S. Denison, Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"William E. Gladstone" is the latest of the little series of pamphlets issued under the general title "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great." By Elbert Hubbard, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents.

Ernest William Hornung's story of Australian life, "The Unbidden Guest," in which a ballet-girl passes herself off on unsuspecting antipodeans as a modern English maiden, has been re-issued in paper covers by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Tower of Taddeo," by "Ouida"; "Catmur's Cave," by Richard Dowling; "Appledore Farm," by Katharine S. Macquoid; and "For the Sake of the Family," by May Crommelin, have been reprinted in paper covers by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Divorce Mill," by Harry Hazel and S. L. Lewis, is an account of the South Dakota Divorce Colony and of some of the most noted cases tried there, written in collaboration by a Chicago reporter and a young lawyer from the same bustling burg. Published by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Medieval Latin Students' Songs" is the latest issue of The Bihelot. It contains selections from "Wine, Women, and Song: Medieval Latin Students' Songs, now first translated into English verse, with an essay. By John Addington Symonds," which was printed in England in 1884. To each of the lyrics chosen, the editor has prefixed as illustrative head-notes brief comments in Mr. Symonds's own phrases. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 5 cents.

When everybody was talking about "Tribly" and every scrap about the author or his book was interesting, somebody recalled the fact that the name "Tribly" had occurred in a story written years ago by Charles Nodier. This story has now been unearthed, and Nathan Haskell Dole has translated it and provided it with an introduction, and it is issued, in a startling cover of yellow, black, and red, as "Tribly, the Fairy of Argyle." Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"A Primer of Evolution," by Edward Clodd, is an abridgment of the author's "Story of Creation," omitting nothing essential to a general understanding of the theory of evolution. It considers the subject under two heads: "Descriptive" and "Explanatory." Under the first the chapters are "The Contents of the Universe," "The Distribution of Matter," "The Solar System," "The Earth: Its Past Life-History," and "Present Life-Forms," and under the second they are "The Becoming and Growth of the Universe," "The Origin of Life," "The Origin of Life-Forms," "The Origin of Species," "Proofs of Derivation of Species," and "Social Evolution." The book is illustrated and has a copious index. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Society Pictures. By George du Maurier, Author of 'Tribly' and 'Peter Ibbetson'" is the title of a recent reprint of about a hundred drawings from *Punch*. They range in date from 1873 to 1890, and are interesting as a study in the evolution of fashion—there are people who have for years, and still do, dress by Du Maurier—as well as for the legends, some of which are very funny. There are our old friends Sir Gorgius and Lady Midas, Edwin and Angelina in all phases of the honeymoon, and other familiar persons who indulge in "Feline Amenities," "Things One Would Rather have Left Unsaid," and the like. These "Society Pictures" go far to disprove the American impression that there is nothing funny in *Punch*. Published by the Charles H. Sergel Company, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone: A Study from Life," by Henry W. Lucy, whose "Diary of Two Parliaments" is well known, is as good a biography of the Grand Old Man as can be expected during his life, while, in fact, his biographer has the disadvantage of judging from too close a foreground. The first two chapters are devoted to Gladstone's boyhood and his kinsfolk, and then follows a detailed statement of his public career, from his first entrance into Parliament to the present day. Some of the chapters are: "Pamphleteer," "The Bradlaugh Blight,"

"Egypt," "The Penjdeh Incident," "The Irish Party," "Suspension of Thirty-Seven Members," "The Kilmainham Treaty," "Home Rule," and "Fourth Time Premier." The narrative is enriched with autobiographical scraps from the library of Gladstone's public speeches, and the author's personal notes extend over a period of twenty years. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Evolution of Whist," by William Pole, one of the great authorities on the game, is precisely what its name indicates, a scientific study of the whole history of the game, not as a mere curious collection of dry facts and dates, but for the purpose of tracing out the principles and motives which have determined and guided its progressive changes. After a brief introduction, the author considers the growth of the game in "the primitive era," from 1500 to 1730; then in "the era of Hoyle," from 1730 to 1860; then in "the philosophical era," from 1860 onwards; and, finally, in view of the latter-day improvements, which have been taken up so enthusiastically in America but are not yet fully popular in England. The ninth chapter, "Whist in America," shows what a great influence the players of the United States have had on the recent development of the game. In appendices are given some model hands of the latter half of the eighteenth century, the constitution of the American Whist League, the American laws of whist, and descriptions of two noted matches. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A new edition of the "Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," is being brought out, in uniformity with the Dryburgh edition of his novels. It is edited by Andrew Lang, who has selected and annotated the poems, and has written for the series an introduction in which he considers the influences of heredity and environment that produced and fostered Scott's genius, relates briefly the circumstances of his life that influenced his writings, and finally criticises the poems individually and as a whole. In the first volume are contained selections of lyrics from the novels, those being chosen which appealed to Mr. Lang's fancy, though not suggesting that they are superior to the minor pieces omitted, together with "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Bridal of Triermain." The second volume contains "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles." "As something had to go," writes the editor in his preface, "the dramas, the merely occasional poems of 'Waterloo' (though it possesses some very spirited passages of war), 'Don Roderick,' and that 'trifle' (as Scott calls it) 'Harold, the Dauntless,' have been reluctantly left out." The text used is that of Minto's edition, and the foot-notes are abbreviations of Scott's own. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25 per volume.

Reminiscences of Chauncey Depew.

Chauncey M. Depew, who has the reputation of being America's greatest after-dinner speaker, confided to a Chicago *Times-Herald* writer, a few days ago, some interesting recollections of his life. Of his beginnings, he said:

"I came home from Yale College violently and absolutely a Republican," he remarked, crossing one leg over the other. "My father and brothers were hide-bound Democrats. The discussion in the family every day of the startling picture of one member of this Jeffersonian Democratic family departing from the faith of his fathers created all the real friction we had in the house. And it led, frequently, to either my father or myself being out of doors for a limited period. Generally I!" with a chuckle.

Mr. Depew said that he became an anti-slavery man when he heard Wendell Phillips speak. He continued:

"I never shall forget the speech. It was a protest against the fugitive slave law. He described Anthony Burns' escape from slavery; his arrival in Boston; his learning a trade; his wonderful success; then came an account of his superior intelligence and superior industry; his marriage; the birth of his children; his little home, fulfilling every puritanic condition of a Christian home; this fugitive slave by his master discovered; the United States marshal stepping in and taking him from his family; his appearance before the United States judge. He was to send him back to slavery, providing the proofs were sufficient that he was an escaped slave. Phillips told of the people rising to his rescue; the United States troops called out; imprisonment in a cabin, with a chain drawn out beyond the United States troops as a dead lie, beyond which the people should not pass!"

"Then came the story of his being carried aboard the ship and taken back to the plantation; the agony of the man; the wild grief of his wife; the terror and despair of the children; the impotent rage of the Puritan guard. Says Wendell Phillips: 'What permits this? We are told that it is the Constitution of the United States, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States. If that is the Constitution of the United States which holds this Union together for such a purpose, then—and he raised his hands higher and higher, until it seemed to me to be rose to marvelous heights—then God condemn the Constitution of the United States.'"

"I went home," he added, "and was anti-slavery from that hour."

He declared he liked living on the American plan, and being asked his reason, replied:

"Because I do not have to figure out the costs. Unconsciously, I do not care how liberal or generous you are, if you have been a success in this world, in this country, you have been a success on some commercial plan, and you give away money without stint, but you would not spend any money for a thing if you could not get the worth of it. When you sit down *à la carte*, you

see, radishes 25 cents, chicken gumbo soup 25 cents, green turtle 50 cents, roast turkey 75 cents, and canvas-back duck \$3.50! In spite of yourself, no matter how much you want green turtle soup and canvas-back duck, you can not order them to save your soul!"

"I was traveling out West one time," he continued, "with an old railroad man on railroad business—on a matter of the greatest importance—and we finally came to a place where we had to stay for a couple of weeks while the negotiations were going on. He was a liberal man in his ideas. I know of three families whom he supported out of his own pocket, and whose children he educated. He began life as a brakeman, and had to practice rigid economy. Wonderful ability enabled him to accumulate a fortune. The hotel was on the European plan. He would read through that bill of fare for each meal, with conscientious rigidity and with the same expression that he would wear through the contracts we were preparing with the other fellows, and then he would give, three times a day, the same order: 'Beefsteak, cut thin; well done on both sides.' No vegetables or anything. On the way back we stopped at Buffalo at a hotel on the American plan, and he ordered everything on the bill of fare."

"The man who lives on the American plan," Mr. Depew resumed, "after a while adjusts his appetite and the thoughts of his dyspepsia to the things on the bill that agree with him, and he really lives very temperately. On the European plan, at first his inborn economy causes him to live in a very narrow way, and after a while there comes a revolt, and he regards himself as on a prolonged spree, and becomes dissipated. Instead of gratifying his appetite, he is gratifying his vanity for the benefit of the people who sit at the same table, and in a loud voice gives an extravagant order. Two things happen to him—he gets dyspepsia, and the metallic flavor of the things he does eat has the same effect on his digestive works as an oyster-shell."

"I know of a dozen families that live abroad who need not consider what anything costs. Their time is taken up chiefly with two things—devising how they can cheat the hotel by ordering *à la carte*, so they can get more than they pay for, and the other limiting what they get for each meal."

Being asked why we all strive for wealth, though, as he declared, it does not bring happiness, he replied:

"Mainly for the power it gives, and not for the happiness it brings. Anybody with large wealth which he may have does not enjoy it. He is in perpetual anxiety for fear that he may lose it, and is perpetually jealous because he has not as much as the man next door. Jay Gould was less satisfied when he died than when he began, like all the rest of us. Men who make enormous fortunes have, growing with their accumulations, an envy of others. The man who is making an enormous amount of money can be made wretched for weeks by the thought of what another man has made. He gets to think that all the money in the world ought to belong to him."

"Happiness in this life is caused by fun. Fun constitutes, first, not to envy your neighbor; and, in the second place, not to be struck on yourself; and, in the third place, to be willing to recognize your own weaknesses, just as you do those which you view in others."

Being asked about the preparation of his speeches, Mr. Depew said:

"I never permit anything to interfere with my business, which is from eight to six, while the ordinary man's business is from ten to three. From six to eleven or twelve at night, and on Sundays, I get up three or four speeches a week. My speech to-morrow night was dictated in an hour and a half. My Centennial oration, Bartholdi oration, and Union League Club oration took me about two or three weeks apiece, working at leisure times."

Mr. Depew gets up at about half-past seven o'clock every morning. Here is an account of his day's work:

"When I come down-stairs in the morning I find several people waiting to see me, and I hardly ever breakfast with my family for this reason. There are always about twenty people in my outside office waiting to see me when I reach my office, which is about 9:45. I dismiss these people as rapidly as I can; but, like the widow's cruse of oil, there is always the same number there. There are cranks who want to submit philosophical or poetical theories of their own; chaps with inventions to reduce risks of life, or the cost of doing business; pass fiends, and the eternal committee who wants me to make a speech. I have about four of these a day. I always write back 'No'; then comes the committee, 'No'; then comes some personal friend that you can't say 'No' to, and then the jig is up! I then see all the heads of the road. On my desk is the report of the road for the past twenty-four hours, how it compares with the same date of the year before, how many cars have been received and sent out. This gives me an exact photograph of the business of the road, with an exact comparison of the year before. Then come questions on the above by heads of departments. Then come the disputes of the road. Then you see your general counsel; there are matters to decide—whether you will pay this or fight it. One gets familiar with this, and decides them very rapidly. Then come the connecting lines, the presidents or managers who are dissatisfied with the business or amounts; then come the rival lines. You don't want to quarrel or cut rates; adjust matters with them as best you can to keep the peace; then comes the committee of your own people who are dissatisfied with wages, hours, or the man who is over them. I have always kept my door wide open, and meet them on even grounds; they know I am going to be fair. This course beats law or compulsory arbitration, and leaves the labor arbitrator out. I never have failed in all my experience to settle with them on a satisfactory basis. Then I lunch, usually in my own room on my desk."

Mr. Depew's lunch is, five days out of seven, roast turkey and nothing else. His breakfast is coffee, a slice of toast, and one egg, always the same the year round. He takes milk in his coffee and one lump of sugar. The coffee is "awful weak." Gets a hot and large dinner at night.

"By six o'clock I am a wilted rag," he continued. "A good many callers are bored. I have a patent for getting rid of bored. I receive them as the toast of Washington is received, standing and in silence. If a man stands up he will get through his business in five minutes, while if he sits down it will take him five hours. Then I take him confidentially by the lapel of his coat and we walk toward the door. He feels the confidence you repose in him. I then begin to tell him a good story, and by the time I get to the point of the story, we have reached the door. I then fire the point at him, give him a gentle shove, and he finds himself in the hall, with the door closed and without having got an answer to his inquiry. When he comes the next time, he doesn't get in."

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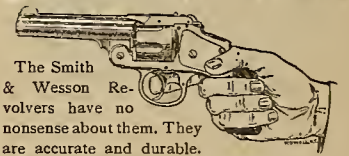
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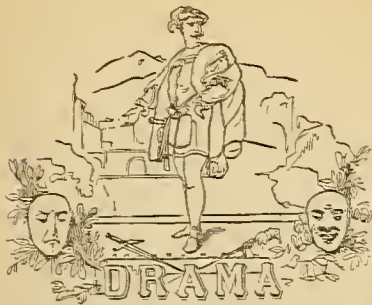
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Camille d'Arville's name, before she went on the stage, was Neeltje Dykstra.

Melba is studying Massenet's "Manon Lescaut," and is to sing Sibyl Sanderson's rôle of Manon in New York during the opera troupe's farewell engagement there.

Among the pupils of Franklin Sergeant's school of acting who were chosen to take part in the recent performance of the "Electra" of Sophocles at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York was Miss Frances Joffe.

Adelina Patti will receive twelve thousand dollars for six performances at Covent Garden, two thousand dollars a night, which is three thousand dollars less per night than she received for singing in San Francisco.

Pauline Hall has long been a devoted bicyclist, the early morning spins by which she kept her weight down to proper bounds being famous. Now she is to reap the reward of that labor, for she and her husband have gone to Europe for a long tour of the Continent on their wheels.

Just how the general distribution of photographs of the Boston performance of "Trilby" could hurt the sale of Du Maurier's book is not apparent at first blush, but it is certain that the Harpers have stopped the sale of the pictures, on the ground that they infringe upon their ownership of the story.

W. A. Brady, the man who managed Corbett, has purchased the right to produce Paul Potter's dramatic version of "Trilby," except in the large cities, and has immediately organized six companies to flood the country with the play. Sibyl Johnstone, Mabel Amber, and Odette Tyler are among his impersonators of the title-rôle.

J. K. Emmett, the comedian, will appear at Stockwell's Theatre on Monday evening, April 15th, in "Fritz in a Mad-House." In his company is Miss Emily Lytton, one of the professional beauties of the stage, who formerly was a resident of San Francisco. This theatre will be under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., during this engagement, but it will not be formally opened under its new title of the Columbia Theatre until May 13th, when a strong dramatic organization will inaugurate the new house.

Anthony Hope's novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda," is being dramatized for E. H. Sothern, and a rattling good play is expected; but Manager Frohman is already in a quandary to find a double for Sothern—for he will, of course, have the rôle of the red-headed young Englishman who masquerades as the imprisoned prince and is crowned as King of Ruritania. Two other recent romances now being dramatized are Stanley J. Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" and "The House of the Wolf"—the former for the English stage and the latter for Richard Mansfield.

The post of Court Examiner of Stage Plays in England seems liable to suffer extinction. On the death of the late incumbent, Mr. Piggott, a hundred or more men prominent in the literary and dramatic world applied for the appointment, but the government gave it to an unknown hanker named Redford. The salary and emoluments mount up to about four thousand five hundred dollars a year. A London correspondent says the derision which has greeted the selection seals the fate of the post, as nobody of literary or dramatic reputation will care to succeed Redford.

There is a rumor that the "Grand Old Man" of music, Verdi, is writing a one-act opera that will celebrate in some part the deeds of the late Ismail Pasha. It was the latter, it will be remembered, who, while Khedive of Egypt, gave Verdi the commission to write an Egyptian opera to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal in 1871. "Aida" was produced at the Khedival theatre, in Cairo, in December in that year, with extraordinary archaeological accuracy. Mariette Bey, the famous Egyptologist, himself directed the reconstruction of the Pharaonic era, and the Khedive put all the riches of the Egyptian Museum at his disposal to perfect the *mise en scène*. After the curtain fell on the first performance, Ismail sent Verdi a *douceur* of one hundred and fifty thousand francs in token of his appreciation of the composer's success.

The Baldwin Theatre will re-open its doors for a single week on Monday night, April 15th, when "The Bathing Girl" will be given by the same

company that sang "The Fencing-Master." The new piece is a musical extravaganza, book by Rupert Hughes and music by Robert Coverly. It satirizes anglomania, and the scenes are laid in Newport—where the costumes include bathing-dresses and the latest thing in bicycling suits—and in a dry-goods emporium in New York. The cast of characters will be as follows:

Kingsbury Potts, William Stephens; Lord Fitzpoodle, Oscar Girard; Mr. Ward, David Torrence; Mr. Peal, Arthur Lieble; James Carrier, T. O'Brien; Policeman, L. J. Alden; Miss Terriby, Miss Dorothy Morton; Mrs. Jones, Blanche Drayton; Mrs. Brannan, Marion Langdon; Mrs. Smythe, Florence Alva; Old Woman, Louise Bryant.

Peter Dailey in a "A Country Sport" will be the attraction at the California Theatre next week. This nonsensical piece is one of the most amusing of the farce-comedies, and it has been newly furnished with songs and "business" since it was last here. Dailey, May Irwin, Ada Lewis, the "tough girl," Johnny Sparks, formerly of Harrigan's company, and Andrew Mack make a good set of principals; the entire cast is as follows:

Harry Hardy, Peter F. Dailey; Con Connelly, John G. Sparks; B. Jabez Jenkins, Harry M. Morse; Professor Spratt, Andrew Mack; "Andy," F. J. Callahan; Hawkshaw, Charles E. Strugis; Ben Tardine, Pat. James; F. Callahan, Arthur Sybals; Cecil Richards, Michael Cohen; Roland Carter, Margie McIntyre; Ada Lewis; Gladys Connelly, Mamie Gilroy; Tilda Walworth, Mary Marvelle; Mrs. Tom Thompson, Ollie Evans; Mrs. Sam Sampson, Freda Depaw; Mrs. John Johnson, Sylvia Holte; Olla Lone, Cissy Buckley; Carry Weight, Bessie Gett; Elizabeth Alwright, May Irwin.

The long announced production of the new spectacular burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe," the book by John P. Wilson and the music by Joseph Hirschbach, will take place at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, April 15th. The piece makes no pretensions to plot, but has plenty of songs and fun in it, and is to be gorgeously produced in point of scenery and costumes. The cast is as follows:

Little Robinson Crusoe, Tillie Salinger; Friday, Ferris Hartman; Polly Hopkins, Gracie Plaisted; Sally Waters, Alice Nielson; Captain Will Atkins, Phil Branson; Jim Gasher, John J. Raffael; Old Man Hopkins, George Olmi; Sergeant Crimper, Arthur Messmer; King Gobblemeup, Thomas C. Leary; Saturday, "Old Folks"; Hokey Pokey, John P. Wilson; Winkey Wam, Fred Kavanagh; Queen Oonodote, Fanny Young; Cutpurse, C. Napoleon; Gougery, M. Perron; Barney Banting, George Harris; Billy Bowline, Ed. Torpi; Tommy Easy, Rose Flore; First Sailor, G. Harris; Second Sailor, H. A. Barkalew.

The Circus Royal and Venetian Water Carnival in the Panorama Building on Mason and Eddy Streets—which was recently known as the People's Palace—is a decided novelty in San Francisco, though such entertainments, on a larger scale, have proved great successes in Paris and London. The house has been thoroughly made over inside, with regular theatre seats and pretty little open boxes arranged about the central ring, in which a circus programme of acrobats, jugglers, clowns, and the like fills the first part of the evening. Then, while the band plays during the intermission, the ring is turned into a great pond, with a tremendous fountain in the centre and a fall of real water at the side, and Cora Beckwith, the champion female swimmer of the world, proceeds to give an exhibition of fancy swimming and diving. The entertainment concludes with floats of gayly dressed singers, representing a Venetian water carnival.

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—SWISS NOISSETTES (HAZEL-NUT CHOCOLATE), at W. L. Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter St., for Easter.

REAL ESTATE NOTES.

The prices obtained at recent sales of real estate and the more general inquiry for good properties indicate a much better feeling in the real-estate market. The activity with which the valley road is being pushed and the general awakening of interest in public affairs are making their influence felt in all lines of business.

The auction sale of park lots held by Easton, Eldridge & Co., on Tuesday, passed off very successfully. The attendance was large and the bidding was brisk. The largest price was paid for the corner of Ashbury and Fell Streets, the amount being \$4,350. Twenty-seven lots were sold, and the total price obtained was \$71,235.

On Thursday next, Baldwin & Hammond will sell the Haight Street Baseball Grounds, subdivided into sixty-four building lots. These lots, fronting on Stanyan, Cole, Shrader, Beulah, and Waller Streets, are particularly desirable owing to their position facing the park and the street-car facilities, several lines terminating near the property. The terms are very easy, only one-fifth being required to be paid down, and the balance in one, two, three, and four years. The sale will be held at their salesroom, No. 10 Montgomery Street, commencing at noon.

The auction sale of the old Woodward's Gardens property has been postponed until about the middle of next month.

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SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

By Geraldine Bonner.

Some writer has said that it is only in the very high and the very low classes true drama is now found. The assured security in the moosey question, which eliminates the small, narrowing worries of poverty, the opportunities of education, the pride of blood and race, the association with the best and the highest, the limitless idleness of an unemployed, unworried leisure class, go to foster the tendency to dramatic and eccentric life and action.

Diving down from these heights to the depths where the struggle for existence is at its fiercest; where the desire for the comforts of life gives place to the need of the necessities; where, in the grinding fight for food and shelter, man reverts to the brutal stage where the instinct of self-preservation robs him of all the boasted amenities of civilization—the student of the human comedy may again find the drama he is seeking.

Between these two extremes stretches the great middle class—the class of comfortable, well-fed, well-to-do people who do not want to be dramatic, but are very solicitous about being respectable. This is the Philistia that the ovelists of the unusual, the *hisarre*, the squalid, and the gorgeous have it on their consciences to hate. These are the people who, having money enough to keep the coal-bin full and the larder supplied, neither rob nor murder. In their unruffled *bourgeois* serenity, they comport themselves, as a rule, with reasonable decency. They are the soul of conventionality, living peacefully, marrying and giving in marriage, having that placidly phlegmatic tepidness of blood that St. Paul found so irritating in the Laodiceans, neither furnishing scandals to an industrious press, nor examples of burning genius and brilliant audacity to a watching world.

It is from this class, its richer members floating together and forming little, nuclei by themselves, that Society in the United States has been formed. There was no landed aristocracy in the beginning to set the pace and the fashion. Society grew up free and untrammelled according to its own lights. It made its code and abode by it, and when members of the company went to other countries and saw their kind in their habit as they lived, they came back and incorporated some of the old manners and customs upon the new stock.

Society people—the expression is barbarous, but there is no other equally short and comprehensive—all leading the same sort of lives, all engaged in the same pursuits, all circulating in the same narrow area and coming in contact with the same minds, grew to resemble each other as buttoons run through the same mold. A sufficiency of money robbed them of the need to make violent mental exertion. The body lapped in a perfection of luxury, the mind grew lethargic and heavy. The revivifying influence from the fighting, struggling, striving outside world was carefully shut out, and, hemmed in by their own dread of broke convention, victims of a self-imposed imprisonment, they lived a life of cramped restraint and repressing narrowness.

The lack of experience of life, the contracted scope of his horizon, makes the Society Person one of the least interesting figures in the human gallery. All the world over, they have a family resemblance, and, in this country, Society being ruled by the same laws from New York to San Francisco, from Minneapolis to New Orleans, they are all tediously, tiresomely alike. They lead the same life, they go to the same houses, they know the same people, they read the same books. The range of each person being exactly similar to that of every other person in their world, the resemblance of one to another is stronger than that found in any other respectable class. Moreover, the timidity of Society Persons, the fear of being themselves, is so strong that it robs them of the interest that always attaches to the plain, independent, natural human being. Their lives, their conduct, their opinions, their very likes and dislikes are all ruled by the hobgoblin of what is correct and conventional. The few independent spirits that stray into this fold and dare to be themselves become, as Mrs. Paron-Stevens did, a conquering power, at whose heels the flock follow like Mary's little lamb.

It is not to be wondered at that the novelist lets this class alone and seeks for material among the well-to-do *bourgeois*, or the artistic, the low, the picturesque, the unconventional, and even the frankly and flagrantly New Rich. The fiction-monger shuns the commonplace, and the life of Society, with all its glamour of money and glitter of fashion, is, in this country, at least, the perfection of the commonplace. In France and England, Society and the elegant and polished Bohemia that the Princess Mathilde loved meet and shake hands. Each benefits from the condescension of the other—Society in its brains, Bohemia in its purse. But here we are too raw yet to dare to do anything so wild and rash, and the world of fashion and the world of art stare menacingly at each other across the yawning chasm of conventionality.

Repelled by the dullness of the material, the American story-teller has made but few incursions into the life of the gilded upper classes. Even the

ubiquitous Howells, when he has choseo to depict people that have an alluring suggestion of good society about them, shows them off their guard, sporting about in unaccustomed freedom far from the madding crowd of teas and dinners. Within the last few years, Mrs. Burtoo Harrison and Mrs. Cruger have resolved to take things in hand, and, with unflinching firmness of purpose, draw up the curtain which has so long hiddeo the realms of the blessed from the eyes of men.

Mrs. Harrison has written several stories which are essentially "of Society." Almost the first of their kind, they are agreeable, amusing, well-written, and fairly interesting. Everybody is respectable, and well-bred, and well-dressed. The wickedest thing anybody does is to try to get into Society when Society thinks he or she is not quite up to the standard. When this ambition begins to burn in the breasts of Mrs. Harrison's heroines, they are supposed to be pretty far gone in the ways of iniquity. As for the women who marry for money and homes, they are simply reprobates dyed in the wool. As far as they go, Mrs. Harrison's pictures are accurate, and if her stories are not madly exciting, they will at least not be refused by the magazines published for perusal in that nightmare of modern magazinedom, the Home Circle.

This is one type of Society story. The other, furnished by Mrs. Cruger, is Society reveling in gorgeous wickedness, like a lot of modern Borgias. Mrs. Cruger is clever and knows her world, and she has that dramatic leaning which will not submit to the limitations of the prosaic and the commonplace. She is a writer of a hectic point of view, but she writes the type of novel which seems to be the only novel of Society. Here is the love of rich, idle, overfed people, who have nothing else to do but wonder if they have not a mad passion for somebody or other as a solace for ennui. Then these mad passions boil and bubble for several hundred pages, and the participants come and go, being witty as easily as other people are tedious, having a magnificent self-possession that nothing can overcome, and wearing gorgeous clothes which the author is kind enough to describe.

The Society novel is influenced, of course, by the temperament and personality of the writer. "Ouida" infuses into it a languid magnificence that makes her people seem to the reader to be gods and goddesses about ten feet high, and Disraeli made it scintillate with a hard, unnatural brilliancy like that of a diamond. Almost all of its authors, however, turn sooner or later to the story of loves that are generally sad and mad and bad, and not often sweet. Even the great Thackeray and the still greater Tolstoi could not, in writing their masterpieces, placed among people of the world of gayety and fashion, select other than the usual adventurous heroines. The Englishman chose an unscrupulous and cunning adventuress; the Russian, the beautiful creature whose terrible story is one of the great triumphs of fiction. When Balzac ascended into the upper realms of the Faubourg St. Germain, he, too, saw that these dramas lay only in the tragedy of sinful loves not rejected, or permissible loves painfully crushed and cast aside. The story of General Montiveau and the Duchesse de Langeais, with its chill beginning and its finale of fierce and throttling despair, was the only kind of story that grim and sordid wizard found in the stately palaces of the grand old street. To-day, Paul Bourget, the ideal of a Society novelist, always has his invariable Dresden China Duchess, riding across Paris in a *fiacre* to a rendezvous with a Young Poet from the Provinces, who loves her "with a love found only on the stage" or in a French novel.

In this country, however, Society is mercifully too young, and crude, and Philistinely respectable for the Dresden China Duchess or the Young Poet from the Provinces to be in evidence. Even the Duchesse de Langeais, who liked to coquette with love, but feared it in its real, conquering dominion, is not a familiar figure. The Knickerbockers, the plutocrats, the first families of various localities, and the families that call themselves first of other localities, go to form, in this country, a select assemblage, noted for its amiable dullness and its unblemished respectability. An elopement now and then shakes it to its midst, and a divorce suit almost drives it crazy with excitement. For the most part, its serenity is undisturbed, and the writer, seeing it lapped in the phlegmatic calm of dead, unleavened peace, shuns it to hunt for material where the future is not so assured nor the past so evenly uneventful.

For the benefit of the San Francisco Girls' Union a tea and musicale will be given at 929 Pine Street next Thursday afternoon and evening. An excellent musical and literary programme will be presented to the afternoon and evening, and light refreshments will be served.

"You became fascinated with bicycling?" "Oh, yes; after I once got in the habit of it," she rejoined, glancing at her bloomers.—Puck.

Young women, who complain of languor and loss of appetite, need Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—THE NEW PAPER, "FLORENTINE MOSAIC," exclusively at Cooper's.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The yearly expenses of the Sultan of Turkey have been estimated at no less than thirty millions of dollars.

Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt, at one time held shares of Suez Canal stock which he sold for twenty millions of dollars.

President Faure of France is very fond of the society of actors, *litterateurs*, artists, etc. Under his régime the Elysée has taken on a more Bohemian aspect than it has worn for years.

Allen G. Thurman, "the noble old Roman," has become a strict recluse since the death of his wife. He reads all night and spends the day asleep in his library in his house at Columbus, O. He is eighty-two years old.

Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") is a man of extreme diffidence. A Georgia editor who knows him well says that he once left Boston very suddenly, without even sending to his hotel for his trunk, in order to escape a dinner at which he was apprehensive of being lionized.

The highest salaried employee in the United States is supposed to be the president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Henry B. Hyde. He receives annually one hundred thousand dollars. John A. McCall gets seventy-five thousand dollars as president of the New York Life.

Neither Bessemer nor Siemens was trained as a metallurgist, and yet they have been acclaimed as the most epoch-making inventors in the history of the iron trade. Sir William Armstrong was not trained as an engineer, but as a solicitor, and yet he has revolutionized the art of gunnery and the manufacture of hydraulics.

Dr. R. M. O'Reilly, President Cleveland's army doctor and companion on his duck-hunting expeditions and other excursions out of town, has been so much engaged in attending to the physical wants of his chief that he has been practically relieved of his official duties as attending physician to the officers of the army stationed at Washington.

"Uncle Jerry," a colored man who has served many years at the White House, has issued cards for his silver wedding. The invitations have been accepted, too, by Mrs. Leiter, Miss Leiter, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, Mrs. Sheridan, and by all the officers of the administration, with their wives and families.

An English newspaper states that President Cleveland has made arrangements for a yachting tour around the world as soon as his term of office expires. Mr. Benedict is said to be building a large yacht to carry a distinguished party, including Cleveland and Lamont, on a circumnavigating tour. The yacht will first go to England, and from there to the Mediterranean.

Cards to a mass for the repose of Molière's soul at the Church of St. Eustache were sent recently to the principal actors and actresses of Paris. They were signed Jules de France, and were sent by a person who claims to be the son of the Duc de Berri, son of Charles the Tenth and father of the Comte de Chambord, who also asserts that Molière was the natural brother of Louis the Fourteenth. The mass was celebrated, and many members of the Comédie-Française were present. Strangely enough, no objection was made by the church to this mass for Molière's soul, though his body was buried in consecrated earth only by stealth, because he was an actor.

The Duc de Morny is lying at the point of death at Constantinople. He is interested in a cable enterprise between Turkey and Egypt, and left Paris for the Bosphorus a few weeks ago. Since his marriage to the daughter of the Venezuelan ex-president, General Guzman Blanco, the days of his ballet-dancing and female impersonation have dwindled into dim memories. His efforts to play a rôle in politics have not been attended by success. His mother, who, after the death of the late Duc de Morny, married the Spanish Duke of Sesto, the jilted fiancée of Empress Eugénie and chief of Alfonso the Twelfth's household, has changed but little, and, like the Marquise de Gallifet and the Comtesse de Pourtales, seems to possess the secret of eternal youth, even though long a grandmother.

—ROUNTREE'S ENGLISH CHOCOLATES FOR Easter, at W. L. Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter Street.

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VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Keeley, an English actress of the age of ninety, paid a visit to the queen lately, at her majesty's special request. The veteran actress had a little drawing-room all to herself. She was received by the queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Princess Louise. Now Mrs. Keeley, who goes to Buckingham Palace not to act, not even to give a recitation, but to enjoy a particular mark of the queen's personal favor, is to court etiquette a pariah. By tradition, tape, and sealing-wax she is excommunicated. At no time in her career could she have been "presented." No lord chamberlain ever dreamed of sending her a card for that ceremony. Yet Mrs. Keeley has received a distinction for which hundreds of maids and matrons would cheerfully give hair, eyes, and the miles of flounces to boot. It should be obvious that if a dramatic artist is admitted, *qui* dramatic artist, to the privacy of Buckingham Palace, there is something irrational in the regulations which exclude dramatic artists from the drawing-room and the levee. An actor may regard the ponderous ceremonial at St. James's Palace as merely the guinea-stamp; but he may be excused for a sense of injury when, despite the private affability of royal personages and court officials, he finds himself still ostracized by the august etiquette. There was once a German actor in great favor with the old Emperor William, who, after many proofs of regard, asked him whether he had any wish ungratified. "Sire," said the tragedian, "I want to go to court." "That is impossible," replied the emperor; "anything but that! Why, man, suppose you quarreled with a courtier—how could he accept a challenge from an actor?" In that particular case the argument was held conclusive. An English actor may receive a university degree and addresses from civic, literary, and scientific corporations; in the private intercourse of society he may encounter no barriers of caste. But he is not worthy to don a court-dress and make a bow in the presence of his sovereign's representative. And if he ever had that privilege before he took to the evil courses of the player, the remorseless hand of etiquette blots his name from the lord chamberlain's Golden Scroll.

A dinner (*Truth* declares) should be as long as the guests find it pleasant, and a trifle shorter. Old society-rounders will tell you of prolonged feasts of twenty-five years ago, lasting three and a half hours, where, after the first hour and a half, the one and only wish and idea of each and every diner, guest, and host alike, was to get away; where conversation droned or died out entirely; where watches were furtively consulted and confidences exchanged as to ever being caught again. And still the solemn-faced attendants went on and on, exchanging the plates and serving the wines until tired nature's sweet restorer seemed to hover over the table. In contrast—pleasing contrast—to this is the small and short dinner of the present day, of not more than five or six courses, "from start to finish," a few whiffs of tobacco for the men, a look in at the drawing-room, and by ten o'clock freedom, an unclouded brain, an inoffensive digestion, and opportunity for a change of scene, or, if preferred, home and slippers. Limit the time of eating to an hour and a quarter, of smoking to fifteen minutes; spend a half-hour in the drawing-room, and let host and guest part good friends and wishing everything had been a little longer.

One of the Worth stories that received credence a few years ago in the American colony was to the effect that a certain rich person went to him with a quantity of almost priceless lace, to be used on a gown she desired to wear at a grand wedding. The dress came home in due season, and then the lady observed a change in the disposition of the lace that by no means pleased her. She could scarcely believe her own senses, and called in a friend who accompanied her at its final trying on, and left it to her if the lace did not seem scant and quite different from its original arrangement. Assuredly. What could be the matter? In all haste the two women rushed off to interview the great man, only to be told he preferred the trimming as it was, and should not alter it! "But I had more lace than you have put on, Mr. Worth!" exclaimed the owner; "there were five—" "Madame!" interrupted the autocrat, "is not the dress beautiful?" And that was all the satisfaction the lady ever received. She threatened to go to law, but was deterred by the advice of friends who knew the dangers of invoking French justice where a question of dressmaking was concerned. Mr. Worth professed to have unbounded love for antique laces, and it is surmised this passion sometimes got the better of him.

It was asserted the other day by a literary man that all clever women, at least women who had distinguished themselves above the common herd of their sisters, were plain-featured, unattractive, if not positively ugly. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that almost all the great women of letters, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, and Miss Austen, were plain women. The question then arises, is this the fault of nature, whose niggard hand will

not deal out simultaneously beauty of feature and power of brain, or is it the fault of women who are content to accept the appendage of beauty as a kingdom and a power in itself, and seek no more so long as there are slaves ready and willing to be attached to their car? Or is it that the plain woman, handicapped in the race of life with her beautiful sisters, has carved out a new career and a new triumph for herself?

In Paris and London the hunt for employment is only too often fruitless where women are concerned. The mere fact that they wish to make a little money in a straightforward way is fully sufficient to draw upon them the censure of all, and the disdain of many. "A few years ago," writes a woman in *Vogue*, "I tried to procure a position as saleswoman at the Grands Magasins du Louvre for a young *protégée* of mine, whose father, a merchant in a small way, had died leaving her penniless. I called one morning on M. C—, who was then a partner in the celebrated emporium, and stated the case to him. After listening to me, the old gentleman exclaimed: 'Mme. la Marquise, make a servant of the girl if you do not wish her to die of despair. You ask me to employ her, but do you know what the beginning of her career with us will be? Her pay will barely amount to ten francs a week; her hours will be from eight o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, and during all that time she will have to remain on her feet, exposed to the unparalleled rudeness, to the questionable jokes and unkind jeers of her colleagues, both male and female. She will be ill-fed and worse clothed, except when wearing the black silk uniform of the house which we provide for our female employees. She will hear things that no decent girl has any right to listen to, and during her few leisure hours, on Sundays or fête days, the slenderness of her resources will force her to exist amid the squalor, the noise, the crowd, the filthy smells, and disgraceful morals which reign paramount among the working classes of a great city, until, embittered and sick at heart, she will see before her but two alternatives—either to commit suicide or to fall into the carefully laid snares of vice.' Eventually I succeeded in placing my *protégée* as companion to a deaf and half-blind old lady, who, although anxious to be kind to her, yet managed to squeeze every atom of vitality out of her body in consideration of the magnificent remuneration of seventy-five dollars per annum. It was the best that I could do."

"Any woman dependent upon her own exertions in a large European city," continues the same writer, "is sincerely to be pitied, for nothing can give an idea of the hideous vice, the grasping greed, the hunger for gold, the remorseless annihilation of all innocence with which they are replete. Many, of course, are at liberty to adopt the stage as a profession, but of all the many poor little girls who, with holes in their stockings and dingy-looking waterproofs concealing a sorely patched alpaca or cashmere gown, trot, morning, noon, and night, to and from the 'Conservatoire,' how many ultimately attain success? When they have fine shoulders and big eyes, then their career is assured—after a way which is not particularly praiseworthy—hut, alack, for Nature's disinherited child, she falls from the outset or is sent into the provinces, and one hears no more of her. Then, there still exist some deluded women who believe in the possibility of making a living by taking in plain sewing or embroidery. Twelve hours of this kind of toil—which is more arduous than one might imagine—brings in Paris the sum of twenty-five to thirty cents, hardly enough to buy three meals of bread and water and a precarious night's lodging. In England there is another opening for enterprising young women, and that is to become barmaids at four dollars a week. Strange to say, no small proportion of these positions are filled by clergymen's daughters, and the young girls thus employed, after a few years of hard—very hard—work (for they have to stand behind the bar from nine A. M. to twelve P. M.) generally marry men of their own station in life, that is, bank clerks, commercial employees, etc. Still more strange is it that these girls, who spend the best portion of their life in the midst of a crowd of drunkards and sporting men, are almost invariably strictly virtuous."

Until now it has always been deemed important to the success of a dinner that the guests should be contemporaries, and chosen from among those who meet every day at the same functions, and have all their tastes and pursuits in common. But a veteran dinner-giver has discovered that rosebuds are sometimes tame and uninteresting, the girls being shy and the men not up to the conversational mark; that they need to have the pace set for them, and the hall started by active brains and experienced hands. Moreover, a table, especially if it be round or oval, surrounded by young married couples, has always a disturbing element in a jealous husband or a flirtatious wife, and men and women in the afternoon of life, however brilliant and cultivated they may be, are never at their best without a pretty face to look at or a youthful voice to say, "How clever and how charming!" to their best

moths and wittiest sallies. Therefore, it is now decreed that dinner-parties are to consist of widely divergent elements, and that the very young, the moderately young, and the middle-aged are to meet together for mutual encouragement and enjoyment.

"Fifty years ago," writes G. A. Sala, "the female domestic servant could rarely afford to wear, save on high days or holidays, a pair of white stockings; she either knitted coarse, ribbed, blue worsted stockings for herself, or she bought black stockings. Those sable hose, frequently with an orifice in one heel, were the distinguishing badge of the lodging-house 'slave'; but about twenty years ago a remarkable sumptuary change came over the upper and lower sections of English female society. White stockings, save for balls, were suddenly repudiated, and black silk hose for ladies and children became the almost universal wear. The French are extremely fond of asserting that they set the fashions to the world at large. I contend that in a vast number of instances we have prescribed patterns to the French. And I was amused lately at reading, in the *Paris Figaro*, an article vehemently protesting against the patronage by French ladies of the hideous *mode Britannique* of *les bas noirs*."

In accordance with their annual custom, L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have prepared a new lot of cards and booklets for gifts for the Easter season. Their most ambitious production, this year, is "The Shadow of the Angel," an Easter poem, by Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, illustrated by Lizabeth B. Conyn; and on almost as elaborate a scale are the booklets of verses from various poets on violets and Easter lilies, each of which is prettily illustrated in colors by Katharine Connor. These, with the many varieties of cards shown, constitute a great variety of pretty Easter remembrances from which to choose. They are for sale at the art and bookstores.

Miss Kate Field,

Editor and owner of *Kate Field's Washington*, of Washington, D. C., a paper devoted to the cause of temperance, stated in a recent speech that the prohibition laws, as enforced in the several States, were not promoting the temperance cause, and her advice would be to make a moderate allowance of mild beverages. In her estimation this would help the temperance cause more than prohibition laws. Miss Kate's head is level, and as to mild drinks we recommend Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association's Beer.

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Yours, gratefully and sincerely,

REV. W. I. KIP.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George Augustus Sala was once in a train which was "held up" by Carlists in Spain, and he overheard a Spanish gentleman, who was overcome with fright, murmuring to himself: "To die so young, to leave my wife and babes; oh, it is sad, it is sad! and I haven't even had my breakfast."

Somebody once asked General Joseph E. Johnston why the Southern army did not occupy the capital at once after the first Bull Run. "There were two reasons why we did not take Washington," said he, "myself and the Potomac River. I had reached that age that I knew an American soldier could not ford a river a mile wide and eighteen feet deep."

Dunstable larks and the wheat-ear, or English ortolan, are dainties much esteemed by epicures. A Scotch officer was once dining with Lord George Lennox and was placed near a dish of wheat-ears, which diminished rapidly under his attentions. Lady Lennox tried to divert his notice to another dish; but "Na, na, my leddy," was the reply, "these wee birdies will do verra weel."

Nothing has surpassed the evasive yet dignified reply of the Speaker to Charles the First, when that ill-advised monarch came to the House of Commons in person to arrest the five members, and asked if he saw the members, and if so, to point them out. "May it please your majesty," answered the Speaker, "I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me."

At a prayer-meeting in a small town near Syracuse recently, an illiterate but good man made the following prayer: "O Lord, Thou knowest that we are thankful to Thee that our souls are safe from the fire that threateneth not. If a man lose his horse, Thou knowest that he can buy another; if he lose his house, Thou knowest that he can build another; if he lose his wife, Thou knowest that he can get another; but if he lose his soul—good-bye, John."

A certain English commodore, who had the misfortune to lose a leg in a shark encounter, was hesitated wherever he went with questioners, eager to know how, when, and where he had met with his loss. He finally invented an expedient for suppressing his tormentors. He would promise to answer them one question, but only one, on the subject. The question invariably was, "How did you lose your leg?" and the invariable answer, "It was bit off," which, of course, left his hearers more curious than ever.

It is related of an English judge, now gone over to the majority, that, whenever a woman appeared as a witness, after asking her age, he used to go on, with a malicious twinkle in his eye: "Now, madam, you swear to speak the truth and the whole truth. What is your name? What is your profession?" The stress laid on the word "Now," and the tone in which it was uttered, had the effect of convulsing the auditors; but it is on record that most of the witnesses never seemed to perceive the little joke at their expense.

William Dean Howells's father, who emigrated to Ohio half a century and more ago, used this formula to get rid of an intrusive visitor who had worn out his welcome. He would he called out on some business, and would say to the guest: "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you good-bye!" This was not bad, except in comparison with the superb stratagem ascribed to Gerrit Smith in such emergencies—as that he used to say in his family prayer, after breakfast: "May the Lord also bless Brother Jones, who leaves us on the ten o'clock train this morning."

Eugene Field has a young son who is going to college outside of Chicago (says the Washington Post). Not long since, a friend of his father asked him, in the latter's presence, how he was getting along with his studies. "Very well," replied young Field, "in everything except mathematics. I am almost at the foot of the class in geometry." "Twas the same thing with me," spoke up Field père; "I never could get along in geometry. Tried to beat the professor by writing out the theorems on my cuffs. It was a good scheme for every-day recitations, but it wouldn't work when examination time came, for they insisted on examining me in the nude."

Edward, one of "the fighting McCooks," while governor of Colorado Territory, had a good deal of trouble with the Indians, and especially with their chief Colorow. With a party of his braves, Colorow came to Denver one day, and after drinking heavily told his followers that he was going up to kill McCook. The governor had his office in a two-story building, and sat with his back to the door, with a looking-glass on the desk in front of him, so that he could see any one coming in without turning. McCook was expecting some trouble with Colorow,

and was seated at his desk when the Indian came in. Colorow had a pistol in his hand, and approaching McCook, he stood by his side and grunted: "McCook, liar!" The governor never looked up, but kept on writing. "McCook heap liar," repeated Colorow, but the governor never noticed it. "McCook heap big liar," continued Colorow, and still the pen scratched away. Colorow mistook McCook's silence for fear, and let his pistol-hand drop until his arm hung down straight. In an instant McCook grasped the Indian's wrist, and in another the pistol fell to the floor. Turning Colorow around, the governor deliberately thrust him down-stairs and out of the door into the circle of Indians who were waiting for the expected trouble. "Colorow's a squaw," said McCook to the assembled Indians, and giving the chief a parting push, he returned to his office.

A young Englishman visiting Corea was induced to paint the portrait of the commander-in-chief of the Korean land forces, Prince Min Yomy Huan. Eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour fixed upon for the sitting; at six-thirty the prince, having been unable to sleep for excitement, arrived at the place of appointment, and the artist was forced to hop out of bed and begin work. "As I posed him," says the artist, "he did not utter a word nor wink an eye. And during the whole of a sitting of nearly three hours he sat motionless and speechless like a statue. 'It is finished,' I finally said, and he sprang up in a childish fashion and came over to look at the work. His delight was unbounded, and he seized my hand and shook it at intervals for nearly half an hour; after which he suddenly became grave, stared at the canvas, and then looked at the back of it. He seemed horrified. 'What is it?' I inquired. 'You have not put in my jade ornament,' he said, almost in despair. I had painted his portrait full-face, and, as the Coreans have the strange notion of wearing their decorations in the shape of a small button of gold, silver, jade, or amber behind the left ear, this did not appear thereon. I then tried to remonstrate, saying that it is impossible to show both back and front at once; but as he seemed distressed at what was, to him, a great defect, I compromised the matter by making another large but rapid sketch of him from a side point of view, so as to include the decoration and the rest rather magnified in size. 'You will find no fault with this one,' I remarked, with confidence. Alas! My Korean sitter advanced to the portrait, scrutinized it carefully, and turned to me aggressively. 'Yes,' he admitted, 'you have painted my decoration well, but—where is my other eye?'"

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 1, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
* 7.00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
* 7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Caloga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.07 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
* 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	* 8.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	* 8.45 P.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.20.00 A.
11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
11.45 P.	Hunters' Train for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	1.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Trussville, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	* 7.38 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only. † Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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SS. Acapulco.....May 8th

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Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 14

Belgic.....Saturday, June 15

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. April 20, May 5, 20, June 4, 9, 24.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, April 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, every Wednesday, 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, April 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Escondido, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altamira, Ymas (Mexico), Steamer M'Hamet Valley, every month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New York Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Agnes Howard, daughter of the late George Howard, of San Mateo, to Mr. Duncan Hayne.

The wedding of Miss Alice Decker, daughter of Mrs. Peter Decker, and Mr. Elliott McAllister, son of the late Cutler McAllister, will take place at noon next Tuesday at Grace Episcopal Church. The marriage ceremony will be performed by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute. Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Eva McAllister, and Miss Evelyn Carolan will be the bridesmaids, but there will not be any maid of honor. The best man will be Mr. M. Hall McAllister, and the ushers will comprise Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. C. V. Reeve, Mr. William Carrigan, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. T. Berry, and Mr. A. B. Williamson. After a brief trip to the country, the young couple will return to the city on April 23d, and a week later they will go to Ross Valley to occupy one of the Barber cottages during the summer.

Mrs. Charles Simpkins has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Mr. Robert Lewis Coleman, son of Mrs. William T. Coleman, which will take place at Trinity Church at noon on Wednesday, April 24th. Rev. George Edward Walk, Rev. E. B. Spalding, and Rev. C. S. Fackenthal will be the officiating clergymen. There will be no maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Carrie Taylor, and Miss Dibblee. Mr. Carlton Coleman will act as best man, and the ushers will include Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Mr. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. Heffelfinger, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. William Page, and Mr. Landers. A reception will be held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother, 1738 Broadway, the invitations for which have been limited.

Miss Evelyn Carolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, will be married to Mr. William Ferree Timlow, formerly of Philadelphia, at noon on Tuesday, April 23d. The ceremony will be performed at St. Luke's Church by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. W. W. Moreland. The Misses Genevieve and Emily Carolan will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Sharswood Brinton, of Philadelphia, will be best man. The ushers will be Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. Thomas Darling, of Wilkesbarre, Penn. There will be a reception after the wedding at the residence of the bride's parents, 1714 California Street, to which about one hundred of the intimate friends of the contracting parties have been invited. Mr. and Mrs. Timlow will reside somewhere in the East, but have not yet decided where.

The wedding of Miss Lillian Miles, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., Inspector-General of the Department of California, and Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, First Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at noon on Monday, April 15th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1829 Sacramento Street. Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Church, will officiate. Miss Kilbourne will be the maid of honor, and Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., will be the best man.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Haight Tompkins, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Tompkins, and Mr. John Burns, of Minneapolis, Minn., will take place at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, April 27th, at the home of the bride's mother, the Southern Farm, near San Leandro.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Mary Martel and Mr. Charles Joseph Stovel will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Saturday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel,

2633 Buchanan Street. The maid of honor will be Miss India Willis Scott; and the bridesmaids, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Blix Smith, and the little daughter of Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck. Mr. Harold C. Kirkpatrick will be best man, and there will be no ushers. Rev. Robert Mackenzie will officiate at the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kellogg have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Anita Merrill Kellogg, and Mr. Thomas Lavender Cornell, which will take place at five o'clock next Wednesday afternoon at St. John's Episcopal Church in Oakland. There will be a reception from eight until eleven o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, 1253 Grove Street. Mr. and Mrs. Cornell will reside in Derby, Conn.

The wedding of Miss Bertha Welch and Mr. James Russell will take place on Wednesday, April 24th.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has kindly given the use of her residence, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets, for the afternoons and evenings of next Wednesday and Thursday, when a charity fête will be held there in aid of the Bishop Armitage Orphanage at San Mateo. Some very interesting programmes of a musical and literary character will be presented and refreshments will be served. The patronesses comprise Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. E. M. Bliss, Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mr. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. H. L. Tatum, Mrs. Samuel B. Welch, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mrs. A. A. Moore and her daughter, Miss Ethel Moore, gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at their home in Oakland in honor of Miss Florence Herrick and Mr. Mark Requa, whose engagement was announced last week. Covers were laid for sixteen at a beautifully appointed table.

An amateur theatrical entertainment will be given in the assembly room at the Presidio next Wednesday evening in aid of a local charity.

The members of the Friday Night Club will hold their final assembly of the season next Friday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Assembly Club will give its final party of this season at Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening, April 25th.

The Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland announces two benefit performances to be given at the Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, on Thursday and Friday evenings, April 25th and 26th. The play is to be a travesty on "Romeo and Juliet," and the cast will comprise a number of well-known amateurs from both sides of the bay. Recent State legislation has greatly depleted the funds of the home, and the proceeds from the performances will be devoted to its requirements. The price of admission will be one dollar, and reserved seats will be fifty cents extra.

John Hayes Hammond.

Among the mining engineers who have hailed from California, few have met with such success as Mr. John Hayes Hammond. He and Mrs. Hammond have just sailed from England, where he has been enjoying a well-earned rest, for South Africa. Just before his departure he was given a dinner by the Anglo-African Writers' Club, at which several scores of gentlemen sat down. His health was proposed by the chairman, Mr. William Eglinton, who in the course of his remarks said:

"Our distinguished friend, Mr. John Hayes Hammond, is one of the most eminent mining experts of the time. It is to such a man as he that South Africa owes a lasting debt of gratitude. There is no one more worthy of our hospitality. His great reputation has placed him at the head of his profession as a mining engineer, not in the United States alone, but also in Great Britain. His verdict has unquestionably raised the status of the South African gold mines in the eyes of all Europe. Mr. Hammond has been blamed by some because his report was not sufficiently rosy for company promoters; but he has not indulged in specious generalities, and his report is therefore worthy of our utmost confidence."

Mr. Hammond made a speech in reply, in which he modestly said that he was not an orator, but a London journal, in commenting upon it, said that there was no occasion for him to apologize as he did, and that his oratory was up to the level of his mining engineering. Commenting further, the same journal said:

"Mr. Hammond is perhaps the most distinguished mining engineer living. His country is proud of him and so is his *alma mater*, Yale. He represents the highest type of the modern American—straightforward, incorruptible, imaginative, and sanguine. And his remarks, so studiously careful, were distinctly encouraging. Any one who heard Mr. Hammond's speech must confess that the wealth of South Africa exceeds the dreams of avarice."

The many friends of Mr. Hammond in California will feel much gratified to see what a high position he has taken among the mining engineers of the world. He is already receiving one of the largest salaries ever paid to any one in his profession, and is the right-hand man of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. We hope that in addition to the fame which Mr. Hammond has acquired, he may win fortune as well.

The Flower Festival Association of Santa Barbara will hold its annual fête this year from April 17th to April 19th, inclusive. There will be many novel features introduced to make the affair attractive and interesting.

Polo at Burlingame.

The series of two matches of polo played at Burlingame closed on Saturday, April 6th. The first game was played on April 4th between the Burlingame team and a team from the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Walla Walla, Wash.

The Burlingame team included the following gentlemen: Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. Harry Simpkins.

The Fort Walla Walla team included the following army officers: Lieutenant Gordon Voorhies, U. S. A., Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, U. S. A., Lieutenant Paul Compton, U. S. A., and Lieutenant H. S. Haskins, U. S. A.

The result of the first game was victory for Burlingame, which was by a score of 10 to 1½. According to the terms of the series of matches, the Riverside team had now the privilege of playing the bye with the winner of the first match. Therefore on Saturday the two teams met.

The Riverside team comprised Captain G. L. Waring, Mr. C. E. Wand, Mr. R. L. Bettner, and Mr. T. H. Woods. The Burlingame team was the same that played the Thursday previous. But this time fate was adverse to Burlingame. The game was won handily by Riverside, the score standing 10 to 6. Much of the success of the Riverside team was due to the skillful playing of Mr. Bettner, and the almost human intelligence of his little roan pony, Cigarette. This pony played throughout the entire game, with the exception of about ten minutes rest, during which time Burlingame increased its score notably. But when Cigarette returned, Burlingame's colors drooped.

The game was hotly contested, and during the first half, when the score was close, it was a most exciting one. Good judges say that it was a very fast game. There can be no doubt as to its success. There was a very large and brilliant assemblage at the polo grounds, and it was one of the events of the season. It is to be hoped that the club will make it a regular feature.

These games have caused a notable change in the attitude of the press toward the Burlingame Club. The newspapers have apparently been under the impression that the club was composed of "useless duds." Since they have seen the Burlingame men play polo, which is by no means a dude game, and realized that it requires good pluck, sound nerve, and expert horsemanship, the newspapers have changed their tone. This is no more than right. Polo is a fine, manly sport, and should receive the hearty encouragement of every community where it is played.

— CHOCOLAT RUSSE FROM THE CZAR'S CONFECTIONER at St. Petersburg, at Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter Street.

— "FLORENTINE MOSAIC" at COOPER'S. The latest in fashionable note-paper.

— A CARNIVAL OF EASTER FAVORS. A LARGER assortment than ever. Gruenhagen's, 20 Kearny St.

— COOPER'S, 746 MARKET STREET.

Springs and baths of exceptional medicinal value—a matchless record for cures of obstinate chronic diseases—a first class hotel and modern conveniences—easy accessibility by rail in a few hours—a delightful climate and pure health-giving atmosphere

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LESSONS IN PIANO AND ARTISTIC SINGING by Chicago professor. Latest methods in Voice Building, Voice Culture, and Singing. Style and Expression a specialty. Studio, 838 Market Street, Rooms 1 and 2. Office hours 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.

"PALMS OF VICTORY!"

Are those that, having been read by Prof. Hargrett, strive at such tasks as Nature fitted them for. Heads and hands scientifically read and delineated on original charts. The foolish virgin had no oil—the oil of knowledge is what we all should have. "Suffer little children to come unto me," for I will do them good.

PROF. J. B. HARGRETT,
1104 Market Street.



YALE'S HAIR TONIC

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to the Excelsior Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. It has gone on record that Mme. M. Yale—wonderful woman chemist—has made this most valuable of all chemical discoveries. Mme. Yale personally indorses its action and gives the public her solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY Hair Specific. It STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxuriant growth. Contains no injurious ingredient. Physicians and chemists invited to analyze it. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

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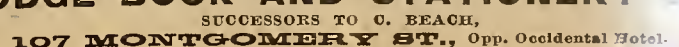
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Tommy—"Paw, what is an empty nothing?" Mr. Figg—"I don't know, unless it is a dude before breakfast."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"What makes you think she has such good taste in artistic matters?" said one girl. "She has given up trying to draw," said the other.—*Washington Star*.

"What is the meaning of this, Mary? This is the second time I have found a policeman in the kitchen." "Lor, mum! I'm so afraid of the beetles."—*Punch*.

Mrs. Glimps—"Was not the trip to Dakota rather expensive?" Mrs. Secall—"Oh, no; I went on one of the regular divorce excursions."—*New York Weekly*.

Teacher (in Episcopal Sabbath-school)—"Can any little boy tell me about Good Friday?" Eager scholar—"He was the feller that done chores for Robinson Crusoe."—*Judge*.

Yeast—"I hear Longly, the minister, is learning to play the piano." Crimsonbeak (a neighbor)—"I hope to gracious he doesn't practice what he preaches!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

She—"How old would you say I was?" He—"Um—well, I should say you were old enough to know better than to think I would answer a question like that."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Facetious friend—"Well, have you and your wife settled as to who is to be speaker of the house?" Young husband—"Not yet. We usually occupy the chair together."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Brutal: Miss Vassar—"Do you haze freshmen at this college, Miss Wellesly?" Miss Wellesly—"Oh, my, yes! We went into the room of one the other night and chewed up all her gum."—*Puck*.

Sweet girl—"Papa says you can't afford to marry." Ardent youth—"Nonsense! I can get a preacher to perform the ceremony for two dollars." Sweet girl—"Can you? How foolish papa is!"—*New York Weekly*.

First mamma—"I hear your daughter has written a book—ahem—a very modern book I am told." Second mamma—"Yes, I certainly shouldn't have allowed the dear child to read it if she hadn't written it."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Will you be mine?" he faltered. She looked upon him with disdain. "I thought you knew better!" she sneered. His head sank upon his breast. "I do," he answered, in a hollow voice; "but they have all refused me, one by one."—*Puck*.

Hicks—"What in time did you want to enquire that woman a third time for? She can't sing for sour apples." Wicks—"I know that well enough. All I wanted to do was to keep the show going long enough to make Wigsby lose his train."—*Boston Transcript*.

Alkali Bill—"Hear you run up agin a green-goods man in Noo York. How much did he git off you?" Sagebrush Sam—"How much did he git? I made ten dollars on the deal. They was a ten-dollar bill on top of the pile of brown paper he traded me fer three hundred dollars' worth of shares in that ther mine of ourn."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Friend—"How soon will you graduate from the Highscience Institute?" Modern girl—"Next year. But after that I must take a four-years' course at a medical college, to be followed by a special course in surgery." Friend—"Do you intend to practice medicine?" Modern girl—"Horror, no! I am going to write novels."—*New York Weekly*.

The "grippe": Butler—"Master is in 'is room, sir, and missis is in 'er room. Mr. Chawles is in the smoking-room and the young ladies are in the morning-room. Hi'm sure I cawn't say where the governess is." Family doctor—"Dear me! Let me see; whom shall I begin with?" Butler—"Well, Hi'm not feeling very well myself, sir."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

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It has frequently been remarked in these columns that President Cleveland evidently believes that to be the friend of gold he must be the enemy of silver. His utterances, both in public and private, bear witness to this fact. The latest testimony in this regard is his letter to the Chicago committee which invited him to attend a meeting in that city, the avowed purpose of which was to discredit silver. In this letter President Cleveland goes further than he has yet gone. He speaks of silver as a "debased currency." He seems to forget that the Constitution of the United States says explicitly that "gold and silver" shall be the money of the country.

The gold men, of whom President Cleveland is now, by his own words, the avowed head, insist that the friends of silver are "silver monometallists." This does not follow. It is, however, true that they are not "gold monometallists," which is what their opponents confessedly are. There is no silver man or set of silver men in the United States who

have declared against gold, or in favor of a single silver standard. They stand by the money of the constitution—"gold and silver." It is their opponents, the gold men, who stand by a single standard, who are ranged against the money of the constitution, and who strive to demonetize one of the constitutional money metals.

In last week's Argonaut we strove to show what would happen if the contention of the gold men were true, and if this country were placed by the silver men upon a single silver basis. We showed that even if this were to come to pass, the alarmist prophecies made by the gold men were doubtless unfounded—viewed in the light of other countries. We showed that there are throughout the world many countries upon a single silver basis, yet silver does not spell disaster. On the contrary, it is a striking fact that all of the silver countries of the world are to-day in a more prosperous condition than the gold countries.

But these remarks were purely for the purpose of showing the weakness of the gold men. They do not appeal to reason—they rather strive to alarm. Their language is so intemperate that it recoils upon themselves. They have reached a pitch where they denounce all who disagree with them as dishonest, and claim that any man who is in favor of the money of the constitution is impelled by motives of gain—that he "wishes to pay his debts in fifty-cent dollars," or that he "wishes to sell fifty cents' worth of silver for a dollar." They ignore completely the requirements of the organic law of the United States calling for gold and silver. And they ignore completely the statements of the silver men that they are not in favor of silver monometallism, not in favor of gold monometallism, but that they are in favor of bimetalism—that they are in favor of gold and silver, the money of the constitution.

This journal, which believes the American Constitution to be the highest creation of human wisdom, believes in the monetary system laid down by that constitution. It believes in the use of both gold and silver for money—what is generally called bimetalism. It has refrained from advocating the unlimited coinage of silver by this country, because it has believed such a move during recent years to be inexpedient. It has believed and has said that the gold countries of the world would soon be forced, by the inexorable logic of national disaster, to abandon their system of gold monometallism. We have maintained that when this time came the United States would be enabled to resume the free coinage of silver safely, and without losing hundreds of millions of dollars to line the pockets of Frankfort hankers and Lombard Street Shylocks.

We think that time is coming. Already Germany has cried out in alarm. England is feeling the pinch. The silver-using countries—China, Japan, and India—are manufacturing vast quantities of goods which were formerly supplied to them by England. The decline in Great Britain's trade has ruined the British farmers, is fast ruining the landed classes, and has inflicted serious injury on the industries of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other manufacturing centres. The value of cotton goods produced in the United Kingdom has fallen from £102,000,000 in 1871-73 to £89,000,000 in 1891-93. The condition resulting from Great Britain's gold monometallism has become a national calamity. Agriculture there is ruined; the cotton trade is passing away; and the landed gentry, the farmers, and the manufacturing classes are beginning to see that they are being ruined for the benefit of the bankers and money-lenders of London.

It is just at this critical period in the economic history of the world—a period when two great countries, Great Britain and Germany, are trying to retrace their steps from the financial quagmire in which they have become involved—that President Cleveland considers it proper to plunge this country into the same morass. A conference designed to bring about a rehabilitation of one of the precious money metals, which these two countries have suffered so much from demonetizing, he stigmatizes as "the illusion of a debased currency."

President Cleveland is doubtless an honest man, and he

probably considers himself a patriot. But when he does all in his power to thwart the action of this country when it is attempting to rehabilitate one of the money metals indorsed in our organic law, we have a right to question his wisdom, if not his motives. We recommend to President Cleveland that he read over his remarks on bimetalism as a "debased currency," and then read the constitution of his country, and see what it says about gold and silver.

An interesting case has arisen under the new international copyright law, in relation to Du Maurier's "Trilby." Harper & Brothers, of New York, own the copyright of "Trilby" for the United States, which includes the right of dramatization; this right they leased to A. M. Palmer, of the Garden Theatre, and Palmer, on March 11th, produced the play at the Park Street Theatre in Boston. In defiance of Palmer's copyright, Nellie G. Anthony prepared a version of "Trilby," which she proposed to produce at the Eden Musée; but on application of Harper & Brothers, Judge Lacombe issued an injunction restraining Miss Anthony from proceeding further in the matter. Thus far, all was plain sailing. The new international copyright law covers dramatic as well as literary and artistic works.

But a Boston photographer named Chickering took one hundred and sixty negatives of the performers and scenes in the version of "Trilby" produced at the Park Theatre, and sold pictures from these negatives to the newspapers. Against him the fire of the Harpers was also directed. They notified Chickering that the sale of his photographs was an infringement of their copyright, for which they would claim damages in a court of law. Chickering set the publishers at defiance, and continued to sell his photographs.

This raises the question whether a copyright covers the person, lineaments, and costume of one who represents on the stage a personage in a copyrighted play; or, in other words, whether a man or woman can be copyrighted. It is a settled principle that a copy of a duly copyrighted work of art, whether produced by photography or otherwise, can not be sold except with the consent of the owner of the copyright of the original. The right to photograph the paintings exhibited at the Paris Salon is sold every year, and no one thinks of infringing it. But is a photographer debarred from taking a picture of a scene or a personage in a copyrighted play? It is an infringement of copyright to take down the words of a copyrighted play in shorthand and to put them in the mouths of actors playing at another theatre. Can the principle be carried further, so as to forbid the stage from being photographed, not for the purpose of dramatic representation, but merely for pictorial illustration? If so, the scope of the copyright law is wider than has been imagined.

It may fairly be suspected that the parties to the present controversy have not been blind to its value as an advertisement of the play of "Trilby." It seems to have quickened the demand for the book, and to have raised the receipts at the Park Theatre to ten thousand dollars a week. Whether or no this was the sole motive of the injunction sued out by the Harpers and of the suits for breach of copyright, the cases now pending can hardly be brought to a close without a judicial definition of the things which may be copyrighted and those which may not.

Put a few hypothetical cases: An author writes a book for which he takes out a copyright. Would a photograph of the author, seated at his desk in the act of writing the book, holding in his hand the pen he used and bending over the paper on which his sentences were traced, be an infringement of copyright? A lecturer copyrights an elaborate discourse, in delivering which he emphasizes his delivery with impassioned gestures; would a photograph of these gestures be construed by a court as a violation of his copyright? A painter executes a landscape of a familiar scene, and takes out the usual copyright for his picture; if another artist should reproduce the same scene on another canvas, would he be trespassing on the rights of the first appropriator? To protect himself against photog- M. Carolus Duran copyrights a picture he has painted of

Miss Vanderbilt. Afterward, another artist catches the lady in a favorable attitude and sketches her, happening to take her in the same pose as M. Duran. Would the sketch be an infringement of copyright? If these questions are to be answered in the affirmative, it would seem that a man may copyright his own face, and sue the artist who draws a picture of him and the publisher who prints and sells it.

It will be said that "Trilby" was the creation of M. du Maurier, and that he owns it against all comers. But the ownership of literary and artistic property is a qualified ownership, not like the ownership of a house or a coat. There can not be any absolute ownership of ideas. When they have issued forth from the brain of their author, they become public property, with the reservation that they must not be so used as to deprive him of his legitimate rewards.

It must always be remembered that property in works of art or letters is not property by natural law, but is made property by statute. It is only within a few years, comparatively, that the author or the artist has had any protection at all against the pirate. Even now such property, unlike other property, is only owned for a limited term of years. The feehold in a house descends from generation to generation, but the copyright in a book ceases to be the property of its owner forty-two years after its first publication. The new international copyright law and the statute of 1870 must be studied in the light of these principles. The tendency of all our legislation, and of the decisions of the courts based thereon, is rather in the direction of limiting than of enlarging the author's rights. The late Dion Boucicault was never able to prevent piratical reproductions of his plays, though the law was clearly on his side, and he had carefully complied with its requirements. But then the late Dion was a good deal of a pirate himself.

To the British commentator on American affairs, nothing appears more curious in the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the income-tax law than the political lines on which the justices divided. Despite the fact that the law was a Democratic measure; despite the fact that it was looked upon as a party measure of the utmost importance as a means of securing the support of the Populists; despite the fact that the Democratic administration counted upon the revenue derived from the tax to meet the current expenses of the government, and will be seriously embarrassed by its diminution—only one of the five Democratic justices was found willing to sustain the measure as a whole, and only one other gave it even a qualified support. On the other hand, the four Republican justices were equally divided, two giving the law a partial support and two declaring it unconstitutional. Of the four who wholly condemn the law, two are Republicans and two are Democrats; of the four who gave it a qualified support, two are Republicans and two are Democrats.

This equal division of the representatives of the two parties is somewhat notable, considering the issues involved, but it is by no means so unprecedented as a division of the justices on party lines would be. It is a fact not generally appreciated by casual observers of the institutions of this country, that in each of the decisions of important political questions by the Supreme Court, the representatives of each of the parties have been divided, and the decision has been in accordance with the clarified opinion of the justices, and not according to their earlier political affiliations. In the decision on the earlier income-tax law, the court consisted of seven Republicans and two Democrats, and the opinion supporting the law was concurred in by all of the justices. It is true that this decision turned on the definition of a direct tax, and only indirectly on the power of the Federal Government to levy a tax on incomes, but the extent of governmental powers was involved, and there was room for disagreement between the two historical schools of constitutional interpretation. It is, of course, impossible to say whether the decision would have been different had it come before the Supreme Court, as it was constituted a quarter of a century earlier, when the proportion of justices between the two parties was exactly reversed; but it is worthy of note that the two Whigs on the supreme bench divided on the decision of the Dred Scott case, one of them siding with the Democratic majority, while one of the Democrats declared against the interpretation of his party.

In the legal-tender decisions, a similar question as to the powers of the Federal Government was involved. In the first hearing of the case, four Democratic justices concurred with Chief-Justice Chase—a Republican whose loyalty to the principles of his party could not be questioned—in declaring the law unconstitutional. Before the second hearing of the case, the personnel of the court was changed. Justice Grier, who had decided against the law, resigned, and a new associate justiceship was created. Justices Bradley and Strong were appointed to the vacancies, the former being a Republican and the latter having had earlier Democratic associations and training, but being later classed as a Re-

publican. These two joined with the former minority in reversing the earlier decision. It has been asserted that these changes in the membership of the court were made with a view to reversing the first decision, but the bill creating the additional justiceship was passed by Congress and became a law before that decision was rendered, and Grier, who concurred in the majority opinion in the first case, would hardly resign for the purpose of having his decision reversed.

In the Slaughter-House Cases the extent of the powers of a State was involved, and it would be supposed that the Democratic justices would rally in defense of State rights. But the decision in favor of Louisiana was sustained by four of the six Republican members of the court, and one of the three Democrats filed a dissenting opinion.

There is, in fact, but one instance where the justices of the Supreme Court acted in a distinctly partisan manner, and in that case they were acting in an extra-judicial capacity. The bill creating the Electoral Commission to settle the disputed Hayes-Tilden election provided that five senators, five representatives, and five justices of the Supreme Court should constitute the commission. The bill named four of these five justices, two of them—Miller and Strong—being Republicans, and two—Clifford and Field—being Democrats. These four were to choose a fifth, and they selected Justice Bradley, making three Republicans and two Democrats from the bench. As is well known, the votes of the members of the commission were strictly according to party lines; but it must be remembered that they were selected as partisans, and were not acting as members of the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of the United States has justly been called the most august and powerful tribunal in the world. It has done more than any other branch of the government in directing and fostering that growth of the constitution which has adapted it to conditions so wholly different from those that existed at the time of its adoption. It has ever defended the cool, sober judgment of the people, as expressed in the constitution, against the passion and prejudice of the moment, as sometimes expressed in the statutes of Congress. Only twice in its history have its decisions been strongly disapproved by the people, and in these cases the eleventh and fourteenth amendments have removed the effects of those decisions. So strong is the respect which this court inspires among lawyers that there has never been a case in which a member of the bar ascending the Supreme Bench has not cast aside all partisanship and sunk party feeling in judicial impartiality. During the years of the Civil War, the Supreme Court was Democratic, and it was not until the death of Wayne, in 1867, that the Republican members were as numerous as those of the Democratic faith. In spite of this, the decisions of the Supreme Court during these years supported the Republican administration in its acts, and showed no trace of partisanship. Those who assume to find in this latest decision the traces, not of partisanship, but of pecuniary incentive, only display their ignorance of the history of the court, of the sentiment that inspires those who have sat upon its bench, and of the principles upon which all judicial decisions must be rendered.

Mr. Charles Baxter, of Edinburgh, Writer to the Signet and the literary executor of Robert Louis Stevenson, has been to Samoa to collect Stevenson's literary remains. He announces that he will publish them as part of a collected edition of Stevenson's works when he returns to England. Extracts from Stevenson's diary have already been given by Mr. Baxter to the newspapers of San Francisco, where he has been some days on his way from Samoa to England.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Baxter is a man of taste and discretion: for if he is not, his present undertaking may not help the fame or credit of his friend. The *disjecta membra* of an author's compositions are not always suited for publication. When Nathaniel Hawthorne's children published such posthumous works of their father as "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," "Septimius Felton," and "The Dolliver Romance," they did not add to the reputation of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," and they raised a suspicion that Hawthorne's intellect had begun to decay before he died. When James Anthony Froude published Carlisle's letters, which would never have seen the light had the biographer of Frederick been living, he impaired public admiration for the writer and inspired critics to assail his character. So, now, if Mr. Baxter gives to the world besides the incomplete romances of "St. Ives" and "The Lord Chief-Justice's Clerk," hastily written letters by Stevenson, without due consideration of the effect they may produce, it is quite possible that his indiscreet zeal may impair the great writer's fame. Even the greatest of writers sometimes indite trivialities which they never intended for public perusal; it is hardly fair that an executor should do what they would not have ventured to do themselves.

Stevenson's diary has been introduced to the public by

extracts published in the *Examiner*. It is a chatty, jolly, devil-may-care sort of composition, in which the author groans over his inability to write so as to suit his own fastidious taste, and shows us what a nervous and irritable though good-natured creature the man was. The extracts contain nothing which could militate against Stevenson's reputation; but then they are only extracts; we can not tell what the rest of the diary contains. As a rule, people are not helped by the posthumous publication of their diaries. Persons of a high-strung and sensitive organization commit to their diaries thoughts which they would have told no one by word of mouth; whence it has been said that no one but a prig or an idiot ever keeps a diary. If the diary is honest, it is not intended for general perusal; if it is written to be published, it is self-conscious and affected. Witness Marie Bashkirtseff.

Stevenson's diary is in the form of letters to his adviser, Sidney Colvin, and it contains just what the novelist would have been likely to confide to a bosom friend. It reminds the reader of Sir Walter Scott's letters to Lockhart, which constitute the chief charm of Lockhart's life of his father-in-law. Scott undoubtedly wrote with the idea that his letters might be published, with suitable expurgations; they give a dashing picture of the gallant, big-hearted, rather narrow-minded author of "Waverley." A better diary in the form of letters is that which was left by Flaubert. His letters were written in the full and frank expansion of his heart, without any idea of their reaching other eyes than those of the persons to whom they were addressed, and consequently it is as candid a portraiture of the real man as were the "Confessions" of Rousseau. From a passage in one of Stevenson's letters, it may be inferred that he foresaw their publication after his death; he says: "It came over me the other day suddenly that this diary of mine to you would make good picking after I am dead, and a man might make some sort of a book out of it without much trouble. So, for God's sake, don't lose them, and they may prove a piece of provision for my poor old family."

Stevenson was a severe critic of his own work, and rewrote constantly. He says that his story "The Wrecker" is "measly," and of its admirers—who, as will be remembered, are legion—he remarks: "Lord! what fools these mortals be!" Of another story he observes that he has taken a month to write two chapters, yet they are "beneath pity." To accomplish the composition of this story, which he had sold, he writes sixty-six thousand words in thirty days, or two thousand words a day—"the labor of an elephant." This intense and sensitive conscientiousness should be duly considered by the editor of his posthumous works. He ought to withhold his imprimatur from every line which, according to his best judgment, Stevenson would himself have held back for revision. So long as a man is living, he can afford to publish his second best work, because he can efface any bad impression it may create by following it up with a masterpiece. But when a man is dead, he is judged by his closed record.

Death, it has been well observed, came to Robert Louis Stevenson so kindly that it was almost free from sadness. It did not dim the impression of that vital and awakening personality which was the connecting link between him and his readers. There was so much that was lovable in his character; he overflowed with such courage, and was so stout a believer in the success of those who "struggle for an ideal, under whatever climate, in whatever stage of society, plunged into whatever depth of ignorance, and hounded with whatever erroneous morality," that it would be a pity to have the delightful picture of him we have now blurred by scraps from his commonplace books and litter from his waste-basket. He was one of the greatest living writers of English; his fancy and his mastery of style have insured for him a place in letters which those who read "Treasure Island" and "Jekyll and Hyde" for amusement merely can not conceive. He spent his life with the shadow of death resting ever over him; yet he made light of it in his stout-hearted struggle with disease.

Some stir has been made in San Francisco by an incident which occurred on April 2d in Judge Trout's court. Rev. B. F. McKenna, a Roman Catholic priest, was present to testify to the verbal transfer of a deposit in the Hibernia Bank by a dying woman to a female relative. When he took the stand, the clerk was about to administer the oath in the usual manner; but the attorney for the claimant for the money observed: "As a courtesy to the witness, I presume the formality of taking the oath will be dispensed with," to which the bank's attorney assented with "Oh, certainly"; the judge acquiesced, and the witness proceeded to give his testimony without being sworn.

This dispensing with the usual formalities of law in cases where a Roman Catholic priest is concerned is establishing a dangerous precedent. It implies that the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church are above the law, and not bound

by its provisions; and the public are not as yet prepared to admit that, so long as an oath or affirmation is required of witnesses who testify in court, there should be no privileged class which is exempt from the obligation; least of all should sectarian priests, whose views of life are in many respects peculiar, be relieved from a duty which is exacted from all others.

The practice of administering oaths as a means of insuring veracity is not as much respected as it once was. Intelligent publicists have long questioned the wisdom of a rule which had its advantage when everybody believed in the personal intervention of the Deity in the affairs of men, and in a place of eternal punishment hereafter; lawyers do not think that the volume of false testimony is lessened by the solemnity with which God is appealed to in verification of the statements of a witness. But so long as the rule exists, it should be obeyed, and obeyed by all. To relax it in the case of a Roman Catholic priest when it is enforced in the case of a Protestant clergyman, is highly offensive to the great bulk of the American people. It provokes the comment that if the statements of fact of any men are open to suspicion, it should be the statements of those who believe in the miracles of Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and who teach such falsehoods to their congregations. From such men the most solemn form of adjurations should be required before they open their mouths as witnesses.

The incident has attracted attention because it seems to be a part of the general movement of the Papal hierarchy to acquire power by establishing a distinction between priests and other men. There was probably no previously organized plot between the attorneys to have the Rev. B. F. McKenna dispensed from taking the oath, but the innovation harmonizes with various recent occurrences at the East indicating a desire on the part of the Papal Church to revive the old days when a priest was more than an ordinary man, and was not amenable to civil laws. In the Middle Ages a high official of the church could neither be subpoenaed nor sworn. If he chose to give his testimony in court, he was accommodated with a seat by the judge's side, and he told his story in his own way for the court's guidance. True, those were the days when kings held the Pope's stirrup and bishops executed interdicts which forbade the burial of the dead or the marriage of the living. They were long, long ago.

It fills rational people with amazement to observe growing signs of belief among the priesthood that these times can be revived. But, after all, is there any abatement in the gullibility of the ignorant? An age in which crowds of poor Canadians carry their pennies to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and regiments of fanatics throng the road to Lourdes, can not feel assured that public common sense is so robust that it may be relied upon to repel any development of superstition. Nay, without going out of this city, an age in which hundreds of simple people permit knavish priests to assure them that diseases of the respiratory organs can be cured by appeals to St. Blaise, can hardly be described as an era of intelligent inquiry. When Macaulay wrote his famous review of Ranke's "History of the Popes," the Protestant world was thunderstruck to read that, in the opinion of one of the best-informed and wisest of Englishmen, a return to Romanism and superstition was not impossible. The essayist's argument was that while there was improvement in all branches of science and the tendency of taste in letters and art was clearly upward, there was no evidence of any advance in the metaphysical or religious systems. Based as those systems are on impalpable speculation, they contain no firm resting-places on which the mind can halt and gather breath for further progress; they are nothing at best but a labyrinth of theories and hypotheses which can neither be proved nor disproved, and upon which, therefore, the march of abstract truth makes no impression.

It must be in reliance on this melancholy proposition that the Church of Rome rests its hopes of advancement in spite of mental progress. It perceives that the development of the physical sciences, and the new light which is being shed upon history, do not necessarily constitute a bar to the growth of pure superstition, as is evidenced by the reactionary tendency of ecclesiastical teaching. It notes that at the very time when the props are being knocked from under the historical portion of the Pentateuch, boys and girls in Belgium and Quebec are educated to mistrust the laws of astronomy because they run counter to Papal bulls; and they argue, with some shrewdness, that if the clerical *ipse dixit* can override a mathematical demonstration, it may be feasible to revive the worship of relics, and to resurrect the importance of their manufacturers.

Though this may be the underlying idea of the recent demonstrations by the Roman Catholic Church, the actual methods employed show a worldly cunning which proves that the priests are as astute as ever. The establishment of a censorship of the Roman Catholic press and the complete

subjugation of the inferior clergy by the bishops and archbishops are initial steps in the resuscitation of an era of theocratic ascendancy; it may be that the fiat has gone forth to accustom the people to an emancipation of the priesthood from submission to the forms of law. Viewed in this light, the excusing of Rev. B. F. McKenna from taking the oath in Judge Troutt's court may be an incident of moment.

The following communication—evidently delayed—has just been received at this office:

COMMISSION OF THE UNITED STATES
TO THE
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ANTWERP.
COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 12, 1894.

PUBLISHER THE ARGONAUT, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—*Dear Sir:* I have the honor to inform you that you were accorded a SILVER MEAL at the International Exposition at Antwerp, Belgium, 1894.

The authorities of the Exposition expect to transmit to you, through the Commission of the United States, the diploma granting you the award above mentioned. Very truly yours,

J. H. GORE, Commissioner-General.

We were not aware that the *Argonaut* was entered at the Antwerp Exposition, nor what class it was in. If the class was "San Francisco," our winning of a medal over our contemporaries in this city would not surprise us, nor, indeed, would it give us much gratification. It would be a very poor sheet that did not rank above them, as viewed through the cold eyes of foreigners. But if the *Argonaut* was classed among the "weekly journals of the world," and won a medal, then we confess to extreme gratification. We hope the *Argonaut* deserved it, and hope our readers think so too.

For a number of months now, the *Argonaut* has refrained from printing those tables on the business of the country which so irritated our Democratic friends. There was no occasion to do so—the Democrats had forced the business of the country down to the lowest notch, and although the Republicans carried the Congressional elections last fall, the Democrats were still in power, and still potential for ruin. The country settled down into a slough of despond. A dull apathy possessed it, and the only sign of life was the hope that the Democratic Congress would adjourn without further mischief. That Congress has adjourned. It did all the mischief it could while living, and left behind it when dead all the evil it could in the shape of the scotched but still stinging income tax. But the Democratic Congress has gone—the last, we hope, for many years. Scarcely had it adjourned when business slightly revived. Fear of the Democratic fools and knaves in Congress being removed, business men began to pluck up their courage. Slowly the pendulum, which for months under a Democratic Congress had swung toward "ruin," began slowly settling back toward the centre, "dullness"; now it is slowly swinging toward "revival." Since the adjournment of the Democratic Congress, with the fact that the next Congress will be a Republican one, which can tie Mr. Cleveland's hands when he is bent on more Democratic attacks on the business of the country, affairs are slowly reviving. The bank clearances for the United States last week were \$1,013,000,000, eight per cent. more than the corresponding week a year ago, and fourteen per cent. more than the preceding week. The increase for March is 7.4 per cent. over March, 1894. Cotton is stronger; iron and steel billets have gone up fifty cents a ton; oil is active; hides and leather are bringing increased prices; lumber is active in the East; there is a better demand for dry goods—the sale of the enormous stock of E. S. Jaffray & Co. in New York, the other day, surprised the trade; exports of wheat from the United States last week amounted to 2,853,933 bushels, an increase of 300,000 bushels over the preceding week. In San Francisco, business is slowly improving; the bank clearances for the week ending March 28th were \$10,638,952; for the week ending April 4th they were \$13,608,837; this was an increase of nearly three millions over the preceding week, and an increase of 8.3 per cent. over the same week in 1894. Altogether, it begins to look as if we were out of the woods. We commend to our esteemed Democratic contemporary, the *Examiner*, a study of the causes as to why the panic of 1893 was coeval with the Democratic accession to power, and why the resultant long depression should last until that party was no longer powerful for evil, because the Democratic Congress was dead.

Among the voluminous dispatches coming from the Southern California "Fiesta," we note the following:

LOS ANGELES, April 17th.—To-morrow is children's day, which is to be inaugurated by a grand parade of the little ones from the public schools. In this connection has arisen the only bit of friction developed so far. There was an offer to introduce a banner, or float, or something of the little red school-house. There was some objection made to it, and the committee decided to bar it out. In the evening

papers to-night, a card is published signed by several councils of the A. P. A. calling upon citizens to forbid their children from taking part in the affair of to-morrow. What the effect will be upon what was expected to be one of the most beautiful demonstrations of the fiesta can not be said, but whatever it may be, the feeling engendered is very unfortunate at this time.

What right had the committee to "bar it out"? The "little red school-house" has come to be the symbol of the American public school. The picture of the "little red school-house," with the American flag floating from its ridge-pole, figures in hundreds of newspapers throughout the United States. So familiar has it become in the eyes of school-children, school-teachers, and school-trustees that it has resulted in the American flag flying from thousands of school-houses where it never floated before. The increased demand for American flags, resulting from the number required by the school-houses, has largely increased the output of the bunting mills at Lowell, Mass.—the only place in the United States where bunting is manufactured. This is the state of the case throughout the entire Union, as we had supposed. But it would seem from this Los Angeles dispatch that we must except Southern California. Is that the one part of the United States where the "little red school-house," with the American flag floating over it, is unwelcome? If that be so, we hope Southern California will succeed in her desire for State division, and that when she gets out of California she will get out of the Union, too.

By the terms of peace between Japan and China, which were signed last Monday, it is evident that a marked change will take place in the Orient. The portions of China ceded to Japan will be brought under the influence of Japanese ideas. A number of weeks ago we printed in these columns a forecast of the conditions to be expected if Japan should continue to develop her manufactures. The enormous indemnity paid by China will enable her to do so. She will also utilize as industrial workers the population of the ceded portions of China. We asked, in the article referred to, whether our Democratic free-traders were willing to force American operatives to compete with the swarming millions of China and Japan. Some of our Mugwump free-trade contemporaries in the East made merry over this suggestion, and asked if we were unwilling to see manufactured products cheapened in the United States. We certainly are, if it means that American workmen are to be thrown out of employment by Chinese and Japanese-made goods. A European contemporary, the *Kreuzzeitung*, of Berlin, does not share the humorous view of our free-trade contemporaries. In its issue of March 5th it prints in full the *Argonaut* article, and warns Europe of the danger of a new competitor. If Europe, which can easily undersell American manufacturers with the protective tariff removed, fears the cheap labor of the Orient when applied to manufacturing, is this country secure? Will the Democrats adhere to their free-trade folly when the Orient is turning out goods manufactured by millions of men working at ten cents a day?

The city of Oakland, Cal., has been dubbed the "Athens of the Pacific." Perhaps it is, but we never heard that the ancient Athens was distinctively the home of cranks. The modern Oakland certainly is. It also seems to be a centre for "Industrial Armies." In short, the "Athens of the Pacific" seems to shelter under her violet crown equal numbers of tramps and cranks. Some of the latter division are now endeavoring to persuade the Oakland city council to impose an annual tax of two dollars in the shape of a license on cycles. The cranks estimate that there are fully fifteen hundred cyclists in Oakland, who would thus pay three thousand dollars a year to the city for the privilege of wheeling. The proposed ordinance provides for the numbering and tagging of cycles under certain rules and regulations. The ordinance is not limited to cycles, but includes grocer's wagons, drays, T-carts, dog-carts, and coal-carts. It seems to us that invidious distinctions are drawn here. If the dog-cart of the rich is taxed, why not the goat-cart of the poor? This is making a class distinction. Further, if the modern bicycle and tricycle are taxed, why not the unicycle invented by Lorenzo de Medici—the wheelbarrow? What greater right has a unicyclic vehicle, propelled by an Irishman, to a free roadway with no tax, than a vehicular bicycle pedaled by an American? What is the matter with taxing wheelbarrows? Again, if a bicycle is a taxable vehicle, what is a roller-skate? It certainly goes upon wheels, and therefore should be licensed. But if skates require licensing, why not shoes? If shoes, why not feet? This seems to us logical. We commend to the Oakland council that they impose a license tax on feet, properly numbered and tagged. The tax might be on a sliding scale, proportioned to the size of the feet. If the rumors about the size of the Oakland girls' feet be well founded, such a tax would cause intending husbands to look upon wives with the large, enormous Oakland foot as an almost prohibited luxury.

SAVED BY A SQUAW.

The Experience of Pete Oberlin, a Frontier Good Samaritan.

It was so hot that the blue-gum leaves fairly sizzled. So hot that, as Pete Oberlin looked across the road from his shanty, the outlines of the Oasis Saloon, and those of the combined post-office and grocery, seemed to waver and dance in the furnace current rising to the glaring, brazen sky. Hot as it was outdoors, it was still more like an oven in Pete's little one-room hut, for the fire was blazing, and Pete, coatless and vestless, was overseeing a frying-pan of bacon and a mess of boiling potatoes.

The appetizing odor floated out of the doorway and spread over the neighborhood. It was distinctly noticeable as far off as the row of lopped eucalypti beyond the saloon. At the foot of one of these trees lay what at first sight seemed only a bundle of rags; but a closer inspection revealed a shock of black hair and glimpses of a brown parchment skin that indicated a human being. Gradually, as the welcome aroma penetrated the creature's befogged brain, the heap of rags stirred and tossed, and finally, uplifting bodily, resolved itself into a very dirty and torn blanket, surmounted by a hideous, bleary-eyed countenance. The old hag—for it was a woman—sniffed at the wandering fragrance, trying to catch its direction, and then staggered unsteadily across the road to Pete's cabin.

"Hello there, Wawaga! Gettin' over yer spree?" greeted that gentleman, easily.

"Umph! No drunk! Injun hungry!" remarked the visitor.

Pete, laughing good-naturedly, replied: "You wait; I'll give you a bite pretty quick now."

The old woman squatted on her heels by the stove and greedily eyed the preparations for the feast, while Pete kept his own optics steadily on his cooking to forestall any possible burning. The squaw's restless gaze roved around the room, finally pausing at the shelf behind the stove, upon which stood a cheap alarm-clock and a big black bottle; here it remained fixed until Pete looked at her once more, whereupon she announced, in her quavering croak:

"Ol' Injun heap thirsty."

Pete laughed again. "Go along out ter ther pump, then," he said.

But Wawaga's eye was still glued to the interesting object before her. Soon Pete himself went out to the pump, pail in hand; immediately the bundle of rags by the wall stretched up a lean arm, with the quick and stealthy motion of a pouncing cat, and, seizing the bottle, poured the fiery contents down through the brown, parchment throat.

Such an unearthly howling and yelling as followed this successful thievery! Pete dropped his pail and came running in, to find his guest doubled up in agony and rolling around on the floor screeching like mad.

"What in thunder's struck her?" he cried; but just then catching sight of the black bottle still clutched in the Indian's skinny claw, his blank look turned to a wide grin. He dropped on the nearest box, slapping his thigh and chuckling: "My eye! ef the old fool ain't drunk that ther quart o' kerosene!" The terror-stricken screaming redoubled, while the man watched the poor wretch's antics in ecstasy. "Guess it'll teach her to quit meddlin'," he muttered, gleefully; but as the moments passed, he began to realize that the matter was serious, for the creature's contortions grew awful and her anguish too great for amusement.

Pete's grin faded insensibly; he scratched his head thoughtfully, grumbling: "Don't know as I want the old gal kickin' the bucket right here and now, but what in tarnation's a feller goin' ter do fer her? Oh, gosh! I know!" He bolted across the road, sending up a choking cloud of powdery soil, and burst into the store. "Say, Ike, yer got any mustard?" he demanded; "old Wawaga's done drunk all my coal oil, an' I guess it's goin' ter kill her! Don't yer hear that screechin'?" Ike Dempsey, roused from his mid-day nap, rubbed his eyes and stretched himself, then rising deliberately from the cracker-barrel, and thrusting his quid into one cheek, drawled, lazily: "Wal, now, where's the hurt ef the ol' sot do gin us the shake? Oh, doan't be in er rush naow! I guess ther's a can er mustard raound somewehrs." Reaching a long, lazy arm under the counter, he clattered among his possessions and brought up a fistful of yellow-brown dust. "This here nuff? Never mind payin'!" In two minutes more Pete Oberlin laid violent hands on the rolling heap of agony in his cabin, and sternly commanded, "Drink this here." She drank it. Then the frontiersman dragged her bodily outside the shanty, and left her alone with her misery.

After some time Pete returned to his patient, bearing a tin plate with a generous share of his dinner. He presented this with a flourish, and grinned sympathetically as the morsels of food disappeared.

When the shadows of the blue-gums stretched long and gaunt to the eastward, and a mellow pink flushed the tops of the grand, distant mountains, a tipsy and squalid old squaw, in tattered blanket, trailed slowly up the dusty road through the foothills; and for six months neither Ike Dempsey, nor Pete, nor even Pat Grogan at the saloon, saw any more of Wawaga.

When Pete Oberlin reached up to the shelf behind the stove that night, and, after feeling vainly around in the darkness, struck a match and examined the surface, he let forth a volley of oaths that would have shocked the ears of a mule-driver, finishing up wrathfully with: "Wisht I'd let the old thief die and be d—d to her, afore ever she got away with my hand-carved briar-wood pipe."

* * * * *

Week after week, Pete Oberlin, in his capacity of mail-carrier, jogged over the dusty plain, wound in and out through the foot-hills, with a stop here and there at the ranches, and climbed over the ridge to the fort on the reser-

vation, always the destination of the biggest part of his budget.

After the early rains had carpeted the bare brown hills with green and given a glossier tinge to the mournful bark-stripped eucalyptus, he began to hear ugly rumors on his trips from farm-house to farm-house. There had not been an Indian outbreak for twenty years in that section, but some disquieting influence was hard at work on the redskins. Some said the Indian Messiah was coming, others that one of Geronimo's lieutenants had been sowing this excitement among them; be that as it may, there was watchful anxiety at the fort and a growing feeling of danger in the breasts of the neighboring ranchmen. Every bit of this came, of course, to the ears of the mail-carrier, and, in the snug bar-room of the "Oasis," he would regale a little knot of cronies with highly colored tales of the secret dances, the weapons, and war preparations to be seen in wild nooks in the hills, if a white man knew where to look for them. Yet for all these notes of warning no one dreamed of an actual dangerous uprising.

One soft winter's night, when the damp-laden rain-wind blew heavily from the south and the low-hung cloud-blanket shut out every wee ray of starlight, dark-mounted figures met in a sheltered hill basin. Ten, twenty, fifty, they gathered; then in single file, with muffled hoofs, they wound away from their prison. Several hours later, as the mischievous band stealthily made its way out on the plain, a stunted figure, in a ragged blanket, shrunk silently into the bushes to let the cavalcade pass, and then emerged once more from her cover and struck into a swinging trot in the rear of the swift-moving riders.

A faint, angry flush of dawn peeped over the sombre mountains as the redskin braves surrounded the few scattered buildings composing Rush Station. A dog barked in the rear of the saloon, and, in response, a sharp report sent a shudder through the chill morning air; with a howl of anguish, the poor beast rolled over in the dust. At the crack of the pistol, the half-dozen men in the shanties came tumbling out from different doorways. Not one was more than half dressed, but each one had snatched up his rifle. What odds are six men against fifty? As the hastily awakened settlers stumbled out from their cabins, a leaden hail rattled around them; two of their number fell, struck off at once by the raiders. "Injuns, by the tarnation heavens!" cried Ike Dempsey, and the four remaining defenders, now very thoroughly aroused, drew quickly back into the store and blazed away from this cover at their murderous assailants. They had ammunition in plenty and spare guns. Ike's wife put her two little sobbing children into a big box in the centre of the building, as the point that was furthest from danger, and herself filled the hot, smoking rifles. The fusillade was thick and fast, and bullets flew in through the openings. Pat Grogan's right arm was shattered, but he rested his gun on the window and fired away vindictively. Poor Smith was shot through the lungs, and fell in a dying condition; Mrs. Dempsey took his place, handling her rifle deftly. Time and again some sharp howl of anguish told of a well-directed shot at the half-concealed, sinister foe.

Morning was advancing; perhaps by this time the flight from the reservation was discovered, and soldiers were coming to help them—if only they could keep the red devils at bay a while longer. Vain hope! Black Wing, chief of the raiders, had also thought of the soldiers; he concluded it was time to make short work of these sharp-sighted marksmen who were picking off his companions. There came a sudden, fearful yelling, a swift rush and retreat of moccasined feet, then the pungent smell of smoke, and the ominous crackling of the fire licking up the dry boards. The heat became intolerable—to remain was sure death from the destroying element.

"We must run for it, boys!" cried Pete Oberlin. "The door of my shanty stands open, an' ther' ain't no Injuns inside it!"

The shot-riddled portal was flung wide, with the two little lads in the middle, the forlorn hope sought a new refuge, their guns speaking death in the passage. Ike Dempsey fell in his own doorway, shot through the brain. Pat Grogan fell in the roadway, and, at the same moment, the brave who had shot him reeled and toppled down from his saddle. With a horrible sense of sickness, Pete saw a savage horseman bury his tomahawk in the woman's head, and then snatch up one of the children and dash his skull on the door-stone. The other little fellow slipped from the hand that grasped at him and stumbled over the cabin threshold, barely escaping a bullet; a sharp whistle cut the air, Pete felt a stinging pain in his shoulder, and fell to the ground unconscious.

With an exultant shout at the destruction of this last enemy, the savage band swarmed from their places of attack and hastily entered the buildings, stowing away whatever was easily portable and making sad havoc in Grogan's stock of liquors; but they were not yet far enough from the reservation to allow themselves a long stop. The store was burning fiercely; to force his unruly following to hurry, Black Wing fired the saloon with his own hand, the wooden frame blazing like tinder. One by one the sheds and shacks were ignited; three or four wretches, with fresh, gory scalps dangling at their belts, rushed over to apply the torch to the only remaining building, Pete Oberlin's shanty. A young brave stumbled over the inanimate form in the pathway, and with a whoop of delight waved his keen blade over the thick black locks. Just as he stooped to his victim, an odd, long-drawn cry arrested his arm in its motion. A wild and dust-covered figure sprang into the blood-crazed circle, pouring out a torrent of guttural abuse and lamentation that somehow commanded attention.

The old woman—for it was Wawaga—bent above the prostrate man, waving off the armed braves, and felt for the faintest of heart-beats; then raising herself to her full height, shaking back her snaky hair, and with a rude, powerful majesty, she commanded in her own tongue:

"Go while yet you have time! Before the morning has ended, the soldiers will be on you. This man still lives.

He is mine; do not touch him; you have the scalps of the others."

Wawaga was one of the mothers of the tribe, and her words had weight with the warriors. Black Wing mounted his pony and all of his raiders did likewise. In the light of the gray, cloudy morning, a wild procession scurried over the plain and away once more to the mountains, where they could find secret hiding and for months elude their pursuers, while they kept the whole country in terror with their thieving, burning, and killing.

When Pete Oberlin, lying in his own bunk, opened his eyes on the dim scene lighted by the flickering fire, he thought he had gone through a horrible dream. Kicking off the covers, he sat up with a vigorous jerk; but the sharp pain in his shoulder made him grind his teeth in agony. At the same moment he became aware of a dark figure crouched in one corner holding a bundle of white. His sudden motion and muttered exclamation stirred the quiet watcher; stumbling to her feet, she bore her burden to the pallet and deposited it beside him. "Him live, lil boy," she announced, gravely. Pete sank back beside the sleeping child, with a choking sensation, half-thankfulness for their escape and half-horror at the suddenly conjured picture of the boy's murdered mother and brother. He remembered how he was wounded. How had they two escaped scalping? How came Wawaga there? Were the redskins still at the station? If so, he must use greatest caution. Perhaps they had kept him for torture. The woman anticipated his queries. "Injuns gone! You go now, 'fore come back!" Pete started again upright, maintaining his position in spite of the shooting pain and dreadful dizziness.

"Which way shall I go, and how?" he asked, eagerly. "I must take little Jim! Did them raskils git all ther hosses?"

"White man keep still! Wawaga get pony!" and the old woman drew the tattered blanket around her and slipped noiselessly from the room, leaving Pete to his own busy thoughts. She was gone but a few seconds before she glided in again, muttering: "Him ready! You go fort, no find Injuns!"

Pete felt sick and faint; he wondered how he could keep himself and the drowsy child on the animal's back over the many miles of rough road that lay between them and safety; it was impossible to remain in their defenseless position, so he must make the effort. He could not imagine how the squaw had dismissed his assailants, and he expected their return with darkness to finish their programme of vengeance.

Wawaga herself carried out the boy. "No touch, arm hurt," she said, motioning away the wounded man. Very gently she lifted the tiny figure, stilling the fretful wail and coaxing him to wake up and ride on the pony. She led the way and Pete followed; as he stepped out into the dusk, his heart swelled at the utter desolation, only the scorched row of gum-trees marked the site of Rush Station beside his forlorn little cabin.

With a good deal of wrenching and pain, Pete clambered into the saddle, the squaw lifted the boy before him, the man gathered the bridle into his useful hand, encircling the child with the same arm. Before he put spurs to his horse and set out on his perilous journey, he leaned down toward the stunted and squalid hag at the horse's head, saying hoarsely: "You're a good un, Wawaga! I'll do as much fer you if ever I git ther chance."

"Ugh!" grunted the old woman. "Squaw no good! Heap good white man, no let ol' Injun die! All even now. Here—ol' squaw take um—no good, b'long white man." She thrust a black something into his hand, and, turning stolidly around, reentered the desolate cabin.

Pete Oberlin buried his spurs in his animal's flank, and the beast sprang forward past the heaps of smoldering cinders and the blasted row of gum-trees and headed straight for the mountains. In his unwounded hand, with the bridle, Pete held his long-lost briar-wood pipe.

GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1895.

The sensation of Paris recently has been the trial of seven black-mailing journalists. Five of these have been found guilty and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment with fines, while two were acquitted. One M. Portalis fled, and has received in his absence a sentence to imprisonment for five years. Their offense was black-mailing the proprietors of clubs where gambling was carried on, threatening exposure if they did not hand over large sums of hush-money. All of the men are obscure persons, except one, Camille Dreyfus. He was formerly secretary to Daniel Wilson, who was a son-in-law of President Grévy, who himself got into trouble through selling the decoration of the Legion of Honor. These blackguards are types of the lower order of journalists in Paris, although the high order of journalist is extremely limited. The number of papers in Paris is enormous, and their quality is, as a rule, singularly poor from any point of view, while they are conducted with an almost entire lack of principle. The sentence imposed upon the black-mailers varied from five years' imprisonment down to one year, and the fines varied from five hundred to three thousand francs. One of them, Dreyfus, is a knight of the Legion of Honor. The clubs which these men have been black-mailing had every reason to want their affairs kept quiet. Most of the proprietary clubs are nothing but gambling-hells, and even the swell "members' clubs," like the Jockey Club, the Royale, and the Agricole, depend upon their gambling-tables for their support. Not one of them could pay their running expenses without the *cagnotte*, or tax upon the tables. Even they have had their scandals; in one of them, some years ago, some of the members were discovered to be in league with the servants who waited on the card-rooms, and marked cards were discovered by which the thieving members were enabled to rob their friends.

PARIS STUDENTS' FROLICS.

How Mi-Carême was Celebrated in the Quartier Latin—Amusing and Growsome Floats in the Procession—A Students' Night at Loie Fuller's Theatre.

There are seasons when student life, always seething in its special quarter, boils up and runs fizzing and bubbling over the whole city. Every now and again the accumulated energies of youth express themselves in riot and disorder, stones are thrown, some heads get broken, and a few scapegoats are left to cool their excitement under prison discipline. This winter, however, the students have been on their good behavior. They have neither been driving professors from their lecture platforms nor setting the police rules at defiance. Not that they have been attending to their studies, surely. By no means. They have been very busy in other ways, though.

For one thing, there have been the preparations for Mi-Carême, a great day with them, and it was decided among them that their part of the procession should be by far the most telling part of the show. While fond parents imagined that their sons were burning the midnight oil poring over law-books, wearing out the soles of their boots walking hospitals, drawing plans, or studying mathematics, they have been devising methods of stunning the *bourgeois*, designing cars, costumes, and pageantry of one sort and another. They took in hand the queen of the laundries, and beautified her chariot so that she drove in unexampled state beneath a graceful dais wreathed in Louis the Fifteenth style, drawn by eight white horses, each led by a footman, preceded by heralds, and followed by a brilliant escort.

Some of their devices were amusing enough: the law-students' car, for instance, which contained a large pair of scales, in one side of which was a goodly tome—the famous code—and in the other a handsome wench garbed in the soft velvet cap and cloak of the student, and short petticoats. This young woman represented the gay side of student life, and weighed heavily in the balance, as you may suppose; the huge volume being but as a feather when tried in the scales with the *étudiante*. Of course the students have their own special journal, and equally of course, the organ of the Quartier Latin had its own particular car, shaped in the likeness of a huge duck—the *canard*, a bird famous in the annals of journalism. There was something decidedly growsome in the chariot of the medical students—a dissecting-table with a recumbent lay figure upon it, surrounded by a group of young fellows in aprons and brandishing knives; ever and anon they plunged their hands into its entrails and drew forth *serpents*, which they flung this way and that over the crowd.

But the student world, however it may like to assume the temporary lordship of misrule, is anything but subversive, at least nowadays; and, though figuring as courtiers to the Queen of Wasberwomen, the chief organizers of the procession did not fail to pay their respects to the official representatives of a less evanescent power. M. Félix Faure—attired, as we are kindly informed by the papers, in a frock-coat—received the deputation most graciously, and the president condescended to accept a resplendent bouquet of flowers. M. Félix Faure did the handsome thing in return, and presented the spokesman of the deputation with a gold bracelet, which he was to slip upon the fair wrist of the queen of the day, whose initials it bore. Three cheers, or the Parisian equivalent, having rewarded the president for his gallantry—he had a capital view of the procession through the window, by the way—the cortege moved on, eventually breaking up and degenerating, Prince Carnival having been hurled with all due ceremony, into a stand-up fight with *confetti* between lively students and livelier *étudiantes* on the Place St. Michel.

There is nothing bitter, however, in the animosity of the combatants when *confetti* are the weapons, and, as may be supposed, girls and boys soon make it up—very much so, in fact—over “backs” and other weird and essentially Parisian drinks. Relations between victors and the fair adversaries, who have succumbed beneath the showers of *confetti*, become anything but strained, and on Mi-Carême night, the cafés of the *quartier* present quite an idyllic and tender appearance. These exuberant demonstrations of the *joie de vivre* are in nowise hampered by objectionable policemen, who look on with utter indifference, for the *quartier* has put itself under official protection and snaps its fingers at *sergents de ville*. Indeed, of late, the once revolutionary student world has taken great care to curry favor with the powers that be, and a split almost occurred lately in the association, some few independent spirits being of opinion that the committee overdid the thing considerably.

Be that as it may, the students obtain not a few advantages in return for their submissive and chastened attitude toward the authorities. Their time-honored privilege of admission to the theatres of the Quartier Latin at reduced prices has been extended, and now many of the boulevard and new play-houses—Mme. Bernhardt's Renaissance and the Comédie-Parisienne being among the number—have followed the example of the Odéon and of Cluny.

Students are in specially good odor at the Comédie-Parisienne, where Loie Fuller got up a “Students' Night” on Sunday. The trim little play-house was overrun with exuberant young men, who hailed from the Beaux-Arts School, though from their dress—the modern student is very rarely Bohemian in attire—one would have set down many of them as young swells about town. The latter impression soon faded away, however, when from all sides of the house, at the command of the ringleader, a wild chorus suddenly burst forth, spreading terror in the breasts of the few elderly ladies who had taken tickets unawares for that evening. At the close of the chorus a powerful voice sings out “Chahut! Chahut!” whereupon all spring up and perform a terrific wild Indian war-dance, beating time with sticks and hats thrown up in the air. The effect is exhilarating,

and Loie Fuller, who surveyed the scene from the wings, pronounced it a much better show than her own.

“La Loie,” as she is called, was greeted with deafening applause when she appeared, and with a shower of bunches of violets so thick and fast that in a moment she stood amid a sea of flowers. Further demonstrations of an equally flattering kind followed, such as what is called a “ban,” a ceremony which consists of a series of successive claps as if produced by one hand and in proper measure.

But the most flattering token of admiration was an album presented to Loie Fuller, which was afterward shown to me. Each student had drawn or painted some appropriate sketch in honor of the popular star, and some who unite both literary and artistic ability, had contributed verses. Loie herself was, of course, the subject of most of the sketches, but in one I recognized a symbolical impersonation of Brother Jonathan attired in the traditional stars and stripes. The American and English students had, of course, made a point of contributing verses in their own tongue. Anyhow, the album was a gift both the donors and the presentee might be proud of. Some of the sketches it contains will be priceless, doubtless, in years to come, when their authors have blossomed forth into great painters, which it is likely at least one or two will do.

Loie herself was radiant, and brought the house down by returning thanks in a neat speech in almost Academic French and dancing three extra dances after “Salomé,” which are among the best she has ever hit upon. She pronounced herself more pleased with the enthusiasm of the students than by the applause of the swells, and certainly, whether or not it was more heartfelt, it was undoubtedly more effective and demonstrative.

PARISINA.

PARIS, March 27, 1895.

MRS. PARAN STEVENS.

How She Made Her Way—A Friend of the Prince of Wales and Mother-in-Law to a Guardsman—Some Sharp Sayings and Good Stories.

Yesterday there was laid to rest all that was mortal of a woman who was one of the most striking figures of New York. Mrs. Paran Stevens, after a struggle of half a century, is at last at rest.

If she looked back from where she is, she must have been gratified to find that, at the end, her funeral was attended by some of the best people in New York. Of well-known men among the pall-bearers, there were Chauncey Depew, Colonel William Jay, Mr. James Otis, and Mr. Peter Marie, the famous old beau, who has been a picturesque figure in New York society for many years. And amid the large assemblage who attended the funeral, there were the names of such well-known persons as Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mrs. George B. de Forrest, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. L. K. Wilmerding, *et id omne genus*. I do not think that chronicling the names of those who attend funerals is in very good taste, but these are mentioned for the purpose of showing that Mrs. Paran Stevens had won the position for which she struggled so long, although many people did not believe so.

Mrs. Stevens was born in Lowell, Mass., nearly seventy years ago—in 1827, to be exact. The many stories in regard to her having been a factory-girl were untrue. She came of good New England stock, her father, the late Ransom Reed, being at one time mayor of Lowell. He once kept a small hotel, which doubtless gave rise to the many rumors about her being “the daughter of a tavern-keeper.” Her mother, who died only two years ago at an advanced age, was a woman of education, and held a leading position in Lowell. Mrs. Stevens, or Miss Marietta Reed, as she was then, received as good an education as the public schools in Lowell could afford, and subsequently attended a private school in Lowell which was kept by the Misses Penhallow, and which had a local reputation as being one of the best. She also received instruction in foreign languages from Dr. Cartee, of Cambridge, Mass., who was noted as an instructor at that time.

It was at the private school of the Misses Penhallow that she met Miss Stevens, the daughter of the widowed Paran Stevens, who subsequently became her husband. Miss Stevens took her friend, Miss Reed, home to visit her, and it was there that the widower fell in love with the Lowell girl. Miss Reed was then very beautiful, and she had even at that early age the quick wit which she retained to the last. She married Paran Stevens, who was already a prosperous hotel-keeper. He, like his wife, came of good New England stock, having been born in New Hampshire. He first acquired an interest in and subsequently controlled the Revere House in Boston, then the Tremont House in Boston, then the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, and finally the Fifth Avenue in New York city. Marietta Reed's marriage to Paran Stevens was considered a brilliant one, and the wedding was one of the great events in Lowell. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens lived quietly in Boston, and it was in that city that her two children, Minnie and Harry, were born.

About 1862, the Stevens family abandoned their Boston home and came to New York. At that time, Paran Stevens's fortune was estimated at five millions of dollars. He was a quiet old gentleman, with no social ambition. Not so, however, with his handsome wife. As soon as she was installed in her fine house at 244 Fifth Avenue, she determined to establish herself in New York society. She began a series of Sunday evening receptions, which were noted for their excellent musical programmes. She purchased a dinner service largely composed of gold, and gave a series of elaborate dinners. She built a magnificent place at Newport—a palace at that time—which was called the “Villa Marietta,” after its mistress. She made it a point to be hospitable to foreigners, and entertained many notabilities from abroad.

After she had resided in New York about ten years, her daughter, Miss Minnie Stevens, made her début. Miss Stevens went to school with many young ladies of that day who since have married well, among others, Miss Consuelo Yznaga, now Duchess of Manchester; and with Miss Jenioie Jerome, now Lady Randolph Churchill. In 1872, Paran Stevens died, leaving a large fortune tied up in a trust. This at once aroused the litigious Mrs. Stevens. She became involved in suits with the trustees, which she kept up most zealously until the day of her death.

About this time, Mrs. Stevens, who had met with many rebuffs in New York society, determined to go abroad. There she spent several seasons in London, where she made more of a success than she had in New York, a not unusual thing with Americans. It is very curious, but our American women who are “social leaders” do not seem to understand that foreigners care not at all about the “social standing” of American women at home. If the foreigners like the Americans, they invite them to their houses, and it is a matter of utter indifference to them whether they are “social leaders” either in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or Kankakee. The Prince of Wales was very friendly with the Stevenses, and Mrs. Stevens and her daughter were frequently invited to Marlborough House and Sandringham. Then came the marriage of Miss Minnie Stevens to the Hon. Arthur Paget, a young Guardsman, who was an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. This marriage Mrs. Stevens considered as crowning her social career as a success.

She was a woman of an aggressive disposition and of a sharp tongue. Perhaps this is one of the reasons that so many ill-natured stories have been told about her, because to be popular in society people must be colorless. Mrs. Stevens had a pretty wit, and did not always stick at what she said. Those who wined under her satire took their revenge by telling stories behind her back—not always of the most pleasant description. It is to this that is due the many rumors of her use of profane language and her tendency toward drink, both of which were entirely unfounded. A prominent man in New York was once the reputed author of a rumor that she had drunk more wine than she should at a certain social gathering. She went up to him the next time she saw him, and in the presence of a half a hundred people gave him a vigorous verbal lashing. She told him that his son had been drunk in her house a dozen times; that the son would never get drunk there again; that he himself was drunk every day in his life; and that she never had been drunk at all. Leaving the hapless author of the rumor dumb with astonishment, she sailed triumphantly out of the room. At another time she looked somewhat severely at a young man who greeted her obsequiously, and said: “I hear that you have been telling people that you declined my invitations. Do you think that is very nice? I don't. You can consider this invitation declined, and leave at once”—which he did. On another occasion she was at a dinner-party, and seemed to be somewhat disturbed in mind. She was absent-mindedly tearing a rose apart, petal by petal, when one of those baby-faced women who like to say disagreeable things said to her: “What are you doing, Mrs. Stevens?” A silence fell upon the table, and Mrs. Stevens returned, with a brilliant smile, “Minding my own business, my dear.” Pierre Lorillard one day asked her if she would not sell to him some old and shabby buildings adjacent to his home, because, as he remarked, it was not pleasant to have common people so near to him. “Just so,” she said, “it must be disagreeable; one of my tenants, I believe, sells your snuff.” On another occasion a young married woman, looking at Mrs. Stevens—who, like most dowagers, had a somewhat florid complexion—made some remark about scarlet faces. The old lady bristled up at once. “It is hotter,” said she, fiercely, “to have a scarlet face than to be a scarlet woman.” The young matron retreated discomfited from the battle-field.

For many years Mrs. Paran Stevens lived at 244 Fifth Avenue, the house which she first occupied when she and her husband came to New York. It was here that she entertained the Prince of Wales when he was in America. But about two years ago she purchased a white marble house at No. 1 East Fifty-Seventh Street, on the corner of Fifth Avenue, one of the houses once belonging to “Bloody Mary Jones,” so called because of her pride in her blue blood. Here Mrs. Stevens was surrounded by multi-millionaires. On the other three corners were the houses of William C. Vanderbilt, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and C. P. Huntington. It was admirably fitted for entertaining, the lower floor being used for reception and dining rooms, the second floor for drawing-rooms and ball-room, and the upper stories for sleeping apartments. At her large entertainments she used to turn the reception-rooms on the lower floor into dressing-rooms, thus obviating the necessity of the guests going upstairs to remove their wraps and then descending again to meet their hostess, who in her house used to stand English fashion at the head of the wide staircase to receive them.

But her long and stormy life is over. She was a woman who in many respects had the will of an indomitable man. The goal of her ambition may have seemed to many people an unworthy one, but to a woman of large wealth, with a restless brain and a handsome daughter, the natural outcome for her energies would seem to be social entertaining and social display. If she set her mind upon being a leader in this line, she accomplished her ambition. She was one of the picturesque figures of Gotham. She was one of the leaders in New York society without any question. But if the other leaders opposed her entrance there because her father was a hotel-keeper, it strikes an outsider as slightly ludicrous when it is considered that of the three richest families of New York, the founder of the most recent, Jay Gould, began by selling patent rat-traps; the founder of the next most recent, Cornelius Vanderbilt, was a canal-boatman; and the founder of the most ancient of them, John Jacob Astor, was a peripatetic person who peddled

NEW YORK, April 9th, 1895.

FLAN.

THE EMMANUEL CHURCH MURDERS.

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins."

In the long list of mysterious murders which have shocked San Francisco, none have so wrought upon the public mind as the violent deaths of Marian Williams and Blanche Lamont. Scarcely anything else has been talked of since the discovery of the bodies, and the trial will probably pass into the law-books as one of the curiosities of medical and criminal jurisprudence. For, by the very nature of the circumstances attending such revolting crimes, the murderer and his victim must have been alone. Hence this will be another of the many murders where conviction of the murderer depends on circumstantial evidence.

The crime was so extraordinary that it may be well to summarize the circumstances here. On Friday, April 12th, at four P. M., Marian Williams, an eighteen-year-old girl, left the house of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morgan in Alameda to cross the bay to San Francisco. Miss Williams was employed as "help" in the Morgan family, and owing to her youth, her poverty, her delicate health, and her loneliness in the world, was a *protégée* of the Morgan family, as well as their "help." The Morgans were about to leave for Tacoma, so Marian Williams had determined to board with a Mrs. Voy in San Francisco during their absence. She reached Mrs. Voy's house that afternoon, and informed her that she was going to attend a social entertainment of the Christian Endeavor Society, a club made up of the young people of Emmanuel Baptist Church, San Francisco. This entertainment was to take place at the house of Dr. Vogel, one of the church members. Marian Williams left the house of Mrs. Voy about 7:45 o'clock to go to Dr. Vogel's. She never reached there.

The following morning, Saturday, April 13th, some ladies entered Emmanuel Baptist Church to decorate it for Easter. They found in a small room leading off the library the dead body of a young girl. It was clothed, but the clothing was disarranged. The neck bore marks of a strangler's hands; there was a stab wound in the forehead; there were several stab wounds over the heart; while on the breast lay the fatal weapon, a broken table-knife from the kitchen in the basement of the church. The ladies gave the alarm; the pastor, Rev. J. G. Gihson, was sent for; the coroner and the police were notified; and the body was identified as that of Marian Williams.

The police took possession of the church, and at once began searching the great building. On the following day, Easter Sunday, April 14th, they found in the lofty bell-tower of the church another dead body—the body of another young girl. The body was nude, and evidently had been dead for days. It was soon identified as the body of Blanche Lamont, a young girl who had been missing since the afternoon of Wednesday, April 3d. She was a friend of Marian Williams, and acquainted with members of Emmanuel Baptist Church.

At this point, suspicion fell upon one W. H. Theodore Durrant, also a member of Emmanuel Church, its librarian, and superintendent of its Sunday-school. The police claimed that Durrant was the last person seen with both the dead girls. Durrant had always borne a good character. He was a student at Cooper Medical College, and a member of the State militia. On Saturday, April 13th, he left the city at seven A. M., with a militia signal corps, to establish heliographic signal communication between Mt. Diablo, on the Contra Costa side of the bay, and Telegraph Hill, in San Francisco. The police followed him across the bay, and on Sunday afternoon he was arrested and brought to this city. He was not surprised at his arrest, nor were his comrades, for on Sunday morning the signal corps on Telegraph Hill had flashed across to Mt. Diablo, thirty miles away, the message: "The police are after Bugler Durrant for the murder of Marian Williams." Durrant had the sympathy of his comrades, who did not want to give him up to the police, but he submitted to arrest. He was taken to the San Francisco city prison under a heavy guard.

When the inquest began, a mass of testimony was introduced by the police, which seemed to point toward Durrant. The testimony showed that he had talked much of the disappearance of Blanche Lamont, and insinuated that she had fled. It was shown by the testimony of three school-girls who were with her that he had met her outside the Normal School at three o'clock on April 3d, and had got on a south-bound car with her; they were last seen on the corner of Powell and Market, on their way toward the Mission, where the fatal church is situated. It was shown that he had promised to get her a book from the church library in which she was interested, and it is supposed that she went with him for that purpose. Here the chain of evidence is weak. As yet, no one has been found who saw them enter the church. But Miss Lamont never got any further than the church, for her school-books were found concealed in the rafters, as well as all of her clothing, which had been hidden away in various dark corners of the big building. The links of the chain again begin with the evidence of George R. King, the church organist, who testifies that late in the afternoon of Wednesday, April 3d, he entered the church, when he was startled by seeing Durrant in his shirt-sleeves, coming from the heltry tower, pale and exhausted; on inquiry, Durrant told King that he had been fixing the gas-pipes in the ceiling, which were out of order; that the heat and the odor of gas had made him ill; he begged King to go to an adjacent apothecary's and get him a restorative, which the organist did, leaving him alone in the church for a time. On Sunday, when the police discovered the body of Blanche Lamont, they found the door leading to the heltry locked, and the knob broken off. The janitor, F. A. Sademan, testifies that the last time he went up into the heltry was about a month ago, when the knob was on the door. Another circumstance which the police bring up against Durrant is that on Saturday, April 13th, a newspaper was re-

ceived through the mail by Mrs. Noble, aunt of Blanche Lamont; in it were three rings belonging to the dead girl, while scrawled upon the margin of the paper were two names, "Geo. R. King" and "M. Schweinfurth," in a handwriting which the police claim is similar to Durrant's; they also claim that these two names (the second being that of Miss Lamont's music teacher) were placed there to divert suspicion from Durrant. Altogether, the testimony points to the fact that the last human being seen with Blanche Lamont was Theodore Durrant.

Concerning the case of Marian Williams, the testimony shows that Durrant left his house at about 7:45 on Friday evening, April 12th. He was apparently on his way to the Vogel entertainment, where he had told Marian Williams he had something to say to her. He had been seen by F. A. Sademan, the church janitor, and P. S. Chapelle, a railroad detective, loitering around the ferries that afternoon—the police claim, waiting for Marian Williams. When carelessly asked by Sademan "what he was doing there," he replied that he was "watching to see if there was any clew to the disappearance of Blanche Lamont." Durrant, after leaving his home on Friday evening, met a friend, one Dr. Perkins, about eight o'clock. He left him on his way to the Vogel entertainment. The testimony differs as to the hour of Durrant's arrival. No one puts it earlier than half-past nine. The place where he left Dr. Perkins was eight blocks distant from Dr. Vogel's—about fifteen minutes' walk. Durrant fails to account for this hour and a half. He arrived at Dr. Vogel's about half-past nine, perspiring and with his hair disheveled. He asked for permission to wash his hands and arrange his hair, which was given him.

At about eight o'clock, on Friday evening, April 12th, a tall, slender man, wearing a long, black overcoat and a slouch hat (which was what Durrant wore on that night), accompanied by a short, slender girl, with a cape and a turban hat (which articles of attire Marian Williams wore on that night), went into the yard of Emmanuel Church, walked to the side-door, which the man unlocked with a key, and then both entered. Durrant and other persons had keys to the church. Several witnesses testify to seeing this couple enter the church. It is supposed that Marian Williams had brought some flowers over from Alameda to be used for the Easter decorations; that she had brought them to the church on the chance of finding it open, or of finding some one there to admit her. She found some one there. She entered the church. She did not appear at the Vogel entertainment. She was never again seen alive.

At the Vogel house, the Christian Endeavor Society held its meeting, and owing to the absence of Theodore Durrant, its secretary, elected a secretary *pro tem*. When he arrived, the meeting was nearly over, and the merry-making began. About 11:15 the party broke up, and Durrant walked up street with Elmer Wolf and Miss Lord. He bade them good-night near Emmanuel Church, saying he was going home. Elmer Wolf says that he then went to a stable and ordered his horse to be ready to ride to his ranch, some distance from the city. On his return, when he passed Emmanuel Church, he saw Durrant in front of the church. Durrant left the city the next morning, as we have said, to join his signal corps. During his absence, the police searched his room. They found in the pocket of the black overcoat he wore on Friday night a purse belonging to Marian Williams. It was identified by C. H. Morgan, her employer, who swore that it was hers. He identified it, among other things, by a twenty-year-old car-ticket which he had given her as a curio. Durrant accounts for the presence of this purse in his pocket by saying that he picked it up on the street.

The preceding narrative is a plain and uncolored condensation of the testimony given at the inquest. There is a mass of other matter alleged by the police: that the bodies of both the girls had been outraged; that Durrant was a sexual pervert; that he had been brooding over a medical work on abnormal sexual crimes, entitled "Pscopathia Sexualis"; that he had boasted to his fellow-students of his power over women; that he had made improper proposals to other girls; that he had endeavored to inveigle other girls into the church on various pretexts; that the body of Blanche Lamont had been placed in the heltry tower on blocks of wood lifting it from the floor—a method peculiar, so the police say, to students in dissecting-rooms; that the marks of strangulation on the necks of the bodies were left-handed; that Durrant is ambidextrous—etc., etc.

The case looks bad for Theodore Durrant. It is true that there is not evidence enough to prove him to be the murderer. In fact, all the evidence is presumptive and circumstantial. We do not think any jury would convict him upon the evidence discovered up to the present time. But, none the less, he must account for his movements. It is vital that he should show where he was between eight and half-past nine P. M. on Friday, April 12th—the space of time during which Marian Williams met her awful death. None the less, it must be borne in mind that nothing conclusive has yet been found against Durrant.

One of the features of this case which has most unpleasantly impressed the public has been the freedom with which Emmanuel Church has been used. From the testimony it appears that a number of persons have had keys to the church, and have had access to it both by day and night. Not only the pastor, but the janitor, the janitor's son, the organist, Durrant, and others have had keys to the building, and have been in the habit of using it freely. When a building which is intended for the worship of God is used by young men and young women at hours when no one else is there, it can not but shock the community. It is therefore not without warrant that a curious communication in the shape of a petition has been sent to the board of supervisors of San Francisco. There was a crusade by the churches not long ago against the side-door and rear entrances of the liquor-saloons of this city, which resulted in an ordinance forbidding such entrances, prohibiting private rooms in saloons, and limiting the issuance of liquor licenses to persons indorsed by twelve citizens. It is prob-

able, therefore, that this petition was inspired by the liquor-dealers. It reads as follows:

We, the undersigned, residents, citizens, and tax-payers of the City and County of San Francisco, engaged in a reputable and honorable vocation, do most respectfully represent as follows:

In view of the heinous crimes committed in a church in this city within the past few days, we, as good and order-loving citizens, would suggest to your honorable body that it is about time to call a halt in the debasement of church edifices.

The remedy is, in our mind, that an ordinance be passed closing and forbidding all side and rear entrances to all church buildings in this city and county, and to have no partitions, separate rooms, or bedrooms or bed-lounges in any such church building, and no person but the authorized sexton or janitor of said church to have any key to any door or entrance to the said church, front, rear, or side entrance, and he, the said trustee or authorized person, to be under the supervision of the police authorities at all times, who are enjoined to keep notices of the fact of the opening and closing of said churches, and for what purpose.

And that the preaching of the gospel in the City and County of San Francisco be made a licensed vocation, and no minister or preacher receive a license unless he has a good and sufficient character, or else the signatures of twelve good citizens, tax-payers, and property-owners to that effect.

This petition is not conceived in a spirit of malice, but with the highest and loftiest and honorable object of saving the young girls of San Francisco from murderers and the debasement of churches as houses of ill-fame. And for a favorable consideration of this petition your petitioners will ever pray, etc.

ROBERT BRIESE.

Whether it is or is not true that the "petition was not conceived in a spirit of malice," it is certainly true that the occurrences at Emmanuel Church furnish some justification for this document. If it is the revenge of the liquor-dealers, they have had ample revenge. A more stinging sarcasm was never penned.

As we write, the inquest is still in progress, and Theodore Durrant stands arraigned before the bar of public opinion. It can not be questioned that many people believe him to be guilty. But we do not believe in trial by newspaper. Therefore we leave this strange and awful case, merely giving the facts as far as they have been learned.

But whatever may be the fate of Theodore Durrant, there is only one fitting end for Theodore Durrant's church. It should die. For years the shadows of evil have brooded over this ill-starred congregation. One of its pastors became insane, and committed suicide; another pastor, Isaac M. Kalloch, was the murderer of Charles de Young. Under the present pastorate, two young girls have been foully done to death. There is no further field for Emmanuel Baptist Church as a temple of the Most High. No congregation could sit in the sanctuary without the pealing notes of the organ recalling the groans of Marian Williams, as she yielded up her frail life under her murderer's cruel hands. A step on the heltry stair would make them think with a shudder of the murderer panting up the tower with his bloody burden. And when the Christmas bells rang out, it would not be "Peace and good-will to men" that they would ring—it would be the requiem of poor Blanche Lamont, over whose fair young body, bloody and stark, far up in the heltry tower, the great bells moaned as they tolled her funeral hymn.

LATE VERSE.

Ballade of the New Woman.

Of the new woman now to sing
You bid me, Prince, whose jangled lyre,
Whose wrinkled muse, of weary wing,
Has lost her early might and fire.
More readily your fond desire
Would I concede and chant for you
If the fair being you admire,
If the new woman were but new.

She is, alas! no novel thing;
For history herself might ure,
Might faint and fall, in following
Where the old woman did aspire.
What stellar space, what mortal mire,
Has not the fair sex ventured through?
Indeed, we men folk might admire
If the new woman were but new.
She vexes now with questioning,
Must taste, experience, inquire,
For curiosity's the spring
That sends her soaring higher and higher,
That bade her with the snake conspire,
And to the snake alone be true
Who brought on us that heavenly ire.
If the new woman were but new!

ENVOI.

Prince, old as Adam is, our sire,
As old as Eve, whom Adam knew;
We might not labor and perspire
If the new woman were but new.

—Andrew Lang.

The Dirge of Cupid.

Old Time, upon a certain day, when in the Green Park strolling,
Met Cupid walking listlessly along the gravel track;
Adown his apple-blossom cheeks the heedless tears were rolling,
And his saintly little azure wings hung drooping on his back.
"Now, what doth all thee, merry son, that thus thine heart is laden?
Has any feathered shaft of thine failed to transfix a maiden?"
"Alas!" cried Cupid, sadly, while his pearly tears flowed faster,
"The days of simple love-making and maidenhood are gone;
For every other female is a 'Green' or 'Yellow Aster,'
A 'Superfluous Woman' (truly!), or 'A Modern Amazon';
While the girls no more content themselves with lovers' adoration,
For they're all so very busy 'working out their own salvation.'"
"Through the deep sloughs of the Zolaesque, and up the scale
chromatic,
Of all moral—and immoral—problems Menad-like they go;
There's no time to hear love's whisper 'mid their arguments em-
phatic,
(And a woman voice no longer is like music, sweet and low);
While young maids who once for soft endearments had a predi-
lection,
Now plead madly for the suffrage, or discourse on vivisection."
"Ah! The dear old days when all the earth was wise and wor-
shipped Cupid—
Ah! The dear old days when love could make men brave,
and sweethearts fair!
Now the new 'eternal feminine' declares my methods stupid.
As she flies about the earth with Ibsen's 'vine-leaves in her
hair.'"
Then, with one more sigh, the vanquished god went on his way
lamenting,
"Would the sun had died in heaven ere she 'gan experiment-
ing!"—*St. James's Gazette.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Reminiscences by Contemporaries—The Assassination Described
by One on the Stage—Anecdotes of the
Martyred President.

Last Monday was the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln, and the occasion has been marked by the New York *Independent* by the publication of a special "Lincoln number." It contains nearly fifty articles, tributes and reminiscences, from contemporaries, contributed by such men and women as the late George William Curtis; W. J. Ferguson, an actor at Ford's Theatre when Lincoln was assassinated; W. H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner; Henry C. Bowen, editor of the *Independent*; Major-General O. O. Howard; W. O. Stoddard, Lincoln's private secretary; Murat Halsted; Neal Dow; Grace Greenwood; Hon. L. E. Chittenden, Dr. Henry M. Field, and Dr. Theodore Cuyler—matter sufficient in volume to fill a book. Indeed, we would suggest that the republication of these articles in book-form is much to be desired.

There is so much that is of wide interest in this "Lincoln number" that we have decided in this issue to replace our weekly hook-sketch with a series of extracts from these articles, and shall begin with a striking picture of Lincoln during the darkest days of the war as contributed by his private secretary, William O. Stoddard, who writes:

In the opinion of Edwin M. Stanton, concurred in by other good judges, the darkest hours of the Civil War came in the first week of May, 1863. The Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, had fought the bloody battle of Chancellorsville. The record of their dead and wounded told bow bravely they had fought; but they were defeated, losing the field of battle and seventeen thousand men. The Confederate commanders acknowledged a loss of only thirteen thousand, but their army of Northern Virginia was dreadfully cut up. How severe a disaster this costly victory had been to them could not be understood by the people of the North.

The country was weary of the long war, with its draining taxes of gold and blood. Discontent was everywhere raising its head, and the opponents of the Lincoln administration were savage in their denunciations. Many of his severest critics were men of unquestionable patriotism. The mail desk in the secretary's office at the White House was heaped with letters, as if the President could read them. He knew their purport well enough without reading. He knew of the forever vacant places in a hundred thousand households before Chancellorsville. If more than a third of each day's mail already consisted of measureless denunciations; if another large part was made up of piteous pleas for peace, for a termination of this latest slaughter should go out and send back echoes from the heart-stricken multitude? Had not enough been endured, and was there not imminent peril that the country would refuse to endure any more? This question was, perhaps, the darkest element in the problem presented to Mr. Lincoln; for the armies, east or west, were ample in force and ready to fight again.

There were callers at the White House the day on which the news of the defeat was brought; but they were not the customary throngs. Members of the Senate and House came, with gloomy faces; the members of the Cabinet came, to consult or to condole with the President. There were army and navy officers, but only such as were sent for. The house was as if a funeral were going forward, and those who entered or left it trod softly, as people always do around a coffin, for fear they may wake the dead.

That night, the last visitors in Lincoln's room were Stanton and Halleck. They went away together in silence, at somewhere near nine o'clock, and the President was left alone. Not another soul was on that floor except the one secretary, who was busy with the mail in his room across the hall from the President's; and the doors of both rooms were ajar, for the night was warm. The silence was so deep that the ticking of a clock would have been noticeable; but another sound came that was almost as regular and ceaseless. It was the tread of the President's feet as he strode slowly back and forth across the chamber in which so many Presidents of the United States had done their work. Was he to be the last of the line? The last President of the entire United States? At that hour that very question had been asked of him by the battle of Chancellorsville. If he had wavered, if he had failed in faith or courage or prompt decision, then the nation, and not the Army of the Potomac, would have lost its great battle.

Ten o'clock came, without a break in the steady march, excepting now and then a pause in turning at either wall.

There was an unusual accumulation of letters, for that was a desk hard worked with other duties also, and it was necessary to clear it before leaving it. It seemed as if they contained a double allowance of denunciation, threats, ribaldry. Some of them were hideous, some were tear-blistered. Some would have done Lincoln good if he could have read them; but, over there in his room, he was reading the lesson of Chancellorsville and the future of the republic. Eleven o'clock came, and then another hour of that ceaseless march so accustomed the ear to it that when, a little after twelve, there was a break of several minutes, the sudden silence made one put down letters and listen.

The President may have been at his table writing, or he may—no man knows or can guess; but at the end of the minutes, long or short the tramp began again. Two o'clock, and he was walking yet, and when, a little after three, the secretary's task was done and he slipped noiselessly out, he turned at the head of the stairs for a moment. It was so—the last sound he heard as he went down was the footfall in Lincoln's room.

That was not all, however. The young man had need to return early, and he was there again before eight o'clock. The President's room door was open and he went in. There sat Mr. Lincoln eating breakfast alone. He had not been out of his room; but there was a kind of cheery, hopeful, morning light on his face, instead of the funeral battle-cloud from Chancellorsville. He had watched all night, but a dawn had come, for beside his cup of coffee lay the written draft of his instructions to General Hooker to push forward, to fight again. There was a decisive battle won that night in that long vigil with disaster and despair. Only a few weeks later the Army of the Potomac fought it over again as desperately—and they won it—at Gettysburg.

In strong contrast with this sombre picture is that wherein Grace Greenwood describes a reception given at the White House by President and Mrs. Lincoln in honor of "General and Mrs. Tom Thumb." It is as follows:

Mr. Lincoln, before I heard his sweet-toned voice and saw his singularly sympathetic smile, was certainly an awesome personage to me. So tall, gaunt, and angular was his figure—so beyond all question plain was his face, furrowed and harrowed by unexampled cares and infinite perplexities, while over all was a simple dignity which was more than sacerdotal—a peculiar, set-apart look, which I have never seen in any other man, never shall see.

Mr. Lincoln's dress was some black, unrelieved except by gloves of white or very light taid, which had a rather ghastly effect on a large, bony hands. But Mrs. Lincoln was gay enough in attire—a low-necked gown of rich pink silk, with flounces climbing high up, over a hoop-skirt tulle, and pink roses in her hair. She was not handsome, but her manner was pleasant and kindly. She must have had a good heart, after all said, for her husband loved her. She must have had a more than ordinary intelligence, for Charles Sumner respected her opinions, and he knew her well. She certainly lacked worldly wisdom, tact, and judgment—fatal lackings in her case. The dizzy elevation of her storm-rocked position and its perils, unsettled her brain in effect, and the tragedy which shook the

world cast her "quite, quite down." Most desolate and misunderstood of women was she at the last.

Of the President's household present that evening, I remember two young men, who I thought ought to make careers for themselves, not alone because they looked clever, thoughtful, and scholarly, but because their daily association with Abraham Lincoln must be a liberal education in noble ideas and aims, in manliness and manitude. These young gentlemen were the President's son, Robert, and his secretary, John Hay.

Rather to my surprise the high-toned and austere Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, was one of the guests, coming in early, as though in boyish haste to see the show. He was then but little past his prime, and a superb-looking man. With him was his darling daughter, Kate—the prettiest Kate in Christendom—"tall, graceful, her small Greek head borne royally, her lovely, piquant face untouched by care or sorrow, her exquisite dark eyes, with their heavily fringed lids, full of a certain entrancing charm."

The reception took place in the East Room; and when, following the loud announcement, "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stratton," the guests of honor entered from the corridor, and walked slowly up the long salon, to where Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln stood, to welcome them, the scene became interesting, though a little *bizarre*. The pigmy "general," at that time still rather good-looking, though slightly *blat*, wore his elegant wedding-suit, and his wife, a plump but symmetrical little woman, with a bright, intelligent face, her wedding-dress—the regulation white satin, with point lace, orange-blossoms, and pearls—while a train some two yards long swept out behind her. I well remember the "pigeon-like stateliness" with which they advanced, almost to the feet of the President, and the profound respect with which they looked up, to his kindly face. It was pleasant to see their tall host bend, and bend, to take their little hands in his great palm, holding madame's with especial care, as though it were a robin's egg, and he were fearful of breaking it. Yet he did not *talk* down to them, but made them feel from the first as though he regarded them as real "folks," sensible, and knowing a good deal of the world. He presented them, very courteously and soberly, to Mrs. Lincoln, and in his compliments and congratulations there was not the slightest touch of the exaggeration which a lesser man might have been tempted to make use of for the quiet amusement of on-lookers; in fact, nothing to reveal to that shrewd little pair his keen sense of the incongruity of the scene. He was, I think, most amused by the interest and curiosity of his "little Tad," who seemed disposed to patronize the diminutive gentleman and lady, grown up and married, yet lacking his lordly inches. When refreshments were being served, he graciously superintended his mother's kindly arrangements, by which the distinguished little folk were able to take their cake, wine, and ices comfortably off a chair.

Later, while the bride and groom were taking a quiet promenade by themselves up and down the big drawing-room, I noticed the President gazing after them with a smile of quaint humor; but, in his beautiful, sorrow-shadowed eyes, there was something more than amusement—a gentle, human sympathy in the apparent happiness and good-fellowship of this curious wedded pair, come to him out of fairyland.

Henry C. Bowen quotes Lincoln's own account of his election to the Presidency, thus:

He said that "the enthusiastic greetings of his neighbors and friends during the evening at the club," together with the numerous telegrams which poured in upon him, "well-nigh upset him with joy." At a late hour, he left the club-rooms and went home to talk over matters with his wife. Before going to the club that evening to get the election news as it came in, he said: "I told my wife to go to bed, as probably I should not be back before midnight. When at about twelve o'clock the news came informing me of my election, I said: 'Boys, I think I will go home now; for there is a little woman there who would like to hear the news.' The club gave me three rousing cheers, and then I left. On my arrival, I went to my bedroom and found my wife sound asleep. I gently touched her shoulder and said: 'Mary.' She made no answer. I spoke again, a little louder, saying, 'Mary, Mary! we are elected!' Well," continued the President, "I then went to bed, but before I went to sleep, I selected every member of my Cabinet, save one." . . . In a word, he said he "wanted all his competitors to have a place in his Cabinet in order to create harmony in the party."

This is the story of the assassination as it is told by one of the players at Ford's Theatre, W. J. Ferguson. He says:

Only four actors are now alive who performed in the play of "Our American Cousin," which President Lincoln was witnessing on the night when he was so cruelly assassinated. These actors are Harry Hawke, E. A. Emerson, John Matthews, and myself. The leading male character, Lord Dundreary, on the occasion referred to, was played by Mr. Emerson, who afterward retired from the stage, and who for years has been a cotton-planter near Richmond, Va. He has always refused to say anything on the subject of the assassination. As Trenchard was played by Harry Hawke, who is still in the profession, Mr. Matthews, who played a subordinate character, is in New York, no longer playing, but connected in an official capacity with the Actors' Fund of America.

I was a very young man, almost a boy, at the time of this national tragedy about which I have often refused to speak. It was my first season on the stage. I was what was termed the call-boy. A young man who was playing a small part in the piece was ill on the day of the assassination, and Miss Laura Keene, who was the star in the piece, asked me to take his part. When she came to the theatre at night, as I had a scene with her, she rehearsed me in it. In that way I happened to be on the side of the stage behind the scenes with her, directly opposite the box in which the President sat.

The performance was to be for the benefit of Miss Laura Keene; and the President, together with General Grant and other prominent men, had been invited, and were expected to be present. The private box adjoined the dress-circle and had two doors, as it was sometimes, by a partition, converted into two boxes. These doors opened into a dark passage, closed by a door at the end of the dress-circle. During the day, or previously, it is said that the assassin or some accomplice had bored gimlet-holes in the box-doors, enlarged by a pen-knife on the inside sufficiently to survey the position of the parties within at the moment of action. The hasps of the locks, which were on the inside of the box-doors, had been weakened by partly withdrawing the screws, so that a man could easily press them open if locked. Mr. Lincoln's chair was in the front corner of the box, furthest from the stage; that of Mrs. Lincoln was more remote from the front, and near the column in the centre. In the box with the President and Mrs. Lincoln were Major Henry R. Rathbone and Miss Clara H. Harris, daughter of Senator Harris.

It was during the second scene of the third act that the shot was fired. May Meredith was on the stage doing a quiet piece of monologue. Suddenly the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house. Not more than a second or two had elapsed after the firing of the shot before a man (Booth) jumped from the private box on to the stage. The crash of his fall quickly caused me to turn. As I looked on the stage, I saw Booth kneeling on one knee, the position in which he had fallen. The spur on his riding-boots had caught in the flag with which the box was draped and thrown him in that position when he alighted. Booth (for I recognized him instantly) rose at once, and quickly ran across the stage as if nothing had happened. Inside of thirty seconds he ran across, past the prompt-box, and then out of the stage-door, which was on a level with the stage and opened on an alley. For a moment the audience seemed to be spell-bound. There was deadly silence. You could have heard a pin drop. I instinctively imagined what had occurred. I looked up at the President's box, and saw him with his head leaning on his breast. He always sat with his back toward the audience.

According to my recollection it is not true, as some of the newspapers reported, that Booth, as he jumped on the stage, cried out: "Si semper tyrannis!" He jumped up from his knee and ran rapidly across the stage in my direction. I retreated two steps to give him plenty of room to pass me. He ran out into the alley where his horse was standing, saddled and ready to mount. All this was done so quickly that those in the theatre could hear the horse's hoofs rattling over the cobblestones down the alleyway—tramp, tramp, until the sound of the rattling hoofs quickly died away in the distance. It seemed as if for a minute or more there was a dead silence in the audience. There was no crying out.

Suddenly a movement was made; the actors behind the scenes crowded on the stage, persons in the front of the house crowded the orchestra and tried to reach the stage. Then some one said: "Booth!" and the cry was taken up, louder, and still louder: "Booth!" "Booth!" "Booth!"

After the excitement was over, some blood was found on the dress of Miss Laura Keene, and some of the sensational newspapers took pains to chronicle that the blood of the martyred President was on the dress of an actress. That is not the fact. The truth is, the President did not bleed at all, at least while he was in the theatre, from which he was quickly removed. The wound was on the left side of the head behind, on a line with and three inches from the left ear. It is true that blood was found on Miss Keene's dress, but it came from Major Rathbone. It seems that as Booth ran across the box the major attempted to seize him. But Booth wrested himself from the major's grasp, and made a violent thrust at him with a large knife which he carried in his hand. The major parried the blow by an upstroke, and received a wound several inches deep in his left arm between the elbow and the shoulder. The wound bled very profusely, so much so that after he had assisted in carrying the President to the house across the street from the theatre where he died, the major fainted away in the hall, and had to be taken in a carriage to his residence. It was the blood from Major Rathbone's wound, that, in the midst of the excitement that followed, when actors and audience crowded the stage, got on Miss Keene's dress.

I am sorry to say that after this great tragedy, Miss Keene, in her travels throughout the country, would exhibit this dress and claim that it was stained with the blood of the President. I was in the box directly after the assassination, and saw that the President did not bleed. He was quickly carried down stairs and across the street to a house, where he was placed in a bedroom in an extension on the first or parlor floor of the house. The wound in the President's head did not begin to bleed until some time toward morning. So the blood of the martyred President did not "bedabble the robes of an actress."

I had seen Booth on the afternoon of the fatal evening. At about three o'clock he passed by in front of the theatre. I passed the time of day, and he remarked that he was not feeling very well; he said he had pleurisy. He went down the street to cross, and then walked up toward the White House. For three months before he had not been seen about the theatre. He had not been acting that season, and was very much interested in the oil excitement in Pennsylvania.

The house where the President was taken, across the street from the theatre, was occupied by a family named Peterson. The President died in this house about half-past seven the following morning. The son of Mr. Peterson and I were chums. When the President was carried in the house, I went to the basement, where I was admitted, and went upstairs to the room where the President had been taken. I saw him lying on the bed. And it is a singular fact that perhaps has never been published, but I had seen John Wilkes Booth lying on that same bed, a little over three months before, smoking a pipe. The house was a sort of rendezvous for actors, and members of theatrical companies often rented furnished rooms there.

It is interesting to follow this recital with another theatrical man's account of his own relations with Booth at the time and of the feeling which the assassination aroused among and toward the theatrical profession. Colonel William E. Sinn writes:

At the time the President was assassinated, I (or, rather, the firm of Grover & Sinn), was running the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Three or four days before the assassination, Wilkes Booth was in Philadelphia on his way to Washington. I was very well acquainted with him. He told me he was going to Washington to play for a benefit, I think the benefit of Miss Susan Denin. Through some misunderstanding, the benefit was postponed. After the tragedy at Ford's Theatre, it was thought that on the occasion of Miss Denin's benefit, when the President was almost certain to be present, Booth would attempt to assassinate the Chief Magistrate.

The last time I saw Wilkes Booth was at the stage-door of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, at about ten o'clock at night. He was going to take the train in an hour for Washington. On that same afternoon I had seen him and been with him for fully three quarters of an hour, and had walked down Chestnut Street with him. When I bade him good-bye, he made a remark that I quickly recalled as soon as I heard of the assassination: "You will hear from me in Washington," he said; "I am going to make a hit." I said: "Good luck to you. You are a pretty good sort of an actor; I guess you will." The next thing I heard of Booth was the terrible news that he had killed President Lincoln.

Of course, after the assassination there was a close and careful examination as to Booth's antecedents and his movements just before the dreadful tragedy. It seems that during his few days' stay in Philadelphia he was seen a great deal in the company of Matt Canning (since deceased), at that time manager of Mme. Vestali, who was playing then at Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre. He stopped over in Baltimore on his way to Washington, and there he was often seen in the company of John T. Ford, then the manager of the Halliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and Ford's Theatre, Washington, the scene of the assassination. After the assassination, Mr. Ford was arrested in the belief that, having been seen with Booth so shortly before the event, he might know something about it. Matt Canning was also arrested in Philadelphia. I was very much scared myself, for I had been seen with Booth on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and had been in his company much of the time during his stay in the city. I escaped arrest, however, but I passed several sleepless nights and days of worriment thinking over the matter. Mr. Ford and Mr. Canning were, of course, exonerated from any knowledge of the sad affair.

I was spending the evening with some friends on the night of the assassination—Good Friday night. As I was returning home about twelve o'clock, walking down Chestnut Street, I saw signs of great excitement; crowds were running along the street. I thought there was a big fire; but I soon learned the news, that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated, killed by Wilkes Booth, the man I had been chatting with pleasantly but a few days, you might say a few hours, before.

Within three or four days there was a great hue and cry raised against not only the actor, but actors and theatrical people in general. Many well-meaning but narrow-minded persons could not say anything too bad about actors and the theatre. They were particularly severe in their allusions to Edwin Booth, the distinguished tragedian, brother of the assassin, who probably suffered more mental torture from the cruel act of his unnatural relative than did any one else in the country outside of the President's own family. Edwin Booth was so overcome that he retired from the stage temporarily, and it was many months before he appeared in a theatre before an audience. Edwin Booth never played in Washington City from the time of the assassination until his death, though theatrical managers offered him the most fabulous prices to go there.

Numerous rewards were promptly offered for the capture of Wilkes Booth. I added five hundred dollars to the reward that was offered in Philadelphia, and promptly did what I could to show that the members of the dramatic profession were not in sympathy with Wilkes Booth, and looked with horror upon his terrible crime. It was not long before theatrical people in all parts of the country put themselves before the public in their proper light, condemning the crime, both in public and in private, both in the North and in the South.

It is to be regretted that limitations of space forbid our making further extracts from this "Lincoln number"; we can only repeat our hope that it is to be republished in book-form, so that all may read and own it.

Carroll D. Wright says: "Hunger has caused more men to commit petty crimes than anything else." Of sand nine hundred and fifty-eight homicides in the thousand one hundred had no trades.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Tolstoi's new story is called "Master and Man." It describes with pathos and simplicity the way in which a commonplace, money-loving man sacrifices his life in a great storm to save that of his servant.

A correspondent writes to a friend recalling reminiscences of Thackeray:

"In my younger days, while living in Paris, we were intimate with Thackeray's mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smith. Only the first numbers of 'Vanity Fair' had appeared. Mrs. Carmichael Smith would worry and fret over the scant notice 'Vanity Fair' was receiving. When there was anything written about it in London, she would send it to us to read. One day a laudatory review came out. I do not remember now whether it was in *Fraser* or *Tait*. I can see now my father snatching up the magazine and hurrying out, so that Mrs. Carmichael Smith might see it. Thackeray at that time was not so amiable as in after life. He was singularly reserved. He had not been successful in his writings, and was saddened by his great domestic trial. It was only later that he seemed to me to have taken on a more comfortable veneer."

Admiral Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, of the British navy, is arranging to bring out a collection of letters from naval officers of all ranks, from midshipmen to admirals, containing something more of their daily life than can be learned from official reports. It is believed that the graphic stories of officers describing to their friends and relatives scenes of which they were eye-witnesses, with their observations, would be interesting.

The New York correspondent of the *Examiner* stated, on Sunday last, that:

"Professor G. H. Howison, Ph. D., of the University of California, was the only Californian who was called upon to aid in the production of Funk & Wagnall's new 'Standard Dictionary.'"

This is not correct. The publishers' announcement names, among those on the editorial staff of the "Standard Dictionary," the following:

"Hubert H. Bancroft, terms peculiar to the Pacific Slope; Edward Maybridge (now of the University of Pennsylvania, but formerly a San Franciscan), animal locomotion; and Melville B. Anderson, M. A. (of Stanford University), Albert S. Cook, Ph. D., L. H. D. (now of Yale, but formerly of the University of California), and G. H. Howison, LL. D., advisory committee on disputed history and pronunciation."

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) wrote in two numbers of the London *Weekly Sun* a masterly study of Mr. A. J. Balfour's new book on "The Origins of Belief."

The Coleridge letters, which the grandson of the poet, Mr. E. H. Coleridge, has edited, will be issued about the end of this month. Among the new ones are letters to Mary Evans (the poet's first love), his brother George, his wife, Southey, John Thelwall, Poole, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, William Sotheby, the Morgan family, the Gillmans, and his nephews—John Taylor, Edward, Henry Nelson, and George May Coleridge.

A floating paragraph states that "the total circulation of *Munsey's Magazine* is said to be in excess of the combined circulation of any other four American magazines." Here are the circulations of four other American magazines, as given by the latest newspaper directory:

<i>Cosmopolitan</i>	180,000
<i>Harper's</i>	175,000
<i>Century</i>	175,000
<i>Scribner's</i>	133,350

Total.....663,350

Munsey's is quoted in this directory as having a circulation of 230,333.

William Watson, the English poet, has been granted a pension of five hundred dollars a year by Rosebery's government. The Gladstone régime had already provided him with a pension of one thousand dollars a year.

Among the comparatively recent acquisitions of the British Museum are a number of unpublished tales by Charlotte Brontë, written under the pseudonym of "Lord Charles Albert Florian Wellesley." The museum also possesses a letter in which Miss Brontë refused to allow a London publisher to bring out her portrait.

It is not often that publishers turn and rend the critics. Here is a case in point, however:

In the advertising columns of a recent issue of the London *Athenæum*, that journal spoke disrespectfully of the illustrations in a work published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It even called them "slight and poor, and in some cases mere hasty blottings." Whereupon the publishers reply that they "would like those readers of the *Athenæum* who are interested in illustrated books to have the chance of forming their own judgment on this, in their humble opinion, most artistic and beautiful work," and they undertake, therefore, to send to any respectable bookseller on sale at their expense a copy of the book in question, in order that readers of the *Athenæum* may judge for themselves.

Five French dramatists are at present engaged on plays dealing with "Louis XVII"—Sardou, Pierre Decourcelle, Henri Céard, Henri de Weindel, and Charles Buet.

In connection with the new volume of stories, "In Deacon's Orders and Other Tales," to be published in May, it is interesting to recall that Mr. Besant was originally intended for the church. The first story deals with the disease he calls "religiosity," of which his preface says that it must not be confounded with genuine religious faith.

When the world sees a man fervent in religious observances, by which, however, his daily life seems untouched, it calls him "hypocrite." But Mr. Besant says the man may find a certain happiness in his emotions, and not connect them in the least with things practical; may, in fact, suffer from "religiosity."

Apropos of the healthy reaction against "log-rolling" in London just now, the New York *Tribune* says:

"In a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, there was printed an essay by Canon Ainger, in which that accomplished man of letters looked over, not merely the minor poets, but their reviewers, and 'went for' the latter in a style ravishing to a sympathetic mind. Now Mr. Andrew Lang takes up the cudgels and asserts that 'The Butter's Spread Too Thick.' He finds the *Spectator* classifying a certain Mr. A. 'with Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, if not with Wordsworth'; he learns from another journal that the object of its eulogy is 'a satisfactory substitute (more or less) for Milton, Cowley, Crashaw'; and with several other equally pungent illustrations he shows that same criticism of poetry is about as common in English journalism as snakes were in Iceland."

An interesting book is announced in "The Tragedy of Fotheringay," by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsoford. It is founded on the recently published journal of D. Burgoing, physician to Mary Queen of Scots. It will contain a photogravure of the Blair portrait and illustrations from the Calthorpe manuscripts, among them being contemporary drawings of the trial and the execution of Mary at Fotheringay, and lists of names, in Beale's writing, of those present on each occasion.

The Book of the Midwinter Fair.

The final note of the fair is a volume entitled "The Official History of the California Midwinter International Exposition." The work is very methodically arranged; it discusses other expositions; it gives a history of the origin, the administration organization, the finances, and the exploiting of the exposition; it describes the selection of the site, the construction of the buildings, etc. It recounts at length the opening ceremonies and the various other formal days devoted to various countries and callings. Chapters are given to the Foreign Exhibitors, to the Exhibit of the United States of America, to the Exhibit of Fine and Decorative Arts, to the Electric Lighting Effects, to the Mechanic Arts, to the Midwinter Congresses, to the Museum Memorial, and to the Concessions. There are elaborate appendices giving the financial accounts of the exposition, maps of the grounds, classifications of exhibits, complete list of awards, and the official reports of the several chiefs of the departments.

The text is not of a nature calculated to be of absorbing interest to the general reader. It abounds with details concerning the various gentlemen who were officials in the fair, and we have no doubt that it will be read with much interest by them. What will interest most people, however, is the large number of handsome illustrations. There are between four and five hundred illustrations, all process reproductions from photographs. Some of them are artistic, and all of them are interesting. Perhaps the most interesting of all are the photographs taken of the exposition at night. There is among them a snap shot of the electric fountain at night, and a fine photograph of the entire exposition at night, with the buildings outlined in fire, and the electric tower starting out against the black background. There are also striking night photographs of the Mechanic and Liberal Arts Building, Mechanical Arts Building, the great dome of the Horticultural Building, the illumination of the electric tower and Court of Honor, and a general view of the exposition at night from Strawberry Hill.

We have said that there are many artistic photographs among these pictures. So there are. It is really striking to see how many picturesque bits there were in the Midwinter Fair. Among others there are scenes from the Japanese Tea Garden, the Hawaiian Village, the Oriental Village, the Arizona Indian Village, and scenes from the Dance-Hall in the '49 Camp. Some of the views from the Chinese Theatre, the Oriental Theatre, and the groups of Esquimaux, Dahomey, and Samoan women are interesting. It may be objected that some of the photographs of the Samoan and Dahomey women are not exactly suited for general circulation, but in these days of "living pictures" the public is rapidly becoming callous to such exhibitions.

The book is printed on a heavy, opaque, calendered paper, admirably suited for the printing of these process plates. It is an interesting souvenir of an interesting exposition, and even those who went many times to the Midwinter Fair will be surprised to find on looking through this volume that there were many nooks and corners of the exhibit that they did not see. The captious and cynical critic may possibly object to the large number of local great men whose portraits and claims to fame are set forth in such profusion in this work. But it is one of the penalties of greatness that we who are not great must suffer from hearing over-much of those who are. We do not know how this volume is to be circulated, or whether it is for sale. But if, as is probable, it is not for sale, it would require a large edition to furnish one copy to each of the many celebrities whose portraits appear therein.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Ballad of a Wedding.

[The following famous poem is often printed, but in a sadly mutilated condition; we reproduce it here in its original form, except for the necessary omission—indicated by lines of stars—of five stanzas:]

I tell thee, Dick! where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O, things beyond compare!
Such sights again can not be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, do sell our bay,
There is a House with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest One pest'lent fine,
His beard no bigger though than thine,
Walk'd on before the best;
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King, God bless him! 'twould undo him
Should he go still so dress'd.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town,
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the Youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stay'd:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the Maid.

The Maid—and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a Maid no Widson ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colts' neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, Dick! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison—
Who sees them is undone:
For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin—
Some bee had stung it newly:
But, Dick! her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me! how I run on:
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the Bride:
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man with dish in hand
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Hearts first go round, and then the house—
The Bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth:
And who could help it? Dick!

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance;
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the Bride,
But that he must not know:
But it was thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

—Sir John Suckling.

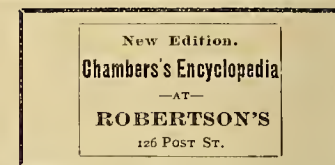
A volume of selections from the letters contributed to the New York *Tribune* by G. W. Smalley will soon be brought out under the title of "Studies of Men."

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"The Emigrant Ship," by W. Clark Russell, has been issued in the Union Square Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Mr. Wit's Widow: A Frivolous Tale," one of Anthony Hope's earlier stories, has been issued in the Belgravia Series published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Discourse of Marcus Aurelius," a chapter reprinted from Walter Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," is the latest issue of the Bihelot published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 5 cents.

"Santa Barbara at a Glance," by Frank Sands, a compendium of reliable information for citizens, sojourners, and strangers, very handsomely illustrated from photographs, has been published for the author at Santa Barbara, Cal.; price, 35 cents.

Defoe's "History of the Plague in London" and Webster's "Orations on Bunker Hill Monument, the Character of Washington, and the Landing at Plymouth" have been issued in the Eclectic English Classics published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 40 cents and 20 cents, respectively.

"The Statistician and Economist" for 1895-96, compiled by L. P. McCarty, is the first issue under the new plan, whereby, instead of appearing annually as heretofore, it is to be published biennially, between April and June in each odd-numbered year. The present volume, which is the eighteenth since the work was begun, follows the plan of its predecessors, bringing them well up to date. It is a vast store-house of information in historical, social, industrial, political, and other matters, and is admirably arranged for convenient reference. Published by L. P. McCarty, San Francisco; price, \$1.00 in cloth and \$5.00 in black leather.

"How the Republic is Governed," by Noah Brooks, is a concise and useful hand-book. The first five chapters are devoted to the Federal Constitution and the branches of government in the United States, and subsequently the author treats of national and State rights, naturalization, Presidential electors, the Territories, treason, tariffs and custom houses, the Indians, the public lands, sub-treasuries, mints, and assay offices, patents and copyrights, pensions, and the right of suffrage. To these are added the Declaration of Independence, the text of the constitution, an index to it, and a general index to the book. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Go Forth and Find" is the title of a pretty little story by Mrs. John R. Jarboe—who signs it, however, with the pseudonym "Thomas H. Brainerd." The opening scenes are laid on the California coast between Monterey and Pescadero, where Jack Winthrop and Bessie, his wife, are visited by Ned Harlow, the husband's friend. He is writing an opera on decidedly original lines, and when Bessie's cousin, a *divorcee*, joins the party, he not only determines that she must sing the leading rôle in his opera, but also falls in love with her. The situation is further complicated by the fact that Harlow himself is married: he had quite innocently compromised a young Scotch girl, and, her father insisting, had married her and gone away directly after the ceremony. Here would be opportunity for much theorizing on the relations of the sexes; but, instead, the author makes a wholesome and sweet story of it. The *divorcee* goes away and devotes herself to caring for humanity, and Harlow, through the intervention of the Winthrops, is brought to meet his wife, and soon is happily reconciled to her. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Pastoral Played Out," by Marly L. Pendered, is on the same theme as Grant Allen's "Woman who Did"; but, where in the latter story the man is persuaded by the woman to forego the marriage ceremony, in "A Pastoral Played Out" the man is a man of the world and a brute. He meets a young country girl—she is only about fifteen—and wins her love, and when she suggests marriage as the natural outcome of their passion, he says he can not marry her "because"—Etheredge felt his strength ebbing—"because, oh, my sweetest, dearest girl! I don't believe in marriage." He continues:

"I have seen so much of it; such awful mistakes; such horrible lives led under the yoke of matrimony. Can I make you understand, I wonder? It is such a galling fetter, the matrimonial one; it kills love and stifles sentiment. No man can love to order; he never wants a surety. Love will not hear the words 'you shall'; it shrinks under the grinding dictum 'must.' If a woman loves me, I want it to be in spite of everything, not because it is her duty. The moment a woman had a right to me I should hate her!"

When the girl's grandmother is informed of the man's views of matrimony, she has an apoplectic fit that carries her off, and Etheredge has an open path before him. He deserts her just before her child is born, and she strangles it; then he marries a woman whose wealth is to make them happy

again. But the girl disappears, to turn up eventually as a famous actress; and the man's wife, meeting her, goes to India and relinquishes her husband to the girl. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Nordau's "Degeneration."

A year or so ago the literary and scientific world of Europe was startled by the publication of Max Nordau's "Entartung," which has now been translated into English and appears with the title "Degeneration." It purports to be a scientific consideration of the intellectual condition of the age, or, rather, of those manifestations of mental activity that may be described to the lay world as "fin de siècle" and to the psychopath as "degenerate."

Forty years ago Morel defined degeneracy and predicted that it would assume alarming proportions as the social conditions favored its growth, and it was, moreover, transmissible. What the disease is, is shown in this paragraph:

"In the degenerate, the sensory apparatus is disturbed; it is either excessively irritable or unduly sluggish. In the former case, the victim lives in a perpetual state of thrill; and the motor energies being feeble, his egotism exhausts itself in the simple parade of the thrills. In the latter case, he requires the most powerful stimuli, the horrible or the repulsive, to relieve his oppressive torpor. He has the supreme and persistent egotism of the insane, and a passion for exclusive association with those who repeat and reflect his own disorder. We are all familiar with isolated cases of the kind. The danger of multiplication lies chiefly in the extension of the causes—*i. e.*, first and chief, fatigue resulting from the increased strain of the complicated and intense life of the present; second, insidious poison, the bane of crowded populations. The enervating influence of recent wars has still further increased the susceptibility to exhaustion."

"Degenerates are not always criminals, anarchists, and pronounced lunatics," says Nordau, "they are often authors and artists," and in support of this thesis he has written his book. Audacious it certainly is, and sometimes brilliant, but the impression it leaves on the reader has been well expressed by W. D. Howells:

"Whether the amusing madman who fancies himself the only sane person in a world of lunatics has ever really been found in the asylums or not, I do not know; probably not; he is a little too dramatic, a little too obvious; but one gets rather a vivid notion of him in reading Dr. Max Nordau's book on 'Degeneration.' The book is not worth speaking of in itself, or for itself, but it is not altogether idle to speak of a thing so many people are reading, or making believe to read. Like most other German books it is not easy to read, even in an English translation, and even among German books it is hard to read because of a certain heavy emptiness, which seems a peculiar property of its author. Besides, he is offensive in manner, and writes a vulgar, noisy style; he stamps about, and shouts, and calls names; so that when you dismiss the notion of the amusing madman, you are not sure that Dr. Nordau is altogether sober. If you begin to talk of him, you fall into his vice of abusiveness, as I am doing now."

Even the fashions of the day are considered symptoms of degeneration by Herr Nordau; for example, he says of little children's costumes:

"The children, strolling beside their mothers thus he-decked, are embodiments of one of the most afflicting aberrations into which the imagination of a spinster ever lapses. They are living copies of the pictures of Kate Greenaway, whose love of children, diverted from its natural outlet, has sought gratification in the most affected style of drawing, wherein the sacredness of childhood is profaned under absurd disguises. Here is an imp dressed from head to foot in the blood-red costume of a medieval executioner; there, a four-year-old girl wears a corset and bonnet of her great-grandmother's days and sweeps after her a court mantle of loud-hued velvet. Another wee dot, just able to keep on her tottering legs, has been arrayed in the long dress of a lady of the First Empire, with puffed sleeves and short waist."

Here is a bit of what our author has to say for modern art, as represented by Puvis de Chavannes or Carrière:

"The subject of the picture leaves these select gazers apparently indifferent; it is only seamstresses and country folk, the grateful *chanteuses* of the chromo, who linger over the 'story.' And yet these, as they pass, stop by preference before Henry Martin's 'Evermore' and His Chimera,' in which bloated figures, in an atmosphere of yellow broth, are doing incomprehensible things that need profound explanation; or before Jean Reraud's 'Christ and the Adulteress,' where, in a Parisian dining-room, in the midst of a company in dress-coats, and before a woman in hall-dress, a Christ robed in correct Oriental gear and with an orthodox halo acts a scene out of the Gospel; or before Raffaelli's toppers and cut-throats of the purlieus of Paris drawn in high relief, but painted with ditch water and dissolved clay. Steering in the wake of 'society' through a picture-gallery, one will be unalterably convinced that they turn up their eyes and fold their hands before pictures before which the commoner sort hurst out laughing or pull the grimace of a man who believes he is made a fool of, and that they shrug their shoulders and hasten with scornful exchange of looks past such as the latter pause at in grateful enjoyment."

Music, according to our author, is much the same; he says:

"Music, in order to please, must either counterfeit religious devotion or agitate the mind by its form. The musical listener is accustomed involuntarily to develop a little in his mind every motive occurring in a piece. The mode in which the composer carries out his motif is bound, accordingly, to differ entirely from this anticipated development. It must not admit of being guessed. A dissonant interval must appear where a consonant interval was expected; if the hearer is hoping that a phrase to what is an obvious final cadence will be spun out to its natural end, it must be sharply interrupted in the middle of a bar. Keys and pitch must change suddenly. . . . The audience go to their concert-room in quest of Tantalus moods, and leave it with all the nervous exhaustion of a young pair of lovers who for hours at night try to exchange caresses through a closely barred window."

And here is what Herr Nordau says of Wagner:

"Richard Wagner is in himself alone charged with a greater abundance of degeneracy than all the degenerates put together with whom we have hitherto become

acquainted. The stigmata of this morbid condition are united in him in the most complete and most luxuriant development. He displays in the general constitution of his mind the persecution mania, megalomania, and mysticism; his instincts are vague philanthropy, anarchism, a craving for revolt and contradiction; in his writings, all the signs of graphomania—namely: incoherence, fugitive ideation, and a tendency to idiotic punning, and, as the ground-work of his being, the characteristic emotionalism of color at once erotic and religiously enthusiastic. In 'Parsifal' we catch Wagner's mind in its most nonsensical vagaries'; but, on the whole, Herr Nordau thinks that 'Wagner is incontestably an eminently gifted musician.' . . . 'I might compare Wagner's music, at its very best, to the flight of flying fishes. It is an astonishing and dazzling spectacle, and yet unnatural. It is a straying from a native to an alien element. Above all, it is something absolutely barren and incapable of profiting either normal fishes or normal birds.'"

And now we come to literature, on which subject Herr Nordau has more to say than on any other:

"The hooks in which the public here depicted finds its delight or edification diffuse a curious perfume yielding distinguishable odors of incense, eau de Lubin, and refuse, one or the other preponderating alternately. Mere sewage exhalations are played out. The filth of Zola's art and of his disciples in literary canal-dredging has been got over, and nothing remains for it but to turn to submerged peoples and social strata. The vanguard of civilization holds its nose at the pit of undiluted naturalism, and can only be brought to hound over it with sympathy and curiosity when by cunning engineering a drain from the hound and the sacrality has been turned into it. . . . The hook that would be fashionable must, above all, be obscure. The intelligible is cheap goods for the million only. It must further discourse in a certain pulp tone—mildly unctuous, not too insistent; and it must follow up risky scenes by tearful outpourings of love for the lowly and the suffering, or glowing transports of piety. Ghost-stories are very popular, but they must come on in scientific disguise, as hypnotism, telepathy, somnambulism. So are the marionette plays, in which seemingly naive but knowing rogues make used-up old ballad dummies hahle like babies or idiots. So are the esoteric novels, in which the author hints that he could 'say a good deal about magic, kabala, fakirism, astrology, and other white and black arts if he only chose. Readers intoxicate themselves in the hazy sequences of symbolic poetry. Ibsen dethrones Goethe; Maeterlinck ranks with Shakespeare; Nietzsche is pronounced by German and even by French critics to be the leading German writer of the day; the 'Kreutzer Sonata' is the Bible of ladies who are amateurs in love but bereft of lovers; dainty gentlemen find the street ballads and jail-bird songs of Jules Jouy, Bruant, MacNab, and Xanroff very *distingued* on account of 'the warm sympathy pulsing in them,' as the stock phrase runs; and so city persons whose creed is limited to baccharat and the money market make pilgrimages to the Oberammergau Passion Play, and wipe away a tear over Paul Verlaine's invocations to the Virgin."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems are all characterized, Herr Nordau says, by "the same mixture of transcendentalism and sensuality, the same shadowy ideation, the same senseless combination of mutually incompatible ideas"; and presently he continues:

"Besides Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he has been customary to include Swinburne and Morris among the pre-Raphaelite poets. But the similarity between these two and the head of the school is remote. Swinburne is, in Magnan's phrase, a 'higher degenerate,' while Rossetti should be counted among Sollier's imbeciles. Swinburne is not so emotional as Rossetti, but he stands on a much higher mental plane. His thought is false and frequently delirious, but he has thoughts, and they are clear and connected. He is mystical, but his mysticism partakes more of the depraved and the criminal than of the paradisiacal and divine. He is the first representative of 'diabolism' in English poetry. This is because he has been influenced, not only by Rossetti, but also and especially by Baudelaire. Like all 'degenerates,' he is extraordinarily susceptible to suggestion, and consciously or unconsciously he has imitated, one after another, all the strongly marked poetic geniuses that have come under his notice. He was an echo of Rossetti and Baudelaire, as he was of Gautier and Victor Hugo, and in his poems it is possible to trace the course of his reading step by step."

In the chapter on "Ego-Mania," our author says of Oscar Wilde:

"What really determines his actions is the hysterical craving to be noticed, to occupy the attention of the world with himself to get talked about. When, therefore, an Oscar Wilde goes about in 'esthetic costume,' among gazing Philistines, exciting either their ridicule or their wrath, it is no indication of independence of character, but rather from a purely anti-socialistic, egomaniacal recklessness and hysterical longing to make a sensation, justified by no exalted aim; nor is it from a strong desire for beauty, but from a malevolent mania for contradiction."

Be that as it may, Wilde obtained by his buffoon manner a notoriety in the whole Anglo-Saxon world that his poems and dramas would never have acquired for him. I have no reason to trouble myself about these, since they are feeble imitations of Rossetti and Swinburne, and of dreary inanity. His prose essays, on the contrary, deserve attention, because they exhibit all the features which enable us to recognize in the 'Esthete' the comrade in art of the Decadent."

Ibsen, too, is a striking type of egomania and degeneracy:

"After all, the mental stigmata of Ibsen with which we have become acquainted—his theological opinions of original sin, of confession and redemption, the absurdities of his invention, the constant contradiction in his uncertain opinions, his vague or senseless mode of expression, his onomatomania, and his symbolism—he might be numbered among the mystic degenerates with which I have concerned myself in the previous chapters. We are, however, justified in assigning him his place among egomaniacs, because the diseased intensification of his ego-consciousness is even more striking and characteristic than his mysticism. His egomania assumes the form of anarchism. He is in a state of constant revolt against all that exists. He never exercises rational criticism with regard to this; he never shows what is bad, why it is bad, and how it could be made better. No; he only reproaches it with its existence, and has only one longing—to destroy it."

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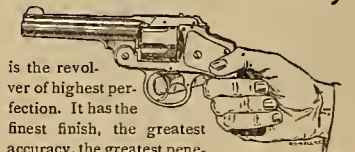


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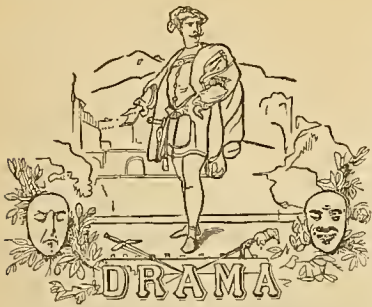
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The day is fast approaching when anybody who chooses can write a comic opera. Nothing is needed for the task but a good memory for old tunes, a large acquaintance with the hack numbers of *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life*, a plot that has done duty since the days of the masks and the miracle plays, and a dialogue as full of chestnuts as a Thanksgiving turkey.

It is very simple when you know the way to do it. Take the oldest story in existence, carefully eliminate from it all suggestions of probability, interest, humor, and gayety, deck it with all the tunes played by organ-grinders for the last ten years, and sprinkle it lightly with the mother-in-law, boarding-house-hasb, English-lord-and-American-heiress jokes. This is warranted to make a good comic operetta, and the deadlier the dialogue and the more familiar the music, the more popular the piece. "The Fencing Master" had a plot, but it was so carefully concealed that, though people knew it was there by intuition, nobody ever found out what it was. "The Fencing Master," too, boasted a score of melodies so pleasantly familiar that they only wanted "Hear me, Norma," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" to include the whole repertoire of the kind of organ that grinds outside your window when you are trying to write.

These may be the reasons why "The Fencing Master" is more popular than "The Bathing Girl." This latter has a plot, a distinct, obvious, unescapable plot, which works out to its logical termination, as one says of a problem play. It contains melodies gathered from the song-collections of America, Great Britain, and France, and it has a dialogue which would make Anthony Hope bow his crested head and tame his heart of fire. Its composer's name is Coverly, and one imagines that he is unlike the Frenchman who, on being asked if he could play the violin, responded: "I don't know; I never tried." When some one asked Mr. Coverly if he had ever composed a comic opera, his answer must have been: "I don't know, but I'm going to try," and "The Bathing Girl" was the result.

Like "The Ogalallas," "The Bathing Girl" is American in inspiration and local color. It is a good thing to encourage native industries, but it is an awful responsibility when they are musical. We are a healthy nation, but many "Ogalallas" and "Bathing Girls" will result in national nervous prostration. "The Bathing Girl" gives us American views along the Atlantic sea-board, and shows phases of American life and character. There is a Wall Street king, an English earl, and a Newport heiress, with three women leaders of the Four Hundred thrown in, and one man who shows the independent spirit of '76 by letting the English earl stand on his back for a quarter of an hour and view the exciting spectacle of the Newport heiress trying to drown.

It is all very satirical and realistic. The Four Hundred are the subjects of Rupert Hughes—he wrote the libretto—most pungent sarcasms. The King of Wall Street, who is a stout person carrying a very small valise and wearing a coquettish-looking white sailor-hat set on one side of his head, divides the honors of popular acclaim with the English lord. The beauties and helms of "le big lif" are shown sporting about playfully in front of the hotel at Newport in pink and blue bathing-suits. In the second act there is a masquerade under way, and here they come in in trunks and tights, and dance by the light of the moon. Miss Terriherry, the Newport heiress, also counts among her accomplishments that of being a skirt-dancer and a high-kicker. Whenever the curtain falls upon the end of an act, Miss Terriherry does one of two things: she either faints into the arms of an adjacent man, or is last seen dancing frantically in a swirl of lace skirts, with now and then a desperate kick directed at space.

In the last act, domestic local color reaches a climax, and we are shown the interior of a dry-goods emporium on a bargain day. Supremely idiotic as it is, this scene is not without some real humor. The English lord, reduced to work for his bread, as a dark-coated and dignified floor-walker, is quite funny. Throngs of women crowd round him clamorously demanding the way to the different counters and departments in the shop, and above their excited queries his urbane answers rise sonorously, one of the best being, "Take the third elevator, marked 'Trilby.'" That the King of Wall Street shall turn up as a clerk at one counter, and Miss Terriherry take her position as a saleslady behind another, is quite natural and not at all surprising. Nothing is surprising in comic-opera land; people there have the stoical immobility of red

Indians, and the people on the other side of the footlights are expected to have the same. The curtain falls upon the last act of "The Bathing Girl" with the English lord offering marriage to a member of the Four Hundred recently accused of kleptomania, and the King of Wall Street and Miss Terriherry dancing like Dervishes, Miss Terriherry now and then giving one of her famous kicks.

Altogether, "The Bathing Girl" is a fearful and wonderful thing. Ne'er shall we see its like again, it is to be sincerely hoped. It is not once in a blue moon that one sees such an idiotic show. As far as libretto goes, it is superior to "The Fencing Master," the libretto of that being only comparable for wearying deadliness with the libretto of a Chicago extravaganza. "The Bathing Girl" has some humor in it; its most striking fault is its amateurishness. It goes like a parlor play written and acted by a company of amateurs for their own amusement. Mr. Oscar Girard is very clever as the English lord, but even he can not redeem the general dullness. He ought to get into another company. He is too good for the one he is with now.

The most painful deduction to be drawn from the appearance of these pieces at the Baldwin Theatre is the wretched condition of the drama in San Francisco. Two or three years ago, such a performance as "The Bathing Girl" would have been relegated to the Bush Street Theatre, not presented at the best play-house in the city in the height of the spring season. To-day we not only have to endure these dreary shows at our first theatre, but between them have no theatre at all. Since last autumn the Baldwin has been closing for a few weeks every month or two. During the new year it has closed for a longer or shorter space between nearly every engagement. With the departure of "The Bathing Girl" people, it closes again for four weeks.

With this dearth of theatrical entertainments, we do expect when we have a play to have a good one. But the pieces that have been put on at the Baldwin for the last six months have all been second or third-class. At this rate, San Francisco will soon take the position of the small towns in the West, where the big companies would no more think of stopping than they would of playing at Auburn or Colfax. It is rather humiliating to notice that San Francisco, once the city where good plays and players met with a quick and generous welcome, is preparing to sink down to the level, in matters dramatic, of such places as Topeka and Cheyenne.

It is not, either, that good players are not to be had. New York has just finished a most brilliant theatrical and operatic season. On the opera question there was a good deal of talk which may or may not be true. It is unquestionably an enormous risk to bring an opera company across the continent. But the players were a different matter. Mounet-Sully was in New York last year, but did not come to San Francisco. It may be that with the melancholy example of Coquelin-Hadging's lack of success before him, he was afraid to risk crossing a continent to play in a city where, according to the French inhabitants, there are not enough French-speaking people to make a two weeks' visit of a Gallic company profitable.

Mounet-Sully's gifted countrywoman, Mme. Réjane, has played a long and successful engagement in New York this winter. Is she coming to San Francisco? Time was when all these foreign birds of passage winged their way across to the Pacific, and the flight was generally found to pay excellently well. Now, however, they are very shy of taking such a risk. Duse did not come when she was here last year, but went back to Europe with much American prestige and many American dollars, none of either, however, won from the Pacific Slope.

Last winter a new English star, Miss Olga Nethersole, was presented to New York audiences, and made a very favorable impression. But Miss Nethersole has not yet come to San Francisco. She has not got the usual foreign incumbrance of a large native company to hamper herself with. Why does she not come? We want to see what this new actress is like. It is said that she is something quite original and striking in her methods; that she had never seen Camille played when she played the character herself, and her conception of the unfortunate pulmonarian was quite unusual. We would have liked to see this newcomer. She, too, however, does not come. Are the Beerbohm-Trees coming? All these people go out to Chicago, and up to Boston, and across to Philadelphia; but San Francisco, once a golden Mecca worth taking the long overland journey to play a two weeks' engagement in, is now roughly classed with Kansas City, and Denver, and Omaha as places that are "not worth while."

But if we can not get the great foreign stars, or the fine native companies, like Daly's or Palmer's, let us pray, let us implore, local theatrical managers to try and lure some kind of companies here that are not third or fourth-class. It must be possible, even searching in dramatic highways and byways, to secure better things than "The Bathing Girl" or "The Fencing Master." Surely the great American people can not be as tolerant in other cities as they are here; better performances must be offered the audiences of Chicago and Phila-

delphia. It is not possible that there are other people in the United States who would stand such shows at their principal theatres.

ART NOTES.

The Spring Exhibition.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened last Thursday evening with the usual reception for members and their friends. The rooms in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art were crowded with admirers of art that evening. The list of exhibits of all kinds this year is larger than heretofore, the catalogue numbers running up to three hundred and twelve, whereas last year the total was almost one hundred less. Fifty paintings were rejected this year by the hanging committee. On Thursday evening there was the usual inspection of the pictures, and at intervals a string orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, played concert music. The exhibition will remain open one month, and every Thursday evening there will be a concert.

The many friends Fred Yates, the artist, left in San Francisco when he went to London, some ten years ago, will be glad to hear that he is prospering in his new home. The *Sketch* recently published an admirable full-page reproduction of his portrait of Mrs. Mandeville, which has attracted much attention in London, and prints this note on the artist:

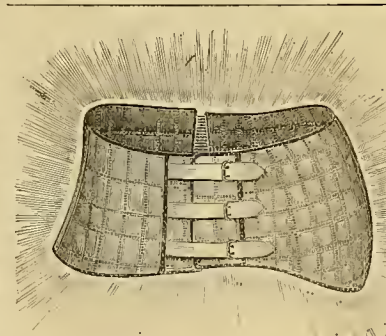
"Mr. Frederic Yates, who painted the portrait of Mrs. Mandeville, reproduced this week, is an artist who studied in Paris, at the studio of M. Bonnat, whose technique and method he closely follows. He has established himself at 29 Maddox Street, and his works are now yearly seen at the Royal Academy, New Gallery, New English Art Club, and other exhibitions."

In the gallery of Mr. W. K. Vickery, at 224 Post Street, there is an exhibition of the paintings of Mr. W. A. Reaser, who recently returned from Paris. The exhibition will close May 2d.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Charles Coghlan has come back from the Barbados, or whatever foreign shore he fled to, and has joined his sister's company in Detroit.

Grattan Donnelly's comedy-drama, "The American Girl," is to follow "A Country Sport" at the California. A good company and an elaborate mounting of the piece are promised.

Mme. Réjane was so taken with Augustus Thomas's little one-act play, "After-Thoughts," which she had seen played by Mrs. Booth and Mr. Faversham, that she made an offer for the rights of the piece for the other side, and will herself play the leading rôle.

J. K. Emmett will commence his second week in "Fritz in a Mad-House" at Stockwell's Theatre on Monday night. He will introduce several new and catchy songs, among them being the "Laughing Jack" song, "The Lullaby," and "Schneider How You Vas?"

There are to be several new features of interest on the programme at the Circus Royal and Venetian Water Carnival next week, among them being the O'Brien Sisters in "whirlwind dancing," the Brothers Van Vernet of the Spanish Rings, and a Cleopatra ballet of fifty dancers.

The second and last week of "A Country Sport" at the California begins on Monday night, when new songs and specialties will be introduced. Among the latter will be a burlesque of "Tribly," with Peter Dailey as Svengali, May Irwin as Tribly, and John Sparks as Little Billee.

Julia Arthur, who has been living in obscurity in London for some months, has been engaged as a member of Henry Irving's company—presumably to play Miss Millward's rôle. Effie Shannon, too, has gone to England, the only member of her American company that Mrs. Langtry took with her.

John Stanton and Amadée Joulain were at the Venetian Water Carnival a few nights ago, and made a number of suggestions whereby the artistic effect of the carnival part of the programme could be improved. These ideas are now being elaborated by the management, and will be introduced on Monday, April 29th.

The new Tivoli spectacle, "Little Robinson Crusoe," is having a great success. The old story is treated in the usual burlesque way, with plenty of tuneful songs and amusing situations, and the mechanical and scenic effects and costumes are very elaborate. The cast is a good one, too, and "Little Robinson Crusoe" is evidently up for a long run.

Elsewhere in this issue are discussed the questions regarding copyright brought up by the Harpers' suit for an injunction against a Boston man who is selling photographs of scenes from the dramatic version of "Tribly." One phase of the question is presented in the situation in New York, which is thus stated in the *Sun*:

"Nellie Ganthony has been reciting passages from 'Tribly' at the Eden Musée. In view of the fact that a dramatization of 'Tribly' is to be produced at Palmer's Theatre, Mr. Palmer objects to Miss Ganthony's use of the material. He declares that Miss Ganthony's recitations are 'acting' in the legal and popular sense of the word. She called on Mr. Palmer, and asked him if he would withdraw his objection. Mr. Palmer said he felt that if she continued her recitations it would be establishing a precedent for theatrical pirates' all over the country. He had purchased from the Harper Brothers all the dramatic right in 'Tribly' for America, and he could not afford to have his property depreciated."

The question whether an elocutionist may be prevented from publicly reading from a copyrighted book in a dramatic manner, in characteristic costume and with all his power of impersonation, provided he does not "dramatize" the text or in any way make a play of it, is a vital one to professional elocutionists. Indeed, the strictness with which copyright is being enforced is but little short of ludicrous. If the thing does not end soon, a man will not be allowed to read a chapter to his wife or quote a good hit to a friend; and eventually all buyers of copyrighted books will have to sign an agreement to forget the whole story as soon as read before they can secure a copy.

The Second Summer.

Many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

—THE LURLINE BATHS, ON THE CORNER OF Bush and Larkin Streets, are now open at 6 A. M. for the accommodation of early bathers. The water is heated to a pleasant temperature, so the pleasures of a plunge in salt water may be had in winter as well as in summer. The concerts by Cassasa's band, which are given every evening, form a feature that is fully appreciated, and many who do not desire to bathe come to hear the music; the concert continuing from 8 to 10 P. M.

—THE SAN FRANCISCO CHIROPDIC INSTITUTE is the only establishment on the Pacific Coast where corns are removed within three minutes without the knife. New method; perfectly harmless and painless. Bunions and ingrowing nails permanently cured. Office, 36½ Geary Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3. Parties attended at their own residences.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, though blackballed by the Travelers' Club of London, has been elected a member of the Athenæum, under the rule allowing the election of nine notabilities annually.

Albert Morris Bagby, who has been designated as a possible successor to Ward McAllister as arbiter of social elegancies, is thus described in *Leslie's Weekly*:

"He is a young man, on the shady side of thirty, who has had a singularly successful career in music and society in New York, and who has recently made a promising début as an author. Mr. Bagby is a native of Illinois, where his father was a judge, and he was destined for the law; but he chose wisely when he went to Weimar to study with Liszt. He is a man of engaging personality, tactful, clever, and thoroughly versed in the fine art of living, as society understands it."

The only satisfaction that Mr. Whistler can have derived from his trouble with Lord Eldon is the knowledge that his now famous list of "enemies" has been increased by one. Henry Labouchère, John Ruskin, Seymour Haden, Harry Quilter, Frederick Wedmore, Theodore Child, Sir Frederic Leighton, Swinburne, Walter Frith, Justin McCarthy, and Tom Taylor are the best known of those who at one time or another have become embroiled with him.

One of the remarkable old men of Philadelphia is John Sartain, the "father of engraving in America." An exchange says of him:

"He is eighty-six years old, but a very brisk and lively octogenarian. As a boy of thirteen he was employed behind the scenes at Kemble's theatre, and from that day to this he has gone on accumulating reminiscences of celebrities. He recalls Longfellow as a dandy, whose stock was so high that it had fair to choke him. And he was on terms of intimacy with Poe and Thomas Buchanan Read. Poe, Mr. Sartain says, was a man of great modesty, but once, when excited by drink, he shouted out to Read: 'Say what they will, I have written one poem—the Raven—that shall live forever.'"

General Martinez de Campos is the mainstay of the throne of little King Alfonso. He is, perhaps, the most powerful man in Spain, since the army is entirely at his beck and call. This Spanish Warwick has remained poor, and has persistently refused the titles of nobility which Queen Isabella, King Amadeus, the late King Alfonso, and the present Queen-Regent have pressed upon him. Christina, however, has conferred dukedoms upon his two sons, who act as his aids-de-camp. He is short, slight in build, and the reverse of good-looking. He regards politics as the curse of Spain. These sentiments, and his aversion to submit to the instructions of the lay element of the government, have led to no end of difficulty, and even to ministerial crises, which have invariably resulted in an increase of his prestige.

Bismarck's life is conducted with clock-like regularity:

He rises at ten o'clock, is rubbed down by his valet, Primow, a faithful Pomeranian, who entered the prince's service before the Berlin Congress. This is followed by a light breakfast and a stroll in the park. Tyras and Rehecca, the famous hounds, trot along from the castle behind him. They look harmless enough in their old age, but, like their master, they have lost little of their old-time ferocity. Bismarck walks very slowly now, and stoops noticeably. The wrinkles are deeper, the flesh is loose, and the cheeks have become thin, but his eyes shine as strongly under their snow-white brows as they did thirty years ago. From time to time, the prince rests on one of the many seats in the park, seated on a rubber blanket which the attendant adjusts for him. Then, lost in thought, he usually rests both hands on the crook of his cane and gazes into vacancy, frequently interrupted by prolonged sighs. Sometimes he marks figures and names in the earth, sometimes he lays his stick across his knees and plays with Tyras.

Miss Leiter's fiancé, George Curzon, is thus described by *Vogue's* London correspondent:

"He is a pleasant-mannered, pink-faced young man who is very popular with women. They show an indulgence for his conceit which he does not receive, as a rule, from men. True, he knows a great deal, but he thinks he knows still more. He is always well dressed and speaks unusually well for so young a man, his delivery being quite pleasingly aristocratic. His strong point, however, lies in the impression that he conveys of possessing a discretion far beyond his years. He is the kind of man to whom women would instinctively confide a secret, while, even when he is most unrestrained and free in his conversation, he always leaves an idea that he could tell a great deal more if he chose. He is not rich, his father, Lord Scarsdale, being a country parson of relatively small means, and Miss Leiter's money will help to smooth over many obstacles which he will have to surmount before he reaches the goal of his ambition, the premiership of Great Britain."

Both in point of attendance and in the prices obtained, the auction sale of the old Haight Street baseball grounds at the sales-room of Baldwin & Hammond, on Thursday last, was a complete success. The results may be summarized as follows:

The corner lots naturally brought the larger amounts. The two on the corner of Stanyan and Waller, each 25x100 ft., were sold together for \$7,400. The south-west of Waller and Schroeder, 25x75 ft., and the south-east, 25x75 ft., south-west Cole and Waller, 25x90 ft., north-west Cole and Beulah, 25x45 ft., north-east of Shrader and Beulah, 25x25 ft., north-west of Beulah and Shrader, 25x25 ft., north-east of Stanyan and Beulah, 25x75 ft. On Stanyan Street the lots, 105 ft. deep, brought from \$2,075 to \$2,200, while the highest price for the lots, 125 ft. deep, was \$4,475. Waller Street prices ran from \$1,225 to \$4,625 a lot on the block, with Stanyan Street on the west, while \$1,500 to \$1,575 were the prices between Cole and Shrader. The Cole Street lots all sold for \$1,625. Shrader Street prices ran from \$1,450 to \$1,675. The total amount received for the sale was \$116,550.

—TRY KELLY'S CORN CURE. 25 CTS. 105 EDDY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Italian Domination in the United States.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Good Friday, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As apropos to what has been said in your leader (*Argonaut*, first instant) on the relations of Ahlegate Satelli to American Roman Catholics, allow me to quote a passage from Shakespeare—King John, Act III, Scene 1:

King John (an answer to the Pope)—

"Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England—Add thus much more, that no Italian priest Shall tittle or toll in our dominion."

These are noble words well spoken and are worth the study of all true Americans—Roman Catholic and Protestant alike.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,
JOHN W. BALMAIN.

A Western Chauncey Depew.

No. 139 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,

March 26, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I hand you inclosed a letter which I received from a gentleman in Fresno County, Cal. I do not quite see what I could send this gentleman, and in case he is not a subscriber to the *Argonaut*, I think the best thing for him to do would be to subscribe for your paper, which certainly would "keep him up to date."

I take this opportunity again to assure you that my advertisement in the *Argonaut* has brought me more clients and more business than any other advertisement I have in any other paper in the United States. I remain,
Yours faithfully,
HENRY ROMEIKE.

March 16, 1895.

MR. H. ROMEIKE—Dear Sir: I noticed your advertisement in the *Argonaut* in regard to sending newspaper clippings. I am on a ranch and do not see many people from large cities, but I see a few that go to San Francisco occasionally and bring back a few yarns. As I like to tell a yarn now and then and to keep myself up to date, I wish you to send me some of your latest yarns. You do not state what price a dozen of the latest will cost, so I will ask you to send them C. O. D.

Yours sincerely,
Lillis, Fresno County, Cal.

Success in Literature.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 29, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the *Argonaut* of March 25th I read your editorial concerning British and American books. I should like to ask if it is not possible that the success of any book lies almost wholly in the amount of advertising it gets rather than in the merit of the book or in the tastes of the people? My experience may differ from others, but among my acquaintances I have heard one person say, "'Tribly' is splendid," a few have given it faint praise, while dozens have said, "I don't think much of it." Yet all must read it, because it is so much talked of. I do not presume to criticize the work, but does it follow that it pleases because it sells so readily?

There can be no doubt as to the worthlessness of the "Dodo," "Yellow-Aster" class, yet such works meet with success in the ordinary sense of the word, far outstripping many really good books. It is safe to say that "The Golden House," by Charles Dudley Warner, an American story, beautifully written by an American author, has not been heard of by countless numbers who have read the books mentioned above. [This book was noticed in the *Argonaut* two weeks ago.—EDS.]

I am in no way interested for or against any of these books, but am a lover of good literature, and am interested in a discussion that may suggest to writers that literary fad-ism begins to pall after two years of it.

K. L. FRASIER.

American Interests in China.

TIENTSIN, CHINA, February 15, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: England seized the last merchant ship flying the American flag between 1861 and 1865 by her rebel (English built and manned) privateers—before which dates we had half the carrying trade of the world. The last American house in China—Russell & Co.—went down through sinister English influence not long since (kicked out). The United States Consulate at Shanghai is now removed from the American to the English settlement (an uncalled-for humiliation). The consul for the United States at Chefoo is an English citizen. Chefoo is an important distributing centre. See how that advances American trade. No American Consul in China speaks United States; they invariably ape an English accent, and part their hair in the middle. In the union (English-American) churches at Shanghai and Tientsin, supported by American money, Queen Victoria is the only monarch prayed for; the President of the United States is ignored.

It is a proud feeling, that of an American in China. A Portuguese stands higher in self-respect and patriotism.

AMERICAN.

Physicians consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla the most reliable blood medicine ever discovered.

For relieving THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

—WEDDING INVITATIONS AT COOPER'S.

CUMMING'S RHEUMATIC BELT

Is a Sure Cure for Rheumatism and Rheumatic Pains. Has Never Failed in Five Hundred Cases. A Simple Medical Belt. No Electricity or Galvanism.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., August 11, 1894.
MR. JAMES CUMMINGS—DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry, I will say after wearing your medical belt for about five weeks all pain left my back and hip joints. I have had for a great many years great pains, excruciating pain at times, caused from Sciatica Rheumatism in my right thigh, and for years doctored and tried many patent medicines without any relief. Hearing of your belt concluded to try it, and was astonished at the end of four weeks I could not do for twelve years. There is no use denying the fact your medical belt is a wonderful belt for the annihilation of rheumatism. At least it proved so in my case; you can use this letter for reference if you wish.
Most respectfully yours,
J. B. POWELL, 603½ Linden Ave.

A Cure Guaranteed in every case. Five hundred testimonials of San Francisco on exhibition at office,
308 THIRD ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Stearns Bicycles

DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO.

City Agents,

THE CYCLERY, - 505-511 STANYAN ST.

Correspondence invited from unrepresented territory.

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304-306 POST STREET, S. F.

"UNDER THREE FLAGS"

Monterey, the capital of California, under Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

A collection of exquisite pictures of the old town: the Missions, the Hotel, and Neighborhood.

JUST PUBLISHED

—BY—

W. K. VICKERY,

224 Post St., San Francisco.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
75 CTS. PER CAN
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MONARCH BICYCLES



ARE GOOD BICYCLES
STRICTLY HIGH GRADE.

See them before buying your '95 Wheel.

BAKER & HAMILTON,
Junction Market, Pine, and Davis Streets
We are the Pacific Coast Delivery for Morgan & Wright Tires.

Living Pictures

of health and happiness can attribute their perfect condition to the virtues of

Evans' Ale

which promotes a natural feeling of perfect health and robustness.

Remember that there is only

one **BEST.**

Refuse any brand offered as being "Just as Good as Evans'."

Sold Everywhere.

C. H. EVANS & SONS
Hudson, New York.

Pacific Coast Agents: SHERWOOD & SHERWOOD, San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles.



BONESTELL & CO.

DEALERS **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS

For Printing and Wrapping: 401-403 Sansome St.

VANITY FAIR.

The girls and the men in Charles Dana Gibson's pictures are "stunning" creations; they are idealized girls and men—such as you only once in a while get a hint of in real life, and yet such as you very often see suggested by real men and girls who fall a little below the Gibson mark. Some are not quite so finely dressed, or are not dressed with so good taste. Some are not quite so graceful. Few are so intellectual and proud in face and pose as the Gibson girls and men. But the Gibson girls are the best that we ever see idealized. As he is an American, illustrating an American paper, he naturally calls his creations Americans. Since American girls are the prettiest there are, and since his pictures are the prettiest of their kind, it is well that we flatter ourselves that he is the champion of American beauty; instead of admitting the truth, which is that he is the prophet of the ideal. "All this is what I knew about his pictures," writes Julian Ralph; "but, bless me, I might as well have known nothing. For I am told that his pictures are the patterns for all that goes to make up the fashionable life in our provincial cities. I am told that in every village, in every little city—away down in Texas, or away out in Washington State—the ambitious young women look to Gibson's pictures to show them 'how they should appear. In Keokuk and Rapid City and Butte, I am told, the 'smart' girls all do actually look as much like these drawings as nature can be strained to let them. The girls who follow this lead look to *Life* to see how they should dress their bodies, their hands, and their hair, how they should stand, how they should sit down, walk, shake hands, enter a carriage, eat candy, and all the rest. Even the shop-girls of New York are said to try to look like Gibson girls."

Of the superb, if somewhat too costly, innovation which consists in wearing beautiful antique lace constellated with tiny brilliants, *Vogue's* Paris correspondent writes: "I thought that this was merely a passing whim of some few ridiculously wealthy women who hardly know what to do with their money, but in this I have been mistaken; for it has become a furore, and all our leading jewelers are at present busily engaged on this fairy-like undertaking. The effect produced is singularly lovely. The other night at the supper which the Princess de Sagan gave in honor of Augusta Holmes, the author of the new opera, 'La Montagne Noire,' the latter wore the most marvelous bodice-trimming—a deep *hertha* of old Venetian point, the centres of the flowery patterns being made of rose-work in small brilliants so delicately mounted that they seemed to have been woven with the filmy threads; while small flowers and trefoils in diamonds formed the border. The princess herself was clad from head to foot in shimmering white. The front of her gown was white satin veiled with net, embroidered in a graceful silver tracery in which jewels were introduced. The train was in rich white brocade scattered over with a design of roses and true-lovers' knots executed in silver and crystal."

Society popularity is attained not by one type of woman alone (says the London *Queen*), but by many and most diversified types. One thing is certain, however, circumstances and surroundings either create and foster popularity or are dead against its growth. Riches and rank are, it goes without saying, the direct road to success. Beauty, again, secures for its possessors a distinct popularity in society, and when these three gifts are united, the position is exceptionally strong and commands success. As regards the individuality of society women apart from surroundings, what qualities are best suited for winning the race? Does the vivacious and merry, animated and demonstrative woman, or the reserved, self-contained, and composed one gain the greatest number of social laurels? Judging from results, the permanent gains are to the latter. Women of this order are preëminently successful on various counts; whatever is lacking in them of brilliancy and animation, and even of brain power, is counterbalanced by an amount of persistent perseverance that produces a slow but sure effect. An amusing woman is led away from her point by the talent she possesses; she is delightful company, but she does not inspire the reliance upon her or the belief in her that the less clever woman does, while, from a marriageable point of view, a woman who sees the humorous side of every situation in daily life is not the one a man desires to make his wife, and a woman without a scintillation of humor in her composition is chosen before one who is dangerously bright and clever. Most men look for a haven of rest when entering into matrimony, and prefer a placid and reserved woman, even to insipidity, to one whose conversational powers are undeniable. Of mediocre women there are many, and it is to them the greatest share of social disappointments fall. Their mediocrity consists partly in being neither one thing nor the other—not amusing nor brilliant, but merely talkative; chatty, if not glib; not attractively placid, but only dull and commonplace; and, given surroundings equally moderate, what wonder is it that they find their level in society, and, as a natural result, do not

"get on." Originality is a gift that wins for its possessor quick and almost instant recognition; but few women can actually lay claim to it; counterfeit originality generally amounts to nothing more than eccentricity and unconventionality, and, unless supported by great wealth or acknowledged beauty, society soon puts the right name to it.

In former days, black broadcloth was the usual material of his costume when the Southern gentleman arrayed himself with care; but now only the men of the older generation are seen in it when they go abroad. The representatives of the New South (writes a Northern traveler) dress about the same as Northerners. The ladies encountered in the streets of the larger towns may be clad more simply and unostentatiously than many we meet in our Northern cities; and in parts of the South their dress indicates a perhaps necessary economy. But they keep pretty close to the changing rule of fashion. They are quiet and unobtrusive women, well bred in manner and gentle in bearing. They seem to be indisposed to display themselves on the streets, and to be disinclined to the exertion of walking. They do not look so strong as our women of the younger generation belonging to the more prosperous society, are not so free in their movements, and generally do not give the same evidences of the healthful and beautifying effects of outdoor life and vigorous physical exercise. Usually they seem to be of a lesser stature, along the coast-line of the South more particularly.

The business woman can not afford to disregard the conventionalities of dress. She who is wisest and most far-seeing follows in the wake of present-day fashions, avoiding exaggeration or absurdities so far and so long as possible, but even adopting them when she finds herself forced to do so or remain conspicuous among women. Men have small patience with the woman who departs from conventional dress standards, nor have they much admiration for that other woman who holds all matters of dress in contempt, and regards her clothes as a question of covering only. The woman whose dress is neat, stylish, becoming, and suitable to the time and place, is the woman with whom they like best to deal. They do not want diamond earrings to flash in their eyes when dictating to their stenographer, but they resent it as almost an affront to themselves if her dress is antiquated in pattern, ill-fitting, and unbecoming. True, they have not deep objections to dress reform so long as it is cleverly concealed. They do not object to an uncorseted figure when the carriage is such that the lack of corsets can not be detected; but they are very apt to make remarks about the poor woman who throws away her stays and does not learn to use her backbone. Good clothes may not be an essential to success, but they are more or less of an index of ourselves, and it is only the women who are sure of their position in every way who can afford to let the index be misleading. Business women who are depending upon their own exertions for a comfortable livelihood dare not do so.

My Financial Career.

When I go into a bank, I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank, I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact business there I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral. "Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Can I see you?" I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkertons," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at

all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now, and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good-morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good-morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager, coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk.

He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a check."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a check-book through a wicket, and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the check and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked, in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the check and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh," I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think: "In fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big doors swung behind me, I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket, and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.—*Stephen Leacock in Life.*



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continent drink TETLEY & CO.'S Indian and Ceylon Blended Teas.

All lovers of good tea, drink TETLEY'S. Why should not you? If your grocer does not keep it, write or send to M. HANKIN, Agent, California, Oregon, and Washington, 506 Battery Street, San Francisco.

TETLEY'S TEAS are put up in one or half-pound lead packages, Yellow Label, 75 cents a pound; Green Label, 60 cents a pound. Write for free sample.

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Send for Circulars.



"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital \$1,000,000
Assets 2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders 1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital \$3,000,000 00
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WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager.
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(Incorporated April 25, 1892.)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:
GEO. W. SCOTT, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE, Cashier; J. H. Strobridge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F. H. Green, J. M. Haven.
Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

NINETY-SEVEN YEARS

Is a very long time, and yet this is the chronological period during which Messrs. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. have been doing business. You are probably a tea-drinker, and, like most tea-drinkers, know that indescribable feeling of "tone" produced by drinking a good cup of tea. The nobility and gentry of Great Britain and the Continent drink TETLEY & CO.'S Indian and Ceylon Blended Teas.

All lovers of good tea, drink TETLEY'S. Why should not you? If your grocer does not keep it, write or send to M. HANKIN, Agent, California, Oregon, and Washington, 506 Battery Street, San Francisco.

TETLEY'S TEAS are put up in one or half-pound lead packages, Yellow Label, 75 cents a pound; Green Label, 60 cents a pound. Write for free sample.

PROF. TOTTEN'S OPINION.

Professor Totten, of Yale College, is one of the most advanced thinkers, reasoners, and Bible students of the age, and all of his scientific works are of the highest standard. On page 228, volume 7, of his work entitled "Our Race," he writes as follows:

"But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electro-Poise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agents nor are in any way financially interested in the matter."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golf-starring tour. He had made an iron shot, in which he had sent the ball almost half as far as the ball. "What did I hit?" he asked his caddy, as he looked round to discover a hidden boulder or a decapitated stump. The only reply was about as crushing as could have been compressed into a single word: "Scotland."

A glimpse of Ruskin's whimsicality is to be found in his friend's reminiscences. "One morning," he notes, "as we were coming out of chapel, he said to us: 'I ought not to have come to chapel this morning.' We asked him, in some astonishment, why. He said: 'I am going to write a critique on ———'s picture in the Academy, and I want to be in a perfectly diabolical temper.'"

On a crowded elevator in Grand Rapids, a young woman arose, upon the entrance of an elderly one, and, with a wave of the hand toward the seat, which the new-comer seemed reluctant to accept, said: "Age before beauty." "Thank you," was the reply, as the new-comer dropped into the seat; "but one would need glasses to see the beauty." "Perhaps," was rejoined quietly; "but none would be required to see the age."

Professor Blackie had a large share of pugnacity in his composition, and a curious instance of it is given in this same account by himself. "As a boy," he said, "I was always antagonistic to school fights; pugilism had no fascination for me. I will remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied, 'but I will knock you down,' and immediately did it, amid great applause."

A cockney solicitor, who was characteristically mixed up in the use of his h's, while visiting New York met the late Mr. Marbury, one of the wits of the New York bar. The Englishman, commenting on the legal profession of New York, said that its members were very proficient and learned, but that they were absolutely ignorant on the subject of "hential." "Ah," answered Marbury, "my dear sir, we may be ignorant of the 'hential,' but our knowledge of the 'cocktail' is unsurpassed."

A certain Mr. Harmon was trying a case before a Massachusetts judge for slander. His principal witness was an impetuous Irishman. She talked so fast that the judge could not write down her testimony, and attempted in vain to check her. "Stop! Stop!" he cried again and again, rapping sharply on his desk; but the torrent of words went on. "Old woman, hush up!" he shouted, in exasperation. But it was useless. At last he threw down his pen, exhausted, and cried out: "There, Mr. Harmon, you set her going, now stop her!"

James Payn tells this story of the "American plan" of dueling, wherein the two duelists, with one second, meet within doors, and draw lots for who shall shoot himself: On a recent occasion, A and B having had a "difficulty," A was the unlucky man, and retired for the purpose of self-destruction into the next apartment. B and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard; they shuddered with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming, "Missed!"

Some time since, Henry Watterson was in New York city, and interviewers swarmed about the hotel in the hope of catching him. Every card sent up brought back word that the editor was in his bath and could not be seen. When the same reply had been given through the morning and afternoon, a reporter asked the clerk when Watterson found time to take his meals. The hotel man had his orders and stuck to them. At last the Louisville editor was spotted eating in the café. A general rush was made for him. Watterson looked at the reporters in a kindly, fatherly way, and, rising from his seat, said: "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse me, it is time for my bath," and hurried to his room.

A "railroad hog," the other day, piled the space next to him in a car-seat with his bundles, and when a gentleman asked him if any one was to occupy it, replied that the bundles belonged to a man who was temporarily in the smoking-car. "All right," said the gentleman, "I will sit in the seat till he comes," and he proceeded to remove the bundles. Pretty soon the owner of the bundles arrived at his destination, and he started to gather up his effects. But the gentleman at once put a veto on this, with the remark: "You can't take these bundles; you yourself said they belonged to a man in the smoker." The fellow got mad and abusive, but the gentleman was inexorable. Finally the conductor was called in, who delivered his dictum as follows: "If the bundles are not claimed by any one on the train, then, by coming

around to the depot to-morrow and identifying them satisfactorily, we will give them to you." The man's face was red with rage, but he could do nothing. So, amid the laughter of the passengers, he rushed out of the car just as the train was pulling out. And he meekly came around to the depot for his bundles the next day.

The late James Crossley, a noted bibliomaniac, hid him one day to a book-stall, and spying a little volume took it up and glanced carelessly through it. After a while he asked its price from an old woman, and was told it was two-and-sixpence. "I'll give you sixpence for it," said Crossley. "Nay," replied the poor old dame, "it cost me two shillings." Whereupon the book-devourer threw it down in disgust and retired. A gentleman, overhearing the altercation, stepped forward and purchased it at the sum demanded. Crossley returned soon after, and, noticing the book had gone, anxiously inquired what had become of it. "Sold," answered the woman, "for what you refused to give." "Tell me who bought it, and I'll give him ten shillings for it!" said Crossley, eagerly. The moral is self-evident.

Amos Cummings (according to the Washington Post) recently told this story about Horace Greeley: "He always called me 'Asa'; never could remember 'Amos.' One day I went out to see Greeley at Chappaqua about some newspaper business. The old gentleman saw me coming as he stood looking out the window, and opened the door himself. 'Come in here, Asa,' he said, as he led me into a fashion of parlor. I followed him into the room, and as I was only going to remain a moment, laid my hat, gloves, and cane on a centre-table. Greeley and I had just immersed ourselves in a talk when Mrs. Greeley swept into the room. The moment she entered the door, her eyes fell indignantly on my tresser as I'd piled it up—bat, gloves, and stick—on the table. Without a word, she swooped on the outfit like a fish-hawk, and threw them out of the window. Then she left the room without pausing for speech, as one who had taught somebody that the hall was the place for hats and canes and similar bric-a-brac. I was inclined to get a trifle hot, but Greeley stretched out his hand in a deprecatory way and cheered me with the remark: 'Never mind her, Asa; she thought they were mine.' Afterward, however," concluded Cummings, "when I recalled what Greeley's hat used to look like, I had my doubts."

Like a Machine,

Which kept in order runs smoothly and regularly, so the digestive organs keep up their action if measures are taken to keep them in good working order. This infers, of course, that they are out of order. The surest recourse then is to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a laxative mild but effective, which is also a remedy for dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, nervousness, and kidney trouble.

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— WEDDING INVITATIONS AT COOPER'S.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 1, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
7.00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 8.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8.45 P.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and West.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.30 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	† 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunter's Trail for Newark, Alviso, San José, Los Gatos, and Way Stations.....	† 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Santa Rofes, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.46 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.38 P.

† For morning, * for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only. ¶ Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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SOCIETY.

The McAllister-Decker Wedding.

One of the most prominent of the Easter weddings was that of Miss Alice Decker and Mr. Elliott McAllister, which took place in Grace Church at noon last Tuesday. The bride is the daughter of the late Peter Decker, who, for many years, was a prominent banker at Marysville. She is a beautiful brunette, possessing varied accomplishments, and is a general favorite in society circles. The groom is the son of the late Cutler McAllister, and a nephew of the late Ward McAllister, of New York, and of Colonel Julian McAllister, U. S. A. (retired). He is now engaged in the practice of the law in this city, and has a large circle of friends who hold him in high esteem.

Several hundred invitations were issued for the wedding, and the church was crowded. The decoration of the chancel was most effective. Overhead was a canopy of evergreens, the sprays rising from the reredos at either side, and there were masses of La France and Niphetos roses to give a certain color effect to the scene. The pulpit, reading desk, and altar rail were all adorned with pink and white roses, and, in fact, these beautiful blossoms were seen in profusion everywhere.

After several voluntaries had been played by the organist, the notes of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" were heard precisely at noon, and the bridal party appeared and walked down the central aisle. First came the ushers, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. A. B. Williamson, Mr. Thomas Berry, Mr. C. V. Reeve, and Mr. William Carrigan. They were followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Evelyn Carolan, and Miss Eva McAllister, and after them came the bride, escorted by her uncle, Mr. G. M. Scott, of Salt Lake City. In the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. M. Hall McAllister. The dresses worn by the young ladies in the bridal party were then seen to advantage, and are described as follows:

The bride's robe was a beautiful creation of the modiste's art, rich in appearance, yet plain in design; it evoked admiring comments from all, and was very becoming to the wearer. The material was a heavy, lustrous white satin, made with a long train à la cour. The skirt was plain, except at the bottom, which was graced at intervals with little sprays of orange-blossoms fastened on to puffs of white satin. The high corsage was finished with plaitings of point lace, and the sleeves were long and bouffant. In her coiffure was a small coronet of orange-blossoms and a glistening star of diamonds that held in place a most exquisite veil of point and point appliqué lace that was three and one-half yards in length. She wore long gloves of white undressed kid, and carried a bouquet of bride roses.

The bridesmaids were all attired alike in becoming gowns of pink silk, made walking length and with plain skirts. The waists were of pink chiffon, having rows of insertion of point d'Alençon lace. They wore white Leghorn hats, trimmed with pink chiffon and pink beater. They carried bouquets of lilies of the valley.

When the bridal party had assumed their positions, the wedding ceremony was performed by, Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute. Afterward a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. I. M. Decker, 2127 Pacific Avenue, which was attended by relatives of the newly wedded couple and about one hundred intimate friends. The house was decorated very prettily, each room being different. There was a profusion of American Beauty, La France, La Marque, and Captain Christy roses, with lilies of the valley, smilax, asparagus tenuissimus, and palms and ferns that made the scene one of much beauty. The bride's table in the dining-room was the pièce de résistance. It was covered with an elegant piece of point de Venise lace, exquisitely wrought, in the centre of which was a large bank of lilies of the valley, the bride's favorite flower.

Mrs. Decker assisted the young ladies in receiving, and wore a handsome robe of black moiré antique, trimmed with point lace. Huber's Hun-

garian Orchestra played concert selections throughout the hours of the reception. A delicious luncheon was served at tête-à-tête tables by Ludwig, after which Mr. and Mrs. McAllister left for a brief southern trip. They will return in time to be present at the Timlow-Carolan wedding. They have taken the Barber cottage in Ross Valley for the summer. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant.

Kilbourne-Miles Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lillian V. Miles and Lieutenant Lincoln F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., took place at noon last Monday at the home of the bride's parents, 1829 Sacramento Street. It was celebrated quietly, owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the groom. The bride is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, Inspector-General of the Department of California, who is now on a four months' leave of absence prior to departure for another station in the Eastern States. She is a handsome demi-blonde, and has lived here about two years, having made her debut in society circles last winter. The groom is the son of Major and Mrs. Charles E. Kilbourne, U. S. A. He received his commission on June 12, 1893, in the First Infantry, and is now stationed with Company B, at Angel Island.

Only a limited number of intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed in the handsomely decorated parlors at noon. Rev. George Edward Walk, rector of Trinity Church, officiated. Miss Kilbourne, sister of the groom, acted as maid of honor, and wore a handsome gown of white silk, trimmed with chiffon and ribbons. She carried a cluster of La France roses. Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., was best man, having come up from San Diego Barracks to fill that position. The bride's dress is described as follows:

It was a robe of blanc ivoire satin, made with a long court train. The skirt was full but perfectly plain. The high corsage and long, bouffant sleeves were tastefully trimmed with point lace and broderie Romienne. A spray of orange-blossoms in her coiffure held in place the flowing veil of white silk moline. She carried bride roses.

Following the ceremony were the customary congratulations and an elaborate breakfast. Late in the afternoon the happy young couple departed to make a tour of Southern California. They will reside at Angel Island when they return. They were generously remembered in the way of handsome wedding presents.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker gave an elaborate dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on California Street, and hospitably entertained twelve of their friends. The floral decorations were in exquisite taste. Several hours were pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of the repast. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

The Friday Night Club.

The members of the Friday Night Club held their final meeting of this season at Odd Fellows' Hall last Friday evening. There were about three hundred members and a few specially invited guests present. The hall was brilliantly lighted, the floor covered with canvas, and the display of handsome gowns was most attractive. The presence of all of the debutantes of the season added much to the interest of the affair. The hall was tastefully decorated with hanging draperies of varied colors, roses, palms, and ferns. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played for the dancing, which was commenced about ten o'clock and continued until two o'clock in the morning, with an intermission at midnight, when an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. The assembly was a notable success, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who so creditably managed it, as well as the previous meetings of the club, received many congratulations.

Private Theatricals.

For the benefit of St. Cornelius Chapel, an interesting private theatrical entertainment was given at the Presidio last Wednesday evening. The attendance was quite large and the performance was enjoyed greatly. The programme included the farce "A Box of Monkeys" and the operetta "Il Jacobi." Among the participants were Lieutenant Oliver E. Wood, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., Mrs. Lockett, Miss Marjorie Young, Miss Young, Miss Alice Kinzie, Mrs. A. C. Blunt, and Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A. After the performance there was dancing until a late hour.

The *Echo*, a new fortnightly publication devoted to humor and illustration from foreign and American sources, made its appearance on April 15th in Chicago. Will H. Bradley, the Chicago exponent of the Beardsley school of art, contributes a series of colored frontispieces, and among those represented in black-and-white are Beardsley, Dudley Hardy, Phil May, Steinlen, Cheret, Schlittgen, and Ravenhill.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore has prepared an elaborate programme for his concert on Friday night at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. The greatest interest centres in his songs that will be rendered for the first time. They are: "At Dawn" (words by Jane Roulston); "Love in Winter," sung by Mrs. Maria Stinson Lathrop (her first appearance since her return from the East); "Inspiration," sung by Miss Irma Fitch (violin obligato by Miss Mary Pasmore); "Do I Love You?" sung by Mr. W. E. Smith; "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," sung by Mr. L. P. Rixford; and "Good-Night," part-song for male voices. The other compositions by Mr. Pasmore, "What My Lover Said," for mixed voices, and "The Treasures of the Deep," for chorus, have been heard before. The instrumental numbers are: Second movement from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, arranged for eight hands; Kullak's "North Star" (four hands), rendered by members of the Pianists' Club; and Haydn's trio in C, by Miss Mary Pasmore (eight years), Miss Theresa Ehrmann (eleven years), and Master Paul Wismer (thirteen years).

A concert in aid of the Seamen's Institute will be given next Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. David Bixler, corner of Pierce and Union Streets under the patronage of Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. George W. Beaver, Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mrs. R. B. Forman, Mrs. James M. Goewey, Mrs. James Hoff, Mrs. J. Metcalfe, Mrs. C. F. Mullins, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. John A. Wright. The musical programme will be under the direction of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, and the participants will be the Trehle Clef Quartet Company—Mrs. A. M. Nohle, Miss Beatrice Priest, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, and Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, with Miss Edith Johnson as accompanist; Mr. Willis E. Bacheller, tenor; Miss Alice Ames and Mr. Sigmund Beel, violinists; and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist. The tickets are one dollar each, and they may be obtained from Sherman, Clay & Co., from any of the patronesses, and at the door on the evening of the concert.

Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder, assisted by her advanced pupils, will give a vocal and dramatic entertainment next Tuesday evening at her academy, 519 Van Ness Avenue. An interesting programme has been prepared.

It is announced that Ysaye, the noted violinist, who is meeting with much success in the East, will arrive here soon to give a series of concerts at the Baldwin Theatre.

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CESAR BERTHEAU,
210 Sansome Street.

FACIAL HUMORS

Prevented by

CUTICURA

SOAP



ASHAMED TO BE SEEN because of disfiguring facial humors is the condition of thousands who live in ignorance of the fact that in CUTICURA SOAP is to be found the purest, sweetest, and most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world. For pimples, blackheads, red and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, it is wonderful.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all continental cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. PORTER, DECE & CHEMICAL CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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MAKES
PEOPLE
STRONG

If you are weak—not quite dead, but weak—from disease, overwork, trouble; if you want to give your system the greatest possible assistance in rebuilding and recuperating—take a short course at BYRON.

Dame Nature, M. D., has distributed her health-giving fountains all over California—with central headquarters at BYRON.

For interesting particulars address C. R. MASON, Manager BYRON HOT SPRINGS, Contra Costa Co., Calif.

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THE ARTIST.

Has returned from New York and taken Room 14, Murphy Building, and opened a class again.

BEAUTY PARLORS of Mrs. Dr. Paul Meyer.

Superior methods of treatment for Defects of the Complexion, the Hair, and the Form.

917 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SEVENTH YEAR.

VOICE BUILDING, ELOCUTION, ORATORY.

Defects of Speech Cured. Amateur Theatricals Arranged. Public Readings. LEO COOPER, 814 Geary.

VOICES SPOILED BY BAD HABITS AND POOR methods improved and beautified by my method, embracing the best features in the Old Italian, the French and German methods. Nine pupils prepared for professional work in seven months. JOS. GREVEN, 82 Ninth Street.

LESSONS IN PIANO AND ARTISTIC SINGING by Chicago professor. Latest methods in Voice Building, Voice Culture, and Singing. Style and Expression a specialty. Studio, 838 Market Street, Rooms 1 and 2. Office hours 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.

LEARN PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HOME BY "Prof. Wm. Manning's Instructions," which will enable you to become your own physical teacher without the aid of gymnasiums. Thousands of testimonials. All work guaranteed or no charge. Consultation free. 755 Market Street, Parlors 3 and 4.

DR. C. E. BLAKE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE TEETH. Latest invention—especially for bridge work; positively guaranteed never to break; also Dr. BLAKE'S enameled platinum crowns; no display of gold. The highest art in dentistry. Prices moderate. Office 405 Sutter, near Stockton.

RHEUMATISM CURED. A NEW AND WONDERFUL discovery in medicine. Can convince you in one treatment that your case is not hopeless. Relief instantaneous. Cure quickly follows. E. L. JOEL, 121 Stockton Street, San Francisco. Office hours, 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum

Toilet
Powder

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Delightful after shaving.

Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blisters, Pimples, Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents. Send For Free Sample. (Name this paper.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

A Beautiful Complexion

Wonderful and natural, by using CARPENTER PERRALINNE. It clears the skin from pimples, makes it white as the driven snow. My Wrinkle Balm eradicates wrinkles and fills out sunken cheeks. Erratae removes hair permanently from the face. My remedy, Blondine, for blending the hair to any shade, is the most harmless of its kind. My Fructus Capillaris restores gray hair to its natural color. Every article guaranteed to do as claimed or money refunded.

DR. CARPENTER,
1346 Market St.



SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Belle McPherson, of this city, to Lieutenant Alexander McCrackin, U. S. N. They will be married next fall. Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary Butterworth Randol, daughter of the late Colonel A. M. P. Randol, First Artillery, U. S. A., to Dr. Edwin B. Randol, of this city. The wedding will take place in June.

Miss Evelyn Carolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, will be married to Mr. William Ferree Timlow, formerly of Philadelphia, at noon, next Tuesday. The ceremony will be performed at St. Luke's Church by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. W. W. Moreland. After the wedding there will be a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 1714 California Street.

The wedding of Miss Alice Simpkins, daughter of Mrs. Charles Simpkins, and Mr. Robert Lewis Coleman, son of Mrs. William T. Coleman, will take place next Wednesday noon at Trinity Church. Rev. George Edward Walk, Rev. E. B. Spalding, and Rev. C. S. Fackenthal will officiate. There will be a reception afterward at the home of the bride's mother, 1738 Broadway.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Haight Tompkins, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Tompkins, and Mr. John Burns, of Minneapolis, Minn., will take place at three o'clock next Saturday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, the Souther Farm, near San Leandro.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Mary Martel and Mr. Charles Joseph Stovel will take place at half-past eight o'clock this evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, 2613 Buchanan Street.

The wedding of Miss Annie de Houle Irwin, daughter of Colonel B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., and Mr. Edward Shields Adams, son of Mr. Hugh Adams, of Chicago, took place last Monday evening at St. James's Episcopal Church in Chicago.

Mrs. Louis Auzeais has issued about three hundred invitations for a private theatrical entertainment, which will be given in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening, April 30th. The comedy "Love on Crutches" will be presented.

At the residence of Mrs. Henry T. Scott, on Laguna Street, charity fêtes were held last Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings for the benefit of the Bishop Armitage Orphanage at San Mateo. An admission fee was charged on Wednesday evening only, when an attractive programme of songs was rendered by Mrs. Walter McGavin, Miss Sistermans, and Mr. Hooper. More than five hundred dollars was realized on the fêtes.

A sale of handsome and useful articles for traveling and country use will be held, from three until six o'clock, this afternoon at the residence of Mrs. John A. Hooper, north-west corner of Clay and Laguna Streets, for the benefit of the Buford Kindergarten, whose friends are requested to attend without further notice. Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Evelyn Norwood, Miss Hamilton, Miss George, and Miss Eleanor Wood will have the affair in charge.

The Assembly Club will give its final party of this season next Thursday evening at Golden Gate Hall.

The Misses Feldmann gave an enjoyable progressive euchre-party last Saturday evening at their residence on Shotwell Street, which was attended by about fifty of their friends. The prizes were won by Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Miss Blanche Baldwin, and Miss Maud A. Smith. The evening was pleasantly passed and terminated with a delicious supper.

At the Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, there will be two benefit performances next Thursday and Friday evenings in aid of the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland. A travesty on "Romeo and Juliet" will be presented by a number of well-known and capable amateurs. The society is greatly in need of funds and it is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day and Miss Carol Day sailed last Saturday from New York, on the steamer *Verona*, for Genoa, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses Helen and Constance de Young sailed from New York on the steamship *Havel* for Bremen, last Saturday.

Mrs. Richardson Clover arrived in Paris late in March from Washington, D. C., and registered at the Hotel Continental.

Mr. and Mrs. James Daniell (formerly Mrs. Robert Hastings) were at Monte Carlo when last heard from.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Miss Kittle left last Thursday for Europe.

Mr. D. O. Mills and Colonel C. F. Crocker arrived in Rome, Italy, from Egypt, on March 23d.

Mr. Eli Marks and Mrs. M. Livingston, of this city, were in Rome, Italy, late in March.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller and family were in Rome, Italy, on March 21st.

Mrs. George L. Colburn and Miss Maye Colburn arrived in New York city during the week, en route to Europe.

Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow arrived in Paris from London on March 24th.

Mr. W. H. Chickering was in Rome late in March.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharon are expected here from New York late in May.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Arnold and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold

have been attending the festa at Los Angeles during the past week.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands left New York city several days ago for London.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen have been in New York city during the past week.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas have returned from a prolonged visit to Southern California.

Miss Martha P. Gibbs is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. George Klink and Mrs. George L. King have been in Los Angeles during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrison have gone to Belvedere to pass the summer at their cottage, Brush Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester O. Peck, wife Wilson, were at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Wise will reside in San Rafael during the summer months.

Mr. S. Gump and his son, Mr. Alfred Gump, left last Wednesday for New York, en route to Europe; they will be away about three months.

Mrs. J. M. Pierce and her sister, Mrs. Frederick S. Butler, are passing a few weeks in San José.

Miss Nellie Hillyer visited friends in San José during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Elkins, of Philadelphia, are at the Felton villa in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Helen, Ethel, and Bertha Smith will pass the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln will leave soon to pass the summer in Europe.

Mr. Valentine G. Hush, of Fruitvale, is visiting New York city.

Mr. E. L. Parsons returned from Mexico last Sunday, after an absence of several weeks.

Mrs. C. G. Nohle, who has been in Boston during the past two years, is now on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Duff Green, at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Moore and the Misses Miriam and Frances Moore will leave on May 1st to pass the summer at Del Monte.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and her sister, Miss Ellen Wagner, are visiting Santa Barbara for a couple of weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing, who have been traveling in Europe for several months, expect to return to this city early in May.

Mr. William B. Wilshe, Major Frank McLennan, Hon. W. W. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMurray have been passing the week at Echo Mountain while attending the Los Angeles festa.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth will leave early in May to make a prolonged visit to the Eastern watering-places.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have returned from a prolonged visit at Del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna and the Misses Isabel, Marie, and Hilda McKenna will pass the summer in a cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fisher and family will reside at San Mateo during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will pass the summer months in their cottage near Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin are here from Honolulu on a visit, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie are paying a visit to San José.

Miss Genevieve Carolan has returned from Farmington, Conn., where she has been attending school.

Mr. H. M. Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook have been in Santa Barbara during the past week at the festa.

Dr. A. E. Regensburger stopped over a few days at Chicago while en route to New York during the past week.

Mr. Irving M. Scott has returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States.

Miss Anna Furth, of Seattle, Wash., is here on a visit to Mr. and Miss William F. Bowers.

Miss Fanny Crocker is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker at their country place near Cloverdale.

Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, is expected here this week.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Assistant-Engineer William C. Myers, U. S. R. C. S., who has been attached to the *Hastler* for a couple of years, has been ordered to sea duty on the *Richard Rush*.

Major David H. Kinzie, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of three months on his leave of absence.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster L. C. Kerr, U. S. N., will be examined for promotion on May 2d at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Assistant-Surgeon C. P. Bogg, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Naval Hospital and ordered to the *Montevideo*.

Lieutenant Charles P. Summerville, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is away on a leave of absence until May 6th.

Lieutenant Frederick Singer, U. S. N., who was assigned as executive officer of the *Bennington*, has had his orders revoked, and returned to his former duty as Chief Intelligence Officer at Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant George A. Detchemdy, U. S. A., has been assigned to Company F, First Infantry, at Angel Island.

Mrs. Duvall, wife of Lieutenant William P. Duvall, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Marie, in Philadelphia.

Les Vins de Champagne.

Under this heading the Paris *Figaro* of February 12th says:

"One of the most important establishments, and called at Reims the pride of 'La Champagne,' no doubt is that of Widow Pommery; the cellars in these buildings are greatly admired by all strangers who visit this beautiful city. In entering the establishment one is astonished at the original architecture; the building is constructed partly of stone and partly of chalk and bricks, and the whole aspect is an imposing and pleasant one; elegant towers elevate toward the sky with an audacity which makes us think of castles of former times. The vast cellars in which the wines are stored are illuminated with electric-light, where, among others, one can admire six enormous casks, with curious sculptured staves, one of which containing not less than 50,000 bottles. It will pay well to visit this establishment, which supplies the world with the best product of the Champagne Province. In 1856 the shipments amounted to 45,000 bottles, while now they exceed two and one-half million bottles per annum. The house of Pommery counts among its clients the best classes of all civilized countries, and this brand commands the highest price."

— WEDDING INVITATIONS AT COOPER'S.

DCCLIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, April 21, 1895.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.
Fried Trout. Saratoga Potatoes.
Breaded Lamb Chops. Green Peas.
Artichokes.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Lettuce.
Strawberries and Whipped Cream.
Walnut Cake.
Coffee.

WALNUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one and a half cups of milk, three cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. For the icing, beat the whites of two eggs, two cups of powdered sugar, spread between layers, and sprinkle thickly with walnuts ground in an almond-grinder. On the top icing lay half walnuts.

"Mazamas" is the name of a society of mountaineers, organized on the summit of Mount Hood, Oregon, last summer, which proposes to flash a message by heliograph from British Columbia to Mexico and back on the tenth of July next. The main body of Mazamas will be on Mount Adams on that day, and other camps of mountaineers will be on Mounts Baker, Ranier, Adams, Hood, Shasta, Teillac, Dana, Whitney, Lowe, Baldy, and such other peaks as are necessary to complete the chain. Those interested in the project can obtain full information by addressing the secretary of Mazamas, Mr. T. Brook White, at 14 Worcester Block, Portland, Or.

— LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, Flower, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

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Unsurpassed in Cuisine.

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GUESTS ENTERTAINED ON EITHER THE AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN.

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RATES MODERATE.



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STAMMERING, STUTTERING, and LISPING PERMANENTLY CURED.

City references.
Prof. R. S. DAVIS, 11 Hyde St., S. F.

MARRIAGE RECORDS AND TUNE.

The record of marriage in the hand and the correct location of tune on the head, are Prof. Hargett's original discoveries. See what is said of him: "Prof. Hargett is the best phrenologist I have ever found."—Frank Harrison, Editor, Boston. "Mr. Hargett read my history and character perfectly by my head and hands."—Lieutenant Governor, Cal. Come and see him.

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NATIONAL BICHLORIDE OF GOLD CURE

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OPIUM AND LIQUOR HABIT.

Charges Low. Cures Guaranteed.

Apply at ROOM 59, MURPHY B'LD'G.

EVANS' POISON OAK SPECIFIC
A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak. Perfectly Free from any Poisonous Ingredients. Its application is followed by immediate relief. A few applications produce a cure. A Perfect Cure Guaranteed. It is also an excellent remedy for Chilblains, Itch, Cuts and Burns, and Ulcers.
PRICE, 50 cts. PER BOTTLE.

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C. C. HIGGINS, Druggist and Apothecary,
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CANCERS, TUMORS, and RHEUMATISM

A permanent and satisfactory cure guaranteed. You can deposit money in the bank payable when cured.

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Room 47, 1170 Market Street.

YOUR MONEY BACK!

Sarsfield's Remedy for Inflammatory Rheumatism ONLY. Any person purchasing a bottle of this Remedy and failing to get relief after taking four doses, will please return the remainder of the medicine and get their money refunded.

J. F. Sarsfield, Specialist in Diseases of the Blood, 201 Taylor Street, San Francisco. Hours, 2 to 3. And 1103 Filbert Street, Oakland.

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Hope for Consumptives and Sufferers from Deafness, Alcoholism, Catarrh, Cancer, or Tumor, Wherever Located.

"The McLean Australian Sore Cure Remedies" for all such hitherto incurable troubles, unquestionably solves the long puzzling problem, namely: Why is it that wild animals and uncivilized races of men throughout the world readily find Nature's unfailing remedies for all their ailments, whilst civilized mankind and their subdued animals continue to suffer and perish by millions annually? Answer: Simply because of the latter's dense ignorance and consequent disobedience of Nature's laws.

From over 50 years' settled conviction of this momentous fact, Dr. McLean made a special study of the whole question during his twenty years' official connection with forestry in Australia, and hence his phenomenal success as a genuine specialist on the origin and treatment of said troubles, at his new MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 1228 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal., where he cordially invites all chronics who have failed to get reasonable help elsewhere. Personal consultation free; by letter one dollar, included, as a guarantee of good faith. Office hours from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays excepted. Send for copy of our free Testimonial Treatise.

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It is the lightest running, strongest, and most graceful wheel made. The Only wheel made whose spokes enter the hub Without Being Bent.

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GEO. SCHÖNEWALD, Manager.

Luxury, Good Cheer, Hospitality,
Delightful and Healthful Pas-
times, Matchless Mount-
ain Scenery.

T
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SWEET BRIAR CAMP.

Established last year in a romantic dell of the Sacramento Canyon, just below and in full view of grand old Shasta. It was a great bit, and promises even more encouraging results for the present year. T. J. LOFTUS, at Castella, is still in cbarge and will answer all inquiries.

A new candidate for public favor this year is

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SHASTA VICINO CAMP,

Also in the Shasta region, about a mile and a half from Dunsmuir. It is a genuine paradise for bunters, fisbers, and seekers of health and pleasure. Easy to reach (near the railroad), sightly, and all the necessities of camp life easily procurable.

All inquiries about SHASTA VICINO CAMP, if addressed to W. C. GRAY, Box 4, Dunsmuir, Cal., will receive prompt attention.

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CAMPING IN THE

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS,

Alma, Wrights, LaureI, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

REDUCED RATES

During the Camping season will be made by the

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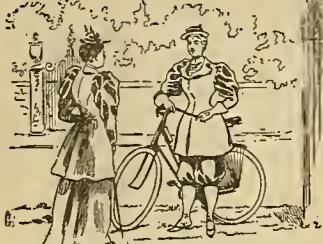
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RAMBLER BICYCLES

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Church and Opera Chairs.

C. F. WEBER & CO.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Miss Stearnly—"Are there any sleeping apartments in that club you are a member of?" Rounder—"None except the reading-room."—Truth.

Mrs. Mermaid (to her daughter)—"My dearest, why these tears?" Miss Mermaid—"Oh, mamma, I never, never can ride a bicycle!"—Bazar.

Charley Goodly—"I owe everything to my mother." Bobby Lender—"Please don't overlook the ten you owe me."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She—"Tell me; when you were in the army, were you cool in the hour of danger?" He—"Cool! I actually shivered!"—Boston Transcript.

She—"Isn't there something burning here?" He—"It's my heart, darling." She—"Oh, dear me! I could never live with a heart like that!"—Life.

Ada—"Does drinking make you nervous?" Reggy Hardup—"It makes me nervous to drink champagne if I think I'll have to pay for it."—Puck.

"I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style." "Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes, the fashion is just changing."—Fliegende Blätter.

Assistant—"That actress ought to be a great success. She has a European reputation." Manager—"Yes; and now she wants an American salary."—Puck.

Miss Summit—"Mr. Jagway called on me last night, and I think he had been drinking." Miss Palisade—"He told me this morning that you looked beautiful."—Life.

"They tell me these big sleeves are going out." "Well, I'm glad to hear it. I live in a flat, and when my wife and I spend an evening together, I have to sit out in the hall."—Bazar.

Fizlop—"Do you know that De Melville, the actor, started on a starring tour week before last?" Popsam—"Yes, I was told so; but, by the way, what is he doing now?"—Roxbury Gazette.

Van Zile—"I saw two of Reggie's rarebits out bicycling to-day." Miss King—"Rarebits on a bicycle? What nonsense!" Van Zile—"Fact, though. Reggie used them in patching his tire."—Truth.

An actress appearing in Johnstown, Pa., recently was referred to by the local press as a favorite in that city. The paper remarked: "She appeared here just before the flood." The actress has erased Johnstown from her map.—Dramatic Mirror.

The pastor bade her proceed. "Tell me all," he urged, kindly. "I put a button in the contribution-box," she said. He smiled. "And did your conscience trouble you?" he asked. The woman raised her eyes earnestly. "No. I put in the wrong button and broke a set, and would like to exchange it, if you please."—Detroit Tribune.

"Now, Marie, what is the matter with you?" "Nothing, mother, only it strikes me as outrageous that after six o'clock a girl must be cooped up in the house, unless some man comes to escort her out. It is tyranny." "Do you wish to go anywhere?" "I do not, but I wish to feel that I could if I wanted to."—Bazar.

Mrs. McSwat—"It's so, Billiger! The bride is always more self-possessed at a wedding than the groom is. You didn't know whether you were standing on your head or your feet when we were married. You can't recall a single distinct impression of it." Mr. McSwat—"Yes, I can, Lohelia. I remember your nose was awfully cold."—Chicago Tribune.

"Er—pardon me, Cheops, if I appear inquisitive," said the Modern Investigator's ghost to the shade of that ancient builder of sky-scrapers; "but it has caused a great deal of argument, and I should like to know your real reason for building the pyramid?" "Sir," sadly replied the shade, "I built it for the purpose of disproving a fallacy no less obnoxious to the struggling generation in my time than in yours." "And that is?" eagerly queried the Modern Investigator's ghost. "That there is always room at the top."—Puck.

Be sure and supply your toilet with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It keeps the hair soft and glossy, and the scalp cool and clean.

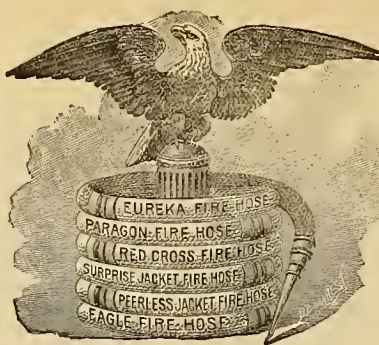
— WEDDING INVITATIONS AT COOPER'S.

— GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

After teething is finished, Steedman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

— WEDDING INVITATIONS AT COOPER'S.



EUREKA FIRE HOSE CO.

Rubber-Lined Cotton
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For all Purposes in the World.

Has more of its Celebrated Hoses of Garden and Fire Hose in service throughout the United States and Canada than all other manufacturers combined.

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R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager,
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A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH AND YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be the better. Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious. A sample 4-ounce bottle sent to any address, prepaid, for 50c.

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For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

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There is intense activity in the political bee-hive. The bees are swarming.

The silver question has come to the front with a suddenness and vigor which has astonished veteran politicians. Gentlemen who have been dodging behind well-worn phrases such as "agreed ratio" and "parity of metals" are being forced to come out and explain what they mean. The process is a painful one, but it must be gone through with. President Cleveland has stepped up to the anxious seat, and

made his profession of faith in the now famous letter written to the Chicago committee. It is difficult in any of his literary efforts to tell what Mr. Cleveland means, owing to his obscure, cumbrous, and involved style. But by parole testimony, as the lawyers say, and the enthusiastic gold chorus of his echo-like Cabinet, it is evident that Mr. Cleveland is opposed to bimetalism. As he is the head of the Democratic party, that party must therefore stand as opposed to the remonetization of silver—at least until, as a party, it repudiates Mr. Cleveland's utterances.

Already there are signs that it will do so. Senator Blackburn has come out unqualifiedly in favor of free coinage, and has challenged Secretary Carlisle, one of Mr. Cleveland's henchmen, to a debate upon the financial question. If the Secretary accepts the challenge, he will have some very hard questions to answer. Many other Democratic leaders show signs of revolt against Mr. Cleveland's utterances. The unrest in the Republican ranks also betokens a break in the direction of bimetalism. Altogether, the signs in both the old parties indicate that the rank and file will demand a plank in favor of international bimetalism, if not squarely in favor of unlimited free coinage, whether other countries agree to such a measure or not. On the whole, the outlook is bad for the new silver party. If both the old parties declare in favor of silver, there will be no excuse for the new silver party's existence. It will be dead before it is born. Its principal excuse for existence, as a matter of fact, is the desire of expatriated Republicans, like Senators Jones and Stewart, of Nevada, to represent something beside themselves.

The next issue in American politics is the financial one. The interest displayed by the masses of the people in this complex subject is most extraordinary. The little book called "Coin's Financial School," which has excited the alarm of the gold men in the East, is circulating by hundreds of thousands of copies in the West. If the gold men believe, as they profess to do, that the claims of the silver men are dishonest and fraudulent, they ought to answer the questions asked in this little book.

It will not be long before the various Presidential candidates will have to declare the faith that is in them. Already there are indications that General Benjamin Harrison inclines toward silver, and a speech of his, delivered in Colorado two years ago, is about to be resurrected. Governor William McKinley was reported to have declared against silver in a still, small voice in Georgia the other day. This was an unauthorized declaration, probably given out by the governor to note its effect, and either to repudiate it or to leave it unanswered, according to circumstances. The still, small voice swelled into a mighty volume of sound as it roared over the continent the next day, and the governor made such haste to deny the declaration that in many places the denial reached the people before the declaration did.

The threatening attitude of Great Britain toward Nicaragua, in consequence of the expulsion of the British consular agent from Bluefields, and the continued refusal of the British Ministry to submit the territorial dispute between England and Venezuela to arbitration, have set people talking about the Monroe doctrine, as though it could be invoked in these cases. It has really no application whatever to the present complications.

It was first enunciated in the message sent by President Monroe to Congress on December 2, 1823. A few months previous to that date, the United States of Colombia (then including Venezuela), Mexico, Peru, Brazil, and the colonies on the Parana and Paraguay had declared their independence of their respective mother countries, had made good in the field their claim to sovereignty, and had been acknowledged by the United States to be independent states. The European powers from which they had revolted nevertheless continued to endeavor to subjugate them, whereupon Mr. Monroe wrote in his message:

"We owe it to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and the allied powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to

any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere; but with the governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and just principles, acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This doctrine was subsequently developed in diplomatic dispatches, so as to imply that the United States would view with an unfriendly eye, and might resist with arms, an attempt by a European power to acquire fresh territory in this hemisphere. This is the Monroe doctrine as at present understood by statesmen. It will be seen that it is not in any way involved in the dispute between Great Britain and Nicaragua over the dismissal of a consul, or in the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela over the boundary line between the latter power and the colony of British Guiana. The Nicaragua affair is a small matter, which will presently be adjusted. The latter is a more complicated dispute, which it will probably take time and negotiation to settle.

It is a quarrel of old standing. When Holland, in 1814, ceded to England her provinces of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, which were coterminous with Venezuela, the latter power claimed that the River Essequibo was the boundary. England claimed that the true boundary was an imaginary line running west of the Essequibo. For many decades the dispute lay in abeyance, the territory involved being of no value. But some ten or twelve years ago, gold began to be discovered in considerable quantities in the confluent of the Orinoco, and then England proceeded to occupy the disputed territory as though it was uncontestedly British. The English officials moved stealthily, adding a slice each year to their pretended possessions, and threatening an armed collision if Venezuela demurred, until their line reached a point close to the mouth of the Orinoco. Venezuela vainly begged England to submit the question to arbitration; the offer being curtly declined, President Guzman Blanco of Venezuela broke off diplomatic relations with England, and submitted his case to the intelligent judgment of an impartial world. When the next protest against English encroachment on Venezuela was lodged, through a consul, with the government at London, the British Minister replied that England had no official knowledge that there was any such nation as the Republic of Venezuela. Simultaneously, the colonial government of British Guiana sent into Venezuela a force which arrested Venezuelans who were found washing for gold in the disputed territory, and carried them off prisoners to Georgetown.

These acts have never been disavowed by England. On the contrary, they are justified, and England still refuses to arbitrate the boundary question. Her position is fortified by the tacit approval of other European nations. It has been Venezuela's misfortune that she has made enemies all round. Some time ago, President Crespo quarreled with the French and Belgian ministers and sent them their passports. Germany furnished the steel for the Central Venezuelan Railroad, and has been unable to collect her pay; the empire threatens to send a fleet to Caracas to demand payment under indefinite threats of reprisals. Meanwhile, the little republic, which is out at elbows financially, is swelling its military force with an eye to a possible collision with Great Britain, and is building a flotilla of gun-boats to patrol the Orinoco.

Under these circumstances, orators and organs of public opinion are agitating the question whether this country should not, under the Monroe doctrine, take a hand in the controversy on Venezuela's side. The merest glance at President Monroe's words must satisfy every one that the doctrine can not be twisted so as to warrant our interference. The boundary dispute involves no prospect of an extension of European dominion in this hemisphere. It is a mere question of the possession of certain gold-fields, and Great Britain is grabbing because she is stronger than Venezuela. We can say to England, as Mr. Bayard has already said,

that we would be pleased to hear that the offer of arbitration had been accepted. But our duty ends there.

In Latin America there is a move for a combination of independent states against European aggression. The press of Mexico is emphatic on the subject. There is merit in the idea: it would be more practical if Chile had declared a willingness to join the combine. But even without that power, a treaty offensive and defensive of the other states of Latin America would be regarded seriously in Europe. No European nation would willingly plunge into war with a continent, or a continent and a half, for the sake of a gold-field or an unpaid bill for steel rails. But the Monroe doctrine can not be looked upon as an alliance. It would never answer for us to allow the small states of Central and South America to drag us into a war whenever they chose to quarrel with England or Germany. That would be conferring upon them rights which we do not concede to one of our own States.

Had the tragedies of the Emmanuel Church occurred in Germany, in France, or other of the continental countries of Europe, wherein would the procedure of the police have differed from that pursued here? The first officer to be called into action would be the public prosecutor, an official corresponding generally with the prosecuting attorney here, called the *staatsanwalt* in Germany and the *procureur* in France, and charged with the entire work of prosecution in the preliminary stages of the trial. Upon being notified of the commission of a crime, he informs the committing magistrate of the fact, and then proceeds at once to the scene for the purpose of doing everything that is necessary to throw light upon the circumstances and to fasten the guilt upon the perpetrator. Where footprints are found, he has plaster casts made of them, and in the same manner preserves in permanent form all matters of evidence likely to be of value in the prosecution of the case. He examines the surroundings, interrogates the witnesses, takes charge of all implements or evidentiary matter connected with the crime, and takes into custody the suspected person. This work, which is partly done by the coroner and partly by the police and detectives in this country, is thus done by one person, and the person who should be most intimately conversant with the facts—the prosecutor. Had this procedure been followed in the Durrant case, many points that were overlooked at the time as unimportant, and the evidence of which is now obliterated, would have been preserved in permanent form. It is probable that no impressions of footprints could have been obtained, but photographs of the bodies as found and of the surroundings would have been more accurate than the testimony of eye-witnesses, and might have elucidated some points that are now obscure.

The next step in the proceeding would have been the presentation of the case before the committing magistrate. This officer is known as the *untersuchungs richter* in Germany and the *juge d'instruction* in France. The prosecutor would present his report in writing, with the names of the witnesses and of the suspect, who might not yet have been taken into custody. The committing magistrate would then examine each of the witnesses separately, no one being present but the magistrate, the judge, and a notary, who would take down the questions and answers in writing. At the end of each deposition the witness would sign his evidence, or, upon his refusal to do so, the magistrate would certify to that fact. After all the witnesses had been examined, and the magistrate had visited the scene of the crime in order to familiarize himself with the surroundings, the suspect would be examined. As yet he would be in ignorance of the crime with which he was charged, and of the evidence given by the witnesses. He would not even know what witnesses had been examined, for the preliminary proceedings are carried on in secret. If his testimony conflicted with that of any of the witnesses, he would be minutely examined on those points, and then confronted by the witness, the magistrate questioning both in order to arrive at the actual facts. Throughout this stage of the proceedings there is, of course, an attempt to make the suspect confess his guilt. If the presumption of the evidence is strongly against the suspect, the committing magistrate issues a warrant.

Even yet the case is not ready to be brought to trial. In France, the committing magistrate reports it with the written evidence to a body consisting of three judges, of whom the committing magistrate is one. They examine the written evidence, and if not satisfied with it, may return it for further evidence to be taken. Should they be satisfied that a crime has been committed and that the evidence is sufficient to justify a trial, they send the papers in the case to the trial court through the public prosecutor.

This preliminary proceeding corresponds to the arraignment before a police judge and the preliminary examination in this country, with a supplementary tribunal corresponding very generally with the grand jury, and intended as a modification of that institution. There is, however, the differ-

ence that the proceedings are secret, and this involves many important results. On one side it is an advantage to the suspect, who is never regarded as a criminal until he has been proved to be so. In this country his name and picture are paraded before a morbidly curious public, every scrap of evidence against him is published, and the newspaper reporters vie with each other in playing amateur detective and unearthing every incident that may be tortured into a suspicious circumstance. Even should he be acquitted, an indelible stain has been cast upon his name, and the public, familiar with the stories of the daily press, but unfamiliar with the facts presented in the trial, still believe him guilty. Under the European system, this publicity is avoided until the trial of the case, and the suspect who proves his innocence is freed from the unjust suspicions of his fellow-men.

On the other hand, this secrecy presses most heavily upon the actual criminal. He is not informed from day to day of the progress of the case against him; he does not know how much is known or what evidence he must be prepared to meet. The shrewd criminal in this country can make up a story and stick to it to the minutest detail, where he learns through the press from day to day just what evidence is to be presented against him; but when he is in the dark, he is almost certain to contradict himself and finally break down. If the purpose of criminal procedure is to bring culprits to justice, the European is a most admirable method. The innocent man has nothing to fear from such an examination; the criminal has everything to fear.

There is another feature of this European preliminary procedure that is important. Where several clues exist, several suspects may be in custody at the same time, while the different examinations are simultaneously in progress. Should Durrant not be guilty of one or both of the murders with which he is charged, the actual culprit is still at large and free from espionage. The actual culprit is advised as to each step made by the police, and has every opportunity to conceal the evidence pointing to himself, to strengthen the evidence pointing to Durrant, and, if such a proceeding should become necessary, he has the chance to escape from the city before the police can capture him. It has happened more than once that the police have followed the most plausible theory at the time the crime was committed only to find that they have been on the wrong scent, and that the opportunity to follow any other clew has been lost. Under such circumstances, there is at least a temptation to press the case against an innocent man in order to sustain their prestige. Under the European procedure, the arrest of a suspect does not brand him as it would under the American system, and therefore there would be less hesitation in following out more than one clew.

To return to the regular course of European criminal procedure, the public prosecutor, having received the papers in the case from the committing magistrate and his associates, must, within ten days, present his report to a section of the trial court. Upon hearing this report, the judges must consider whether the evidence justifies a trial, and if they find it sufficient, must, within three days, present the document, which is equivalent to finding a true bill. Upon this the public prosecutor draws up the formal charge against the prisoner, and copies of these papers are delivered to the accused. It is only after all of these preliminary proceedings that the accused is brought to actual trial, in the *Landsgericht* in Germany or the *Cour d'Assises* in France, and from this point the proceedings are generally similar to those in this country—a jury of twelve passes on the facts, as in English and American trials.

We are pained to be obliged to point out to the San Francisco dailies that they are lacking in enterprise when compared with their New York contemporaries. On Monday, April 15th, for example, the daily newspapers of New York gave up some forty columns in the aggregate to describing the bonnets and hats, waistcoats and wraps, and skirts and trousers of the people who walked along the street on Easter Sunday on their way to church. This is something that has never been done in San Francisco, as every enthusiastic city editor here must acknowledge with pain. It is true that the New York papers disagreed as to details, but that is not unusual. For example, the gushing *Sun* headed its article: "Fashion's Easter Show—Fifth Avenue Filled With Life And Kaleidoscopic Coloring—Yesterday's Church Parade The Most Notable In Many Revolutions Of Spring Fashions—Women's Clothes Marked By Fearlessness Of Color." When we contrast this with the headings of the calmer *Times*, we are somewhat puzzled, for that journal says: "Fashion's Easter Parade—Rural Folk In The Throng—The Show Not So Bright As Usual, For The Women's Dresses Were Dark."

Waiving, however, this slight discrepancy in facts, the papers gave none the less space to the parade. From their articles we see that it is not safe now even to appear upon the street without the fact being chronicled in the newspapers. We are told that "Mrs. Henry Sedgwick, for-

merly Miss Adelaide Beals (who was accompanied by her husband), was in dark-blue crepon, with a rather full, plain skirt and Eton jacket, and a toque of the same color trimmed with yellow flowers." We are glad that Mrs. Sedgwick was accompanied by her husband, and that it was not Mr. Sedgwick who was accompanied by his wife. The information that "the little daughter of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, wore a warm and comfortable-looking coat of dark-green velvet trimmed with fur and a large-brimmed hat" is important, if true, as also is the fact that "shortly after Miss Gladys Vanderbilt (accompanied by her brother, Reginald Vanderbilt) had passed Fifth Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street, Mr. William Douglas Sloane appeared." Nothing more is said of the appearance of Mr. Sloane—as to why or how he appeared. It may have been from up the street, or he may have come around the corner. Our curiosity remains unsatisfied.

But a truce to these thrilling facts. Why dazzle the provincial mind with such Miss Hamlet-like pictures as those of "Mrs. George Griswold Haven in black moire, her Henry the Fourth cape trimmed with appliques of black velvet, and her bonnet being also black"? The enthusiastic papers are not satisfied with chronicling by the column ladies' bonnets and wraps. Even the humble individuals who wear the garment which the ladies are now endeavoring to wrest from them are chronicled. We notice with pleasure that "Mr. C. G. Williams, president of the Chemical Bank," walked along the street and "Mr. B. Spaulding de Garmendia, accompanied by Miss Pepita de Garmendia," also repeated that unusual feat. We are pained to notice the absence of many of the well-known names of the New York Four Hundred, but were gratified to see that Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt Schuyler Van Rensselaer were there. This gave a certain tone to the gathering, and doubtless leavened the lump, although it is much to be regretted that Mr. Louis Sherry was noticed in the throng. Mr. Sherry is a person who sells pies, cakes, and things, and conducts a ball-room wherein the Four Hundred shake their glittering hoofs. Still, on the whole, we do not know that Mr. Sherry, although his occupation is low, can be forbidden the use of the street. Among the "distinguished strangers present" was "Colonel Guggenheim, the silver king of Denver." We note also the name of Mr. John W. Mackay. He, however, is chronicled as being a plain "Mister." Why is this? We can all remember the time when Mr. Mackay was known as a "Bonanza King." Why should our Californian millionaires be merely "Misters," when the Coloradans are "Colonels"? The enthusiastic reporters chronicled the fact that over one hundred and fifty thousand people walked along Fifth Avenue on Sunday. It is painful to note that they have not succeeded in printing the names of more than one hundred. This, however, is doubtless owing to their inability to learn the names of more. They certainly show no lack of enthusiasm in their peculiar calling. It is only of late years that they began publishing the list of "guests" at funerals. But there is a new danger to American life when it is impossible to go to church or to walk along the streets on Sunday without being chronicled by the reporters as "Among those present."

The controversy between free schools and Romanism is going to be fought out in the Canadian province of Manitoba. On May 9th, the provincial legislature will assemble, and will unquestionably refuse to carry out the order of the Dominion Government requiring the province to provide funds for the support of Roman Catholic parochial schools. There may be no disorder, but matters look ugly. The legislature will refuse to act, and will leave the authorities at Ottawa to coerce if they can.

In the meantime, an advanced position has been taken on the question by Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, who controls the Roman Catholic Church of Manitoba. When the dispute first arose, the archbishop reported the facts to Rome; he lately received a reply from Cardinal Vicar Ledowchowski. It is not exactly a Papal encyclical, as has been said in the papers; it is merely an expression of the views of the Congregation of the Propaganda, more or less directly inspired by the Pope. It says that the Congregation is pleased with the attitude of the episcopacy of Canada on the school question, and goes on to remark:

"Some have erroneously thought there is no danger in those schools which are called neutral, and that Catholic children can be indiscriminately sent to those schools. But it is not right to say that parents can supply privately the religion which should be part of the school routine."

On this Archbishop Langevin delivered himself as follows to a reporter:

"The hierarchy of the Catholic Church has spoken. All those who do not follow the hierarchy are not Catholics. When the hierarchy has spoken, there is no use for any Catholic to say the contrary, for if he does, he is no longer a Catholic. Such a man may carry the title, but I declare this as an archbishop. I say—and say it with plain authority—a Catholic who does not follow the hierarchy

on the school question is no more a Catholic. And who will be the one to entitle such a one to the name of Catholic? Where is the society which will give him authority to call himself a Catholic, when I, in my authority as a Catholic bishop, declare that such a man has no right to the name?"

Archbishop Langevin is upheld by the decree of the Baltimore Council, which "authoritatively enjoins upon Catholic parents to . . . procure for their children a truly Christian and Catholic education, to protect them . . . against the influences of a purely sectarian education, and to send them to the parochial school or some other school purely Catholic." The decree was carried into effect; in some dioceses the bishop forbade parents who sent their children to the common schools from approaching the sacraments; when Satolli came, this rule was relaxed; but, under the recent orders of the Propaganda, the bishops are sustained, and it is left in the discretion of the bishop to refuse the sacraments to Roman Catholic parents who do not conform to the rigorous doctrine of the Baltimore Council.

These extracts show precisely where the church stands. It proposes to break down the non-sectarian schools of Manitoba—which correspond to our American public schools—in favor of Roman Catholic schools, which are known as parochial; and it requires all Roman Catholics to sustain it in this effort, under penalty of being deprived of the rites of religion. Never, since this continent was first settled, has there been a more impudent attempt to cripple education in order that a religious sect shall thrive, or a more outrageous plot to crush freedom of opinion. By threatening Roman Catholics with a deprivation of the sacraments, which, to the ignorant members of that denomination, is equivalent to a decree of eternal damnation, they are to be bulldozed into sending their children to educational institutions which inculcate faith in the miracles of Ste. Anne de Beaupré and Lourdes, and which deal with the Holy Coat of Treves as an indisputable fact.

There is not much danger that the Roman Catholics will carry their point in Manitoba. Such conspiracies as theirs only succeed when they are executed in an atmosphere of religious indifference, and when the mass of the public are in ignorance of what is going on. Now, the Protestants of Manitoba are aroused; they perceive distinctly the danger which threatens their school system; and, for once, reason and numbers are on the same side. Archbishop Langevin will presently crawl into his hole.

The transaction is of moment only because it illustrates the unceasing vigilance of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and its untiring efforts to promote superstition for the sake of political ascendancy. What is happening in Manitoba would happen here, if the Irish and other Roman Catholics were sufficiently numerous to throw down the gauntlet to the American people. The church never desists from its purpose. It is the same always and everywhere—tireless, irrepressible, impervious to argument, unconscious of the march of knowledge, untamed by defeat. Cut off by the law of celibacy and the rules of monasticism from the community at large, the priests have nothing in common with the laity, and no interest but the advancement of the great theocratic machine to which they belong. They are a band apart, ready to wreck civilization and to enthrone ignorance, if by so doing they can make the church more powerful and more wealthy. They are not in touch with the people among whom they live. They have no family ties, no human sympathies. So isolated are they that when a priest tried to take part in the great uprising of the people against municipal corruption in New York, his archbishop promptly rebuked him, and forbade his further discharge of the duties of a citizen. The church was not interested in the demoralization of politics; pure government was none of its concern. If it aims at the overthrow of the school system and at the triumph of superstition, it does so because in every country the prevalence of ignorance insures the domination of the church.

The excitement in the oil market reminds old operators of the stormy days of 1876, when oil started from forty-nine cents, and, when the failure of the oil-fields along the Alleghany River became known, jumped almost without a break to four dollars and twenty-five cents. Persons who have not taken pains to inform themselves, ascribe the present boom to the manipulation of the Standard Oil Company. That concern probably took advantage of the situation to work the market for a profit; but the real cause of the recent advance was simply economic, as is shown by the figures of production and consumption. Eleven years ago, in 1884, the stock in the oil-producing fields of New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia was nearly 38,000,000 barrels; in 1892, it had fallen to 18,000,000 barrels; in 1893, to 15,000,000; in 1894, to 9,374,713. Meantime the consumption has averaged for two or three years 36,000,000 barrels, so that there would have been an oil famine but for the yield of wells in Ohio, Canada, and other oil-producing regions. Even if the Standard Oil Company is making a

pool with the Russian oil syndicate, it is owing to the decline in the output of oil.

The decline in the output has been marked in well-known districts. For instance, the Sistersville field yielded last year only 11,000 barrels as against a former average of 30,000, the famous McDonald field has fallen from 84,000 barrels to 9,000, the newer portion of the Butler field only yields 5,000 barrels, and the interior of West Virginia about 10,000. Energetic prospecting is going on for new fields; it is said that the Standard Oil Company has spent \$6,000,000 in exploration; the whole country from Alleghany County, N. Y., to the southern counties of West Virginia is alive with prospectors. Old wells which were abandoned long ago are being re-opened, and new country, with a promising outlook, is being punched full of holes, "the derricks being as numerous as palings in a fence." One day, about a week ago, the Bridgewater Gas Company struck oil on one of its leases; next morning the whole adjoining property was leased at a round premium, and before night the timbers were on the ground for three new wells.

The history of the oil craze heggars the narrative of the Bonanza mines. Some ten years ago every acre in the famous Wildwood field was leased to a party of Pittsburghers who drilled and drilled, but, finally, finding no oil, abandoned the field. In 1888, another party leased 2,000 acres, and sunk several holes which proved dry. Then a man named Griffiths drilled a well on an adjoining farm; it started flowing at the rate of 200 barrels an hour, and in the first forty days produced 60,000 barrels. Griffiths sold one-half his lease to the Standard Oil people for \$65,000. The Matthews field was for a long time offered for a song. One day oil was struck, and it flowed 35 barrels an hour for sixty days, with a spurt one day of 720 barrels an hour. Up to February, 1892, it had produced 600,000 barrels. This was nothing to the famous Jumbo well, which started out with 140 barrels an hour. One day the well was stirred up, and it produced 650 barrels an hour for a whole day and 750 barrels an hour for several consecutive hours. The McDonald oil-field near Pittsburgh was even more astonishing. In six months it produced 6,000,000 barrels of oil, and made every one concerned in it a millionaire. Those were the days when Europe was full of oil millionaires.

During the excitement of the sixties, the Coquette Well, owned by Dr. Sybert, of Pittsburgh, netted him \$8,000 a day for quite a long while. He sold a one-twelfth share for \$200,000, then an eighth for \$150,000, and was offered \$500,000 for his remaining interest. He declined to take it, the yield fell off, and he was glad to take \$100,000. He complained that he had been so unlucky as to miss his chances in life; but \$450,000 in cash for a hole in the ground which had yielded him \$8,000 a day for many months would have satisfied most men. Nothing is so uncertain or so capricious as an oil well. Above all other men, the oil-pumper should remember the proverb, *carpe diem*.

The oil industry has made progress since the sixties. The oil of Venango County, Pa., was floated down the Alleghany in bulk in light, caulked boats which started from Oil City. From the wells it was hauled in oak barrels. There were no tank-cars or oil-pipes. Those were the gay days of Pit-hole. The roads were so bad that it was impossible to drive carriages through the oleaginous mud. Every one traveled on horseback. At the Petroleum House the diggers met to trade and hold high revels through the night. It often happened that an interest in a well would be sold for five hundred dollars in the evening, and five thousand dollars on the following day. Interests in wells were like feet in Yellow Jacket or Crown Point in the palmy days of the Comstock.

Prospecting cost more in those days than it does now. At the present time, the cost of drilling a well ranges, according to the nature of the rock, from \$1,200 to \$9,000. Perhaps a fair average for each hole would be \$4,000. Each requires iron casing, which varies from 1,500 to 3,000 feet, according to the depth of the well. The chief item of expense which the oil-seeker incurs is the royalty he pays to the owner of the land he has leased, but if he strikes oil, he pays this willingly enough.

At Pittsburgh and other Eastern oil-centers curses loud and deep are showered upon the Standard Oil Company for having "cornered the oil market." That corporation probably deserves all the curses which it has ever got or will ever get. But in this case it is probably innocent of the charge on which it is arraigned; its managers merely foresaw the working of an economic law and turned it to good account by purchasing oil and oil property.

The odious Democratic-Populist income-tax law is to have another inning. On May 6th, if Justice Jackson is then well enough to be on the bench, as he expects to be, the case will be re-argued before a full bench. As nothing has occurred to change the minds of the evenly divided judges, it is evident that Justice Jackson will cast the de-

ciding vote. It is believed that he is in favor of the constitutionality of such of the law as remains. There will be still, however, a majority of the court against taxing incomes from land and from State, county, and municipal bonds. This frees capitalists and land-holders—the class at whom the Democrats, catering to the socialistic rabble, aimed the tax; and it throws the entire burden of the tax on the merchants, tradesmen, clerks, and professional men of the country. There is Democratic doctrine for you. But it is about as close as the blundering Democracy ever gets with its blundering attempts at law-making. Even if any of the odious law be upheld, it will be almost impossible to collect the tax owing to the ambiguities in the law, and the fact that nearly all incomes, those of mines and railways, for example, indirectly come from land. Further, it is now claimed by keen lawyers that the provision of the new law of 1894 which forbids collectors of internal revenue to delegate their judicial duties to deputies, is the finishing stroke to the income-tax law. Ascertaining and determining the amount of tax to be paid is certainly one of the collector's judicial functions. Therefore he can not delegate that duty. This would leave tax-payers scot free, unless the collector personally attended to every case, which would be physically impossible.

On the authority of St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, it is stated that President Cleveland declares positively that he will refuse to appoint delegates to the International Monetary Conference, as required by the act of Congress, on the ground that such a conference would be "a free-silver trap." The Democratic President is taking a heavy responsibility on himself, if this statement be true. Mr. Cleveland has always considered his judgment superior to that of Congress; in this matter, he apparently considers it superior to that of the American people; and when he thus condemns the conference, it is evident that he rates himself above the nations of the earth.

The daily papers have been attempting to defend their hysteric and sensational accounts of the Emmanuel Church murders on the plea of "aiding the detectives." If the papers have aided the law in any way, it would be difficult to tell what it is. They have blazoned forth to the world every discovery made by the police, apparently in order that the criminal or criminals may be duly warned. For example, the finding of Marian Williams's purse in the pocket of one of Durrant's coats, was printed with whoops and yells in every daily in the city. If Durrant is guilty, it afforded him an opportunity to concoct a plausible story as to its presence there. So with every link in the chain; if Durrant is the murderer, this publishing of clues will help his defense; if he is not, it will keep the true murderer warned as to the movements of the police, and hence keep him out of the clutches of the law.

In other cities it is true that newspapers have sometimes succeeded in unraveling mysterious crimes which defied the police. It is not the case here; the daily papers here have not only failed to "aid the detectives," but have actually done everything calculated to thwart the law. As to the reporters, instead of following "clues," they seem to have devoted themselves to the spinning of cobweb "theories," each more preposterous than the other. In the *Chronicle* of April 21st, for example, there were two columns of "theory," suggesting that Blanche Lamont had submitted to a criminal operation at the hands of Durrant. These two columns are based on the following premises: "Dr. Barrett [says the *Chronicle*] has stated that the gashes in Marian Williams's body were inflicted before death." This is false. Dr. Barrett said nothing of the kind. In his report of the autopsy, which was printed in the daily papers, and which the *Chronicle* theorizer might have read had he so desired, Dr. Barrett swore to certain wounds being post-mortem and certain other wounds being ante-mortem. The *Chronicle* continues: "Five reputable physicians say the wounds on Marian Williams's body were inflicted after death." This also is false. They agreed with Dr. Barrett. The *Chronicle* theorizer goes on to say: "In view of this contradiction of Dr. Barrett's statement in the Williams case, it is not deemed improbable that his findings in the autopsy of Blanche Lamont may be questioned." The findings in the autopsy to which the *Chronicle* theorizer objects were that Blanche Lamont was a pure girl. This Dr. Barrett swears to. Despite this fact, the *Chronicle* theorizer goes on, and erects on this substratum of falsehoods, contradicted by its own reports, two columns of "theory" concerning Blanche Lamont's physical condition. These lies are vicious and mean. The girl is dead—foully murdered. The doctor who performed the autopsy swears that she was pure. Even a newspaper reporter should be reluctant to take from her all that is left—her fair fame; even a newspaper reporter should let her repose in peace in her bloody but dishonored grave.

A BRIDE'S BATTLE.

How She Missed a Ball but Won a Victory.

HE [*entering, in evening clothes*].—Eleven o'clock, and I'm sure she is not ready yet. [*He knocks on the door of his wife's room.*] Are you ready, dear? [*Listening.*] No, not yet? Hurry up. It is almost eleven o'clock, and you know the judge vanishes at midnight as promptly as a Cinderella. Of course his wife and daughters will be there, but I want to see the judge, and I particularly want to present you to him. [*He tries to turn the handle of the door.*] You don't want me to come in, eh? Why not? [*Listening.*] You want to give me a surprise, eh? That's very nice. I am sure you will look divine in a ball-gown. [*Listening.*] You are sure of it, too, eh? Well, so much the better. [*A pause.*] You have no idea how nervous I am. [*Listening.*] Why? You don't see why? Because I am taking you to a ball, and though we have been married six months, it is the first time I ever did such a thing. [*Listening.*] You say you are not nervous. That is perfectly natural. Men and women judge the same thing differently, and I daresay—
[*Listening.*] You want me to keep still? [*Listening again.*] My chatter bothers your maid, who is sticking pins in your shoulders instead of in your corsage? Poor corsage! No, no, I mean poor shoulders! [*Listening.*] You want me to go and sit down? Very well, I'm going; but don't be too long. [*He peers through the keyhole.*] I warn you I am looking through the keyhole. You needn't cry "Oh!" I didn't see anything, Parker was in the way. [*He goes over and sits down.*] She is good for another half-hour yet. If there's anything puts me in a bad humor it is this getting ready for a ball. If it were not necessary for me to show up at the judge's reception, if I didn't have to go there to keep myself from being forgotten, how I would like to stay here quietly with Bessie.

SHE [*entering, very décolleté, her hair elaborately arranged, and a smile on her lips*].—Here I am at last. And now, sir, look at me, admire me. Are you proud of your wife, and was I not right when I said I would give you a surprise?

HE [*rising, advances toward her and stops short astonished*].—Why, you are outrageously décolleté! It is frightful!

SHE—Frightful! I do not think so.

HE—But you are not even clothed.

SHE—And therefore I am the better dressed.

HE—Is that the fashion, then—to uncover yourself so?

SHE—But, my dear, my dress is neither more nor less décolleté than other women's dresses. Have you never been to a ball?

HE—Yes, madam, I have been to halls, and often. It was at a hall that I met you for the first time, and your gown was not so décolleté then.

SHE—No, it was not so décolleté then; but I was a young girl then, and a young girl does not dress like a married woman. I have seen many married women at balls, and I do not think that I am dressed otherwise than as they were.

HE—Do me a favor. Change your dress.

SHE—My dear, what you ask is impossible.

HE—Why?

SHE—Because I have no other dress—which becomes me so well.

HE—Put on another that does not become you so well, then.

SHE—My dear, you are very aggravating. I was so happy to go to this hall, especially on account of my gown, and I thought you would find me charming in it.

HE—I do find you charming in it—too charming.

SHE—I kept saying to myself: "How he will admire this gown!"

HE—I do admire it, and I have but one regret, which is that there is not enough of it to admire it more.

SHE—In the six months we have been married, you have had ample leisure to learn my character. You know very well that I am not a coquette, that I do not put myself out to win men's admiration, and especially through dressing eccentrically. You may be very sure that, if I had the least fear in the world that my corsage would make me conspicuous, I would not wear it.

HE [*goes to her and takes her hands in his*].—Please, change it, dear.

SHE—You are a tyrant.

HE—No, a suppliant.

SHE—And this is what I get for hussying myself over my gown for three weeks beforehand. You talked of nothing but this ball. "I want you to be admired," you kept saying to me incessantly. "When I told the judge I was going to get married," you said to me, "he looked as if he thought me too young. I wish to prove to him that if I married young I had good reasons for doing so. Make yourself as pretty as you can," you added, "as pretty as possible." I obeyed you. I made myself pretty, and now you are angry at me. Oh, Will, you must be trying to pick a quarrel with me. I am afraid that this corsage is only a pretext, and that there is beneath it a reason which I can not fathom—a reason—that—a reason—that—oh, Will, you make me very unhappy! [*She falls on a chair, and wipes her eyes with a lace handkerchief.*]

HE [*who has been kneeling before her, and takes her hands*].—Come, come, dear—

SHE [*sobbing*].—No, you must acknowledge that I am not outrageously décolleté.

HE [*contrite*].—I do acknowledge it.

SHE [*sobbing more and more*].—You must acknowledge, too, that it is not so terrible, after all.

HE [*more and more contrite*].—I do acknowledge it.

SHE [*jumping up, her sobs stopping at once*].—Well, let us go, then.

HE [*astonished*].—But—

SHE—Since you confess that you are in the wrong, let us go; we are late now.

HE—But, see here—

SHE—Is there anything else?

HE [*approaches her and puts his arms about her waist*].—I love you—

SHE—I know it; but we are late, and the judge goes to bed at twelve o'clock.

HE [*retaining her by the waist, and continuing*].—I love you, and when a man loves he is jealous.

SHE—I don't understand.

HE—Yes, I know very well that you are not outrageously décolleté—on the contrary, in fact—and it is not so terrible, but I am jealous.

SHE—I don't see—

HE—Since we were married, we have lived in a tête-à-tête that nothing has disturbed. No one has come between us. When we received this invitation for the ball, I confess I had not reflected on this matter. I thought only of the joy it would be to lead you into a ball-room on my arm, like a miser who, proud of his treasure, has, in a moment of madness, the folly to display it. But this evening you appear to me more charming still, more beautiful than ever; the miser is himself again. He is afraid lest his treasure should tempt thieves, and he shuts up his strong box again.

SHE—I do not understand.

HE—Do you not understand that in a little while, in these ball-rooms, all eyes will be fixed upon you? Do you not understand that you will be stared at, judged, gauded—and that all this frightens me? All the men in the room, young and old, will stare you out of countenance, will—forgive the phrase—"size you up." To-morrow your name will be banded all over the town.

SHE—Well—

HE—I can hear now the dialogues in the clubs: "Did you see Ruthven's wife at the ball last night?" "Yes." "What did you think of her?" "Very neat." "Did you notice her shoulders?" "Poems!" "And her arms?" "Beauties!" "And her neck?" "Delicious!"

SHE—You don't want them to say that my shoulders are a dream, my arms beauties, and my neck delicious?

HE—No, I do not. Call me stupid, crazy, if you like; say that my jealousy is puerile and my fears groundless; laugh at me, if you will, but at least confess that, if I have sinned, it is only through excess of love—and grant my request.

SHE—Then you are afraid that they will think too well of me?

HE—I am afraid they will think too much of your figure. Though I am proud of being the husband of a woman who is considered beautiful, I am afraid of being the husband of a woman who seems to wish to appear so, and I notice in your costume a little too much eccentricity. For nothing in the world would I have you given the name of "professional beauty." Nor that they should call me "the husband of the handsome Mrs. So-and-So." On a young married woman's first entrance into the world, on the manner in which she presents herself, depends a whole structure of opinions which will be formed about her and which can not be cast aside. And it is enough in judging of a woman that a buckle is clasped too high, or a corsage open too low. They have judged. There is no recourse, no appeal. "Mrs. So-and-So is a little giddy." I beg of you, change your corsage.

SHE—You are very selfish, but I do not wish to vex you. [*She goes out.*]

HE—Perhaps I was wrong. She was not too décolleté. The fact is, if I had not been her husband I would not have thought her gown low at all.

SHE [*entering, in a sombre gown, cut high*].—Does this suit you better?

HE [*rising, steps toward her and stops*].—But this dress comes up almost to your chin.

SHE—Isn't that enough? Must I cover my chin, too?

HE—Now you are making fun of me.

SHE—Not at all. But what do you want? I haven't thirty-six waists cut in thirty-six different ways. You did not want my gown to be a low-cut one. Very well, I have put on a high one.

HE—But you ought to be able to find something between the two.

SHE—No, a gown must be either high or low. Since you are so much afraid my shoulders, arms, and neck will be talked about, I have put them beyond the reach of all comment.

HE—But you will make yourself ridiculous. A young married woman does not wear her hall gown up to her chin.

SHE—Perhaps they will think if I do not wear a low gown that I have good reason for not doing so. But what difference does that make to you? You know well enough whether I have or not.

HE [*out of patience*].—But, good heavens, my dear—

SHE—Oh, probably they will chuckle, and nudge one another, and make uncomplimentary remarks. But you will have the satisfaction of knowing that no one will say: "A poem!" "Beauties!" "Delicious!" True, they may say: "Poor fellow!" But what difference would their pity make to you?

HE—My dear, you positively must not go to the hall in this state.

SHE—But I must go somehow. I have only two evening waists to my name; and the one I had on just now didn't suit you; therefore this one must.

HE—But—

SHE—Remember your own words: "I am not afraid they will think too well of you; I am afraid they will think too much of your figure." You ought to be satisfied now. They won't see enough of my figure to think about.

HE [*much perplexed*].—But—

SHE [*continuing in the same tone*].—... "I find too much eccentricity in your costume." See: I am not eccentric. HE [*making a great decision*].—Well, put on your other waist.

SHE—Do you think I'd better? Think of the reputation

they will give me of "professional beauty," and of the structure of opinions that will be formed! And of the position you will be in: "the husband of the giddy Mrs. So-and-So"! On the other hand, dressed as I am, no one will suspect for an instant that I am anything less than malformed.

HE [*furious*].—And they will say, too, that I married you, not because I loved you, but for your money.

SHE—Let them say it. And then, see the immense advantage: no one will take it into his head to come hithering around me, as they do around the young married women who have passable figures. They will leave me alone in my corner, and they will say of me: "Her face is not bad, but—poor Ruthven!"

HE—Seriously, now, I implore you to put on your other waist. This one is simply horrible, it makes you look seventy at least.

SHE [*firmly*].—Impossible.

HE [*vehemently*].—Put on your other waist. I wish you to—

SHE [*sobbing*].—You wish me to, I—I must! Oh, this is a preconcerted plan to find fault with whatever I do! You—you want to humiliate me, and—oh, I'm so unhappy! [*She sinks into a chair and again wipes her eyes with the same lace handkerchief.*]

HE [*aside*].—There. Now I've made her cry again. [*He kneels before her and takes her hands in his.*]

SHE [*sobbing*].—No; you must acknowledge my gown is not so bad as that.

HE [*contritely*].—I do acknowledge it.

SHE [*sobbing still more*].—You must acknowledge, too, that I do not look as if I were seventy at least.

HE [*still more contritely*].—I do acknowledge it.

SHE [*her sobs stopping at once*].—Well, let us go, then.

HE [*dumfounded*].—But—

SHE—Hurry up; we are dreadfully late. Don't you know the judge goes to bed early? [*The clock strikes twelve.*]

HE—In fact, he is starting to bed now.

SHE—Then we shall not see him?

HE—Assuredly not. And now, darling, inasmuch as we have missed the chance for to-night—

SHE—We'll stay at home?

HE [*tenderly*].—If you will be so good.

SHE—Will you be very, very glad?

HE—Enormously. It will be so nice to end well an evening so badly begun. [*Aside.*] And it will put off this corsage question.

SHE—I grant your request. But, you know, next week there is a ball at the Saltonstalls'. From this time forth you must be very sure that I know how to dress myself properly.

HE—I shall be quite sure, I promise you.

SHE—Good. Don't forget your promise. And now go change your coat for a comfortable jacket.

HE—I shall do so, my dear. [*He goes to the door, comes back to his wife, kisses her hands, and, smiling:*] And you—take off that dreadful waist.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Julien Berr de Turique by L. S. Vassault.*

OLD FAVORITES.

What My Lover Said.

This piece of verse has been current in the newspapers for many years. This is a correct copy of the poem, which contains one stanza (the third) omitted as generally given, besides many corrections of verbal inaccuracies which had crept into the original.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,

In the orchard path he met me;

In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,

And I tried to pass, but he made no room,

Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.

So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,

With my face bent down above it,

While he took my hand as he whispering said—

(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,

To listen to all that my lover said;

Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,

And the low, wet leaves hung over;

But I could not pass upon either side,

For I found myself, when I vainly tried,

In the arms of my steadfast lover.

And he held me there and he raised my head,

While he closed the path before me,

And he looked down into my eyes and said—

(How the leaves bent down from the boughs overhead

To listen to all that my lover said,

Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside but a little way,

I could surely then have passed him;

And he knew I never could wish to stay,

And would not have heard what he had to say,

Could I only aside have cast him.

It was almost dark, and the moments sped,

And the searching night wind found us,

But he drew me nearer and softly said—

(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,

To listen to all that my lover said;

Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,

That I must be all unwilling;

For I tried to go, and I would have passed,

As the night was come with its dew, at last,

And the sky with its stars was filling.

But he clasped me close when I would have fled,

And he made me hear his story,

And his soul came out from his lips and said—

(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,

To listen to all that my lover said;

Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,

And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,

Will carry my secret so safely and well

That no being shall ever discover

One word of the many that rapidly fell

From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;

And the moon and the stars that looked over

Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell

They wove round about us that night in the dell,

Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell

As they fell from the lips of my lover.

—Homer Greene.

AMERICA'S DAUGHTERS.

"The Women of the United States," by C. de Varigny—A French Resident's Opinions of Our Better Halves—Their Beauty, Cleverness, and Independence.

M. C. de Varigny, a French gentleman who for some years held the post of French consul in one of the large Eastern cities, made a study of the womenkind about him—as Frenchmen are very apt to do, whether at home or abroad—and having set his opinions and observations down in a book, this has been translated into English by Miss Arahella Ward, and is published, with the title "The Women of the United States," by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York.

There are hut four chapters in the book, and the first is taken up with the beginnings of woman's place and influence in American society. He writes at length of the wives of the colonists, the sturdy belpmeets of the early pioneers, and gives them credit for their virtues; points out the different origins of the colonies, and the difference between Northern society and that of the South, and bewails the mixed schools of America—so, in one chapter, bringing his subject up to date. Then he begins with the overmastering influence of women in American society, treating the subject as in this extract:

As a young girl she is free. As a woman the divorce laws allow her to break oppressive hands. Public opinion follows her and protects her at every period of her life. But she looks higher; equality alone does not satisfy her. The circumstances in which she is placed confirm and second her ambition. Years pass, prosperity increases, civilization broadens. In a larger and more worthy field of action, man's duty becomes more absorbing and woman's less so. She is freed from the narrow duties of the first settlers; she no longer, like her grandmother and mother, does the family cooking and sewing and the work of a servant. She has time to improve her mind and make new acquaintances, and she reigns undisputed and without a rival in the intellectual sphere which man is early compelled to give up on account of his incessant labor. To her natural charms she adds that of the mind, of superior culture and knowledge. The American man knows the art of making money, but not of spending it, not of getting from it the comfort and pleasure which it ought to give. On this side, woman is extremely clever. She acquires this art of spending and practices it with much ingenuity. She beautifies her home and makes it as well as herself more attractive, and man's admiration for her increases. She becomes the spending as he is the receiving agent. She spurs him on to work in flattering his heart and his vanity. She profits by the leisure which labor has created for her, and to the natural respect which she inspires, as much in women as in men, is added the respect which a superior intelligence wins for her.

That the American woman is spoiled, M. de Varigny would prove by such anecdotes as the following quoted from Baron Hühner's "Promenades autour du Monde":

I was sitting in one of the cars which run along the principal streets of New York. A slight touch of a fan arrested my attention, and I saw standing proudly erect before me a young lady who was measuring me from head to foot with a haughty, imperious, and even angry stare. I hastened to rise, and she took my seat without deigning to thank me even by a smile or look. I was, however, obliged to stand the rest of the way, in an uncomfortable position, painfully holding on to one of the straps which run the length of the car.

One day a young girl had driven an infirm old man from his seat in an especially haughty manner. Just as she was leaving the car, one of the passengers called to her: "Miss, you have forgotten something." She returned hastily. "You have forgotten to thank this gentleman."

M. de Varigny accounts for the American woman as she is to-day in this wise:

The Hibernian, French, Italian, and German blood mingled with the Anglo-Saxon has softened with its characteristic vivacity or morbidness, grace or languor, the outlines which the American woman inherited. Thus we find in this land almost every kind of plastic beauty—the voluptuous nonchalance of the Creole, the aristocratic purity of the Englishwoman, the expressive and mobile physiognomy of the Frenchwoman, the blooming complexion and slender figure of the Irish girl. From these races the American has borrowed what is best in each; and youth and love bring about elimination, marriage in the United States being, more than anywhere else, the result of an instinctive affinity. For a long while shut up within the distant walls of a continent but little visited, and possessing nothing which would naturally attract the curiosity of the traveler or the observation of the tourist, the beauty of the women, which was legendary among the naval officers and diplomats whose duties brought them to the coast or to Washington, made itself manifest on the day when facility of communication and the nomadic instinct caused a regular exodus of rich Americans. Ancient Europe attracted them. Her monuments, palaces, cities, and museums became the object of regular pilgrimages—the result of a serious education, above all for women. Florence, Munich, Rome, and Dresden saw American colonies settling within their walls. They became fitful and changing kaleidoscopes, whose personal characteristics were constantly renewed, and which grew and gravitated about a few rich, well-known, and established families. From this it came about that the American colony took possession of certain quarters in each of these cities that were especially liked; and the American woman made these her centres and lived there. Each centre was a foreign city in the midst of the great French, English, Italian, or German one.

There is an English proverb which says that seven or eight generations are needed to make a "gentleman," three or four to make a "lady." Not so many as this are necessary for the American woman. She has the physical beauty of the Anglo-Saxon race, modified by circumstances, as we have shown; leisure, which man makes for her; intellectual culture; wealth, quickly attained; and the elegance and refined tastes natural to her sex. Europe did the rest.

"The paradise of the American young girl," according to M. de Varigny, is New York, and for these reasons:

Here, better and to a greater degree than anywhere else, she can give free play to her taste for spending money, to her toilet, to receptions and balls, to flirtation and pleasure. The social life, of which she is the soul, is made for her, and American custom gives her the entire liberty that she longs for. The extent of this liberty has at times been exaggerated, and some have deduced a general rule from a few loud and noisy exceptions, and have attributed to the young New York girls a too bold manner. The truth, as it is, is enough, and presents a sufficiently disconcerting contrast to our French customs to need no further accentuation. Fearless Amazons, the New York girls walk in groups, or are accompanied by an escort to whom they allow for the moment the honor of attending them in the walks of Central Park, or else they drive there in a light huggy drawn by a swift trotter. During the winter they make up sleighing-parties or skate on the ponds. We meet them in large shops and in the fashionable restaurants without other escorts than a friend. The evenings are spent at some theatre or ball. The summer they pass at Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch, or Bar Harbor, where they display themselves at the Casino in such gorgeous toilets as might well put to flight any prospective husband. In the autumn they go to Paris, London, Florence, Rome, Naples, or Lucerne. Our European hotels are filled with their exuberant gaiety and extraordinary whims. One meets them everywhere. They are indefatigable travelers, visiting everything, exploring everything, and everywhere they are as free as they were at home, heedless of the wonder they arouse or the comments they excite.

M. de Varigny compares the American system of bringing up girls to that which prevails in his own country, and says:

The results of the American system are the true criterion, and in judging it by the results, we can not affirm that the great liberty given American girls at the present time has had any more deplorable results than has the European system. . . . The American marries as she wishes; free in her choice, she is in most cases true to it, and great are the joy and honor of her home. But that which above all shocks our conventional notions is the fact that she is "her own mother"—that is to say, she assumes to take care of herself, to watch over herself, and to act with discretion. By her early contact with companions of her own age, her imagination is curbed; there are no flights into a mysterious world. Hers are living types, and not impossible heroes. The deceitful mirages are replaced by a prosaic reality. Good sense takes the place of poetic illusions and prudence of vague dreams and mystic flights. The art of flirtation, which is to love what the preface of a book is to the book itself, which is as the love of fencing is to the duel, accomplished for her what her public education began. She uses this art with the skill of her sex, with the confidence which the respect that she inspires gives her, with the wisdom of a precocious experience, and with the conviction that the happiness of her life depends on the use she makes of it and on her final choice. This choice is dictated by no one. She takes upon herself all the responsibility, having been prepared for it from girlhood. Accustomed to the battery of men, their compliments do not turn her head. She takes a practical view of life.

It is interesting to read M. de Varigny's summing-up of the three years of an American society girl's life. It is as follows:

First year—The girl makes her debut in society. She has heard it talked of, and for a long time the date has been settled. However, too much concerned with the importance of her debut, she is at a loss. Her mother, fearing for her too free behavior and the suspicion of "bad form," has carefully left out the friends and companions of her childhood. Their gaiety and their familiarity would scandalize serious people but little accustomed to so noisy a gathering. This is the preliminary year. The girl observes, listens, and holds her peace. Out of courtesy, men are presented to her. Out of her element, isolated, unconscious of her real worth, she causes no sensation as yet. It is a tiresome season for her, this period of initiation. Seated by her mother's side she rarely dances, and speaks still less. She is always ready to return home at the least sign of weariness from her father. In the summer, at Newport or Saratoga, she finds some of the dancers and some of her drawing-room friends. Coteries are formed and girls' friendships are made. Walks, excursions, drives are planned. People speak to her and she answers. They notice her and she sees it. She feels that she is somebody and not something. She begins the art of serious flirtation, and her youthful experience only helps to facilitate her efforts.

Second year—She knows people and they know her. She makes the most of what she knows, and guesses at what she does not know. Daylight begins to dawn on her mind. She knows intuitively what best suits her complexion and her style of beauty. From a chrysalis she emerges a butterfly. She has made her friends, and on this choice wisely made depends in a great deal the future of her matrimonial campaign. According to American customs these young companions will be more useful to her than father, mother, brother, aunt, or cousin. Has she known well how to choose them, their popularity will make hers. Their kindly remarks about her will bring her into notice. They will help her as she will help them. Like her, even before her, they will have guessed what husband she must have. They plan to bring the two together, making opportunities for her to meet him by invitations skillfully suggested to their mothers. At formal dinners she finds him at her side. It is a case in which everything can be repaid. It is an exchange of good deeds, a society for mutual assistance. In the young girls' conversations with one another, they are confidential and half admit their preferences. If the horizon widens, her choice circumstances it. Among her many admirers she thinks she can choose one, yet she hesitates.

Third year—This is the decisive year—the climax. She is at the height of her beauty, and she realizes it. She has had experience, and from it comes assurance. Her limpid gaze, full of an instructed innocence, rests on those about her with as much calmness as an artist who has finished his portrait for the next exhibition. She knows exactly what she wants, the establishment for which she is fitted, the kind of life she desires. She knows how to listen with an air of moved astonishment to a passionate declaration, and to refuse with tearful eyes the wooer who asks her to marry him, but who does not offer what her ambition seeks. His impetuosity checked, she can taste without remorse the charms of her maiden sleep. At length her choice is made. Her careful flirtation, her skillfully calculated advances, tempered with modest hesitation, have elicited a declaration from the man in whom she finds united to the highest degree the qualities which she desires in a husband. In spring she is married in Trinity Church with a brilliant procession of eight bridesmaids.

Enough has been quoted to show that M. de Varigny is more conversant with his subject than are most foreign commentators on American institutions, and that he is entertaining there can be little question. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

It is said to be natural, that is, physiological, to rise early and enjoy the beauties of the sunrise; if we ask why, we are treated to various transcendental theories about the vivifying influence of the sun, and are told to take example by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, or so many of them as are not nocturnal in their habits. But (declares the *British Medical Journal*) as a matter of fact, physiology, so far as it has anything to say on the subject at all, is all against the early rising theory. Physiological experiment appears to show that a man does not work best and fastest in the early morning hours, but, on the contrary, about mid-day. The desire to rise early, except in those trained from youth to outdoor pursuits, is commonly a sign, not of strength of character and vigor of body, but of advancing age. Thus paterfamilias, who goes to bed at eleven P. M., wants to get up at five or six A. M., and looks upon his healthy son, who lies till eight, as a sluggard. When this foolish interpretation of a proverb about the health and wealth to be got from early rising is combined with the still more foolish adage which says of sleep: "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," then we have a vicious system capable of working great mischief to young people of both sexes.

A judgment of no little importance to travelers has just been delivered by the Paris court of appeal. A French lady was staying at a hotel with her child, when the latter was taken ill with scarlatina. The landlord endeavored to evict her, and the energetic intervention of a doctor was needed to prevent a removal which might have been attended with fatal results. A claim for damages estimated at three hundred dollars was then put forward by the proprietor, and when the court before which the case was brought decided against him, he appealed. The court of appeal has also pronounced against the hotel-keeper.

THE PASSING OF THE "PALL MALL."

Why Mr. Astor Discontinued the "Pall Mall Budget"—No Mysterious or Sentimental Reasons—Simply Because it was Losing Lots of Money.

An event which has startled the journalistic world of London has been the suspension of the *Pall Mall Budget*. It has been hinted for some weeks that this event was about to take place, but it was scarcely credited. However, the last number contains the following announcement: "With the issue of this number, Thursday, March 28, 1895, the publication of the *Pall Mall Budget* in its present form ceases." The principal picture in the number represents a graceful girl parting the portières of a curtained door and turning to nod good-night as she disappears. In fact, through the whole of the last number there runs a river of good-byes, and the various writers make their farewells to their readers in merry or melancholy mood, as the case may be, generally a melancholy one. The feeling is reciprocated, for the writers and artists of the *Pall Mall Budget* have succeeded in winning the admiration of their readers. Although most of them wrote over pseudonyms, their readers, none the less, felt a keen personal liking for them all, from "Mascarille" to "Picaroon."

Reasons for the suspension of the *Budget* are abundant. Rumors have multiplied like flies. The favorite theory of the quidnuncs seems to be that its stoppage is due to the death of Mr. Astor's wife. The story is that Mrs. Astor had a personal interest in the *Budget*, and took great pride in its artistic and literary success; that Mr. Astor determined that, as she was dead, the paper should die too. Another story is that the somewhat curt obituary of Mrs. Astor printed in the *Budget* so displeased her husband that he determined to stop the paper.

All of these stories are pretty, but, as a matter of fact, they are utterly unfounded. Several months ago, before Mrs. Astor's death, T. P. O'Connor announced in his *Weekly Sun* that the publication of the *Budget* would presently be abandoned. Although the *Budget* took no notice of this statement, it was denied in other journals, but Mr. O'Connor reiterated it, stating that as soon as the accepted matter, literary and artistic, was disposed of, the *Budget* would suspend. His statement has been borne out by the facts. There was, of course, much accepted matter on hand and there was a serial running by Mrs. Craigie, known as "John Oliver Hobbes." It would not have been seemly to suspend the paper in the midst of the serial. Therefore the serial was finished, and immediately afterward the paper finished too.

The plain facts are that the *Pall Mall Budget* suspended because it was a financial failure. There never was in the history of journalism a paper run so lavishly and with so little regard to money. In fact, about a year ago such was the fierceness of the pace set by the *Budget* that it alarmed the publishers of other illustrated weeklies here. It was frequently printing forty or fifty pages of matter, quarto size, on the finest kind of paper, with illustrations by such artists as Dudley Hardy, Phil May, Max Greiffenhagen, Aubrey Beardsley, Beerbohm Tree, and others, and with departments, book reviews, stories, novelettes, and serials by the best pens obtainable, and selling this product for sixpence. The illustrations were not all in black and white either. The *Budget* made a specialty of issuing "Army numbers," "Naval numbers," "Indian numbers," and so on, in which there were elaborate colored illustrations. The proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, *St. Paul's*, *The Sketch*, *Black and White*, and other such journals held a meeting, about a year ago, and attempted to call a halt in the expense of publishing. They proved plainly that it was impossible to furnish a sixpenny weekly to the public on anything like the high plane of the *Pall Mall Budget* without a heavy loss, and said that nobody but an American millionaire would run a publishing business with no regard to business principles. But Mr. Astor paid no attention to their protests, and went on his way. Even he, however, has tired of the heavy drain. Hence the suspension of the *Budget*.

In regard to the many statements as to a sentimental reason for this suspension, caused by the statement that he has declined numerous offers to purchase the paper, it may be said that no one has made any offer for the paper, other than a nominal one for its name. No one but a millionaire could run it as it has been run. Although it has been an artistic and literary success, it has lost heavily every week since it began. Under these circumstances, therefore, it is natural that Mr. Astor prefers to suspend the paper in the plenitude of its power and its success, one of the journalistic marvels of the day, rather than to see it continued as a mediocre weekly, much diminished in size and shorn of its former grandeur, injuring also by the similarity of name his two other publications, the *Pall Mall Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which he intends to continue.

Despite Mr. Astor's refusal to sell, however, an attempt has been made to take the place occupied by the *Pall Mall Budget*. Mr. Harry Furniss, who has long been connected with *Punch*, started about a year ago a humorous weekly called *Lika Joko*. This has been only a qualified success. Mr. Furniss seems to see his opportunity now, and has begun an illustrated weekly called the *New Budget*. But it will have to be run on very expensive lines for Mr. Furniss to make anything even remotely resembling the old *Budget*. LONDON, April 3, 1895. PICCADILLY.

Mr. Gladstone is a believer in the theory that a man can do better mental work every year to extreme old age if he takes care of his body. He claims that the mind grows stronger and clearer as the body loses vitality, and that it is only disease of the latter that can prevent an intellectual progress that will go on to the end. He is certainly a good illustration of his working theory.

MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

Extraordinary Murder Trials—Circumstantial Evidence—Is it Safe?

—Some Famous Circumstantial Cases—Judicial Puzzles—Knots that the Courts Could not Untie.

The horrible girl-murders that have shocked San Francisco recall the fact that among the many mysterious murders which have baffled the officers of the law, the most numerous seem to be the murders of young women. The famous murder case of the beautiful Ellen Jewett in New York city, many years ago, will be remembered by old New Yorkers; in this the accused was defended by Ogden Hoffman, father of the late Judge Hoffman of San Francisco. The equally mysterious murder of the beautiful cigarette girl, Mary Rogers, was subsequently woven into an elaborate narrative under the title of "The Mystery of Marie Roget," by Edgar Allen Poe. Since these two famous crimes there have been a number of murders of young women in towns not far from New York. Among the most noted are these:

On August 5, 1881, the body of Jennie Cramer was found at Savin Rock, a pleasure resort, near New Haven. She was the daughter of Jacob Cramer, a New Haven cigar-maker. She was nineteen years of age and a very handsome brunette. Her name had been linked with that of Walter Malley, the son of a rich dry-goods merchant in New Haven. He was the last man seen with her, and he and his cousin James had been out the preceding night with her and a woman named Blanche Douglas. There was a sensational trial, the two Malleys being accused, but they were found not guilty on June 3, 1882.

On August 2, 1891, the body of a handsome young woman, about twenty years old, was found near the village of Glendale, L. I. She had been strangled. She was identified as Hannah Robinson, a domestic employed by Rev. Thomas W. March in the adjacent village of Woodburg. She was buried on August 9, 1891, in Mount Olivette Cemetery, and with her was interred the secret of her death.

On November 24, 1893, Phoebe Paulin, a pretty, eighteen-year-old girl who lived in a poor cabin with her parents, five miles from Orange, N. J., put on her wraps and started to walk to Orange to go to the post-office. She left Orange on her way back at four o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning a boy who was driving with his father to church noticed a body lying by the road. It was the body of Phoebe Paulin. She had been strangled. A large reward was offered, but nothing more was ever known. She was buried, and the mystery of her death was buried with her.

On June 8, 1892, about noon, Mary Anderson, a pretty girl of seventeen, left her father's house in a Danish settlement on the outskirts of the village of Perth Amboy, N. J., to go to the village. Two hours later a track-walker discovered the body of Mary Anderson near the track, with her throat cut and a thirty-two-calibre bullet wound through her heart. Within a few hundred feet of where she lay a man was herding cows and two boys were picking coal from the track, while a switch-tender saw her pass but five minutes before. Yet no one heard the pistol-shot and no one saw the deed. This murder is still a mystery.

On September 3, 1878, May Stannard, a girl living in the village of Guilford, Conn., left her father's house in the afternoon, put on her bonnet, and started with a tin pail for the blackberry patch. Her father watched her disappear in the underbrush only a few hundred yards away. At five o'clock she had not returned. Her sister was sent for her. May Stannard was found lying on her back with two deep gashes in her neck while her head had been crushed with a stone. The village clergyman, Rev. Herbert Hayden, was arrested. The evidence seemed to point to him as the murderer. The trial took place at New Haven. There were one hundred and six witnesses for the prosecution and seventy for the defense. The jury disagreed.

On September 2, 1883, Rose Clark Ambler, the handsomest girl in Stratford, Conn., left the house of her prospective father-in-law in the company of Will Lewis, to whom she was engaged, and started to walk to her own home at nine o'clock at night. Will Lewis said that he accompanied her half-way, and then left her. At half-past eleven o'clock Preston H. Hodges, a resident on the road, heard the screams of a woman in agony. He jumped from his bed and peered out into the darkness, but he heard no more. The next morning two farm-hands found in Mr. Hodges' grounds the body of Rose Clark Ambler. Her face was bruised and there were two deep stabs in her neck. Will Lewis proved an alibi, and the jury found that she met death at the hands of some person unknown.

On March 26, 1887, four brothers named Worth, on their way to work, passed along Central Avenue in the outskirts of Rahway, N. J. Close to a fence they came across the body of a woman. Her throat was cut in two places, and there were two stabs on the chin. It was the body of a woman about twenty-two years of age, with small, well-shaped hands and fairly well dressed. About the place was a confused mass of footprints in the frozen mud. Her footprints were traced back some distance, where they were joined by those of a man. Then her footprints showed that she had begun to run; then the foot-prints showed the sign of a struggle; then the man's footprints were traced to the fence, where they disappeared in the field. No one knew the girl, although her body was taken to New York city and was viewed by one hundred and fifty thousand people in the course of a week. She came out of nowhere, as did her murderer. He vanished, and the girl is still unknown. She never even has had a name. She is known only as "The Rahway Mystery."

In all these cases, where any one was accused, the evidence was circumstantial, and the jury failed to convict. The most famous case in this country where a jury convicted on circumstantial evidence was the trial of Dr. Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman in Boston forty-five years ago. The case is so well known that only a brief synopsis of its points will suffice:

The crime was brought home to the perpetrator through the identifying of a body after it had been separated limb from limb, submitted to chemical processes, and to the inordinate heat of a furnace, and mingled with the countless bones of anatomical subjects in their common burying-place. When Professor Webster was brought to trial for the murder of Dr. Parkman, it was shown that the professor had urgent pecuniary motives, at the time when the crime was committed, to get Dr. Parkman out of the way. The prisoner had a residence at the Medical College, Boston. He made an appointment to meet the deceased at this place at two o'clock on Friday, the twenty-third of November, 1849, in order to discuss certain money matters. Dr. Parkman was seen about a quarter before two o'clock, apparently about to enter the Medical College, and after that was never again seen alive. The prisoner affirmed that Dr. Parkman did not keep his appointment, and did not enter the college at all on that day. For a whole week nothing was discovered, and when search was made, the prisoner interfered with it, and threw hindrances in the way.

On the Friday week and the day following, there were found in a furnace connected with the prisoner's laboratory in the college, fused together indiscriminately with the slag, the cinders, and the refuse of the fuel, a large number of bones and certain blocks of artificial teeth. A quantity of gold, which had been melted, was also found. Other bones were found in a vault under the college. There was also discovered in a tea-chest, and imbedded in a quantity of tan, the entire trunk of a human body and other bones. The parts thus collected together, from different places, made the entire body of a person of Dr. Parkman's age, about sixty years, and the form of the body when reconstructed had just the peculiarities shown to be possessed by Dr. Parkman. In no single particular were the parts dissimilar to those of the deceased, nor in the tea-chest or the furnace were any duplicate parts found over and above what was necessary to compose one body.

The remains were further shown to have been separated by a person possessed of anatomical skill, though not for anatomical purposes. Finally, three witnesses, dentists, testified to the artificial teeth found being those made for Dr. Parkman three years before. A mold of the doctor's jaw had been made at the time, and it was produced and shown to be so peculiar that no accidental conformity of the teeth of the jaw could possibly account for the adaptation. This last piece of evidence was conclusive against the prisoner, and he was convicted. It is singular that the block of artificial teeth was only accidentally preserved, having been found so near the bottom of the furnace as to take the current of cold air, whose impact had prevented the thorough combustion that would otherwise have taken place.

Professor Webster was executed for the murder, although powerful friends made every effort to save his life. Although not, of course, of record, it was understood that he confessed to his attorneys before his death that he was the murderer.

In the English law-books there is a curious case which is little known. It is most striking:

Two men were seen fighting together in a field. One of them was found, soon after, lying dead in that field. Near him lay a pitchfork which had apparently been the instrument of his death. This pitchfork was known to have belonged to the person who had been seen fighting with the deceased; and he was known to have taken it out with him that morning. Being apprehended and brought to trial, and these circumstances appearing in evidence, and also that there had been, for some time, an enmity between the parties, there was little doubt of the prisoner's being convicted, although he strongly persisted in his innocence; but, to the great surprise of the court, the jury, instead of bringing in an immediate verdict of guilty, withdrew, and, after staying out a considerable time, returned and informed the court that eleven out of the twelve had been, from the first, for finding the prisoner guilty; but that one man would not concur in the verdict. Upon this, the judge observed to the dissentient person the great strength of the circumstances, and asked him "how it was possible, *all circumstances considered*, for him to have any doubts of the guilt of the accused?" But no arguments that could be urged, either by the court or the rest of the jury, could persuade him to find the prisoner guilty; so that the rest of the jury were at last obliged to agree to the verdict of acquittal.

This affair remained, for some time, mysterious; but it at length came out, by private acknowledgment of the obstinate jurymen, at the point of death, that he himself had been the murderer. The accused had, indeed, had a scuffle with the deceased, as sworn on the trial, in which he had dropped his pitchfork, which had been, soon after, found by the jurymen, between whom and the deceased an accidental quarrel had arisen in the same field, the deceased having continued there at work after the departure of the person with whom he had been seen to have the affray; in the heat of which quarrel, the jurymen had unfortunately stabbed him with that very pitchfork, and had then got away totally unsuspected; but finding, soon after, that the other person had been apprehended, on suspicion of being the murderer, and fearing, as the circumstances appeared so strong against him, that he should be convicted, although not guilty, he had contrived to get upon the jury, as the only way of saving the innocent without endangering himself.

One of the most dramatic narratives ever printed in the law-books is based on a trial which took place at Gibraltar. It runs as follows:

A respectable merchant, named James Baxwell, born at London, had removed in early life to Gibraltar. He carried on a successful traffic in all the articles of British manufacture introduced into Spain. He acquired a very considerable fortune in this way. All the country knew that he had a large amount of treasure lying by him, not to speak of the capital belonging to him, which was embarked in commerce. His name was one of credit in all the principal houses of exchange of Europe.

James Baxwell had an only daughter, aged seventeen, and of remarkable beauty, inherited from a Spanish mother. The youths of Gibraltar strove to win the smiles of Elezia Baxwell. But Elezia bestowed her smiles upon no one.

At length, however, Elezia did see one who awakened in herself some of the emotions which she had caused in others. At mass, one day, she observed the eyes of a young stranger fixed upon her with an expression of admiration and respect. Ere long, the stranger found an opportunity of being introduced to her, and mutual avowals of love followed.

Assured of the affections of Elezia, the young stranger then presented himself to Mr. Baxwell. "I am named William Katt," said he to the merchant; "I am, like yourself, an Englishman; I am of respectable family and character, young, and wealthy. Give me your daughter—we love one another."

"Never!" said James Baxwell. "You belong to the dominant religion of England, by which my fathers suffered so much and long. You are a Protestant and I and my daughter are Catholics. Such a union could not be happy, nor will I ever give my consent to it. Elezia shall never be yours!" The daughter, informed of this declaration, threw herself at the feet of her father, and endeavored to move him from his purpose. Her lover did the same. But the father remained obstinate, and a violent scene took place between Elezia and her parent. The blood of Spain coursed in the daughter's veins, and she declared that she would marry the object of her choice, despite all opposition. James Baxwell, on the other hand, declared that he would sooner kill her with his own hands than see her carry such a resolution into effect. As to William Katt, who stood by at this scene, he kept silence.

Two days afterward, loud cries were heard by the neighbors to issue from a cellar immediately adjoining the merchant's house, and used by him for some domestic purposes. A solution of the mystery was not long in suggesting itself. Elezia had disappeared; she was no longer to be seen about her father's house. After many rumors had circulated, the father was interrogated respecting his daughter. He said that she was missing certainly, but whether she had gone he knew not.

This explanation was not satisfactory. The whisper went abroad that James Baxwell had assassinated his daughter to prevent her marriage with William Katt, and ultimately this conjecture was so forcibly pressed on the attention of the public authorities that they were compelled to arrest James Baxwell, and inquire into the matter. The dwelling of the merchant was examined, but nothing criminal was found. "The cellar! the cellar is the place!" cried some of the crowd. The magistrates then descended into the cellar, and there, on lifting some loose stones, they found a portion of Elezia's dress, sprinkled with blood. They also discovered a small quantity of hair clotted with gore, and that hair was recognized by many as having been taken from the head of Elezia.

Baxwell protested his innocence. But the proof seemed strong against him, and he was brought to trial. The result was his conviction for the murder of his daughter, and his condemnation to death.

On receiving sentence, the unhappy merchant seemed utterly overpowered by the dreadful nature of his situation. He continued in a state almost of total insensibility during the interval between his trial and the day appointed for his execution. On the morning of the latter day the jailer came to announce to him, for the final time, that the moment was at hand. The merchant was seized again with a fearful trembling, and he cried: "Before my Maker, I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death!"

They led him out to the scaffold. There he found, among others, William Katt, who was the most important witness against him at his trial, having repeated to the court the threat of assassination which had been uttered by James Baxwell in his presence against Elezia. No sooner did the doomed merchant behold Katt, than he exclaimed, at the very foot of the scaffold: "My friend, in one minute I shall be in eternity. I wish to die in peace with all men. Give me your hand—I pardon you freely for the injury your evidence has done to me." Baxwell said this with some composure, but the effect of his words upon Katt were very striking. He became pale as death, and could not conceal his agitation.

Baxwell mounted the steps of the gallows slowly, and gave himself up to the hands of the executioner, to undergo death by the rope. According to the ancient custom of Gibraltar, the executioner commenced his last duties by crying, in a loud voice: "Justice is doing I

Justice is done!" He then placed the black bonnet on the head of the condemned merchant, and pulled it down in front, so as to cover the eyes. He had just done this, when he was stopped in his proceedings by a loud cry from the side of the scaffold: "It is I who am guilty—I alone!"

This cry came from William Katt. The magistrates in attendance instantly called him forward, and demanded an explanation. The young man avowed that he had carried off Elezia, with her consent, to be his wife, and that she was now residing not far off, in concealment. But to her he did not communicate other measures which he had taken, chiefly to revenge himself for the scorn of her father. He had contrived to cut off a portion of her hair while she slept. He had clotted it with the blood of a lamb, and had also sprinkled in the same way a part of Elezia's dress, which he had purloined.

These articles he had placed in the cellar, and there, also, had himself uttered those cries which had borne so heavily against the merchant. The generous pardon which the merchant had bestowed on him at the scaffold had awakened, the young man said, instantaneous remorse in his breast, and compelled him to avow the truth.

As soon as Katt had spoken, the executioner turned to James Baxwell to take from him the insignia of death. The merchant, almost unobserved, had sunk down in a limp mass upon the floor of the scaffold. The black bonnet was drawn by the executioner from his eyes and head. But William Katt's confession of wrong toward the merchant was never heard by him in this life. The shock of approaching death, unjust and awful, had been too much for him. James Baxwell was a corpse.

A curious continental case of murder was one in which a priest was involved. The story is noteworthy, as showing how such a murderer, by reason of his religious office, may mold weak minds to conceal his deeds. The case to which we refer is the murder of Anna Eichstadter, one of the most noted trials in the German law-books:

Francis Salis Riembauer was the parish priest in upper Lauterbach, Bavaria. There lived there a family by the name of Frauenknecht, consisting of the farmer, his wife, and two daughters, the elder Magdalena, eighteen years of age, and her sister, Katharine, twelve years of age. Riembauer became very intimate with the family. After some months, the farmer Frauenknecht died, and Riembauer bought the farm, and went to reside there with the family. He paid Magdalena to serve as cook. After some months he went to Munich, ostensibly for the purpose of passing his examination as candidate for a church at Priel. Magdalena at the same time went to Munich, ostensibly to study cookery. Later it was found that they had lived at Munich as man and wife.

Shortly after this, Riembauer became priest at Priel, sold his farm, and removed with the Frauenknecht family to his new residence. At this time, Anna Eichstadter was servant to a clergyman in the neighborhood. She obtained permission from her master to pay a visit to some relatives. It rained as she was setting out, and her master loaned her an umbrella, on the handle of which were his initials, "J. D." Several days elapsed, but she did not return. Among others whom she had intended to visit was Riembauer. To him, accordingly, her master wrote for some information, saying that if the girl was not coming back, she might at least return his umbrella. To this Riembauer replied that he had seen neither the girl nor the umbrella, and expressed astonishment at the application. The girl Anna was not seen again.

Not long after this, the widow Frauenknecht died after a short and suspicious illness, and her daughter Magdalena followed her five days afterward. It was believed by many that they had been poisoned. The young daughter, Katharine, was employed at this time as a domestic in another family. She then laid before the authorities information to this effect: That when her sister Magdalena and Riembauer had just returned from Munich, Katharine and her mother came back to the house one day, and, as they drew near the house, they heard a singular noise from the upper story, which sounded like weeping or groaning. As they entered, Magdalena hurried to them with the intelligence that a woman, representing herself as a relative of Riembauer, had gone up to his room; that shortly afterward he had come down on pretense of getting her some refreshments, and taken up his razor; that Magdalena had followed him upstairs and watched him through the key-hole; that she had seen him draw near the unfortunate woman and suddenly cut her throat. Even while Magdalena was speaking, the groans of the victim and the threatening voice of Riembauer were heard from above. Katharine ran upstairs, and saw through the key-hole the priest kneeling over the body of his victim. She then rejoined her mother and her sister in the room below. Shortly afterward the priest came down, all bloody, with the razor still in his hand. He told the women that the stranger had been persecuting him for money on account of a child which she claimed was his; that she threatened exposure, and that, having no other alternative, he killed her. He begged them to keep the murder secret, and to help him to dispose of the body. Katharine testified that on the following night her mother and Magdalena assisted Riembauer to drag the body down stairs, where they buried it in the garden in a hole dug by him. Katharine said that Riembauer borrowed a plane and planed the blood-stains from the floor.

The authorities arrested Riembauer. In the place described by her were found buried a skeleton and an umbrella marked "J. D." In the room used by him, stains were detected on the floor, which, when moistened with warm water, were found to be of blood. Rough hollows on the floor showed that a plane had been used. One of the neighbors recollected being applied to for the use of a plane at the time of the tragedy.

Riembauer's statement in defense was that Anna Eichstadter wanted to obtain Magdalena's position as cook, and that one day, on returning home, he found the door of his room open, and on the floor the lifeless body of Anna. He questioned Magdalena and her mother, and said they had admitted that Magdalena had become involved in a quarrel with Anna, who had come to displace her as cook, and, in the fear of losing her position, Magdalena had seized one of his razors and inflicted on Anna a mortal wound. Overcome by their tears and entreaties, he consented to assist them in concealing the crime. Such were the conflicting accounts.

The priest's record was looked up, and it was found that in addition to the two women, Magdalena and Anna, he had been involved in intrigues with numbers of other women. His record was a bad one, but despite the testimony against him, circumstantial and oral, he displayed the utmost nerve, and it was two years before the authorities decided to execute him.

When he saw that all hope was gone, he confessed that he had committed the murder, and said that he did it to prevent exposure. "I thought," said he, "of the doctrine of the Jesuit Father Benedict Statter. In his *Ethica Christiana* he holds it to be lawful to take the life of another if there exists no other way of preserving our reputation, for reputation is more valuable than life." Reassured by the doctrine of the Jesuit, he committed his crime.

Horrible as it is to relate, the priest, as his victim lay struggling beneath him, gave her absolution. "While she lay on the ground," he said, "I administered to her spiritual consolation till her feet began to quiver and her last breath departed. At least, her soul was saved."

The foregoing narrative shows the extraordinary double nature of some murderers. That a priest who had first ruined and then murdered a woman should congratulate himself on saving her soul by the rites of the church, seems too horrible to be true. Yet this strange story is taken from the cold and formal pages of the German law-books.

Last of this list, we give what is probably the most curious tale of murder ever told—that of a man who was unjustly convicted upon circumstantial evidence, yet most justly hanged—as no one will deny who reads the story. No wild stage-play or fantastic romance could equal it for improbability. Yet it is condensed from the dry records of the English courts:

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford. He bore a very good character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a

relative, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and, in conversation, unguardedly mentioned that he had about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room.

Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen, being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in an adjoining chamber; and this being repeated, he softly awakened his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying and in pain, they both instantly arose and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, whence they had heard the groans, and, the door being ajar, saw a light in the room. They entered; but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt.

The gentlemen soon discovered that the murdered person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford at once, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He assumed, by this time, an air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defense, and had but that minute entered the room before them. These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but, nevertheless, with such apparent indications of guilt that the justice hesitated not to commit him.

Bradford was brought to trial; he pleaded "not guilty." Nothing could be stronger than the evidence of the two gentlemen. They testified to finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife, and the hand which held it, bloody; that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and that, but a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defense on his trial was the same as before the two gentlemen: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villainy was transacting; he struck a light; he snatched the knife, the only weapon near him, to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity on beholding such a horrid scene.

The defense, however, could not be considered but as weak, contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need left of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence; and the jury brought in the prisoner guilty, even without going out of their box.

Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring that he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were these assertions not untrue. The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman, who, immediately on stalling his master, rifled his clothes of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped back to his own room, which could have been scarcely ten seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. This was confessed by the footman on his death-bed, eighteen months after the execution of Bradford.

It is much to be wished that this account could close here; but it can not. Bradford, though innocent and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design; he had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes declared at supper, as to having a large sum of money about him; and he went to the chamber of the deceased with the same murderous intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement; he could not believe his senses; and, in turning back the bed-clothes to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hands and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him upon the scaffold just before he passed into the other world.

Doubtless there are many, not familiar with the criminal law, who look upon the recent tragedy at Emmanuel Church as one of the most mysterious as well as most horrible cases ever known. They need not so believe. The few cases we have quoted above will give them some idea of the mysterious cases in the books; as to the horrible ones, they also abound, we regret to say, but we shall not refer to them here. In most of these mysterious cases the crime has been of such a nature that circumstantial evidence was necessary to convict, and juries are chary of sending men to death on circumstantial evidence. Many wise men believe that circumstantial evidence is more trustworthy than oral, but juries evidently do not so believe.

When it is considered, in every mysterious case of crime where a man is unjustly held in duress and in danger of his life through circumstantial evidence, that the true criminal is adding to his original crime the still more dreadful one of convicting an innocent man in his place, it gives us an idea of the appalling wickedness and blackness of the human heart.

General McCook has prohibited gambling among the officers of the army in the Department of Colorado. As no exception is made in favor of poker, there is a good deal of speculation as to who will be set to see that the order is obeyed. It is supposed, perhaps erroneously, that the only force that could be raised in Colorado that could be intrusted with such a duty would be one made up of officers' wives.

Vladivostok, Russia's port in the Pacific, has been supposed to be ice-bound during the winter. This year the government tried to force a passage by means of ice-breakers in the coldest part of the winter; and succeeded without great difficulty in getting the cruiser Kostroma, loaded with troops and heavy war material, alongside the government quay.

A Frenchman must still obtain the consent of his parents if he wishes to marry. The Chamber of Deputies has rejected a proposal of Ahde Lemire to dispense with the consent when the man is twenty-five or the woman twenty-one, but passed another doing away with the necessity for the grandparents' consent when the parents are dead.

The *Railway Age* of Chicago finds that in 1890 there were twelve train robberies by brigands or "hold-ups"; in 1891, sixteen; in 1892, sixteen; in 1893, thirty-three; and in 1894, thirty-four.

The nursery tricycle has appeared in London. It contains two seats, one for the mistress and one for the maid and her charge, and has two pairs of pedals.

"Influenza'd" is creeping into use in England, and *Le Figaro* prints "influenzé."

TRILBYISMUS.

The New Malady which is Devastating the Land—Du Maurier draws better than Verdi—The First Night of "Trilby"—Coaching and Cycling.

The Trilby malady is still raging throughout the land. It was thought that it had reached its height some weeks ago, but it was a mistake. Yesterday New York was given up to "Trilby" from midday until midnight. For at the Lyceum Theatre a company of amateurs presented a series of tableaux from "Trilby" for the benefit of the Daughters of the Revolution, and in the evening Mr. Paul M. Potter's stage version of Du Maurier's novel was put on at the Garden Theatre.

This is an importation from Boston. Boston, which is the home of fads, was selected as the place in which first to produce the stage version of "Trilby." It was fertile ground, for in Boston the fell disease Trilbyism has raged more fiercely than elsewhere. Was it not in Boston that the mere mention in the *Transcript* of a French fairy book called "Trilby" set the town aflame? Was it not in Boston that two publishing houses at once sent emissaries to the public library for the French fairy book? Was it not in Boston that it was at once translated and two editions placed upon the market, one in thirty-six bours and the other in forty-eight? Was it not in Boston that the publishers, sure of many thousands, printed on the title-page of this story "First Edition"? And is it not in Boston that people are now reading "Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle," by Charles Nodier, of the University of France, because they have recently been reading "Trilby," fairy of the Latin quarter, by George du Maurier, Esq., of Hampstead Heath? Therefore was it fitting that in Boston Mr. A. M. Palmer should spring his Trilby on a receptive public, or, to use the theatrical slang, to "try it on the dog." Boston is the dog upon whom Trilby has been tried, and Boston wagged its tail and showed signs of canine joy. Therefore, the play, slightly modified and with a new act tacked on, has been at last produced in New York.

It is a curious heast, the New York public. It is but a few weeks ago that the town was wild over Maurel as Falstaff and Emma Eames as Mistress Ford. The supplementary season of opera began last night with those two fine artists in Verdi's latest opera, and there was scarcely a corporal's guard to hear them, although the opera is said to be in better shape than when it was first produced here, owing to the practice that the company has had upon the road. I am told by one who was there that Maurel surpassed himself, and that such rollicking humor and such fine technique are rarely seen upon the stage. Emma Eames, too, was in exquisite voice, beautiful as ever, and excited the sympathies of her audience by carrying her left hand in a sling in consequence of some slight accident she met with on a sleeping-car. It seems harsh to accuse so statuesque a person as Mme. Eames of coquetry, but one would almost think, my friend said, that the sling was designed as a coquettish adjunct to her costume. All of the rest of the company were in good voice—very much better, by the way, than they were weeks ago when gripe was raging through New York. None the less, as I said, the audience consisted of only a handful of apathetic people.

What was the reason of this? Trilbyism.

Since the opera was here, we have got a new dada. We have a stage Trilby. Therefore it is that the fickle New York crowds rushed to the Garden Theatre in order to see Mr. du Maurier's novel in dramatic form. It is only fair to say that Mr. Paul M. Potter has succeeded very well, from a practical and technical standpoint, in putting the novel on the stage. Hypercritical persons may object to the appearance of some of the actors, as they do not, of course, exactly reproduce Mr. du Maurier's pictures. But that is always the case with a novel. No one ever yet succeeded in placing one of Dickens's novels on the stage successfully, for the reason that every man, woman, and child who has read them retains a distinct mental picture of every character, from Oliver Twist to the Fat Boy. Some of them are based upon the pictures of George Cruikshank or "Crowquill," some on the pictures of Sol Eytinge or "Phiz," and some on pictures evolved from the inner consciousness of the reader. If it be difficult, then, to reproduce Dickens on the stage, who has been illustrated by many men, how much the more difficult to reproduce Du Maurier, who has been illustrated by but one man, and that man himself. None the less, the company succeeded measurably in reproducing the costumes and the appearance of the various characters, and they had a way of grouping themselves upon the stage by which they continually recalled well-known pictures from the book.

To those who have read the novel—and who has not?—it will be interesting to learn the way in which the dramatist has re-cast the book. It begins in the famous studio, where, of course, we find the Laird, Taffy, and Little Billee, and Mme. Vinard grouped around the two leading characters, Trilby and Svengali. In this act, Little Billee is broken-hearted at finding that Trilby has posed for "the altogether," and leaves the studio grief-stricken, but comes back again ere Trilby has a chance for much lamentation.

The next scene is the Christmas revelry of the "Trois Angliches" and their friends, among whom are the lively Zouzou and his comrade, Dodor, together with a number of ladies from the Latin quarter, whose ankles are unexceptionable if their morals are not. This merry group is engaged in celebrating the betrothal of Little Billee and his sweetheart. But the merry-making is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Little Billee's mother and her clerical escort. In this act, the playwright departs from the book, and causes the separation of the lovers to be accomplished by the hypnotic power of Svengali. This strikes me as weakening one of the best points in the book—that by which Trilby's unselfish devotion to Little Billee compels her to leave him at his

mother's prayer. None the less, the scene in the play is strong, and the domination of Trilby by Svengali's hypnotic hand seemed to move the audience to enthusiasm. One would have imagined that it would be ludicrous, but it did not seem so, or the audience did not take it so.

Five years are supposed to elapse before the curtain rises on the next act. This is the lobby of the Cirque des Basbichazouks. Here the three Englishmen are overwhelmed on finding that the great contralto who has been singing "Ben Bolt" is Trilby. They plead to her for recognition, but she is cold and deaf to them, and in his rage Little Billee reproaches her bitterly. This act ends with the death of Svengali in a fit of frenzied rage.

The fourth act is the one which has been added since the Boston production. It is very similar to the ending of the book. Trilby is recovering from the shock produced by Svengali's death, and is rejoicing in the thought of her approaching marriage with her sweetheart, when her eye falls on a photograph of Svengali; the old evil influence of the hypnotist seizes upon her, she wanders, fancies that she is again about to sing, falls back, and dies.

The greatest disappointment of the play was the leading actress, Miss Virginia Harned. Miss Harned is short, pretty, and plump. She was neither tall nor slender, as Trilby was supposed to be. As for her feet, at which all the glasses of the house were at once leveled when she appeared in the studio scene, they were very pretty feet, but they were not like Trilby's. As for the other characters, Taffy and Little Billee are but shadows. But the man who plays the Laird seemed to have read and understood the book, and made quite an impression in the rôle. The hit of the play is made by Wilton Lackaye in the rôle of Svengali. No one would have imagined that a long-nosed, long-haired, long-bearded, pop-eyed, scraggy Jew, waving his hands hysterically and hypnotically at a woman, could be other than ludicrous upon the stage; but such was not the fact. There is no doubt that the audience was impressed by Mr. Potter's play as the readers were impressed by Mr. du Maurier's story. It is doubtful, however, whether the play would have been a success if it had not been for the story and its vogue. None the less, it is extremely interesting, and the jolly Bohemian life of the art-students in Paris in the studio of the "three musketeers of the brush" is something new to the stage—to the English-speaking stage, at least. There are similar scenes in Murger's famous book on Bohemian life in Paris, but this has never been played in English.

Aside from theatricals, the beginning of the post-Lenten season has been uneventful. Yesterday the coaching season began with the first trip of the coach Pioneer from the Hotel Brunswick to the Westchester Country Club. The coach was chartered by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sloane, and the party consisted of the host and hostess, Colonel Delancey Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bronson, Miss Wilson, Center Hitchcock, Herbert Robbins, Creighton Weh, Dr. W. Seward Weh, and Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer. Arthur Howlett, who is a son of the famous Howlett of Paris, the great teacher of four-in-hand driving, was a brilliant spectacle in an enormous white bat, a green coat frogged with gold braid, and buff leggings. The coach was driven by Dr. Webb, Mr. Bronson, and Colonel Delancey Kane, alternating. The party said they had a delightful time, but, as a matter of fact, they must have been nearly frozen to death, for there was a cold wind blowing all day which chilled one to the marrow. The coach makes daily runs now until the eighth of June.

Next to coaching, the most interesting event in the outdoor line is the cycling tour which starts this morning, to be made by a dozen members of the Michaux Club, the swell cycling club of New York. The party intend to wheel from here to Washington. To avoid the disagreeable features of Jersey City and Newark, they go from here to Elizabeth by rail, and their first day's trip ends at Princeton at the Princeton Inn. Their next day's run takes them to Philadelphia, where they will be the guests of the club there. The next night they will reach the Brick Church Inn, Maryland, and from there they go to Baltimore, where the members of the Baltimore club will make them their guests for the night. Sunday afternoon will see them in Washington, where the cycling members of the Metropolitan Club will meet them. Servants have been sent ahead with their luggage to the various stopping-places, and every care will be taken to make the trip a comfortable one. This party will consist entirely of men. But in the course of a fortnight a party, including a number of the lady members of the Michaux Club, intend to ride from Port Jervis to the Delaware Water Gap, taking three days for the forty-five miles. Altogether it looks as if the bicycling season had begun with the advent of spring.

NEW YORK, April 16, 1895.

FLANEUR.

The troubles in Cuba have given Spain the opportunity of shipping out of the country a large number of the mutinous military officers whose conduct has recently endangered the existence of the royal government. The ministry have promptly taken advantage of the situation, and have sent to Cuba, at a time when the yellow-fever season is at hand, far more troops than can be needed for service there.

One of the most active industries in the country is the manufacture of bicycles. Many factories are rushed to supply the demand. Even in the hard times there was no decrease in the demand, though for a brief time it halted; but with the first sign of improvement it sprang upward with a jump.

Endeavors are being made in England to establish a Sabbathical year—one year's rest in seven for school-teachers. The experiment has already been tried with success in at least one American college.

One undoubted Americanism has taken firm hold in England; the *Times* has adopted "gerrymandering."

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. F. Montresor, whose book, "Into the Highways and Hedges," has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., is not a man, as most persons have supposed. According to the London *Literary World*, the author is really a Miss Frances Frederick Montresor, born in 1862, the youngest child of the late Admiral F. B. Montresor, and sister of Lieutenant Montresor, R. N., killed in the Sudan. "She has already had good offers, since publishing her first book, for her next novel, but is a slow and careful writer. Her book has run into the third edition within two months."

The sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," upon which Anthony Hope is engaged, is approaching completion. The reader will wonder if in this volume the author condescends to make his engaging hero and the lovely princess man and wife.

Mr. Stevenson's posthumous story, "St. Ives," will not be published until autumn.

Frank R. Stockton's forthcoming novel of adventure is called "The Adventures of Captain Horn," with scenes laid mainly in South America and Paris. Mr. Stockton has been engaged for two years upon this story, which is said to be different from anything he has done thus far. It will be published serially.

One of the most thorough and comprehensive works on the new Africa is "Actual Africa; or, The Coming Continent," by Frank Vincent, which is published by D. Appleton & Co. It is a handsome octavo volume, with maps and one hundred and four full-page illustrations.

Among items of interest to the newspaper fraternity, the most notable are these:

Kate Field's *Washington* has suspended at the age of four and a half years. The *Boston Standard*, the new Protestant daily paper, seems to be a success; its presses are running to their full capacity, one hundred and twenty thousand papers a day, and another perfecting-press has been ordered. A new daily paper is about to be started in New Orleans, Republican in politics, to be called the *Daily Republican*. Robert P. Porter, once of the Census Bureau, and formerly of the *New York Press*, has purchased the *Cleveland World*; the price of the property was two hundred thousand dollars. By the death of James W. Scott, the *Chicago Times-Herald* and the *Post* properties have passed into the possession of H. H. Kohlsaat. Mr. Kohlsaat paid seven hundred thousand dollars for the controlling interest, and will make the papers Republican. This leaves Chicago without a Democratic morning paper, but there are rumors of nine to be started. The first to materialize is the *Daily Enquirer*.

The story called "Enderhy's Courtship," printed in the *Argonaut* of January 21st, is included in a collection, "By Reef and Palm," by Louis Becke, which is printed in the United States by the J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia.

"The Female Offender," by Professor Lombroso, is to be followed in the Appletons' Criminology Series by "Our Juvenile Offenders," by Douglas Morrison, the editor of the series; "Criminal Sociology," by Professor Ferri; and "Crime a Social Study," by Professor Joly.

Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is the most successful book of the season in London. About nine thousand copies have been sold already.

Mme. Adam, editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, sold the English rights of her forthcoming memoirs to an American publisher, who will arrange for the publication in England also. The first volume—there are to be eight—will deal with her childhood, the second with her literary débuts, the third, which has already been published, is about the Commune, and the fourth is about her first coquettings with politics.

A writer in the *Hartford Courant* says of the anonymous Joan of Arc romance, in *Harper's Magazine*, that "it is now known for a fact that Mr. Clemens is the author." This does not do serious violence to the authorized statement that the writer is "the most popular among living American magazine writers."

"The Beginnings of Writing," by W. J. Hoffman, M. D., is the third volume issued in the Appletons' Anthropological Series.

Of William Morris, the *Westminster Gazette* remarked some weeks ago that he had made such progress with his grand edition of Chaucer that he would finish the "Canterbury Tales" within a fortnight. He had bought a fresh press, taken a second printing-house, and engaged more men in order to press the work on. He had designed several new large initials and new borders.

"The Curse of Intellect" is a short, anonymous novel which is creating some stir in England. By some unexplained use of the power of mesmerism a monkey is turned into a man. He comes to the sagacious conclusion that men are, in many respects, inferior to monkeys, and that they are not nearly so happy.

Although Marion Crawford seems nowadays to write novels while his publisher waits, the habit is not a new one. He wrote "Marzio's Crucifix" in 1885, and "Mr. Isaacs," on which his popular *Rests*, was done within five weeks. Mr. Crawford is now forty-two years old. He was

twenty-nine when he made his how to the public, and he began to write for a livelihood, and not, as many people have supposed, in response to a still, small voice within. Had he followed his own inclination he might now have been a professor of Sanskrit.

Tasso's tercentenary is to be observed at Rome by an exhibition of manuscripts, relics, and works relating to the poet in the Convent of Sant' Onofrio, where he died, April 25, 1595. Dr. Baccelli, the Minister of Public Instruction, has established a competition for the best work on Tasso, written by students in the Italian universities; the prizes will be awarded on the Capitol, where the poet was to have been crowned when he fell ill.

A valuable addition to Napoleonic literature is to be made by D. Appleton & Co. in "An Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon," the memoirs of General Count de Ségur. The count's military career began in 1800, he was a general in 1812, and he took part in all the wars of the empire.

Rudyard Kipling, who has left Washington and was at latest accounts in New York, has prevailed on his father, Lockwood Kipling, to illustrate his new *Jungle Book*, to be published at the end of this year.

James Payn declares that he has great news for popular authors. He says:

"One of our greatest literary favorites has discovered a method of diminishing the plague of autograph-seekers by two-thirds; this device has also the advantage of assisting a philanthropic object. To every application he returns a circular form setting forth that in order to protect his time, which is much taken up with answering similar appeals, he will only send his autograph on receipt of a shilling's worth of stamps, as a subscription to a certain local charity. He tells me that the effect of this manifesto upon even the most ardent admirers was complete and immediate; he has only one-third of the number of applicants that he used to have."

Mme. Alphonse Daudet is about to publish a volume of poems. This will be her fourth book and her first poetical work. It is said that to Mme. Daudet is due much of the verbal felicity which is found in her husband's work. Her own prose is graceful and finished to a high degree.

"The Art of Newspaper Making," by Charles A. Dana, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. It contains a number of essays and lectures by the venerable editor of the *New York Sun*, and should be well worth reading.

Jules Verne, though in his seventy-ninth year, works for five or six hours a day. He is now engaged upon a story for 1897, but he has five manuscripts ready for the printers.

George Paston, whose book, "A Modern Amazon," was favorably received last year, has written "A Study in Prejudices," which treats of the antinuptial morality of a married couple, and of which it is said that the author "seems to affect the common-sense view."

A newspaper has been started in London which offers as a bait to subscribers ten thousand dollars insurance in case of death, and smaller sums in case of accident "in any part of the world except the United States." What is the publisher afraid of in this country—cable-cars or trolleys?

Apocryphal of the appearance of "Books Fatal to their Authors," James Payn writes:

"It is a publication which, if the whole truth were told, might be extended almost to infinity. There is no end to the number of young gentlemen and ladies who have rushed into print and have never ceased to regret it. The difficulty of suppressing a book after it has once been printed, however small has been its sale, is something incredible. Some one is sure to have possessed himself of a copy of it if only for the purpose of making it a patent miserableness. The worst examples of this kind are theological works, which are repented of in sackcloth and ashes when the author has changed his religion. He naturally considers (though perhaps not a dozen people have read him) that he has sown the seeds of heresy broadcast, and has the eternal condemnation of his fellow-creatures to answer for. But the book that would excite much more astonishment would be one entitled "Books Fatal to their Publishers."

A volume by Dr. W. H. Russell, the English war correspondent, has just been issued under the title, "The Great War with Russia." It deals with the Crimean conflict, and contains a personal retrospect of the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman.

Mme. Sarah Grand is getting better, and is spending some time in Paris, where, it is said, she is gathering material for another book.

Posthumous works of Leconte de Lisle are to be published. They comprise fifteen hundred verses which have never before been printed. To them are to be added "L'Apollonide" and one thousand verses of "La Passion," which were suppressed from preceding editions.

Paul Bourget says himself that his next book, "En Marche," will be "a good Bourget work."

The book which made the reputation of Mr. Zangwill, "The Children of the Ghetto," heretofore not readily accessible to the general public, will soon be issued in a new edition.

Mr. Austin Dohson's much talked of "Goldsmith discovery" is not so wonderful after all. It is merely that he has found conclusive proof that the translation known as "The Memoirs of a Protestant Condemned to the Gallies for Re-

ligion" was done by Goldsmith himself, and not by the college friend whose name appears on the title-page. Mr. Dohson has been preparing a pretty little edition of this work.

Arvède Barine reviews, in the *Journal des Débats*, Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did." She translates the title into "La Femme qui a Donné l'Exemple." She says that the name of the author is really Cecil Power; but it is many years since Grant Allen has used the pseudonym of Cecil Power.

Frédéric Masson has written three more volumes on Napoleon.

Gustave Lehon, an explorer in English India, has written a book, "Psychologie des Foules," the thesis of which is that crowds commit acts more monstrous than any which could be committed by any individual element of them.

The volume of tales in verse which Mr. R. D. Blackmore has put in his publisher's hands for issue this spring will be called "Fringilla," and its contents are "Lita of the Nile," "Pausias and Glycera; or, the First Flower Painter," "Kadisha; or, the First Jealousy," "Mount Arafa; or, the First Parting," and "Buscombe; or, a Michaelmas Goose."

INTAGLIOS.

A Pine-Tree Buoy.

Where all the winds were tranquil
And all the odors sweet,
And rings of tumbling upland
Sloped down to kiss your feet,

There, in a nest of verdure,
You grew from bud to bough:
You heard the song at mid-day,
At eve the plighted vow.

But fate that gives a guerdon
Takes back a double fee:
She hewed you from your homestead
And set you in the sea.

And every howling hallow
Bends down your harren head,
To hearken if the whisper
Of what you knew is dead.

—Harrison S. Merritt.

Time's Up.

Time's up for love and laughter;
We've drained the banquet cup;
But now the dark comes after
And lights are out: Time's up.

O lovers in sweet places,
With lips of song and sigh;
Come forth with pallid faces
And kiss your last good-bye!

O sweet bride at the marriage,
Impatient at your gates,
Beside a sable carriage,
The ghostly footman waits.

O statesman, crowned and splendid
The laurel leaves your brow—
The long debate is ended,
The halls are voiceless now.

Time's up for wooing, winning,
For doubt and dream and strife,
For sighing and for sinning—
For love, for hate, for life!

Time's up! The dial's mark is
On the last hour—complete;
Lie down there where the dark is
And dream that time was sweet!

—F. L. Stanton.

Family Jars.

Those little tiffs, that sometimes cast a shade
On wedlock, oft are love in masquerade;
And family jars, look we hut o'er the rim,
Are filled with honey even to the brim.

—George Birdseye.

Reminiscence.

Though I am native to this frozen zone
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dead;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's intermittent moan
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life elsewhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red.
And through my thought are lotus-hlossoms blown.
I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
Near a walled garden at the river's turn
(A thousand summers seem hut yesterday!)
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk,
Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,
And, with the urn, she bore my heart away!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

For Him Who Waits.

Patience, O mortal, patience yet awhile!
What though the petty pessimist still prates
Of dolor and of death, joy yet shall come
To him who waits.

Though wrecks strew all the main, ships yet shall sail
Safe over seas, weighed down with golden freights
That shall make glad again the sad hurt heart
Of him who waits.

Though fierce the fight that want and sorrow wage
With man upon life's hattle-field, yet fate's
Grim visage softens, and she smiles at last
On him who waits.

Patience, O mortal, patience yet awhile!
How long so'er thy evils here, the gates
Of glory do hut wait to open wide
For him who waits.—Boston Globe.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A New Book on the Orient.

"The Peoples and Politics of the Far East," by Henry Norman, is a very striking work on the political, social, and industrial conditions in Eastern Asia; the author describes the hook as "travels and studies in the British, French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies, Siberia, China, Japan, Korea, Siam, and Malaya." In his preface, Mr. Norman says:

"The Far East presents itself to the attentive traveler under two aspects. It is the last wonderland of the world; and it is also the seed-bed of a multitude of new political issues. I have endeavored to reflect in these pages this twofold quality of my subject. Therefore, the record of mere travel is interwoven with that of investigation; the incidents and adventures of the hour are mingled with the factors and statistics of the permanent problems. By this means I have hoped to reproduce upon the reader's mind something of the effect of the Far East upon my own. It is a picture which is destined, either in bright colors or in sombre, to become increasingly familiar to him in the future."

One of the new ideas of which the Far East is the seed-bed is thus eloquently expressed by Count Okuma, Japanese ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs:

"The European powers are already showing symptoms of decay," he has said, "and the next generation will see their constitutions shattered and their empires in ruins. Even if this should not quite happen, their resources will have become exhausted in unsuccessful attempts at colonization. Therefore, who is to fit to be their proper successors, if not ourselves? What nation except Germany, France, Russia, Austria, and Italy can put two hundred thousand men into the field inside of a month? As to their finances, there is no country where the disposal of surplus revenue gives rise to so much political discussion. As to intellectual power, the Japanese mind is in every way equal to the European mind. Our people astonish even the French, who are the most skillful amongst artisans, by the cleverness of their work. It is true the Japanese are small of stature, but the superiority of the body depends more on its constitution than on its size. If treaty revisions were completed and Japan completely victorious over China, we should become one of the chief powers of the world, and no power could engage in any movement without first consulting us. Japan would then enter into competition with Europe as the representative of the Oriental races."

Of China, Mr. Norman has a great deal to say: it is a very rich country, he declares, and would be a very great country were it not for the corrupt officialdom that saps up the national vitality. The cruelty of the Chinese, by the way, is brought out in several passages descriptive of scenes of which Mr. Norman was an eye-witness. The author is a keen observer and has a faculty for graphic description, so that his book is most entertaining reading, while its value as a study of the outlook for Eastern Asia is incontestable. The volume contains sixty excellent illustrations, reproduced from photographs, and a folding map. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$4.00.

New Publications.

"Coin's Financial School" and "Coin's Financial School up to Date," by W. H. Harvey, in which an imaginary young lecturer explains the financial history and policy of the United States, have been published in paper covers by the Coin Publishing Company, Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Lisbeth Wilson," by Eliza Nelson Blair (the wife of Senator Blair), is a story of life in New Hampshire a generation or so ago. Its main theme is the unhappy love-affair of the heroine and a young man from whom she is separated by a father's stern decrees on account of religious differences. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.50.

In a huge cavern of the great Derbyshire Peak, there has existed, and does still exist, a community of some sixty or seventy persons who live on socialistic lines, supporting themselves by the product of seven rope-walks in the cave, the accumulations of which are sold to the outside world once in six months. The community is governed by seven elected masters, and on the expulsion of one of these for incorrigible drunkenness is based Joseph Hutton's new novel, "The Banishment of Jessop Blythe." Blythe, in the story, comes to America and accumulates a fortune, and then returns to his native country, hrimming over with the kindest feelings for everybody. But a terrible tragedy takes place, and the story then becomes decidedly thrilling. Published—as is also "They Call It Love," by Frank Frankfort Moore—in the Series of Select Novels issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00 each.

"A Sawdust Doll," by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, is the initial volume of a new Peacock Library which takes its name from the gorgeous bird in the Beardsley manner that covers two-thirds of the title-page, and whose feathers appear in decorative panels on the covers of the book. The story is an elaborated novelette of New York society, several of the actors being more or less familiar figures to those who know the Four Hundred of the metropolis. The heroine is a pretty woman who spends ten years of placid married life with a husband who had been her father's friend and married her to save her from a financial wreck. The story tells how she is aroused to love by the advent of a childhood friend, now an artist of repute. The artist is a fine example of the utterly selfish brute who plays upon the woman's love and would have her sacrifice everything to gratify his passion; and the author avers the usual unpleasant ending only by giving the tale a sudden and unexpected turn at

the end. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

The new life of "Prince Bismarck," by Charles Lowe, is not an abridgment of Mr. Lowe's "Historical Biography" of ten years ago, which filled two large volumes: it is a new work, setting forth the events in the public career of a man whose service to Germany is completed, and who may now be judged in the light of his finished achievements. For Mr. Lowe holds that the presentation and acceptance of the cuirass given Bismarck a year or so ago marked a real reconciliation between the old Chancellor and the young War Lord. The scope of the book is shown by the list of chapter-heads: "Student and Squire," "Parliamentarian," "At the German Diet," "Ambassador," "War with Denmark," "War with Austria," "North German Confederation," "War with France," "Peace-Keeper of Europe," "War with Rome," "Major-Domo of the Reich," and, finally, "A Fall like Lucifer's." An excellent portrait serves as frontispiece. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

The unknown author of "A Superfluous Woman" has entered the lists again with a new story which she calls "Transition." It is a study of socialism in London, which we are to understand is as far from anarchism as Radicalism is from Conservatism. There are four principal personages in the tale: Honora, a Girton graduate, whose father suddenly gives all he has to the poor and so drives her to becoming head-mistress of a London school; Lucilla, a teacher in the school, who leads Honora to socialism, but can not persuade her to follow on to anarchy; Leslie Lyttleton, Honora's former tutor at Girton and now a London socialist; and Paul Sheridan, a socialist leader, who is said to be a portrait of a man well known in England to-day. Of course these four persons can not be intimately associated, "even in a novel with a purpose," without more or less love-making going on; and this is disturbed by the advent of a wild French anarchist, who harasses poor Lucilla with schemes to dynamite representatives of power out of existence until that gentle soul turns her face to the wall and dies. But the purpose and main theme of "Transition" is to expound the enlightened socialism that is moving so large a proportion of the educated English men and women of to-day, and in that it succeeds far better than Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

A Briton on American Reporters.

"The American Reporter" is the subject of a brief article in the *Sketch* which will be read with interest on this side of the ocean. The writer, a Briton who has done newspaper work in the United States, says:

"Nowhere, outside of Paris, are daily journals so numerous or so widely read as in the United States, yet there is probably not another civilized country in which the newspaper man is held in so little respect. From Maine to Oregon the journalist is regarded as the incarnation of smartness, impudence, and unreliability."

"For this state of affairs American journalists have none but themselves to blame. They have played to the gallery, and have received their reward. To-day the principal requirements of a 'smart' reporter are a vivid imagination, a blunt conscience, and a thick skin. He must be prepared to play the *mouchard* unceasingly, to ferret out hidden details of the secret spots in people's lives and publish them abroad, and to have a keen nose for the slightest suspicion of scandal. Nothing is too small for his attention, and no one is too great for him to tackle. When President Cleveland went on his honeymoon, he had to hire a small army of watchers to surround his country cottage day and night, to keep the reporters from spying on him and his bride. Every one has heard of the wrath of Rudyard Kipling, in the first flush of his fame, because New York reporters would hang about his gate and sit on his garden wall, so as to jot down his every action. But these enterprising pressmen do not confine their energies to the famous. If a Third Avenue shop-boy, earning four dollars a week, makes a runaway match with a servant-girl, leading New York journals will not hesitate to devote a column and more to a picturesque description of the couple, and to speculations about how they can manage to live on their income."

"A recent guide to journalism, published in Chicago, declared that 'faking,' or manufacturing bogus news, ought never to be done about really important points, but is perfectly legitimate and praiseworthy where only minor details are concerned. Many reporters would think this unduly Puritanical. I was once out on special correspondence with a New York *confère*. There was some prospect of a lively fight taking place, and I remarked to my associate that I hoped it might come off, as it would give us an opening for picturesque writing. 'I don't see that it much matters one way or another,' he replied; 'we can easily write it up, anyway, for we know the kind of thing that would be done.'"

"When I ventured some remark about it being no use to describe a fight that had never taken place, my friend looked at me with astonishment. 'Of all the ridiculous scrupulousness I have ever known,' he burst out, 'that of you Englishmen is the worst. Why in the world should we care if it comes off or not? All we have to do is to find good copy, and there our business ends.' He thereupon proceeded to give me some good advice for my future welfare, and quoted his own experience as a model. 'I have never yet told a story' (in American newspaper phraseology all accounts are called 'stories'), 'but I "faked" more or less,' he declared. 'If the truth happens to suit my purposes, I tell as much as I can remember of it; if not, I find something else which will do better.'"

"One thing that causes American reporters to be often incorrect is the fact that very few know short-hand. Almost all great speeches that are given in full in the papers are taken from type-written copy supplied by the orator. Where such typescript can not be obtained, the reporter has to trust to a few long-hand notes, a good memory, and a trained power of invention. It is altogether exceptional for an interviewer to take notes, and, consequently, the accounts printed of conversations are rarely more than faint reminiscences of the actual talk."

"American visitors usually complain that our English dailies are intolerably dull. Certainly we can not at present show such a wealth of descriptive writing as even second and third-rate transatlantic journals reveal in. Nor do we seem to want it. American newspapers, in spite of their brilliancy and immensity, have hardly any circulation in England, even among expatriated Americans. One firm of booksellers lost thousands of pounds, not long ago, in attempting to establish offices for the sale of New York dailies in London and Paris. Good as the American reporter may be for his own people, he is not in demand here."

Writers and Painters in Society.

A curious difference between the painter and the poet, the novelist, the dramatist, or other literary worker, in their social aspects, is discussed in a recent issue of the *Independent* by Edgar Fawcett, the well-known writer, who says:

"A number of years ago, I recall having paid a visit upon that strangely brilliant artist, Elihu Vedder, in his studio on Broadway. Mr. Vedder received me with all his wonted graciousness; but as I found him paint-brush in hand before his easel, I felt keen embarrassment at having intruded upon him in one of his active professional moods. Mr. Vedder, however, straightway quieted my fears and regrets. He went on painting while he talked to me, and I soon found that my presence did not at all detract from his powers of accomplishment. 'So, then,' I at length said, 'you can talk and paint at one and the same time?' 'Yes,' answered this highly imaginative artist, while he added a new touch of color to one of his open-air Italian scenes."

"With the late Arthur Quartley, that most poetic of marine painters, it was very much the same. Quartley could illumine, and beautify, and transfigure his expanses of ocean, making them silvery, or golden, or dreamily mist-laid while you sat beside him and talked with him on topics that his exquisite aquatic portraits rendered ordinary indeed."

"Painters have this faculty of completing their pictures while conversing on other subjects; but, unless I am greatly wrong, they require solitude for the working out, the inception, and even the conception of their pictorial ideas. Afterward they must pass through a great deal of effort that they realize as semi-mechanical and entirely technical; for, when all is said, the greatest painters, however in the main they work with their hearts and heads, recognize the tremendous amount that is required of them with their fingers and wrists. No artist of the first rank can escape being an artisan as well; and when once his dream, his endeavor, has become definite in his brain, the handling of his brush and the cool judgment between values of pigments insistently claim him. For this reason, I imagine, so many artists are socially what is called 'successful.' Nearly all of them are wise enough not to paint at night, and night is the time when most of the really pleasant and important happenings mark the reunions of their friends. Receptions and suppers and club gatherings become a diversion to them rather than a retardation. If they are young and unmarried, dances, and the most flippantly fashionable dances as well, now and then engage them. Especially is this true of the popular and accepted portrait-painter. The painting of portraits is indeed in every sense an occupation full of wholesome sociality. In any case, it almost antagonizes solitude, and may be said to demand both diplomacy and gregariousness as two of its primary conditions."

"But with the novelist, the poet, the essayist, the historian, how radically different! Tradition declares that Théophile Gautier was wont to write some of his most enchanting *feuilletons* (and in that classic French which so few writers have equaled), while the habille of a Parisian café was reposing all round him, and even sometimes when friends had grouped about him, with their cigarettes and their various refections, from *cassu suerde* to absinthe. But Gautier, if the tales of him be true, was a literary worker of most exceptional facility. Very probably he did not write his *best* prose in this amazingly spontaneous way, and it is almost certain that few of his delicious poems were born with no pang of travail. The intense ease with which Victor Hugo wrote all his verse (and we must remember that a very great deal of it is gloriously fine) can not, I should say, be contradicted. Our own Longfellow once told me that he never toiled in the least over his poetry, and that the 'numbers came' to him, as they came (in a much less oostworthy manner) from the juvenile Alexander Pope."

"But ordinarily the writer requires conditions of silence and sequestration. Thousands of people can not write the simplest letter if disturbed by sounds of voices in the same apartment. How much more difficult, then, to deal with subjects involving careful and creative treatment! I know of few marriages more pathetic than those of women who love society and long to shine in it, with men wedded to literary occupation and bent upon achieving there honor and repute. Does not this kind of incompatibility explain many a separation and divorce between famous husbands and their wives in past records of distinguished writers?"

"Usually the man of letters will cut a sombre and anomalous figure in society. The better he writes, as a rule, the worse he talks, or, rather, it should be added, the less able he is to talk in that airy, genial, lightsome way which society demands of him. What the French call the *esprit de salon* may be in itself a very trivial and unimportant talent, but it is, nevertheless, a distinctive and demaodé one. 'Small talk' has its microscopic traits of felicity, and neatness, and easy fluency. Because they are microscopic they are, none the less, needful among meetings of persons who are all intellectually in a sort of undress uniform. Some of the greatest writers have possessed them, collaterally with powers that have charmed the reading world, as, for instance, Lord Macaulay, although the London fashionable throngs whom he delighted by his graces of suavity differed, no doubt, in material degree from our New York and Newport 'swim.' But, as a rule, writers have rarely possessed these graces; they have rarely been able to say dainty 'nothings' to women below the blaze of chandeliers and amid the perfumes of flowers. When the writer feels like talking, he feels like talking seriously. It is not by any means true that he feels like 'talking shop'; he often desires to escape from 'shop' altogether, for hours at a time. But his conversational impulses, both with his own sex and the other, are under the spell of the thoughtful, the discursive, even the argumentative impulse. And all this kind of impulse is to society totally uninteresting."

"The man who has not the capacity of forgetting himself, of pleasing himself by pleasing others, and, moreover, of pleasing others by the expression of mere buoyant and random pleasantry, had far best hide at home, in the warmth of his fireside and hallow the lustre of his household lamp. Most men of letters do thus hide at home, or they are wise in taking such choice; for at home, or in the company of domestic, unworly friends, they are often delightfully native and authentic. Abroad, among the pretensions, flippancies, and levities, they are not only ill at ease and awkward; they are *déclassés*, as the French phrase goes, or, as the English one has it, 'fish out of water.'"

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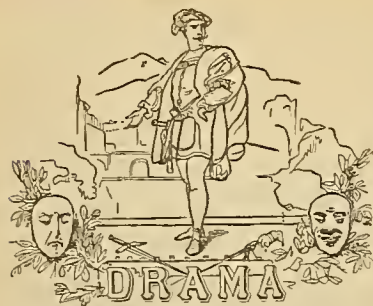
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The melancholy condition of theatricals in San Francisco was mentioned in these columns last week. Not certainly for the last seven years has a worse season been seen here than that of the winter of '94-95. Never have we witnessed at our first theatre such a series of dull plays, giving place every few weeks to interims of no plays at all.

For the past six to eight months there has only been one first-class company here. There was an opera company of husky-toned singers that, in the universal longing for some good music, everybody crowded to see. The fresh voice and attractive appearance of one of the singers was applauded with a generosity of appreciation that proved how willing the audience was to encourage anything with the slightest merit. "Aladdin," the Henderson extravaganza, wherein there was neither music, wit, nor dancing, filled up the Christmas holidays. Warde and James "did their turn" at the legitimate with "Henry IV.," and Marie Burroughs has contributed her share of melodrama enlivened by a touch of tragedy.

In the line of comedy, the best things of the season were given. Salvini's "Student of Salamanca," produced some time last autumn, was a comedy that was both decent and amusing. "Charley's Aunt" might have been excellent if there had been people in the cast who could act. Unfortunately nobody but young Larkin, the Aunt, possessed this advantage, and it was difficult to guess what humorous merit the farce might have developed in the hands of competent performers. "The Gaiety Girl," with its English, skirt-dancing contingent, was a novelty, the one novelty of the winter, and drew accordingly. The comedy success of the season—the only thing of its kind that really approached the edges of the first-class—was Sadie Martinot's production of "The Passport," which was given at the California Theatre, while the extravaganza people monopolized the Baldwin.

This rough survey, sweeping the winter season from "Charley's Aunt" in September last to the "Fencing Master" and "Bathing Girl" nightmares of this month of April, reveals only one star attraction—the Kendals in October. Between that and the present there has been nothing of the first rank. Even Alexander Salvini and Sadie Martinot, clever as they are, can not leaven the dull heaviness of the commonplace lump.

This condition of things has come on rather suddenly. The Baldwin and the Grand Opera House have had, in a glorious refulgent past not so far distant, many of the greatest to strut and fret their hour upon the stage. The winter of '93-94, when already there were complaints rising to heaven on the score of a dull drama, was a remarkably fine theatrical season in San Francisco. During that time the city was visited by some of the most notable foreign stars and domestic companies. Irving and Terry appeared in October at the Grand Opera House in a splendid repertoire, including Tennyson's "Becket," as produced in London. Immediately following them came Coquelin and Hading, who gave, as their masterpiece, "Thermidor," every performance of which was played to a crowded house.

The new year opened with the Palmer Company at the Baldwin, where they played a six weeks' engagement, producing two English plays never seen here before, "The Dancing Girl" and "Lady Windermere's Fan." Shortly after them came Modjeska in Sudermann's "Magda," a very notable performance, and the Ferenczy Opera Company, who gave, among other pieces, a superb rendering of Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," the first time the opera was seen in San Francisco. Passing on into the late spring and summer season of '94, the Empire Company played for six weeks at the Baldwin, producing Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind," a London success, and "Liberty Hall," another very charming English piece. John Drew, with an exceedingly clever company, also played at the Baldwin last summer in some thin but amusing comedies. In July, Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew drew fair houses with "Thérèse Raquin" and "Charlotte Corday." They were not then looked upon as first-class attractions, but, regarded from the standpoint of this winter's theatrical experiences, they shine with the refulgent lustre of genius.

Back of this again—a long line dwindling away to the distance like Banquo's shadowy descendants—are the excellent plays and players of past years. Frohman's company, with Georgia Cayvan, and Kelcey, and Le Moyne, was here last in the summer of '93, and before that how many times? Richard Mansfield, a few seasons back, gave us

"Beau Brummell" and "The Scarlet Letter." He surely has not deserted us. Young Sothern endeared himself to the San Francisco heart as Lord Chumley, and then, in his brave red coat, with a touch of the brogue on his tongue, came a second time as Captain Letterblair. Julia Marlowe played some of the Shakespearean heroines here, and revealed herself to the observant spectator as the one actress in this country, beside Ada Rehan, who is capable of portraying the great heroines of classic comedy. For several years, Daly's company paid an annual summer visit to the Pacific Slope and reproduced here the successes of his New York season. Daly and Julia Marlowe have declared, it is said, they will visit us no more. We are too "jay." Young Sothern has preserved a discreet silence, but he does not come. As for Richard Mansfield and the Frohman company, there is still a lingering hope that they may take pity upon our dramatic destitution, and, seeing our signals of distress, come and rescue us from "Fencing Masters," and "Bathing Girls," and Chicago extravaganzas, and the other theatrical infictions that have preyed upon us for the past six months.

Then, too, the foreign stars ought not to desert us in this cold and cruel way. New York has been full of them this year, one shining against the other; but they can not seem to be induced to come out and shine for a few days here. There is plenty of illustrious examples for them to follow. Bernhardt came here and played two short seasons at the Grand Opera House, giving "Jeanne d'Arc" its first American production in San Francisco. Years before, the great Salvini played for a few weeks at the Baldwin—wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten performances. He, fortunately, has retired from the stage, so that we are not distracted by hearing of him playing triumphantly in New York and Boston, while we, languishing, do live here in the fond hope that some day the foreign actors may deign to pass our way once more.

Ristori included San Francisco in her last American tour. The Kendals did not come till their second American visit, but played a fine engagement then. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake were looked upon as something quite second-rate, and played at the California in the wild, theatrical opulence of those dear, departed days. As for Mrs. Langtry, nobody thought anything of her! And now imagine the rapturous enthusiasm with which we would welcome either of these gifted creatures if they would only condescend to come and play for us! There would be a great revulsion of feeling. The slur that San Francisco is a "jay town" would be wiped off for all time. The crudest Thespian may come here soon and feel confident that he will be hailed with shouts of joy, crowned with laurels, and probably carried round town by a procession of representative citizens.

As for the theatric glories of those halcyon days, when "a drink was a dollar and the water came up to Montgomery Street," will they ever be reproduced? Then San Francisco was the El Dorado of such actors as braved the tedium of the trip round the Isthmus. It was not alone that they made fortunes; they met with the quick and intelligent appreciation that the genuine artist finds the only true stimulus for the production of his best work. It was not a commonplace population, its artistic side dulled by commercial absorption and material well-being. It had the restless, seething uncertainty, the wild stir, and rush, and flurry of new, unsettled places, in which—strangely enough—the appreciation of the beautiful seems to flourish more readily than it does in the level placidity of larger communities, where life has settled down into the plodding regularity of the commercial régime. Those were the days when the young Booth played his first Californian engagement, then just at the triumphant beginning of his wonderful career, and when Julia Dean, in the full bloom of her delicate and refined beauty, left her successes in New York to win more fame and fortune from the city "by the Western Gate," where both were once given so generously to the artist whom the people loved.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The travesty of "Romeo and Juliet" will be repeated for the benefit of the Children's Hospital at the Baldwin next Friday evening and Saturday afternoon.

The Baldwin is to remain closed until the coming of the Liliputians, with funny little Franz Ebert at their head. They will begin their engagement with "Humpty Dumpty Up to Date."

Since Miss May Irwin has taken to riding the bicycle in Golden Gate Park, our ocean breezes, with their indiscreet revelations, have caused the dreadful suspicion to flash across the minds of her friends that she pads.

Manager Friedlander, of the new Columbia Theatre, is evidently going to encourage home industries, for he has already accepted a new play by a local *littérateur*. It is a four-act comedy, and the scenes are laid in Washington and at Newport.

The Italian Philharmonic Society will give Verdi's opera, "Il Trovatore," at Stockwell's Theatre on Sunday evening, May 15th. There

will be a large chorus, an orchestra of twenty-five musicians, under the direction of Signor Spadina, and Richard Valera has been selected as stage-manager. Miss Marguerite Coleman is the soprano, Mrs. Erminia Cuneo-McLean is the contralto, Signor C. Zapelli is the baritone, Signor L. Giorgi is the tenor, Signor L. Deluca is the second tenor, and Signor Vitalini is the basso.

Great things are promised at the Circus Royal and Venetian Water Carnival on Monday night, April 29th. John A. Stanton and Amadee Joullin, the well-known artists, have been designing novel and beautiful effects to be produced on the miniature lake and cascade during the water carnival; the management has spared no expense in putting their plans in execution, and a result is promised that shall eclipse the Cirque Nouveau in Paris, the Water Carnival in Berlin, and the Royal Circus in London.

Offenbach's comic opera, "The Brigands," which has not been heard here in five years, and will doubtless be new to many, is to be revived at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night, with the following cast:

Fiorella, Gracie Plaisted; Fragoletto, Tillie Salinger; Princess of Grenada, Alice Nielson; Adolph, Kittle Loomis; Falsacappa, Philip Branson; Pietro, Ferris Hartman; Antonio, Ed. Torpi; Duke of Mantua, Arthur Messmer; Count Gloria Cassis, John J. Raffael; Campotasso, George Olmi; Captain of Carabineers, Thomas C. Leary; Carmagnola, H. A. Barkalew; Domino, Marcel Perron; Barhavano, George Harris; Preceptor, G. Napoleoni; Pipi, Fred Kavanagh; The Duchess, Eleanor Thompson; Zerlina, Minna Jurgens; Cincinella, Belle Emmett; Bianca, Edith Woodthorpe; Fiametta, Irene Mull.

Stockwell's Theatre will close its doors on Sunday night, and on Monday, May 13th, it will be reopened as the new Columbia Theatre. Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob have been fortunate in their choice of an opening attraction. It is T. D. Frawley's dramatic organization, comprising Belle Archer, Hope Ross, Jennie Kennard, Phosa McAllister, Blanche Bates, T. D. Frawley, H. D. Blakeman, C. W. King, H. J. Duffield, Hudson Liston, and a number of others who have been here in various companies from time to time. They have been playing together for some time now, and filled engagements of fifteen weeks in Denver and ten in Salt Lake City. Their repertoire includes "Lost Paradise," "The Railroad of Love," "The Charity Ball," "The Idler," "Captain Swift," "The Senator," and other plays of the same character, and for the opening week they have decided on Gillette's "All the Comforts of Home."

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COMMUNICATIONS.

The Arrest of Huntington.

Toward the close of a protracted fight against a hostile legislature bent on cinching his client, the railroad company, the late Henry Vrooman observed sententiously to a friend: "And yet, the steps of the hack stairs of my office are worn smooth by the tread of assemblymen who come to see on what terms they can sell out to me. Whenever I hear that a particularly vicious tirade is being helched against the odious monopoly, I know that the speaker will presently call round under cover of night to see if I have any use for his soul."

The things which were done in Vrooman's time are being done to-day, and an understanding of them is essential to a correct appreciation of the peculiar features of our public life. A roaring farce is being played to the galleries under the title of "Arrest of Huntington." Everybody knows that it is a farce, a piece of buncombe, got up for the greasy populace who went on strike near a year ago, and have been on short commons ever since. But nobody stands out in the daylight and says it is a farce. The press chronicles it as if it were sober earnest, a part of the *res geste*, a vindication of a Federal statute assailed by a law-breaker in high place. Sensational head-lines admonish the reader that in this land of law and order there is no distinction of persons, and that he who issues a railroad pass to a friend shall be punished as severely as the man who hurls a railroad bridge. We are no trucklers to wealth and power, not we. We stand for law; especially in the hour when we have worn smooth the steps of the railroad offices with our frequent treading, and have come away with empty pockets and a jaw that droops.

The San Francisco press—the palladium of our liberties—paints in livid colors the men who are so ill advised as to keep their breeches-pockets tightly buttoned against the black-mailer. Upon such knaves it pours the phials of its venom with a comfortable sense, of security, for they can not strike back. The railroad had its chance. It might have hought the editors cheap, body and soul. They were ready to plead for the monopoly, to fight for it, to lie for it, or what would probably have been more useful, to hold their peace; but the monopoly—the brutal, gorged, grasping monopoly—would have none of them at any price, or in any shape. In face of such outrageous treatment, who says the press shall not be avenged? Who challenges its right to clap doddering old Sutor on the hack when he splutters about the octopus, and champs his jaws in rage that he can not bleed it?

These blasted railroad millionaires think they can refuse to divide; the press will teach them a lesson. It will make them so odious that no jury will convict the man who robs them and destroys their property. It will educate the rising generation in the belief that they are villains and reproaches. It will create a public opinion which shall practically make outlaws of them. When they hire a lawyer to defend their rights, it will show that he wins cases by fraud and chicanery. It will brand him as a "lawyer with a pull." It will repeat the phrase so often that the writers come at last to believe it themselves, and the public does not think of questioning a proposition so constantly reiterated and never denied. It thoroughly imbueth the public mind with the conviction that the railroad company is dishonest, and false, and knavish in all its dealings, and only exists by suborning and subsidizing those whose business it is to watch over the public interests; so that, after a time, no one shall dare to speak a word for the corporation for fear of being accused of wearing its collar, nor any court venture to be commonly just to it, lest it should be suspected of being in its pay.

Perhaps, in all this business, the press does not cut what might be called an honorable figure. But what of that? The streets are full of unwhipped knaves, and gentlemen bow to them. Here are half a dozen newspapers, more or less, who never speak of the railroad hut to revile it; they pleasantly refer to a railroad accident as "another murder by H. E. Huntington," insinuate that the company would never win a case in the courts but for the "pull" which its lawyers possess, describe the railroad directors as a gang of handits who meet in their offices at Market and Montgomery to concoct plots to rob the public, and photograph Collis P. Huntington as the champion pirate of the age. Every one of these editors, without exception, in poor Vrooman's phrase, have in their day worn the steps of the railroad office smooth with their pilgrimages in search of subsidy; they only discovered what villains the Southern Pacific people were when they were told that it had not a cent for tribute.

People complain that Julian Ralph traduced us. He only repeated what he heard. He fell into the arms of a clique who told him that Californians were such poor, mean-spirited creatures that they could not shake off the yoke of a corporation that is staggering on the verge of bankruptcy, rises superior to law, and, from pure devilish malignity, throttles the industries on which it must live. He read papers which described the company as the embodiment of roguery, theft, and extortion, and he not unnaturally painted a picture of California which, however amusing it may have

been to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, was certainly not calculated to attract settlers to this State or to promote the objects of the Half-Million Club. It is not Mr. Ralph who should be blamed, though he wrote much that was false and nonsensical; it is those who inspired him who ought to be spewed out of the mouth of every honest citizen of the State. It is our own newspapers who have befouled our nest. They will continue to do it, because the pursuit of black-mail is a congenial occupation to their editors, and also because if any one of them relapsed into a lucid interval of truth-telling, it would be taken for granted on all sides that he was thought.

FAIR PLAY.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23, 1895.

The Little Red School-House Was There.

LOS ANGELES, April 23, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of April 22d you take exception to the action of the Los Angeles Fiesta Committee regarding the proposal to display "the little red school-house" in the children's parade, in what appears to me to be a rather narrow-minded and biased manner, quite unworthy of your usual broad standard. Although a friend to the above-mentioned symbol, I do not think that it is either necessary or desirable to introduce such questions or to thrust these opinions upon an ever-suffering minority at a time, when we (without distinction of race, creed, or color) are striving to enjoy ourselves. Of course I understand that it is unpleasant for the parent to learn of the child, and only natural that the latter should wish to be independent, which may partially explain the sentiment expressed in your criticism, but as the child is capable of training up the parent in the way that it should go, San Francisco would do well to take a lesson from its wayward child, and remember that politics need not of necessity enter into our amusements.

"The little red school-house" was nevertheless displayed in almost every procession, being perched on the handle-bar of a bicycle, which was propelled by an individual in "Uncle Sam" attire, and so I trust that, in the event of State division, we may still be permitted to remain in the Union.

Yours truly, X. Y. Z.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duc de Morny, the foremost amateur photographer of the day in France, is reported to have paid something like sixty thousand dollars for his photographic equipment.

James R. Garfield is a candidate for State senator from the Mentor District. His distinguished father started in political life as State senator from the same place.

The craving for Thespian distinctions appears to have taken hold on Peter Jackson, the colored fighting man. He is very keen on playing Othello, and has not only learned the part perfectly, but has memorized the whole of the play.

Major Calhoun, managing editor of the *Standard*, the new Boston daily, is the author of "Marching Through Georgia." He was an officer in Sherman's army and lost a leg in battle. He was captured by the rebels, and suffered for some time the horrors of prison life in the South.

William E. Gladstone continues to be an omnivorous reader. Hardly a new hook of any importance comes out in England that he is not one of its earliest perusers. If he is especially pleased with the hook, he is very apt to send a complimentary letter to the author.

President Cleveland's chief recreation at Woodley is a drive in the afternoon and a game of cards in the evening. The President is a good whist-player and is also fond of penuche. He has been strongly urged of late to take to horseback riding for exercise, but his friends have failed to make an equestrian of him. He has been gaining flesh again of late.

The life of Frederick Douglass was full of dramatic incidents, such as the following:

On one occasion he was on the same platform with Anna Dickinson. She had delivered a magnificent speech, and was about to make way for Douglass, who followed her, when, inspired by a dramatic idea, she turned and seized his hand, and holding it, howled to the audience. She was then in the height of her heaty, and the picture the two made was so impressive that for a moment there was absolute silence. Then one or two objected to a white woman and a black man being on friendly relations, and began to hiss. The hiss had no sooner been uttered before the rest of the audience, which packed the house, burst into a thunder of applause, culminating in cheers, which lasted several minutes.

The Fifty-Fourth Congress of the United States, whose members began to draw salary on March 4th, includes some of the youngest representatives on record:

George B. McClellan, the Democratic representative from the Twelfth New York District, and who was born November 23, 1825, in Dresden, Saxony, is the youngest member. Rarely in the United States has a man taken his seat in the highest representative body before reaching the age of thirty. In England, it is not uncommon for a youth of twenty-one or twenty-two to take his seat in Parliament, and William Pitt, the youngest Chancellor of the Exchequer, was not twenty-six when he reached that highest honor. Rowland Blennerhassett Mahany, Republican Representative of the Thirty-Second New York District in the Fifty-Fourth Congress, is the

next youngest member to Colonel George B. McClellan. When only twenty-eight years of age he was appointed by President Harrison Minister to Ecuador. He is a picturesque poet, and was born in Buffalo, September 28, 1824.

A deep gloom has been cast over Vienna by the deaths of Archduke Albrecht, one of the emperor's uncles, and of Prince Richard Metternich, the ex-ambassador and diplomatist, and by the closing of several hospitable salons through the illness of Princess Maria Hohenlohe, Countess Clam-Gallas, and Countess Kilmansegg, the particular rival of the now widowed Pauline Metternich. Says *Vogue's* correspondent:

"The doors of the court theatres remained shut for ten days after the archduke's death, and all the halls and receptions that were to take place during the end of the carnival season were canceled. This entails a serious loss upon business in general. Florists hoped to make up for these unexpected losses by furnishing costly and mammoth wreaths, to adorn the archducal hearse. But in this they were to be disappointed. The archduke absolutely forbade the presence of a single blossom at his funeral, his ante-mortem wish being that the money destined to this purpose should be distributed among the poor. Even the wreath of the Emperor of Germany, a splendid affair six feet in diameter, and brought in a special car from Berlin, was not permitted to be placed on the coffin, and so William was compelled to deposit it instead on the sarcophagus of Crown Prince Rudolph. The young monarch came to the ceremony uninvited, and therefore unwelcome, and was a source of great trouble and embarrassment to Francis Joseph. Moreover, he gave great offense by availing himself of his visit of condolence to attend a very merry musical party given in his honor by his friend and ambassador, Count Philip Eulenburg. Archduke Albrecht was one of the wealthiest men in the whole world. He owned immense tracts of land, mines, factories, mills, model dairies, huge forests, undulating plains, orchards, farms, castles, villas, and houses galore, throughout the length and breadth of Austro-Hungary. On the day of his funeral, fifty thousand dollars was given to the paupers of Vienna. All the riches left by the archduke have been inherited by his nephew, Archduke Frederick, the eldest brother of Christine, Queen-Regent of Spain. His wife, Archduchess Isabella, is the only princess not of royal blood who has ever been raised to the rank and dignity of an archduchess. By birth she belongs to the mediocrity princely house of Cröy-Dulmen, an illustrious family, it is true, but still not of blood royal. There is a gypsy prophecy current at Vienna to the effect that the archduchess will hear twelve daughters before the son and heir is born, eight girls having already fallen to her lot."

Another account makes a different, and apparently more accurate, disposition of the archduke's property:

"Archduke Albrecht of Austria left \$125,000,000 of property. His landed estates go to his nephew, Archduke Frederick. They comprise 516,000 acres in Hungary, Silesia, Bohemia, Bavaria, and Galicia, an extent of territory larger than that of more than half of the German states. His personal estate amounts to \$50,000,000, and goes to his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Duke Philip of Württemberg, who is heir-apparent of the King of Württemberg, but has renounced his rights in favor of his eldest son."

The Lurline Baths,

Situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. Wednesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock, water-polo is played by clever amateurs. After the polo, there are clever feats of high-diving and somersaults. The baths are open at 6 A. M., for the accommodation of early bathers, until ten o'clock in the evening.

The annual gathering of the ex-residents of Placer County and their friends, with the present residents, will be held at Auburn from Friday, May 10th, until the following Sunday. Special rates have been made for the excursion, and a pleasant time is anticipated.

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CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

YANITY FAIR.

One thing in America that surprised Mme. Blanc, the lady who has introduced modern American literature to France through the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and who has lately returned from a visit to this country, was (according to the *Bazar's* Paris correspondent) to find such good society in the small towns, and particularly in the West. She spoke especially of Galesburg, Ill., where, she said, the society reminded her of that in one of the German university towns, so simple, yet very cultivated. One of the professors from Knox College there had just sent her a hook on French fiction, which she considered a remarkably clear and scholarly judgment of French literature. What Mme. Blanc found most difficult to understand in America was the snobbishness of the East toward the West, and the equally exaggerated prejudice of the West against the East. What was needed to make our American society as fine as it could be was not to preoccupy ourselves with either East or West, but to take *les gens distingués*—the people of distinction—wherever they were to be found. Among the *gens distingués*, Mme. Blanc spoke of Hamlin Garland and Eugene Field, both of whom she very much admired.

When in Rome one must emphatically hunt the little red fox. It is a vogue which all the world adopts, and a meet without the gates is invariably attended by that brilliant cosmopolitan society which, of all places, is best met with in the Eternal City. Three foxes made excellent sport on the last day of the season (writes a correspondent), but finally gave a goodly company the slip. Prince Chigi Farnese acted as master of the fox hounds for the last time, the other day, and that office will now be filled by another good sportsman, Marquis Roccajovane. A prettier sight than the final meet one could not wish for; besides the usual accompaniment of pink coats and well-groomed officers, a larger number of ladies than had been seen out this season followed the hounds. The annual hurdle-race competition has also just come off—a notable event always, as the king appears invariably at these sports, and all Rome naturally follows suit. Baron von Willich, Mr. H. Pierce, and Prince Odescalchi were among the successful gentlemen—"jocks," it being a rule on this ultra-smart occasion that owners, when possible, shall ride their own cattle. The Duchess of Newcastle's daughter, Princess Doria, is a faithful attendant on such occasions. Prince Cuto, the Socialist nobleman, was another interesting figure. Then, also, one saw Countess Frankstein, dressed in the latest miracle of fashion, as behoves her American tradition, and of pretty English girls a very fair sprinkling. King Humbert looked very stately as he rode about in a general's undress; Colonel Slade, who was one of the judges, being among the first to meet his Italian majesty in the field. Signor Crispi's elder daughter, Princess di Linguaglossa, wore a wonderful frock, just imported from Paris, no doubt, which was a mass of bronze spangles over shot silk, and gave the appearance of a glittering suit of scale-armor as she moved about in the brilliant sunshine.

Hyphenated names may be divided into two categories, namely, those wherein the hyphen is a mere piece of affectation, and those wherein it is consequent upon a legal obligation. The latter are borne almost invariably by legatees and their descendants, who have inherited property contingent upon their tacking the name of the testator on to their own. Or else they are men who have married heiresses and been accepted as husbands for the latter on the condition that they should append the family name of their wives to their own patronymic. People in the other category, who use the hyphen merely with the object of creating the impression that they are of more ancient lineage than is really the case, invariably prefix, instead of appending, the additional name. And it is this that enables one to distinguish the "bona-fide double-barrel," as Lord Randolph Churchill used to call them, from those who are not. For you have only to ask Mr. Ponsonby Jones for the name of his paternal grandfather in order to find out that the old gentleman was a simple Jones, devoid of the aristocratic Ponsonby; whereas in the case of surnames adopted in deference to testamentary dispositions, one will invariably find on inquiry that the paternal grandfather and ancestors bore the first of the two patronymics.

Some years ago a gentleman, who had represented the United States in one of the southern republics for many years, was recalled, and as he had accepted a great deal of private and official hospitality during his term of office, the American residents advised him to make some return therefor before his departure. He promptly acknowledged his obligations, selected the Fourth of July as the date, and rented a skating-rink that would accommodate several thousand people. He went to the minister of war and the minister of marine and borrowed a lot of flags for decorations and a lot of sailors to put them up. He hired the best band in the country, and endeavored to get forty-four American ladies to receive with him as representatives of

the several States of this great Union. But there were not so many in the town. Therefore he decided to have only thirteen ladies to assist him, and asked them to dress in costumes symbolical of the original colonies. Invitations were sent out by the thousands. Everybody throughout the entire republic was invited, and the newspapers every day contained columns descriptive of the plans and preparations for this great *festa*. When the evening came (says the *Sun*), the population of the city all turned their steps toward the skating-rink, and those who did not have invitation-cards to present at the door stood outside in the surrounding streets, cheering the great men as they drove up in their carriages and scoffing at the unpopular politicians. The crush finally became so great that the man in charge of the door had to send to police headquarters for a platoon to drive the crowd away. Inside the rink several thousand ladies and gentlemen promenaded the concrete floor to the music of the military band in honor of the man, and the day, and the American eagle. There was no one at the door to receive them except the usual ticket-taker of the rink, who insisted upon ordinary folks showing their cards of invitation, although officials of the government and other equally well-known people were admitted without hesitation. Under the far end of the great roof, upon a platform five or six feet high, sat his excellency, the American Minister. He wore his uniform as a brigadier-general of volunteers. He sat upon a throne-like chair covered with red plush. His feet rested upon an enormous tiger-skin, and above his head was draped in graceful festoons the thirty-two-foot flag of the legation. Around him, standing, while he occupied his chair, were thirteen ladies dressed in costumes as above suggested, who looked very much embarrassed, as if they regretted having agreed to participate in the performance. As the people passed by this platform in procession, the American Minister nodded graciously in response to the salutes of his guests, and when the crowd had thinned out sufficiently, the rest of the night was spent in dancing. The ladies who represented the thirteen colonies went home as early as possible, but the minister remained until sunrise, and said he never had such a good time in his life.

It is a great mistake (says the *Bazar*) to carry about handsome toilet articles in a traveling-bag; and traveling-bags themselves, while very superior, are not always such luxuries as might be thought. They are very heavy, and when all the toilet articles are put in their places, there is a marvelously little room left for anything else. Silver tarnishes very quickly, and it is impossible to have it properly cleaned if journeying from place to place; so it is best to leave handsome toilet sets at home, and take good, serviceable articles instead.

One reason why a woman's success in business life is so difficult and so uncertain is because, besides the one main thing, she tries to do so many other things too. She teaches, and after school hours essays to make her own gowns. She type-writes, and, at the close of a hard day's work, burns midnight oil over a "love of a bonnet." She sketches, and in all-too-scarce intervals attempts to darn her stockings. A man, on the contrary, whether he teaches, or type-writes, or sketches, does these things solely, and pays somebody else to attend to his clothes. If he can not afford to pay for very many clothes, he gets along with few. But all a woman's spare time and strength and cash are put upon loves of bonnets and gowns. Whoever heard (the *Evening Sun* would like to know) of a man coming into an office and saying: "Oh, boys, what do you think of my new vest? Isn't it a dear? I got the stuff dirt cheap at Joblots the other day, and Billy B Jones lent me the pattern, and I made it all myself after office hours."

England affords to the American in search of social recognition a social Arcadia. The sturdy Briton who has amassed wealth in England is denied privileges of a social order which are freely accorded to Americans; but the reason for it is not complimentary. Every Englishman should possess a distinguished ancestor, and should be able to trace his line back a century or more to some person of distinction, which, of course, the self-made Briton is unable to do; but with the American it is not allowed that he could have had ancestors, except vulgar ones, so a special dispensation is granted, and he is accepted merely for what he himself represents as a man of fortune and how he spends it.

Miss Marie Fraser, an Englishwoman who has written a pleasant hook about Samoa, tells about the fashions in tattooing which obtain there. She says: "Though the tattooing may vary a little in design, the decoration is always in the shape of knee-breeches, extending from the waist—where strings, tied in knots and other ornamental fastenings, are tattooed on the skin—to below the knee. The pattern is very elaborate, with stripes of natural skin intersecting. It is certainly a great improvement to their appearance, for in wet or stormy weather they economically leave their best lavas at home, and wear only a banana-leaf or a

girdle of leaves; and should an islander be caught in a heavy shower of rain while wearing only a garment of tapa, the tattooing stands him in good stead, for bark-cloth does not survive wet, and rapidly dissolves into rags. No matter how scantily they may be clad, the tattooing makes them look thoroughly clothed and trim in their appearance." Life quotes the above and suggests that it contains a valuable hint for the reformers who are endeavoring to secure legislation against the bronze "living pictures" and other extreme exhibitions of the human form divine. A bill has been introduced by Senator Mullins in the New York State legislature which is so comprehensive that it would seem to make it doubtful whether ladies could go out to dinner in full-dress without becoming liable to fine and imprisonment. It would appear as if the end which Senator Mullins is trying to promote might be judiciously brought about by legislation prescribing for ladies in the business of anatomical display such a permanent suit as this, which, Miss Fraser says, makes the Samoans "look thoroughly clothed and trim in appearance." It is evident that what is needed for these ladies is some sort of garment that will not come off.

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PROF. TOTTEN'S OPINION.

Professor Totten, of Yale College, is one of the most advanced thinkers, reasoners, and Bible students of the age, and all of his scientific works are of the highest standard. On page 228, volume 7, of his work entitled "Our Race," he writes as follows:

"But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electro-poise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agents nor are in any way financially interested in the matter."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The story is told of a congressman that he once declared in an address to the House: "As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary." "It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague, who sat at the next desk. "Noah, nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark."

An old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike to the singing of an anthem in her own church, one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, that is a very old anthem! David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel! I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

Ex-Senator Evarts was given, in the preparation of his speeches and opinions, to exceedingly long and involved though perfectly lucid sentences. This gave rise to more or less jocular criticism on the part of the press. Some one mentioned it to Evarts one day. His eye twinkled as he said: "Yes, I know there are two classes of people who are very much opposed to long sentences; one is telegraph operators and the other is criminals."

A certain superintendent of schools had a way of thundering questions at the children that completely deprived them of their wits. One day he called the third-reader class to stand upon the floor, and began a promiscuous catechism. At last, pointing his finger at a small, shrinking figure at the end of the class, he shouted, "You there! What do you understand by climate?" The answer came in a weak, scared voice: "Get up it, sir."

On one occasion, the late Ismail Pasha was advised by Jules Ferry, the Prime Minister, to visit London in order to enlist the support of the British Government in his scheme to oust his son Tewfik at Cairo. He showed a new high hat to a friend, with the remark: "Ferry says I should not go to London in a fez; it's too Oriental. He recommended me to his hatter, and the pig has charged me forty francs for this thing. I suspect Ferry has a commission on it."

When the wife of Sir Bartle Frere had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant who had never seen his master. "You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered. "But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.

In 1871, when the government of M. Thiers was at Versailles, and before the National Assembly had decided whether the new constitution was to be monarchical or republican, the late Comte de Paris visited the palace at Versailles. As he was about to enter the door, M. Jules Simon met and recognized him. Bowing politely, M. Simon said: "If we are a republic, you are in my house, and I shall be delighted to do the honors. If we are a monarchy, I am in yours." The count laughed, took his arm, and replied: "Let us go in together."

Sailing vessels in the Australian trade frequently carry only one or two passengers, who share the saloon with the captain and chief officer. Aboard one vessel there was once only one passenger, and the captain and mate generally contrived to get the most and best of what was on the table. One day there was a roly-poly pudding, with sweetmeats in the middle. "Do you like puddin'-ends, sir?" asked the captain. "No, I don't like puddin'-ends, sir," said the guest. "Well, me and my mate do," said the captain, cutting the pudding in two, and putting one-half on the mate's plate and the other on his own.

One day a Protestant minister, Athanasius Coquerel, was trying to prove that the republican system was based on the gospel. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Dupin; "I have yet to learn that Christ said: 'My republic is not of this world.'" On another occasion, Victor Schulerer, having said, in the course of one of his speeches: "We enjoy the happiness of living under a republic," he was violently interrupted by the members of the Right. Astonished, the speaker turned to the president for an explanation. It came at once. "No one is questioning the fact of the republic; they are only contesting the fact of the happiness," remarked Dupin.

A flippant commercial traveler once entered a coach drawn by a horse along a little line of rails to a Perthshire village, and said, in a depreciatory tone: "A very innocent railway." "No that innocent," answered the indignant driver; "no that innocent: we kelt a man!" "Din ye ken what I aye think at a funeral?" said an old man in Ayrshire of his minister, who waited for some devout

reflection: "I aye think, I aye think, I'm desperate glad it's no me!"—In Aberdeenshire the head of a Roman Catholic college one night found a cobbler drunk in the snow. He got the man home, restored him to his senses, and on receiving thanks, said: "Maybe ye wad not be so ceevil if ye kened who I am." But the cobbler answered: "Ou ay, I ken ye fine. Ye're a Cawthlic priest. But I'm a man aboon a' prejudice!"—*Dr. Boyd's "St. Andrew's and Elsewhere."*

Raikes asked Montrond once if it were true that Louis Philippe gave him a pension. He answered: "Yes, twenty thousand francs a year, for speaking well of him in the clubs and in England." Montrond before his death went through the form of a conversion and made his peace with the church. When the priest asked him: "You probably in old times uttered many pleasanties against religion?" "No," said he, coldly, "I have been accused, and justly accused, in my life-time of many vices; I have never been accused of being an imbecile." Montrond was an inveterate gambler; one day he had a quarrel with some people he had been playing with at cards. He flew to Talleyrand in a state of great agitation. "Would you believe it," said he, "they threatened to throw me out of the window?" "I have always advised you," said Talleyrand, very quietly, "never to play cards except on the ground floor."

"Many years ago, a proposal was submitted by some inventor that a small gun, strapped across a horse's back and fired from that position, would be useful, especially in mountain campaigns. The experiment was made in the arsenal at Woolwich, the horse's head being tied to a post, with the muzzle of the gun pointed to an old earthen butt, the committee standing on the other side of the horse to watch the result. The gun was loaded, and, in order to give time, a slow-burning fuse was used to fire it. The committee, however, in tying the animal's head had omitted to take the precaution of also making fast its tail. The first result was that when the horse heard the fizzing of the fuse on its back, it became uneasy, and walked around the post, so that the gun, instead of pointing at the butt, was thus directed straight at the heads of the committee. Not a moment was to be lost; down went the chairman and members, lying flat and low on their stomachs. The gun went off; the shot passed over the town of Woolwich, and fell in the dock-yard, the horse being found lying on its back several yards away. The committee were fortunately unhurt, and gradually recovered their equilibrium; but they reported unanimously against any further trial." The foregoing is from an English source. Is it not identical with one of "John Phoenix's" stories?

The Dinner Bell

Sounds but a mockery to the dyspeptic. He hears it, of course, but his stomach does not respond to the call. He "goes through the motions" and suffers afterwards for the small amount of victuals he partakes of. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters alters his condition into one of ability to eat plentifully, digest heartily, and assimilate thoroughly. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, and biliousness are conquered by this world-famed medicine.

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LEAVE.	From April 13, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
7.00 A.	Peters and Mission.....	* 7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and "Santa Rosa"; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and "Oroville".....	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
* 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	* 8.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, (via Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	European Express (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	* 8.45 P.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.20 A.
11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.05 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	* 7.38 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only.
|| Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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Peru.....Monday, June 24, at 2 P. M.

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Coptic.....(via Honolulu) Tuesday, April 23

Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 14

Belgic.....Saturday, June 16

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eka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Wednes-

day, 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way

ports, April 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, at 8 A. M., and every

fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at

Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo

(Los Angeles) and Newport, April 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29,

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San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guay-

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SOCIETY.

The Coleman-Simpkins Wedding.

There was a fashionable wedding at Trinity Episcopal Church last Wednesday noon, when Miss Alice Simpkins, daughter of Mrs. Charles Simpkins, became the wife of Mr. Robert Lewis Coleman, son of Mrs. William T. Coleman. The young couple are well known and popular in society circles. The church was filled with many of their friends. In the chancel was an effective decoration of potted tropical plants, St. Joseph's lilies, and La France roses, and the altar was ornate with clusters of roses.

Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played at twelve o'clock, when the bridal party entered the church. The cortege was headed by the ushers, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, Mr. W. W. Heffelfinger, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. William S. Page, and Mr. Walter G. Landers, who were followed by the four bridesmaids, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Carrie Taylor, and Miss Anita Dibblee. There was no maid of honor. The bride was escorted by her brother, Mr. Henry Simpkins. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Carlton Coleman. The toilets of the young ladies in the bridal party were greatly admired, and are described as follows:

The bride's robe was exceedingly handsome, being of white Duchesse satin, with a long, spreading court train. The skirt was perfectly plain, and around the waist was a band of white satin ribbon, ending at the left-hand side in a large butterfly bow knot. The corsage was high, with a collar of point applique lace and a hand of broderie Romienne. The front and back of the bodice were adorned with white satin-striped chiffon and pendants of Roman pearls. The sleeves were large and puffed, and were finished at the wrists with point applique lace. A long veil of white tulle fell gracefully from her coiffure to the end of the train. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and her hand-bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaids were all attired alike in becoming gowns of shell pink bengaline with plain skirts. The high bodices were of chiffon, and the waists were encircled by white satin ribbon ending with bow-knots at the back. The bouffant sleeves were finished with a fall of point d'Alencon lace over the kid gloves. They wore white Leghorn hats trimmed with pink chiffon and yellow roses. They carried bouquets of Gold of Ophir roses tied with pink chiffon.

The ceremony, a most impressive one, was performed by Rev. George Edward Walk, assisted by Rev. E. B. Spalding, Rev. C. S. Fackenthal, and Rev. Dr. Sinclair. "Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin," was played softly during the progress of the ceremony. At its conclusion a vocal quartet, consisting of Mrs. A. E. Brune, Mrs. Batchelder, Mrs. Birmingham, and Miss Tarrant, sang the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin."

A reception was held afterward at the home of the bride's mother, 1738 Broadway, where beautiful and fragrant flowers were used in profusion in decorating the various rooms. About one hundred relatives and intimate friends were present, and enjoyed an elaborate breakfast and its attendant festivities. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left late in the afternoon to make a tour of the southern part of the State, where they will remain several weeks. They were the recipients of many elegant and costly presents.

The Timlow-Carolan Wedding.

St. Luke's Church was crowded last Tuesday noon with a fashionable assemblage in attendance to witness the wedding of Miss Evelyn Carolan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, of this city, and Mr. William Ferree Timlow, of Bound Brook, N. J. The bride is a charming and highly accomplished young lady and a general favorite in society circles. The groom has been for several years engaged in business in Philadelphia, but having terminated his connections there will soon reside in some other Eastern city.

A large number of invitations had been issued, and it was quite evident that the majority of them had been responded to in person. The chancel

was adorned with potted tropical plants, and upon the altar was a beautiful array of La France roses. The "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," played by the organist precisely at noon, announced the arrival of the bridal party. First came the ushers, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, and Mr. Thomas Darling, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. They were followed by the two bridesmaids, Misses Emily and Genevieve Carolan, and after them was the bride, escorted by her father. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Sharswood Brinton, of Philadelphia. The dresses of the bride and her sisters are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a rich robe of white Duchesse satin with a round, flaring skirt and a long court train. The corsage was high, and at the neck was a stock-collared point de Venise lace. The bouffant sleeves were finished at the wrists with frills of point lace. There was a spray of orange-blossoms in her coiffure which held in place the flowing veil of white silk moiré. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and she carried a cluster of orange-blossoms tied with white satin ribbons.

The bridesmaids wore very pretty gowns of pale-green satin having overskirts of white mousseline de soie. The corsages were high, with stock collars of satin and Valenciennes lace. On the bodices were Van Dyke yokes of this same lace. Around the waists were hands of green satin terminating at the back in large bows of satin ribbon. They wore white Leghorn hats, trimmed with white crêpe de Chine and daisies. Their gloves were of white undressed kid and their bouquets of pink sweet-peas encircled by white satin ribbons.

The Episcopal marriage ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. W. W. Moreland. At its conclusion the bridal party left the church and were driven to the home of the bride's parents, 1714 California Street, where a reception was held. The young ladies were assisted in receiving by Mrs. James Carolan, who wore a robe of blue and black brocade, trimmed with point d'Alencon lace, and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, whose gown was of pale green and red changeable silk, trimmed with point lace. Only about one hundred guests were invited to the reception. The decorations of the house were in excellent taste. An elaborate breakfast was served, after congratulations were extended, and the afternoon was very pleasantly passed. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Timlow left for the East in the evening, but have not yet determined where their future residence will be.

The Stovel-Martel Wedding.

A very pretty home wedding took place on Saturday evening, April 20th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, 2673 Buchanan Street, where their daughter, Miss Ethel Mary Martel, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Joseph Stovel, formerly of Toronto, Canada, but for some time past a resident of this city. The young couple are well and favorably known in society circles, and have a host of friends.

The house was beautifully decorated throughout. The broad hallway was hung with sprays of ferns and palms, graced here and there with clusters of marguerites. The predominating colors in the drawing-room were white and green. The spacious bay-window, where the happy couple stood, was a veritable hower of bamboo shoots, tall ferns, and Bride roses. From the mantel-piece to the bay-window extended a canopy of smilax, with clusters of Bride roses drooping from the glossy strands. The music-room adjoining was beautiful in shades of pink, and the dining-room attractive in tones of yellow. The basement, where the supper was served, was decorated with palms and garlands of fragrant roses.

At a quarter to nine o'clock the string orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and then the groom and his best man, Mr. Harold C. Kirkpatrick, came slowly down the stairs, and at the entrance to the drawing-room they separated, allowing a pretty little maid, Miss Edna Van Wyck, who wore a dainty gown of white and carried a bouquet of white sweet-peas, to pass between them and unfasten the broad, white satin ribbon that barred the space for the bridal party.

Then came the bridesmaid, Miss Blix Smith, a petite brunette, who wore a handsome gown of white figured silk, cut décolleté and profusely trimmed with hyacinths. She carried a shower bouquet of these same flowers. Following her came the maid of honor, Miss India Willis Scott, a handsome, stately blonde, who was exquisitely gowned in white figured silk, cut décolleté and adorned with clusters of lilies of the valley around the bodice. She carried a shower bouquet of these flowers.

Then came the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father. She is a beautiful girl, of the brunette type, and appeared to much advantage in an elegant robe of cream-colored satin, which was made with a long court train and elaborately trimmed with Duchesse lace. A white tulle veil enveloped her graceful figure. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie impressively performed the marriage ceremony, after which congratulations were extended to the newly wedded pair. This was followed by the bridal lancers and general dancing until half-past ten o'clock, when the merry throng repaired to the supper-room where a delicious repast was enjoyed. Soon after supper the bride donned a tailor-made suit of navy blue cloth, and, amid a shower of rice, old shoes,

and good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Stovel left the house. On Sunday they left to make a brief Southern trip, and when they return will receive on the first and second Thursdays in May at 2673 Buchanan Street.

The gifts to the bride were numerous and beautiful. Many congratulatory telegrams were received from absent friends, one of which particularly pleased the groom, coming as it did from the Bishop of Canada, who had known him from childhood. Among those who attended the wedding were:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. G. Fife, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. George Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Paige, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woods, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Scherwin, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, Mrs. William Willis, Mrs. W. H. Wallace, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. S. F. Enos, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Cole, Miss Jennie McMillan, Miss Emma McMillan, Miss Panner, Miss Woods, Miss Bryant, Miss Wallace, Miss Nelson, Miss Roe, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Colburn, Miss Tillie Feldmann, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Knox, Miss Wells, Miss Jennings, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. L. Stanford, Colonel Charles Sonntag, Mr. W. H. Forbes, Mr. Dean, Mr. Richard Wallace, Mr. A. J. Stevens, Mr. Adams, Mr. Stafford Parker, and Mr. Frank Goewey.

The Russell-Welch Wedding.

At the residence of Mrs. Andrew Welch, 1090 Eddy Street, a quiet wedding took place at noon last Wednesday. It was attended only by relatives and very intimate friends of the bride and groom. The contracting parties were Miss Bertha Welch and Mr. James Russell, receiving teller of the Bank of British Columbia.

The residence was tastefully decorated with flowers and potted plants. In the bay-window of the main salon there was a fully equipped altar adorned with Bermuda lilies and fluffy snow-balls. Around the walls were trailing branches laden with clusters of Lady Banksia roses, while the mirror was graced with branches of thistles as a tribute to the place of nativity of the groom—Scotland. All of the rooms and the wide hallway had received attention from the decorator, and very pretty effects were produced.

It was just twelve o'clock when the bridal party made its appearance in the salon. The only attendant was Master Francis Lejeal, a nephew of the bride, who acted as page. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Father Varsi. The bride's wedding-dress is described as follows:

It was a robe of heavy, pearl-white satin, made with a court-train. The skirt was perfectly plain, with the exception of a series of fine plaitings around the bottom, which were ornamented with large Roman pearls. The high bodice was adorned with a hertha of Duchesse point lace. The sleeves were very bouffant at the shoulders and terminated at the wrists with a free fall of point lace. From her coiffure fell a veil of rare and valuable old point lace. She wore gloves of white undressed kid and carried a bouquet of orchids. Her ornaments were pearls and diamonds.

After the ceremony there were the usual congratulations, which were followed by an elaborate breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Russell left late in the afternoon to make a trip through the Southern counties for a couple of weeks. When they return they will reside with the bride's mother until their new residence adjoining—a gift from Mrs. Welch—is completed.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Alice McCutchen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, to Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, son of the late Henry Schmiedell.

The wedding of Miss Sarah Haight Tompkins and Mr. John McKibbin Burns, of Minneapolis, Minn., will take place at three o'clock this afternoon at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sarah Tompkins, the Souther Farm, near San Leandro. Miss Juliet Tompkins, sister of the bride, will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Cameron Burns will act as best man. The wedding will be quietly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Burns will reside at Belvedere during the summer.

The wedding of Miss Grace Goodyear and Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S. A., will take place on Thursday, May 2d, at St. Paul's Church in Benicia.

The wedding of Dr. George Henry Falkner Nuttall, brother of Mr. J. R. K. Nuttall, of this city, and Fraulein Paula von Oertzen, daughter of Herr and Frau Hans Friedrich von Oertzen, of Mecklenberg, Germany, took place in Berlin, on April 14th.

Mrs. Louis Auzeais has issued about three hundred invitations for a private theatrical entertainment, which will be given next Tuesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. The comedy "Love on Crutches" will be presented.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Marie Withrow have issued invitations for a matinee musicale which will be given to-day at the residence of the former on Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook gave an elaborate dinner-party on Friday evening at their residence on Van Ness Avenue, and hospitably entertained several of their friends.

The members of the Dancing Club held their last meeting of this season on Friday evening at Lunt's Hall. The attendance was quite large and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Mr. Everett led the cotillion and introduced several pretty figures.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair will return to their home in New York early in May. Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair expect to pass the summer in Europe.

Prince and Princess Poniatowski are expected here during the summer on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. Edgar Mills and the Misses Mills will pass the summer at their villa in Menlo Park.

Miss Jennie Catherwood is expected to return from New York next month, after a prolonged visit to her sister, Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins will leave here early in May for New York, where they will meet their two daughters, Misses Helen and Edna Hopkins, and with them will go to Europe, where they will travel during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are occupying their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Thomas left for the East last Thursday. They were accompanied by Miss Emily Potter, of Philadelphia, who passed the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Miss Amy Requa, Mrs. A. A. Moore, Miss Mary Dunham, and Mr. Karl Howard, of Oakland, have been visiting Santa Barbara during the past week.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and Miss Clara Huntington will soon depart to pass the summer in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine G. Hush, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee, and the Misses Hush, of Fruitvale, will camp in the Yosemite Valley for several weeks during the summer.

Mr. W. F. Goad, Miss Ella Goad, and Miss McNutt have been at Paso Robles during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day and Miss Carol Day arrived in Genoa, Italy, a few days ago.

Miss Clark and Miss Ann Clark have closed their residence on Broadway, and gone to their country home near San José for the season.

Mrs. George L. Colburn and Miss Maye F. Colburn arrived at London last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills will pass a part of the summer season at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Detrick will leave next month to pass the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham will reside in San Rafael during the summer months.

Mrs. J. J. Crooks will return from Chicago early in May, and will pass the summer at San Rafael. Her mother, Mrs. J. I. Case, will come with her.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson will leave in a couple of weeks for San Rafael, where they will reside during the summer. Their daughter, who is at school in the East, will come out here in June.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth will leave early in May to pass the summer at the White Mountains and other Eastern resorts.

Mrs. W. B. Hooper and the Misses Hooper will pass the summer months at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellicott will pass the summer at San Mateo.

Mrs. Joseph L. Moody and the Misses Eva, Eda, and May Moody are at Monterey for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Mae and Claire Tucker have taken a cottage at Belvedere, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas will leave on April 28th for New York, and will sail from there on May 10th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin and Mrs. Maynard have moved to 2263 Franklin Street.

Mrs. Robert D. Bristol has returned from Chicago after a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Abbott have returned from the East, and are residing at 1632 Vallejo Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as aid-de-camp to General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., at New York.

Captain Alexander Rodgers, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., and Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., will be stationed in the Yosemite National Park during the summer with the troops of the Fourth Cavalry.

Lieutenant F. L. Leveridge, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., of Vancouver Barracks, Wash., has been dismissed from service by President Cleveland owing to a charge of drunkenness while on duty.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three weeks' leave of absence, to take effect about May 2d.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as recruiting officer at the Presidio.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

A concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening, which was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The following excellent programme was presented under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman:

Organ overture, "Don Juan," Emilio Cruells; song, "Deep in the Mine," Charles L. Parent, Jr.; violin solo, "Adagio Pathétique," Henry Heyman; recitative and aria, "Ernani," Miss Daisy Cohn; organ, "Fantasie Huguénote," Emilio Cruells; song, "Brigand's Love-Song," Charles L. Parent, Jr.; violin solo, "Devant son Image" and "Canto de Amor," Henry Heyman; song, "Thou Art So Like a Flower," Miss Daisy Cohn; organ, "Marche Hongroise," Emilio Cruells.

A concert in aid of the Seamen's Institute was given last Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. David Bixler, and quite a sum of money was realized. The audience was large and fashionable and the programme very interesting. The participants were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Miss Alice Ames, Mr. Sigmund Beel, Mr. Willis E. Bachelor, Miss Edith Johnson, Mrs. A. M. Noble, Miss Beatrice Priest, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, and Mrs. J. E. Birmingham.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald will deliver a lecture before the Sorosis Club at three o'clock next Monday afternoon at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, 1414 California Street. His subject will be "Characteristic and Descriptive Music," with illustrations on antique musical instruments. He will be assisted by Miss Lillian Morey and Mr. Frank Coffin.

Ysaye, the celebrated violinist, will arrive here soon from the East to give a series of concerts at the Baldwin Theatre.

Mr. Joseph D. Strong, the well-known artist, who returned about three months ago from a prolonged visit to the islands in the South Seas, has established a studio at 7 Montgomery Avenue. He has just completed two excellent portraits of Mr. Charles Josselyn and Mr. J. M. Hamilton. Another good portrait is that of Captain Morse, of the steamship *Alameda*. This is the property of Mr. John D. Spreckels, and is on exhibition at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. Mr. Strong is at present engaged on a painting entitled "Hands Up," which represents a country sheriff halting a stage-robber. In the studio are quite a number of studies in both oil and black and white of picturesque scenes on the islands that Mr. Strong visited on his trip. An inspection of them will prove very interesting.

Opportunities to obtain desirable city property are becoming very scarce, and, therefore, the sale of the old Woodward's Gardens property is attracting considerable attention among purchasers of real estate. This property is situated in a portion of the city that is even now central, and will become more so as time goes on. The streets around it are improved, well paved, and sewered, and electric and cable lines pass the property on three sides, connecting with all parts of the city. The sale will be held at the salesroom of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. on Tuesday, May 7th.

The *Lark* is the style and title of a decidedly unconventional magazine to be issued in this city on May 1st, and monthly thereafter, by Messrs. Bruce Porter and Gelett Burgess. Its pervading spirit will be that of joyousness, as opposed to the morbid tone of the *Yellow Book*, the *Chap Book*, and other organs of *decadence*; and its revolt against conventionality will appear in its striking and original style of typography and illustration. The *Lark* will contain no advertisements.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association is now open to the public at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and will continue about three weeks more. The display of pictures is large and meritorious.

"PROMOTERS OF BUSINESS" IS THE UNIQUE new sign of Wilder & Co. on their windows, 621 Market Street, Palace Hotel Building.

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DCCLIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, April 28, 1895.

Gumbo Filé and Rice.
Boiled Salmon, Sauce Hollandaise.
Broiled Squabs. Potato Croquettes.
Asparagus.
Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms.
Carrot Salad.
Lemon Omelet. Fairy Cakes.
Coffee.

LEMON OMELET.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth; then add the well-beaten yolks of three to the whites, with the juice of half a lemon and three table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar. Have a quart pudding-dish, well greased with butter; heap quickly into the dish; powder over with sugar and put into the oven. Bake fifteen minutes and serve quickly.

The commissioners of Golden Gate Park have issued a circular letter calling for donations to the new Park Museum. The museum is freely open every day in the year to citizens and visitors from all parts of the world, and the commissioners wish to make it a repository of articles of scientific and historical interest that shall be not only an attractive place to visit, but an institution of great educational value. To that end they solicit donations of natural history and mineral specimens, historical relics, Indian and other antiquities, and similar objects. Such donations, carefully packed, should be shipped to "Golden Gate Park Museum, San Francisco, Cal.," where the express charges will be paid by the commissioners; and for these acknowledgments will be duly made and the articles, properly labeled with a description and the name of the donor, will be given place in the museum.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What perfect sympathy there is between Mrs. Plainface and her daughter." "I should think so! How could she help sympathizing with a daughter who looked like her."—*Life*.

Gontran hurt like a whirlwind in upon his friend Gaston: "Will you be my witness?" "Going to fight?" "No, to get married." Gaston (after a pause)—"Can't you apologize?"—*Los Angeles Herald*.

"Is this where you vote?" said an Ohio voteress to the election officer. "Yes, madam." "Then please cut off samples of all the tickets, and I'll take them home and see which I like best."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Wronged wife—"Haven't I suffered in a thousand ways since I married you?" Heartless husband—"There is one way you haven't." Wronged wife (indignantly)—"In what way is that?" Heartless husband—"In silence."—*Ex*.

"Bridget, have you cracked those nuts for the dessert I want to make?" "Yis, ma'am; all hut thim big walnuts, an' it'll take stronger jaws than mine to manage them; hut I got troo wid the others all roight, ma'am."—*Bazar*.

First surgeon—"Between ourselves, the operation is useless." Second surgeon—"I suppose so, but it is very rare that we could get such a sum for it." First surgeon—"True enough! After all, we may save him. Let's begin."—*La Caricature*.

Editor—"I'm going to offer one thousand dollars in gold to any one who can guess how this story is coming out." Spacer—"Pretty expensive, isn't it?" Editor—"Not very; the last chapter won't be written till after the answers are all in."—*Puck*.

Dismal Dawson—"Mister, I appeal to you as a married man yourself—" Mister—"But I am not a married man. See?" Dismal Dawson—"Then what business you got wearin' sich a hum neck-tie fer and foolin' a man?"—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

"Why," thundered the King of Dahomey, lowering his field-glass, "is the left wing of the Amazons firing without orders and breaking into retreat?" "Sire," answered the chief of staff, "a courier announces that a cow has appeared in front of the lines at that point."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Cute—"Now, if our income is over four thousand dollars we have to pay the government, don't we?" Mr. Cute (filling up blanks in his return)—"Yep." Mrs. Cute—"Well, if we have less than four thousand dollars does the government pay us anything?"—*New York Sun*.

Mrs. Johnson—"May Brown has grown up to be a fine girl." Johnson—"Yes, indeed! She's a great comfort to her father." Mrs. Johnson—"Is she?" Johnson—"Yes; she and her mother often disagree about what they want him to do, and Brown thoroughly enjoys the deadlock."—*Puck*.

Mr. Mokeby (hotly)—"I claim I wuz outrageously discriminated ag'inst an' peculated las' night at de cluh!" Mr. Walsingham—"How wuz dat, Mr. Mokeby?" Mr. Mokeby—"I wuz settin' in a game—I had all de chips, fo' dollahs wuth—an' jes as I wuz gwine to cash 'em in, Mr. Hankinson, de hank, dropped a lighted match on de stack; den dem celluloid chips went 'whoof!' an' he pintedly refused to cash de ashes."—*Puck*.

"Bourienne," said Napoleon, "I still seem to be interesting to the mortals?" "You are, sire, you are," returned his faithful secretary. "Will it last, Bourienne?" "Oh, I think so—six months, anyhow. You'll have to take a hack seat then, unless—" (Here the secretary paused.) "Unless what?" "Unless you should marry Trilby. I think the union of the two fads would keep the interest up for quite a while."—*Life*.

The mighty Brutus scowled, "Slave!" The messenger from the Rome Bureau of Press Clippings trembled. "See here"—the noblest Roman of them all hitched up his toga—"Mark Antony's press-agent gets in two notices to my one, and out of the pitiful handful sent me here nine-tenths are roasts!" Even in the time of proud, imperial Rome, the public man who played not for the grand-stand felt the sting of popular condemnation. —*Puck*.

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Argonaut and Century	\$7.00
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Argonaut and Harper's Magazine	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly	6.70
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The Argonaut.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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The Argonaut is a pretty good American paper. Whatever its other faults may be, no one has ever accused it of a lack of Americanism. But we do not like sham Americanism. And the attempt of the daily papers, with their columns of twaddle, to embroil the United States in this dispute between Great Britain and Nicaragua strikes us as being sham Americanism.

All this warlike talk about the Monroe doctrine is sound and fury, signifying nothing. The Monroe doctrine has not yet been assailed by Great Britain. In any event, it does not make this country the wet-nurse of all the mewling and puking Spanish-American infants in the lands to the south of us. To this world, there are no rights without attendant duties. If it is our duty to defend the Spanish-American republics when they are attacked, it is our right to expect aid from them when we are involved in war. But would we receive such aid? We think we see Mexico,

Central America, and South America springing to the assistance of this country if she were attacked by a European power or coalition of powers. Chile, in particular, would be a most enthusiastic ally, and so would Mexico, whom we trampled on in 1846.

If Italy had sent ships-of-war to attack Louisiana when Italian subjects were slain in New Orleans, the United States would have defended Louisiana with our men, our ships, and our guns. But the reason is plain—Louisiana is part of us. If the United States were attacked, Louisiana's sons would shed their blood for their country as freely as during the Rebellion they did for their State. Therefore it is that we would defend Louisiana if attacked, whether she were right or wrong.

But what have we to do with shielding Nicaragua from paying indemnity for an insult to a power with which we are at peace? Even if we had the right to shield her—which we have not—our position would be an odious and hypocritical one. We would be attempting to prevent Great Britain from receiving the reparation which we ourselves have demanded and received. When British Consul Hatch was expelled from Nicaragua last July, two American citizens, Wiltbank and Lampton, were expelled at the same time. This country demanded and received reparation. It did not take the same form as that demanded by Great Britain, but that is a national peculiarity. Wounded British national honor is notoriously susceptible to the gold cure. However, the United States demanded and received reparation, and hence it does not lie in our mouths to protest against Great Britain's receiving reparation for a similar affront—aggravated, in her case, by the affront being made to an official.

The Bulletin of this city is much exercised over the tone of the English press, which says of Nicaragua that she is "a caricature of a civilized state," and that Great Britain "does not want to hurt her, but only to teach her manners." The Bulletin suggests that the President of the United States should make an official statement that this country "does not consider Nicaragua a caricature of a civilized state," and darkly hints, if he does not do so, that "it would not take much to rouse a popular feeling over British aggression in Nicaragua which the government at Washington might be powerless to resist."

We hope the bellicose Bulletin will succeed in restraining the more truculent of its readers before they force the President to declare war on Great Britain for its conduct toward Nicaragua. Our own record toward our Spanish-American neighbors has not been of the most peaceful description. It began with a war, and has been followed by a series of continual disputes. In 1846 we waged a war with Mexico, of which we have no reason to be proud. Ever since the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo and the Gadsden Purchase, there have been quarrels with Mexico over frontier questions—smuggling, the Zona Libre, the incursion of Mexican bandits across the Rio Grande, etc. Under President Hayes these questions threatened serious trouble, and they have only moderated since Porfirio Diaz seized the reins of power. On the thirteenth of July, 1854, Captain Hollins, of the United States man-of-war Cyane, first bombarded the town of San Juan del Norte, in Nicaragua, and then, landing a party of marines, burned it to the ground. This was for an alleged insult to the United States Minister, Solon Borland. Yet for a similar offense we are condemning Great Britain for demanding a money indemnity. We have had endless trouble with the Central American republics. The ships of the Pacific Mail Company have been continually harassed by the "revolutions" in these petty republics, and frequently have been threatened by one scoundrel on shore in case they refused to deliver up another scoundrel on board. They have even been fired upon at times, as their puzzled commanders were often utterly unable to tell whether the government was on board or ashore. It is only a few years since the late L. B. Miner, Minister to Central America, was most unjustly recalled for his conduct in the Barrundia affair, when a Guatemalan pretender was shot down by Guatemalan officers upon the

deck of an American passenger steamer. It is only a few years since a detachment of United States Marines was forced to take possession of an Isthmian port to maintain order and protect American life and property in one of these "civilized" states. It is only a little over a year ago that Brazilian guns were turned upon American merchant vessels in the harbor of Rio, and were only checked by the prompt action of Admiral Benham. It seems but yesterday that American seamen were being shot down in a Chilean seaport, and that our government was demanding a monetary indemnity from Chile as Great Britain is now doing from Nicaragua.

There is no love lost between the people of this country and those to the south of us. They are Latin; we are Anglo-Saxon. They are Roman Catholic; we are Protestant. They are dark-skinned; we are white. In Mexico, they call us sneeringly "gringos," or "Yankees," and their tone toward the United States is generally that of dislike tempered with fear. The Spanish-American countries trade with Great Britain because, although they dislike her almost as much as they do us, her goods are cheaper. In short, their attitude toward us is entirely selfish. Correspondingly, let us be entirely selfish in our attitude toward them.

None the less, let us not fail to follow the British method of looking at this British entanglement. Let us see what there is in it for us. There can be no doubt that Great Britain would never have dared to act as she has done with any other than a small and weak power. There is no doubt also that by her occupation of Corinto she has enraged and alarmed all of Central America—perhaps all of Spanish America, although that is doubtful. It will affect her trade, beyond question. Let us endeavor to take advantage of her mishap, and grab the trade she loses, in the same spirit of sisterly affection which she has so often shown when stealing trade from us. "Blood is thicker than water."

While people in the North are beginning to take a renewed interest in the fortunes of Joan of Arc of Domrémy, another Joan of Arc appears to have arisen in the Mexican State of Chihuahua. This new saint belongs to the race vulgarly known as "greasers." Born of a Mexican father and a half-breed mother, she exhibits Mexican dash and gallantry mingled with Indian cunning and cruelty. As a rider of an unbroken mustang, she has few equals among the men. Her original business was that of a medicine-woman; she cured diseases by the laying on of hands and by the application of certain liquids which she carried in vials strung round her neck. But the popularity she acquired induced her to claim supernatural powers.

She now proclaims herself to be an inspired saint from heaven, and has exchanged her name of Teresa de Cevera for that of the "Beautiful Saint." She declares that she has been sent from heaven to guide the people directly to the Holy Virgin, and to inaugurate a regeneration of Mexico through the overthrow of the civil government and the establishment of a religious kingdom. Unlike the original Joan of Arc, who placed her sword at the service of the King of France, Teresa acknowledges no allegiance to the Mexican Government. She proposes to support her disciples, who are numerous, by foraging among the towns and villages of Chihuahua; she consoles the people she robs by effecting miraculous cures of their diseases and by pointing out to them the way to heaven. Strange to say, the more substantial among the Mexican citizens do not consider the exchange equal; they call upon the state government to suppress the saint; at one time a force of six hundred troops was put in the field against her. But Teresa is a born general, and the ignorant Mexicans, half-breeds, and Indians flock to her defense, so that up to date the state troops have not succeeded in catching her, and she is safely ensconced in an inaccessible defile of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

Once, some time ago, in the town of Polve, near Presidio del Norte, she appeared in the plaza, holding an image of the Virgin high in air and exhorting the people to join in a revolt against the authorities. To this the magistrates, in exception, and with the assistance of a couple of com-

lodged her in jail; but the people rose, and with a rush they rescued her. The Mexican regulars were sent for, and a battle ensued between them and the mob; but Teresa drew off her forces in good order. It was believed that she bore a charmed life. The best shots in the Mexican army fired constantly at her without hitting her.

Force failing, the governor of Chihuahua fell back on negotiation. He sent two leading citizens with offers of forgiveness and amnesty if Teresa would disband her followers and return to the peaceful practice of her profession. She would neither vouchsafe a reply nor even see the commissioners; she remains secluded in her mountain stronghold, where she is recruiting new followers and accumulating stores of food and ammunition.

Teresa's strength is derived from the ignorance and superstition of the Mexican people. In the City of Mexico, and some other large cities, a fair measure of enlightenment prevails, and among the leading men of the nation superstition has lost its grip. But in the country parts and among the lower classes, people are as besotted as the peasants of the Asturias to-day. With the avowed purpose of maintaining the power of the church, the priests educate their congregations to believe in the supernatural, so that when a female impostor looms up on the back of a horse with an image of the Virgin in her hand, and declares that she is a messenger from heaven sent to redeem the world, they do not possess intelligence or mental robustness enough to reject her. When she says that she can heal the sick by miraculous cures, they believe her, because miraculous cures are among the things which the church teaches them they should believe. They think it quite possible that she may be a saint gifted with supernatural power, because the priests have taught them that saints with supernatural power have flourished before, and there is no reason why they should not exist again. The apparition of Teresa, and her popularity among the half-breeds of Chihuahua, are the legitimate fruits of the teachings of the church.

She is likely to reduce those teachings to an absurdity. For those who believe in the miracles of Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré, it involves no stretch of imagination to believe in miraculous cures performed by Teresa, or even in her being a special messenger from heaven. But the disciples whom Teresa gathers round her to accomplish her divine mission must be fed; in Chihuahua they can not live on locusts and wild honey as the followers of John the Baptist did; therefore, she must engage in predatory raids on peaceful villages and farms, and it is odds that when the authorities try to suppress her, her fanatical adherents may muster in such force as to defy suppression. Thus, in her case, belief in the supernatural leads directly to robbery, murder, and anarchy, and pursues a headlong course until it either destroys society or society destroys it.

There is no safety for any human society when it departs from obedience to sound natural law. The moment it begins to admit that the bone of a saint can heal a broken leg, it will believe anything. It will believe in "saints" like this modern Mexican Joan of Arc. Confusion will permeate its reasoning in everything, and it is certain to fetch up in some form of chaos.

When the lawyers get through with the income-tax law, but little will be left of that masterpiece of Democratic imbecility. Already six justices of the Supreme Court have decided that taxes on the rents, issues, and profits of land are direct taxes, and can be levied only when apportioned among the several States on the basis of population as shown by the census, and, further, that evidences of public indebtedness can not be taxed, and, therefore, incomes derived from these sources are exempt.

Thus two important sources of income have been excluded from the operation of the law, and fully fifty per cent. of the revenue that was expected to be derived from it is cut off. And, while the immediate and direct effect of the decision is thus serious, its indirect effects are likely to be even more far-reaching. The Supreme Court has driven a coach and four through the law, the next step is an attempt to run the railways of the country through it. In the United States Circuit Court at New York, a suit has been brought by a stockholder to restrain the Illinois Central Railway Company from paying the tax. The principal contention in this case is that the railroad derives its principal income from the use of its land, and that a tax upon this income is a tax upon the land, and therefore void under the recent decision of the Supreme Court.

It has already been determined in a number of decisions that railroads are real estate. Their holdings consist of road-bed and rolling-stock, the former forming about nine-tenths of the value and the latter one-tenth. As to leased roads, there can hardly be any question that they would be exempt. The lessee pays a certain fixed rental for the use of the road-bed, and operates its own rolling-stock over it. The stockholders of the leased line receive a rental that

differs in no wise from the rental received by a landlord for the use of his houses and land. In this State the Southern Pacific Company leases and operates fifteen or twenty different lines, and all of these would be exempt under the decision. The Atchison system leases in this State the California Central, the California Southern, and the Atlantic and Pacific, all of which would be exempt. The New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and practically all of the leading lines of the country hold numbers of leased lines, all of which would be exempt.

It is altogether probable that when this case comes before the Supreme Court the rentals of leased lines will be held to be exempt, and it is not improbable that the other railroads will be held to be exempt, at least as to that part of their incomes derived from the use of their land. How much the receipts from the tax will be reduced by this, it is, of course, impossible to say. The earnings of the railroads of the country amounted to \$1,222,618,290 in 1894. From this is to be deducted \$858,027,181 for operating expenses, leaving \$364,591,109 as the corporate income, as defined by the law. Fully one-third of this represents the rental paid for leased lines, and will almost certainly be deducted. The remaining two hundred millions will also probably be deducted, leaving the revenues to be derived for the law cut down to about one-quarter of its original proportions. From this it will be seen that the Democrats have practically exempted the railroads from the tax. Should the attempt of the railroads be successful, there are innumerable other corporations that derive their income wholly or in part from land, and these would insist upon their incomes being exempted also. Mining corporations certainly derive their income from land, and would stubbornly resist the tax.

The next attack upon the law is from another direction. This attack is based upon the distinction between ministerial and judicial duties. It is an established principle of law that a public official may delegate the performance of ministerial duties to a deputy or subordinate, while judicial duties may not be so delegated. This legal principle has been applied to the administration of the income-tax law by certain lawyers in the Eastern States. The collection of the tax is admittedly ministerial, and can be performed by the deputy as well as by the collector of internal revenue. But the duties of receiving statements of income and of making arbitrary assessments are clearly judicial in their nature, and can not be delegated to a deputy.

The income-tax law and the instructions of the Treasury Department have overlooked this principle, however, and the whole work has been referred to deputies. The taxpayer is perfectly justified in waiting until the collector in person calls upon him to present his statement. He incurs no penalty by waiting in this manner, for the penalty attaches only when he refuses to file a statement or to furnish the material for such a statement when properly called upon for it. It is apparent that the collector can not call upon all those in his district who are subject to the tax, and those who are not called upon will escape the payment.

Another defective feature of the law is that it is retroactive. Going into effect in August of last year, it seeks to tax all incomes received during the preceding eight months. If eight months, why not eight years? It is true that the provision of the constitution prohibiting *ex post facto* laws applies only to those which affect the punishment for a criminal offense. But retroactive laws are repugnant to the spirit of American institutions, and are impolitic and unjust. So strongly is this felt that there have not been wanting judges who have held such laws inoperative even in civil cases.

Finally, the rehearing to be had this week renders it not improbable that the entire law will be held unconstitutional. Four of the eight justices decided on the former hearing that the whole law was repugnant to the provisions of the constitution, and should Justice Jackson, who will be present at the rehearing, agree with them, the law will be defeated. There will also be a new question presented for decision. The constitution provides that all excises—which include income taxes—shall be uniform. The question has already been raised as to whether the exclusion of all incomes of less than four thousand dollars destroys the uniformity of the tax. But on the rehearing of the case there will be the further question whether an income tax can be considered "uniform" which excludes incomes under four thousand dollars, incomes from land, incomes from United States bonds, incomes from State bonds, incomes from municipal bonds, incomes from railroads, and incomes of persons not called upon by the collector in person.

The present prospects of the law seem to justify the suggestion that its title should be amended to read: "*A law to tax the incomes of those too poor to hire a lawyer.*"

In another column the reader will find a list of the dramatic attractions at the principal theatres of the country. It proves that the theatres of San Francisco are not singular

in their poverty, that everywhere the tale is the same—a diminished number of theatres open, and these producing poor pieces. The old standard comedies, which have drawn audiences during so many generations, appear to have been banished from the boards; their place is taken by thin farces, spectacular pieces, or exhibitions of nude women under a flimsy veil of tulle or bronze. Managers explain the anomaly by alleging that, in consequence of the hard times, people are too poor to attend the theatre, to which comedy-lovers reply that the audiences would be large enough if managers produced anything worth looking at.

The decay of the stage has brought forward experts with explanations of the phenomenon. Mr. W. H. Crane, the actor, is inclined to impute popular neglect of the theatre to its viciousness. He says that vice has never been made so attractive on the stage as during the past two years, and that plays have dealt with the social evil in the most barefaced and open manner. To this, Mr. A. E. Lancaster replies that Mr. Crane exaggerates. Taking "The Masqueraders" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as types of the vicious play of the period, he argues that "the foolish, cynical, worldly, selfish, and vicious persons who conduct the action in these pieces are not put forward for the purpose of making vice attractive, and do not really do so; on the contrary, they make it odious."

In order to elicit the opinions of experts on the tendency of the stage as evidenced by the popular plays of the day, the New York *Herald* addressed to five leading actors—Messrs. Terriss, Beerbohm Tree, Henry Miller, Richard Mansfield, and Alexander Salvini—the question: "What will the coming drama be like?"

Mr. Ferriss says that the coming play will "depend rather on the noble and sympathetic side of human nature than on the base and bestial." In the same view, Mr. Henry Miller says that the play of the coming future will "appeal to our hearts, soothe the fancy with poetic beauty, and arouse in the spectator the better part of man." Mr. Beerbohm Tree evades the question with the cheery remark, that "soon the joyous notes of comedy may ring at our gates." Mr. Richard Mansfield says that the audiences of the future will "demand plays of intelligence, plays that tell a true story—a story that stirs and thrills, and that will make them wiser and better or gentler and kinder. And for mirth they will demand wit."

Alexander Salvini appears to discern the probable growth of dualism in public taste, leading to the creation on one side of a drama full of low realities, with railroad wrecks, inundations, slaughters, horse-races, criminal trials with real judges and lawyers engaged for the occasion, and criminals electrocuted in front of the audience; and, on the other side, "a drama of historic dramatic tableaux—drama which never dies, whose heroes and heroines, although of the past, still find an echo in our civilization, and by the exposition of which our sentiments of love, of fear, of sorrow, are thrilled."

These five gentlemen, who are certainly qualified to speak for the theatre of the present day and of the near future, are thus optimists; they feel sure that the plays of the decadence and the farce-comedies which intelligent spectators are ashamed of laughing at, will presently cease to draw, and will be replaced by pieces in the style of the high comedy and the robust drama of the last generation. That assumes a revolution in public taste, of which the indications are as yet only faintly discernible. It is a fact, however, that such pieces as "The City Directory" and "A Brass Monkey" are not drawing as well as they did three or four years ago, while better plays, like "The Henrietta" and "Alabama," continue to command public approval. A new piece by Mr. Augustus Thomas, based on the dramatic incidents of which the history of the Civil War is full, would probably have a fine run; if it had, playwrights would be encouraged to undertake a simple and virile style of piece, appealing to the natural and not the morbid impulses of humanity. Such pieces, produced with the care and finish which Warde and James bestow on their Shakespearian revivals, ought to draw the crowd.

It must be remembered that good plays appear only at intervals, and then they come in shoals. From Shakespeare to Sheridan, one hundred and sixty years elapsed; from Sheridan to Bulwer's rise as a dramatist, sixty years must be counted. France did not produce a single great play in the half-century which preceded Hugo and Dumas; Dumas the younger and Sardou are but fast-fading lights of the dramatic fire which was kindled by the founders of the romantic school. In this country, as in France, England, and Germany, the stage is groping round for a master. When and where he will be born, no one can tell. But it is pretty safe to predict that he will not build either on a foundation of decadence, or on a feeble substructure of evanescent fashion. He will deal with the passions which have swayed mankind from the time of Homer to the present day—love, hate, revenge, gratitude, honor, truth, self-

sacrifice, and loyalty. Those impulses are as potent to-day as they ever were. They never grow old. They never weary. They never fade. They never cease to thrill the human heart. The style of drama which is destined to drive the impure and imbecile stuff of the day into oblivion will be based on such a foundation.

As we write these lines, it is too early to tell what will be the upshot of the imbroglio between Great Britain and Nicaragua. It is not too early, however, to dissipate some of the nonsense which is being talked and written about this matter. In that line, we may mention a letter by Mr. M. M. Estee, which appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of April 27th. Mr. Estee calls attention in his letter to "the position which was assumed by the American republic on the question of arbitration in the Pan-American Congress, held in Washington in 1890." This position was formulated in a set of resolutions which were passed by the Pan-American Congress, of which Mr. Estee was a member. Among these resolutions were the following gems:

Resolved, That the principle of conquest shall not . . . be recognized as admissible under American public law.

Resolved, That all cessions of territory . . . shall be void if made under threats of war or the presence of an armed force.

Resolved, Any nation from which such cessions shall be exacted may demand that the validity of the cession so exacted shall be submitted to arbitration.

These resolutions, Mr. Estee informs us, were unanimously adopted by the congress, "Chile alone abstaining from voting." We congratulate the Chilean delegates on their good sense.

If the formal declarations of the Pan-American Congress mean anything at all, which is not markedly apparent, they mean that the international quarrels, which we call "wars," and the international seizures which we call "conquests," shall be replaced by arbitration. Very good. But how is the verdict of the arbitrators to be enforced? With the strong hand?—that is the only way. If a stubborn country refuse to accept the result of the arbitration, she must be coerced. This means war. So we get back to blood and iron. Therefore, according to Mr. Estee and the Pan-American Congress, war is to be abolished by declaring war on those who make war.

There is much sentimentalism about international arbitration. Mr. Estee says that "it is founded upon the theory that the right and not the physical power of the nations involved shall control. Thus, in the great court of arbitration, the smallest and most powerful nations are equals." The theory is a very pretty one. But it is only a theory. The "great court of arbitration" can not punish for contempt. It has no bailiffs to serve its process. It has no officers to carry out its mandates. Behind every law there must be a penalty. A law without a penalty is only a mockery. Therefore, "international law" is only an expression, and not a concrete fact. It has been violated times without number by powerful nations against weaker ones. It has been repeatedly violated by the United States. When, in July, 1853, Captain D. C. Ingraham, commanding the American man-of-war *St. Louis*, took Martin Koszta, an Hungarian refugee, from on board an Austrian frigate in the harbor of Smyrna, in the waters of a friendly power, Koszta having merely declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, this country grossly violated the law of nations. Both Turkey and Austria, according to international law, had cause for war, yet the act was upheld by the people, and Congress voted Captain Ingraham a medal. Elsewhere we speak of the violation of international law by this country when it bombarded a Nicaraguan port.

Many other precedents might be cited showing that this country has utterly disregarded international "law" when it suited its purpose to do so. As to arbitration, this country has not yet formally accepted the judgment of the Behring Sea arbitrators. The Democratic Congress refused to appropriate money to pay the indemnity inflicted on us by that body. It is probable that the Republican Congress will make this appropriation, but if they and succeeding Congresses should refuse, what power have the Behring Sea arbitrators to force us to pay the money? They have no such power; they have none of the powers which an ordinary court possesses of enforcing its process. The only way in which England could collect judgment would be by seizing one of our ports, as she has done in Nicaragua— which of course she will not do—or by declaring war. This brings us back again to blood and iron. War is the only method of enforcing international "law."

Mr. Estee thinks that "the right and not physical power" should control. Theoretically, it ought to do so. Practically, it does not. Until the erection of governments, physical power controlled among individuals. Since the erection of governments, physical power has controlled among nations. It will continue to control, until one nation is stronger than all the others combined. Then there will be no more international quarrels, for the overmastering nation will lay down

a law which the others will heed because they will fear a penalty. Now there is none.

If the resolutions of Mr. Estee's Pan-American Congress are to be heeded by the United States in the proper spirit, we must "cease to recognize the principle of conquest." We would therefore have to begin by giving up Texas, which was conquered from Mexico by the Texans. We should then have to give up the vast territory conquered by us from Mexico, as a result of the war of 1846—a magnificent empire which includes our own State of California. We should then, by parity of reasoning, force Mexico to give up this empire to the Apaches, the Modocs, the Piutes, and the Digger Indians. We should have to give up to the Sioux, the Blackfeet, and other Indian tribes all the land west of the Mississippi which we wrested from them; we should be obliged to return to England the thirteen colonies which we conquered from her; and when this was done, it would be our duty to force England to return this territory to the lazy and insectiferous Indians—remnants of the original tribes—who inhabit reservations in the older States, such as the Seneca Reservation in New York and the Pamunkey Reservation in Virginia. After this, we would not have very much to do, but we could sit down and think—think over the principles of abstract right as laid down by Mr. Estee and his Pan-American Congress.

If ever that unique body should meet again, we suggest to Mr. Estee that they add to their resolutions against war and conquest the following:

Resolved, That war is wicked.

Resolved, That we disapprove of war.

Resolved, That many people are wicked.

Resolved, That they ought to stop.

Resolved, That if they will not comply with our reasonable request, and stop being wicked, that we will let it go at that.

The State of Illinois is making vigorous endeavors to solve the social problems arising out of the state of matrimony—or, rather, its decay. A Mr. Waldeck has introduced into the Illinois legislature a bill imposing a graduated tax on bachelors, the proceeds to be devoted to the erection and support of homes for old maids, while another bill proposes to levy a tax on American girls who marry foreigners.

The right of a man to remain single appears to be one of those natural rights which legislators ought to respect. If a man feels that he could not make any woman happy, he should not be compelled by law to make the attempt. In a state of nature consensual union is a matter of course; among savages there are no bachelors; every man, when he attains a suitable age, marries a wife, and in some cases marries several. But civilization creates feminine wants which a limited purse is frequently unable to defray, and which often terrify the male seeker after a quiet home. If a man feels that he can not afford to support a wife in the style which she may expect, or dreads domestic controversy, he ought, it would seem, to be allowed to indulge in celibacy, though he thereby deprives the State of growing citizens, and dooms some woman to an involuntary life of single blessedness.

Women argue that the increasing volume of bachelors springs from the growth of selfishness among men; that with a single eye to their own comfort, men shirk the responsibility of marriage, and force women into the field of labor to support themselves. They say that if no other interests but those of the male were concerned, the crusty old bachelor might be forgiven; but in this country the numbers of the two sexes are so nearly equal that every bachelor who forswears matrimony condemns some girl to wither on her stalk, and that this is neither fair to the girl, nor just to the State. They point to the fact that in ancient Greece and Rome celibates, outside of the priesthood, were subjected to various penalties. In Sparta, unmarried men were regarded as infamous, and when caught by the women might be dragged to the temple of Hercules and subjected to ignominious punishment. Plato provided in his imaginary republic that unmarried men should be incapable of holding office after the age of thirty-five. In Rome, they were incapable of giving evidence in courts, and their wills were invalid. Under the Christian dispensation, celibacy was more respected. The early Christian fathers represented bachelorhood as a higher plane of life than marriage, and hence priests and monks were debarred from the joys of married life. A section of the Western church and the whole Eastern church took the opposite view; in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, priests in the Rhine countries were required to marry, and that is the rule in the Greek Catholic Church to this day. But in all the countries of Europe, throughout the Christian dispensation, the duty of laymen to marry was admitted.

It is clear that if marriage is made compulsory on the man, it must be made equally compulsory on the woman. This would involve a change in our customs. If the col-

lector should demand a tax from a bachelor maid as the price of her freedom, she might answer that she had never been asked. To make the execution of the law fair, the privilege of popping the question would have to be conceded to girls as well as men. This is an innovation which has been long impending and can not much longer be delayed. The present monopoly of choosing a mate which is enjoyed by men is wholly unjustified by natural law. Women are as well qualified to choose a consort as men, some of them much better qualified. There is hardly a girl who has not met some man whom she could have loved and made happy, and yet whom she did not marry because he never knew.

It will be said that it is repugnant to the delicacy of a modest girl to offer herself in marriage to a man. This is mere conventional prudery. There is no substantial difference between accepting an offer and making one, and the most fastidious girls find courage enough for the former. It will be said that a girl would be so shocked if her offer were rejected that she would not get over the blow. This suggestion does injustice to the native strength of the sex. Women themselves believe that other women's hearts are tough. They know more about them than men do, and men may be pardoned for agreeing with them. Therefore if the New Woman should inaugurate this new convention, no man should have the slightest hesitation in rejecting girls who propose to him until the right one comes along. The others would doubtless be wounded for the nonce, but after a good cry, they would recover and set their caps again.

San Francisco during the past week has been threatened with a famine in her engine-houses, her hospitals, and her jails. The city's contractors refused to furnish further provisions, fuel, and forage, unless certain disputed bills were paid. They alleged that, as the funds are very low, they feared they would not get their money for the next two months, May and June, when the fiscal year expires. This is not because the city is poor, but because her funds are well guarded. Under a general law, she can not borrow from one year to eke out another. Under another law, only one-twelfth of the annual revenues can be expended in each calendar month. But none the less, the funds are running low, and the contractors seized the opportunity to bulldoze the city into paying the disputed bills referred to. There was much excitement among the city officials. But Auditor Broderick remained calm. He allowed it to be given out that he would refuse to audit the April warrants of the contractors if they refused to carry out their contracts for May and June, and would take their April money and purchase supplies in the open market for cash. When this became known, the excitement was transferred from the city officials to the city contractors. The latter gentry threatened to mandamus Auditor Broderick, and compel him to sign their April warrants. But he replied that he was suffering from an acute attack of pen paralysis, and that no court could compel him to perform physical impossibilities. The contractors then capitulated. Our fire department horses are being fed, our hospital patients gruelled and spooned, and our jail-birds have resumed their only occupation—eating. The auditor then recovered from his attack of pen paralysis. Right well did Broderick hold the hridge. He is the Horatius Coclès of San Francisco.

There has been much excitement at Berkeley during the past week over the appearance of an annual called "Blue and Gold," published by the students. It is apparently the custom in the University of California for the students to "guy" the faculty in their annual. This year they extended their jurisdiction from the professors to their women folk. One of the professors, who was engaged to be married, found that his *fiancée* figured in some coarse jests in this annual. Having an imperfect sense of humor, he went after the offending student with a club. That the students should caricature and ridicule their professors may be a Berkeley tradition, and is a matter of taste—we think extremely bad taste. But that they should lampoon the professors' sweethearts and wives is another affair, and we think that any man, whether a professor or not, is entirely justified under such circumstances in applying a club to a cub.

Governor Budd has reprieved Patrick J. Collins, who was to be hanged on May 3d, until June 7th. We trust that this is not a foreshadowing of executive leniency. Collins is the cowardly brute who hacked his hard-working wife to pieces because she refused to support him any longer. Over thirty stab-wounds were found in her body. It is nineteen months since the poor woman was murdered, and the murderer is still unchanged. We hope Governor Budd will not stand between Collins and the scaffold. If a man can not be hanged in California for that kind of a murder, for what kind of a murder can a man in California be hanged?

OLD QUIEN SABE AND HIS MULE.

Calkins's Tale of an Omen.

The narrow crescent of the new moon, by whose dim light we had made the last few miles of our journey, was fast sinking toward the shadowy sea of low rolling hills to the westward as Calkins and I reined up before the corral of the desert station, where we were to pass the night. It was a dreary, comfortless place, thirty miles from nowhere. A few cottonwoods growing about the little patch of salt-grass, whence oozed the trickle of brackish water which furnished the *raison d'être* of the station, a clumsily built stake corral and open horse-sheds, together with a three-roomed weather-bleached cabin of rough boards, constituted a full catalogue of the essential features of the place.

An overfed mongrel dog limped stiffly out from the shadows, greeting us with an irritated, whistling sort of bark suggestive of temper and bronchitis. Thus announced, the door of the cabin opened, and Uncle Rastus, the proprietor, welcomed us heartily. There were two wayfarers besides ourselves, also late arrivals, whom we found enjoying the warmth of the roaring fire inside, for it was late in December, and the nights were sharp and cold.

Our supper finished, we too drew up before the fire. The younger of the two travelers was a self-sufficient young man, on his way, as he informed us, to take charge of a mine in the neighborhood. His companion was the livery driver, who was "taking him through." The young man had as yet had no actual experience in mines, he admitted, but had recently graduated from a well-known technological school, and felt quite equal to the responsibilities he was about to assume.

"Your mining interests have suffered," said this young Technologist, loftily, addressing the company, "from being, as a rule, in the hands of totally uneducated and unscientific men. Your so-called 'experienced practical mining man' is ordinarily a failure, from the fact that he despises theories and hooks. He neither knows, nor cares to know, the reason of things."

Calkins eyed the Technologist sharply as he uttered these, to him, heterodox sentiments. This injudicious person had clearly made himself disliked, and, in the light of previous experiences, with Calkins this implied much.

"Ain't it better, young man, to know things themselves," suggested Calkins with severity, "than to stop at just tryin' to know the reasons of 'em? That's where most of your theorizers stops. I say know the things, and don't waste time monkeyin' with reasons. There's heaps of propositions no one ever did or can know the wherefores of. Who can tell, for instance, why Friday's an unlucky day to start work on a drift, but's all right for a cross-cut, and why is it you mustn't kill a mouse in a tunnel if you don't want the roof to cave in?"

"You are evidently a believer in omens," said the Technologist, with a superior and indulgent smile.

"Why wouldn't I be, when I've seen what I've seen?" retorted Calkins, somewhat vaguely, and with an air of mystery. "I'm goin' right away now, young man, to tell an experience I had once that'll not alone show you I've good rights to believe in signs and omens, but'll illustrate besides what I've been sayin', that there's things no man ever need try or expect to know the reasons of."

"Are you going to attempt my conversion to a faith in portents?" inquired the Technologist, laughing superciliously. "I warn you in advance that I am a hopeless unbeliever in such things."

Calkins silently regarded his prey for a moment and responded, solemnly: "When I've finished my yarn, young man, you'll admit to me and this company, if I ain't miscalculatin' on the broad-minded way in which you're used to lookin' at things, that there's a heap more in omens than you've ever give 'em credit for." While speaking, Calkins, as if to settle himself more comfortably for his story, removed his six-shooter from his belt, and, with a sigh as he glanced toward the Technologist, laid it on the table by his side.

"This here line of occurrences," he began, tilting his chair against the wall, "all took place more'n thirty years ago, way back on the edge of the Inyo Desert, near the old Perro Negro camp. I had a couple of promisin' claims about five miles back in the hills from the company's mill, and was puttin' in time on my ledges, and in developin' water on a little *ciénaga*, with a big spring risin' on it, which the company—bein' only able to run their mill about half time for want of water—had all along been figurin' to get hold of. I seen plain enough that if I just laid low, it wouldn't be long before I could sell out at about my own figure, and that meant considerable.

"At last the company got tired waitin' for me to make a proposition and sent up their superintendent—McKeesick—to sound me. Of course I didn't let on to havin' any i-dea what he wanted, and just showed him 'round the place, never once mentionin' water. On our rounds we stopped at the little measurin' weir, through which a good ten-inch stream was flowin'. The sight of that much water runnin' to waste was too much for McKeesick—as I'd kind of calculated it might be—and then and there he stopped beatin' about the brush, and come right away down to business, askin' if I'd sell out my rights in the *ciénaga*, and if so, what my cash figure was. Seein' how safe I'd got him hooked, of course I played off bein' surprised at him suggestin' such a thing, and spoke of plannin' to run a mill a little later on to work my own ore, intimatin' there was big capital behind me. This scared McKeesick, and he begun reasonin' with me as to how much better off I'd be to let the company have the water, and wound up by makin' me an offer of about as much as I'd thought of askin'. But I shook my head, laughin' at the figure he'd mentioned, and doubled up the price on him, allowin', sort of reluctant like, that I'd take that if it was cash and closed up right away. Then he clean took my breath away by acceptin' my offer,

and payin' five twenties down to him the bargain. So it was settled I was to be at the company's office next day at noon, get the big balance comin' to me, and sign up the papers. Then McKeesick and me shook hands on the deal, and he rode back to the Perro Negro camp.

"He hadn't been gone long, when, with thinkin' over the business I'd just closed, which would leave me well fixed if I never took an ounce from either of my ledges, I got to feelin' sort of toned-up and restless, and after supper concluded I'd go down to Perro Negro, too, and hlow in my evenin' with the hoys. It was less 'n an hour's easy ride to get there, and the sun was just goin' down when I come in sight of the camp. I tied my mule at the rack before the hunk-house, and went on up to shake hands with the hoys, most of 'em standin' 'round outside smokin' and chattin'.

"There was consid'able general talk goin' on, as I come up, about a man named Callahan hein' killed the week previous by a short-fuse blast. 'He'd seen Old Quien Sahe day before, and had ought to've been on the look-out,' said one of the hoys. 'Lookin' out wouldn't noways have helped him, when once he'd seen Old Q. S. stumble,' said another of 'em. I'd heard all this fill—as I then considered it—about Old Quien Sahe, who the hoys gen'rally spoke of as 'Q. S.' for short, and of the bad luck that always followed close on top of meetin' him. But I'd looked at it all as hein' just one of them superstitions you run against wherever you be, and with whatever kind of people you're mixin', and hein' young and over-knowin', didn't take no more stock in it than this here young man does in omens and such things." Here Calkins particularly pointed his remarks at the Technologist, who, seeing the eyes of the company upon him, smiled and nodded corroboratingly. "So I just laughed at the i-dea of Callahan's seein' Q. S. and of his accident hein' anyways related to his meetin' of him.

"Then the hoys, though they was all friends of mine, got riled at me makin' light of what they was sayin', and begun hringin' up cases where Q. S. 'd been seen and had luck had come right along after. If you seen him, they said, just ridin' along at dusk or in the moonlight—which was the times when he mostly showed up—that was had enough, but if his gray mule stumbled, that meant sure death or destruction of some kind. Then one of the hoys went on to tell how Callahan 'd described his meetin' Q. S. day before he'd got killed, and how his description squared out with what every one'd said who'd ever had the bad luck to meet him. He looked like an old, wrinkle-faced Mexican, with white hair and beard, and rode a small gray mule, with silver-mounted saddle, and big *tapaderos*. No one ever seen him, exceptin' on some out-of-the-way trail or old backwood road, and then you wouldn't get more'n one good look at him—so folks said—before he'd disappear, and you couldn't never find any tracks of his mule, no matter how soft the trail was. We chatted about all this, and then one thing and another beside, until it got late, when I said 'So-long' to the boys, and started back home.

"It was a still, bright night, with the moon near the full and about overhead, and you could see everything 'most as well as by daylight. The sage and cactus clumps threw deep shadows on the gray, gravelly ground, and the moonlight was sparklin' on the white-quartz float scattered all about. A thin mist had begun gatherin' over the sky and the air was gettin' closer and hotter all the time, and a queer, uneasy sort of feelin' begun comin' over me, like there was, somehow, trouble in the air. From the top of the hill above the company's spring the trail run on down into a bare, narrow, sandy cañon, where there was big stacks of high, crumblin', granite rocks, worked into queer shapes by the weather, loomin' up all 'round. It wa'n't noways a cheerful place to be ridin' through by daylight, but by night it was more 'n dismal, and that partic'lar evenin' it seemed dismall'er 'n common.

"I'd got through the cañon to where the trail turned up a side hill 'round a point of rocks, when I heard the sound of hoofs shufflin' in gravel and the creak of saddle leather, like some one was ridin' down the trail towards me. At the same time my mule snorted and give a little shiver, and made like she wanted to turn back the way we'd come; but I dug my heels into her and kept her goin', and in a second we was past the rocks which hid the trail ahead, and there, sure enough, showin' up plain in the moonlight, was a stranger, with white hair and beard and a broad-brimmed hat with a high, pointed crown, ridin' down into the cañon on a little gray mule. I hadn't more 'n just seen him when his animal seemed to give way all at once in the knees, and made like she was goin' to tumble, and the old man lunged forward like he was goin' to fall, too. My mule stopped short, shudderin' and blowin' hard through her nose, and I was startin' to get off and pick up the old man, makin' dead sure he was goin' to get hurt, when both him and his mule disappeared like they'd melted clean away. Then I knew I'd seen Old Quien Sahe, and recollectin' what the hoys had said about what always come of meetin' him, partic'larly when his animal stumbled, a creepin' chill came over me.

"I started on the up-grade again, feelin' considerable worked up, and begun wonderin' what was goin' to happen to me, and just when and where I was goin' to get hit. The mist I was speakin' of had thickened up and spread like a high fog over the whole sky, blurrin' out the moon, and the air had got hotter and muggier than ever. When I got to the cabin, I turned in right away, but I couldn't noways get easy in my mind, and tossed about and twisted in my bunk for nigh on to a couple of hours before ever I dropped off to sleep. I got to dreamin' I was wrestlin' with a bear. This exercise 'd been goin' on quite a while, when he gave me a fall which seemed to break every bone I had, and I woke up findin' myself just pitched off my bunk on to the floor, which was rockin' like a small boat at sea.

"The timbers in the roof was creakin' and snappin', and the canned goods I had stored along the wall was rattlin' against each other, and now and then two or three together 'd come tumblin' off the shelves. All the time there was a sort of low gridin' and rumblin' sound in the air, which, with the rockin' and shakin' and shiverin' of the ground, made

you think things in general was comin' to an end. Of course, in less 'n a minute, I caught on to what was up, and seen it was just the highest specimen of a *temblor* ever I was mixed up with. Folks up in Inyo'll show you the signs of that there quake to this day. You can helieve I wa'n't long in staggerin' outside the cabin, and it wa'n't none too soon, for next minute, the walls hein' of rough stone, just laid up loose in light *adobe*, begun crumblin', and then the whole roof fell in with a crash! The rumblin' and shakin' kept up with short stops between times, till nigh on to sun-up, and when daylight come at last, I was that broke up and clean worn out that I just lay down where I was, and slept nigh on to five hours without stirrin'.

"When I woke up and seen the wreck of my cabin, with only two walls of it standin', I felt discouraged clean through, but then it flashed through my mind about the deal I'd made on the *ciénaga*, and of the money comin' to me that very day at noon, and I hraced up right away, feelin' considerable cheerfuller. Then I got some canned things out of the ruins, and, after break-fastin', started right away down to the Perro Negro camp.

"It looked like I'd been just about in the middle of the quake, for there was piles of rocks, which had broke up through the surface, where there wa'n't none previous, and there was a deep, wide split in the ground, like a big *barranca*, runnin' north-east and south-west, which wa'n't there nigh before. But when I'd ridden as far as my *ciénaga*, perhaps you can imagine my surprise when I seen the *temblor* 'd got in its work there, too, and had sucked up the spring somehow, and filled up the hollow where it used to be. There wa'n't no water in sight.

"Then I begun feelin' desperate, for I seen, of course, how all this was goin' to knock my deal with the Perro Negro company. Then it occurred to me that if I kept right on and said nothin', like as not they'd give me my money, after all, perhaps not havin' yet got on to the spring hein' dried up, and after reasonin' with my conscience—which has always been over-sensitive like, and a draw-back many ways to me gettin' on—I concluded it wa'n't no business of mine to go 'round volunteerin' information. So I continued on down, still feelin' a little hopeful.

"But I had a bigger surprise than any yet waitin' for me. When I come to the company's spring, where I'd stopped nigh before to water my mule, it was flowin' as usual, and seemed to have been noways affected by the quake, but when I got within five hundred yards of the mill, I just couldn't helieve what I seen there. Comin' out of what nigh before had been just a little dry, sandy flat, was a big flow of water not less 'n ten miner's inches, and I seen right away it couldn't be no other than the spring from my *ciénaga*, which the quake had taken away from my ground and set up in business on the company's.

"McKeesick and three or four other men was standin' 'round gazin' at the new flow when I come up, and I seen it wa'n't goin' to be no use me tryin' to hide that my spring had give out, for now the company had all the water they needed close at hand, and they'd drop on the fact of my *ciénaga* havin' dried up before nigh anyhow. So I took the only standin' ground left to me, and says right away to McKeesick that I'd come down to sign papers and get the balance comin' to me. He'd heard somehow already—so it turned out—about my spring, and just said, makin' out he was surprised, there wa'n't no papers needin' to be signed, as he knew of, and that he didn't just catch on to my remarks about a balance comin' to me. Then I give him my i-deas regardin' our deal, maintainin' that the company 'd closed the trade nigh before when they'd paid down the five twenties, and hadn't no grounds now to back out on, partic'larly when the spring they'd bought had been delivered to 'em on their own premises. But McKeesick he just laughed, and I went off riled, and next day consulted my lawyer, Colonel McVey, givin' him my theory of why the company 'd ought to pay the balance comin' to me; but he said right away that while 'the equities was with me'—them was his words—he sort of doubted me makin' the case stick if it got into court, so right there I give up all i-deas of lawin'.

"In thinkin' things over I couldn't help but see that all this bad luck come to me on account of me runnin' against Old Quien Sahe and his stumblin' mule, and that that there meetin' and the comin' of the *temblor* right away after was someways mysteriously connected, the whys and wherefores of it all, of course, bein' beyond any livin' man's powers of reasonin' upon.

"Now, young man," said Calkins, addressing the Technologist with a severe and injured air, at the same time toying with his revolver, which he had taken from the table by his side, "I said a while back that when I'd wound up this here yarn you'd admit to me and this company that there was more in signs and omens than ever you'd give 'em credit for. I'll ask you now direct—just as a prelim'nary—do you doubt the acc'acy of anything I've advanced here this evenin'?"

"Most certainly not, sir," replied the Technologist with nervous readiness and a little start as Calkins absently brought his weapon to a half-cock.

"I should, perhaps, have took that for granted," continued Calkins. "I will now inquire whether, after hearin' my sing'lar experience, you ain't ready to allow that my meetin' with Old Quien Sahe and the stumblin' mule was a clear case of a bad-luck omen, besides hein' among them things no man need ever try to know the reasons of?"

"I quite agree with you. It was all certainly most unaccountable," assented the Technologist, now a little pale and nervously uneasy under the continued severity of Calkins's gaze and the silent scrutiny of the rest of the company.

"You'll recollect I said I knew you was broad-minded," said Calkins, brightening up and regarding the young man in the most friendly way. "I always like a man who ain't so pig-headed he won't take in new i-deas. Uncle Rastus, get out the demijohn and we'll all take a nip before tumblin' in, and you can put it down to me."

EDMUND STUART ROCHE.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1895.

ROME UNDER THE BORGIIAS.

As Pictured in "The Honor of Savelli," a New English Novel—
Pope Alexander the Sixth and His Children,
Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia.

The popular taste in fiction is undergoing a reaction due to a surfeit of realistic and pathological novels, and the romantic school is in consequence enjoying a boom. Stanley J. Weyman, whose "Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Rohe" have been read by thousands, is the leading writer in this new—or, rather, revived—school, for Scott and Dumas were among its greatest exponents; and among his followers one of the new-comers is Mr. S. Levett Yeats, of the British Indian service. Mr. Yeats has written only one story, but "The Honor of Savelli" caught the popular fancy at once in England and has now been reprinted in this country by the Appletons.

The hero of "The Honor of Savelli" is a soldier of fortune, fighting under the French banner in Italy against the Borgia and Spain at the dawn of the seventeenth century. In the opening chapters he is accused of theft, and made to appear guilty. To clear himself would have required the sacrifice of a fair lady's fame, and so Savelli suffers in silence, his sword is broken, and he is expelled from the camp. The remainder of the tale narrates his adventures in his efforts to redeem his honor. The author has brought upon his stage several historical personages, such as the Chevalier Bayard, the brave knight "sans peur et sans reproche"; and Niccolò Machiavelli, whose name is synonymous with the intriguing school of diplomacy of his day; Pope Alexander the Sixth and two of his children, Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia; and many others of lesser note.

Among the figures of history few stand forth so prominently, and yet are so shrouded in the mists of tradition, as the Borgias, and for that reason it is interesting to reproduce the scenes in which they figure in Mr. Yeats's story. The first in here Savelli enters Rome, accompanied by his servant, Jacopo. The latter speaks:

"Well, your worship, no sooner did Count Carlo drive those scorpions of the Colonna and Borgia back to Rome, than the Most Serene Republic must needs step in and cause peace to be made. This threw me and sundry other honest fellows out of employment, and on to the edge of starvation, so we boldly rode into Rome, and changing from the bear to the bull, tendered our services to the Borgia, and they were snapped up, I can tell you. I was lucky enough to find a master in the Duke of Gandia."

"Lucky, you call it."
"Aye, your worship! for Giovanni Borgia had an open purse and a free hand. I was with him until he was murdered, and then, affairs being warm in Rome, and hearing you had come back from the sea, why, I came back to the old banner."

"It is said that Gandia was murdered by the Cardinal Ascanio Sforza."

"Indeed no, your excellency! I saw the deed done. It was in this way: the duke and his brother Cesare, then Cardinal of Valencia, supped at the house of their mother, the Lady Vannozza. After supper they must needs walk home together; I was the duke's sole attendant, but Cesare was accompanied by his cut-throat Michelotto and half a dozen others. On the way some mention was made of Donna Sancia, Don Giuffrè's wife, and the brothers came to blows. The cardinal stabbed the duke with his own hand, and he gave a great cry and fell down dead. Seeing it was no use trying to help a dead man, and being in no hurry to trouble St. Peter myself, I knocked down the stranger Michelotto, and making a run for it, escaped with a whole skin. The body of the duke was flung into the Tiber, and was discovered by a charcoal-monger of the Ripetta, whom Cesare hanged at Tor di Nona, as a reward for his intelligence. They hurried the duke, as you know, signore, in Santa Maria del Popolo—poor man!"

"And you mean to say that this was never known to the Pope?"

"I never said anything about that, your worship; a secret can not be kept by half a dozen, and I dare swear our Lord knows all about it or else the Cardinal Ascanio would hardly be in the Cesarini's heels. These things, however, must not be spoken of in Rome. Men's tongues should be weighted with lead when the Borgia's name crops up."

We had by this time come opposite the Monte Testaccio, and so engrossed were we in our talk that we did not observe a large party of riders of both sexes, with an escort of men-at-arms, coming at a hand gallop from our right, straight in our direction. Our attention was, however, sharply drawn to the fact by the cry of an equerry, who was riding well in advance of the others, and this man shouted:

"The road! The road! Way for His Holiness! Way! Way!"

We drew off at once to the side, Jacopo dismounting and sinking to his knees. I, however, contented myself with uncovering, and watching with no little astonishment the party as they came up. They were evidently returning from hawking, and at the head of the clump of riders were two men in full Turkish costume.

"Who are those Turks?" I asked Jacopo, and the knave, still kneeling and holding his hands up in supplication, answered hurriedly:

"One is the Soldan Djem, excellency—O Lord, I trust we may not be hanged as an afternoon's amusement—the other, the fair one, old Alexander the Sixth himself—O Lord! What cursed luck! Kneel, excellency; it is our only chance."

"Tush!" I replied; and remembered at once that the brother of Bajazet, the Grand Turk, was a hostage in Rome, practically a prisoner in the hands of Alexander, a legacy he had inherited from the Cibo, and which brought him forty thousand ducats annually. I could understand Djem in Eastern costume; but the Pope masquerading in broad daylight as a Moor! It was as wonderful as it was disgusting to me. I barely saluted as they passed; but Jacopo roared out for a blessing, and the Papal hand airily cast a benediction at us. Alexander was apparently in a high good-humor, for, turning in his saddle, he made some joking remark to a lady who rode a trifle behind him, whereas she laughed loudly, a harsh, un-musical laugh, and glanced at me with a half-amused air from under her heavy lashes as she went by. The rest of the party, spurring, laughing, and chattering, were a few yards behind; and as they clattered on to the road, Djem, giving a wild shout of "Allah! Allah!" threw the reins on the neck of his barb, and galloped through the gate at full speed, followed by Alexander and the rest of the riders, who urging their mounts to a racing pace, and, both men and women, yelling in imitation of the Moor, vanished through the gate after him in a whirlwind of dust. So quickly did all this happen, that I had hardly time to observe the faces of those who passed me, and indeed, so astonished was I, that I had scarce room in my mind for any other feeling. I had, of course, heard wild tales of the Vatican, and strange and horrible stories of the Borgia himself—in deed, there was no man for all that he was the Vicar of Christ; but I never for one moment conceived it possible that Alexander could so far forget his place as to appear in public robed as a heathen, and gallop through the streets of Rome like a drunken madman.

When they had gone, Jacopo arose from his knees, and, dusting them with his hands whilst he looked up at me, said: "Corpo di Bacco! But I gave up all for lost. I vow a candle to St. Mary of—I forget where—but to the shrine nearest to the place we dine, for this lucky escape."

"Come, sirrah!" I said, a little annoyed, "mount. There never was any danger."

"Your excellency is pleased to say so," he replied, swinging himself into the saddle; "but if you saw two old men and a half-dozen

old women strung up for merely blocking the way, as I did at Tor di Nona, perhaps your worship would think as I do."

Here is a bit of table gossip delivered at the dinner of the Cardinal d'Amboise's suite, where some three hundred dine daily. Says Le Clerc, the cardinal's secretary:

"That Orvietto was a present from Pierrot, our Lord's most favored servant."

"Indeed!" said the Spaniard; "then I can safely say it is the last present you will receive from Don Pierrot."

"How so?"

"Cesare arrived last night, very suddenly, with two men only, they say. He has not, however, yet seen His Holiness—although he is in the Vatican."

Le Clerc remained silent, but St. Armande asked in his low voice: "I do not follow, sir. Could you not explain? Unless I ask too much. You see I am a stranger to Rome."

The Spaniard smiled grimly.

"It means, chevalier, that Pierrot was found this morning with a dagger sticking up to the hilt in his heart."

St. Armande turned pale, and Le Clerc asked in a low tone:

"Are you sure of this? When did it happen?"

"As sure as I sit here. It happened an hour or so after Cesare's coming. The Pope is said to be overcome with grief, and the lips of Don Diego de Leyva took a sarcastic curve."

Again at table Le Clerc gives this account of the way in which Roderigo Borgia was made Pope:

"When our Lord, the sainted Innocent, was called away, there were three favorites in the conclave. One was Giuliano della Rovere, the other Ascanio Sforza, and the third Roderigo Borgia. His eminence of St. Sahine's was our man, and the election would have been certain had not Borgia and Ascanio joined hands and the Milanese voted for Roderigo."

"I did not think Sforza would have been so self-sacrificing," said De Briconnet.

"There were compensations, Jacques," Le Clerc went on. "Four mule-loads of gold were given to Ascanio; he was made vice-chancellor of the church and given Borgia's own palace, the Cesarini. Immediately after the elections were made, I was at the rota exchanging a few words with your uncle, the cardinal of St. Malo, and he told me that as soon as the result was known, Medici turned to Cardinal Cibo and said: 'We are in the jaws of the wolf! Heaven grant that he may not devour us!' As for Borgia, he could do nothing but walk about, calling out, 'I am Pope, Pontiff, Vicar of Christ!'"

Here is the account of Savelli's first visit to the Papal palace, which he made in the train of the French cardinal:

Although there were to be great doings at the Vatican that evening, there was no crowd assembled in the Piazza of St. Peter. It was full of soldiers, but the people of Rome, who might have been expected to be there in numbers to see the processions of nobles and their followers, were conspicuous by their absence. Men-at-arms there were in store, but no happy, jostling crowd of the commons, for a terror was on Rome, and men kept as far as possible from the Borgo. The piazza was, however, brilliantly lit up, and the body-guards of the various notables were strictly confined to the places assigned to them, order being maintained by about a thousand men of the Spanish guards of the Pope. A little in the background was drawn up a solid-looking body of cavalry, over whom fluttered the standard of the Borgia; these were Cesare's own lams, as he called them, veterans of many a hard-fought field.

At the entrance-steps we halted, and were met by two chamberlains, who, with their staffs of office in their hands, ushered us to the bronze gates, by which we were to enter the Vatican. We passed through amidst a blare of trumpets, each side of the passage being lined with pikemen, standing stiff and motionless as statues. Our way led to the Torre Borgia, the portion of the Vatican occupied by Alexander, and the distant strains of music caught our ears as we went on, and shortly entered the noble reception-rooms, which were crowded with people.

The Pope himself stood at the extreme end of the apartment, surrounded by a brilliant group of ladies and gentlemen, and as we came up to make our duty, I had good opportunity of observing him. Alexander was fully seventy years of age, but so hale, hearty, and strong-looking, that he might have easily passed for a man of middle age. He was dressed as a private gentleman, in Spanish costume, with high hoots, a jeweled dagger at his side, and a smart velvet cap on his head. But the face itself struck me as remarkable to a degree. He was clean shaven, so that all the features were clearly discernible, the heavy, sensual chin, the wide, cruel mouth, surmounted by a nose almost Jewish in its curve, the retreating forehead bulging over the eyes, and the eyes themselves, in which there seemed to burn the fires of insatiable appetite and passion without end; all these combined together to make up a countenance which was a fitting mask for the evil soul within.

I moved slightly aside and watched the various groups as they wandered to and fro or stood together conversing, and the hum of voices, the gay strains of music, and the brilliant dresses made up together a scene well worth the looking at.

St. Armande touched my arm.

"You are to be presented to the Lady Lucrezia," he said, and the next moment I found myself bowing over the hand of one of the most beautiful and certainly the most infamous woman of her age. She was barely twenty-three; had already wedded three husbands, and was to become a wife again and marry Alfonso of Ferrara. She was seated in a low lounge, and as I came up she extended her hand to me with a charming smile. Standing before her, looking at her large limpid eyes, at the small red bow of the lips, and the clear-cut features set in a mass of red gold hair, I could not imagine that the stories I had heard were true.

"So, cavalier, you have come to the court at last. I thought you were never going to do us that honor."

"His Eminence of Strigonia said you meant to take the vows," and a lady, who was leaning over Lucrezia's seat, laughed as she put in these words. I recognized the peculiar unmusical laugh I had heard at the gate St. Paul, and glanced at her with some interest.

"My sister-in-law, Giulia Farnese—Giulia Bella, is it not?" and Lucrezia touched her lightly on the arm.

"Oh, yes, Giulia Bella—and are you really going to become a hermit?"

"I might have had such thoughts until I came here," I said, "but I must now put them aside."

"Neatly turned, cavalier—St. Armande himself could not have put it better—sit here, chevalier," and Lucrezia made room for St. Armande on her lounge.

At this moment a commotion at the entrance attracted our attention, and a man robed in black, followed by two others, walked up toward the Pope.

"Heavens!" said Lucrezia, "it is Cesare!" and a look that was not sisterly came over her face as she glanced at her brother, who moved slowly up the room, men falling away from each side of him, and greeting no one. He kept himself covered, and below his square velvet cap I saw a resolute face, the mouth and chin, covered by a mustache and short beard, not so hidden, however, but that one could distinctly see against the dark hair on his face the full red line of the lips, set in a habitual sneer. Bad as the whole brood of the Borgia were, this was the worst of them all. He was as far beyond them in infamy as they were beyond the rest of mankind in evil doing. The very room was hushed into silence as he entered, and I watched with more interest than I can tell the stately figure of this wicked man, as he went up to meet his only less wicked father. It was their first meeting since the murder of Pierrot, and Alexander, who stood in dread of his son, began to tremble violently as he approached, looking this way and that, as if he would avoid him. At last they came together face to face, Cesare speaking no word, but lifting his cap with a low bow. Alexander almost made a motion as if he was wringing his hands; but recovered himself with an effort, and kissed his son on the cheek.

"So do the devils kiss," Lucrezia spoke these words under her breath, and I turned sharply round and looked at her. Her eyes fell beneath my glance of inquiry, and to raise some conversation I addressed Giulia Bella.

"So that is the Duke of Valentinois?"

"Yes—and the man immediately behind him is Don Michelotto."

"The stranger?"

"You use strong terms, sir," the eyes of the Farnese flashed fire, and Lucrezia added hurriedly:

"Yes, yes—you are right—the stranger."

"Hush, fool!" and Giulia Bella laid her hand on her friend's shoulder.

"See, they come this way—he cool!"

In fact, Cesare had turned from his father without either of them exchanging a word, and was coming directly toward us. On the way he passed a group consisting of D'Amboise, Bayard, and the Cardinal of Strigonia. Valentinois stopped, and, in his speechless way, held out his hand to Bayard, who merely bowed stiffly. Cesare's dark face whitened with rage, and dropping his hand to his side, he walked straight on, and I could see that D'Amboise was expostulating with Bayard, and Strigonia openly laughing.

As a side-light on the customs of the time, we quote a portion of a scene in which our hero, in company with Machiavelli, is the guest of D'Amboise, the French cardinal:

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Burin entered, hearing a silver flagon, the stopper of which was made of a quaintly carved dragon.

"Your eminence ordered this with the second service," he said, placing it before D'Amboise, and retiring.

The cardinal said: "One glass each of this all round, and then—cavalieri, would you mind handing me those glasses?"

Three peculiar shaped, straw-colored Venetian glasses were close to me, these I passed onwards mechanically to D'Amboise, and he went on, filling the glasses to the brim with wine from the flagon, as he spoke:

"I admired the rare workmanship of this flagon last night, and His Holiness sent it home with me, full to the brim with this Falernian, which Giulia Bella herself poured into it. The wine is of a priceless brand, and our lord was good enough to say that if I liked it he would send me all in his cellars if I only let him know."

"We will drink this, then, with your eminence's permission, to the success of the undertaking," said the secretary, poising his glass in the air.

"Right," said D'Amboise. "Gentlemen, success to our venture!" He raised the wine to his lips. I silently did the same.

"Hold!"

We stopped in amaze, and Machiavelli, who had spoken, quietly emptied his glass into a bowl beside him.

"What does this mean?" said the cardinal.

"This, your eminence," and Machiavelli held out his hand, on which an opal was flashing a moment before. The stone was still there, in the gold band on his finger; but it was no longer an opal, but something black as jet, devoid of all lustre.

Startled by the movement, D'Amboise bent over the extended fingers, and I followed his example. The red on the cardinal's cheek went out, and his lips paled as he looked at the ring.

"Poison! Heart of Jesus!" he muttered through pale lips.

"Yes," said Machiavelli, slowly, withdrawing his hand, "the ring tells no lies. Diavolo! Was ever so grim a jest? Asking you to tell him if your eminence liked the wine!"

It was too near a matter to be pleasant, and the hideous jest, and the treachery of Alexander, filled me with a hot anger.

D'Amboise sprang to his feet. "By God!" he said, bringing his clenched fist into the palm of his hand, "the Borgia will rue this day; here, give me those glasses." He seized them, and, drawing back the curtains, flung them out of the window, where they fell into the court outside, breaking to splinters with a little tinkling crash. Then he emptied out the contents of the flagon, and hurled it into the grate, where it lay, its fine work crushed and dented, the two emerald eyes of the dragon on the stopper blinking at us wickedly. This outburst made D'Amboise calmer, and it was with more composure that he struck a small gong, and reseated himself at table. As he did so, Burin entered the room.

"We want a clear table," said the cardinal, "remove these things, and hand me that map."

By the time Burin had done this, his eminence showed no further trace of excitement, except that his lips were very firmly set, and there was a slight frown on his forehead as he smoothed out the roll of the map. One corner kept obstinately turning up, and as Machiavelli quietly put his hand out to it to keep it in position, he said: "See! The ring is as it was before."

We looked at the opal, and sure enough the poison tint was gone, and under the pale, semi-opaque blue of its surface, lights of red, of green, and of orange, flitted to and fro.

Of course these scenes are highly imaginative, to say the least. The author is writing fiction, not history, and he uses such traditions as suit his fancy and adapts the facts of history to the requirements of his tale. For example, Mr. Yeats represents Alexander the Sixth as having been poisoned by a father in revenge for the seduction of his daughter. This may have been rendered necessary by the exigency of the story. It is difficult to say what were the circumstances of the death of Roderick Borgia. One narrative is that which tells that on the night of the eleventh of August, 1503, Pope Alexander gave a supper to ten cardinals in his villa, at which occurred the picturesque incident of the exchange of the poisoned flask of wine. It is not believed by modern historians. An attempt to destroy ten cardinals at once is absurd. It is easier to believe Cardinal Castellesi's assertion that he was to have been the only victim. However, they met on the morning of the twelfth of August. "Pope Alexander fell ill," so did Cæsar Borgia, so did Cardinal Castellesi, but the cardinal's symptoms were entirely different, as described by himself, from those of Alexander. The Pope's malady is minutely described in the account of Buccardo and in the dispatches of the envoy from Ferrara. He died on the evening of the eighteenth of August "duly provided with all the sacraments of the church." These particulars are given by the late Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, a conservative writer and a close student of the history of the time. Dr. Garnett says:

"The vicissitude of human affairs is dramatically illustrated by the death of the Pope. Ere the corpse was cold, the pontifical apartments were pillaged by the satellites of Cæsar Borgia, and at the funeral a brawl between the priests and the soldiers left it exposed in the body of the church. When placed before the altar, its shocking decomposition confirmed the surmise of poison. Finally despoiled of its ceremonies and wrapped in an old carpet, it was forced with blows and jeers into a narrow coffin and flung into a secret vault. The remains were subsequently transferred to the Spanish church of St. Mary of Montserrat, where they repose at this day."

Dr. Garnett adds that the traditions of the unhalloved relations between the Pope and his daughter Lucretia and between Cæsar and Lucretia are unsupported by testimony. Aside from that, however, he declares that no truthful historian can deny Pope Alexander's open licentiousness and profligacy. His relations with Giulia Farnese (called Giulia Bella in "The Honor of Savelli") lasted for years during his pontificate, and were open and avowed. As for Rosa Vanzoza, another of his mistresses, it is now known that her family name was De Cattanei; that she bore five children to Alexander; that she possessed houses and other property in Rome; and that she survived Alexander many years.

However, in spite of its historical inaccuracy, "The Honor of Savelli" is an interesting tale. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

HER YOUTHFUL HUSBAND.

A Strange Couple at a California Seaside Hotel—The Mature and Wealthy Bride of an Unhappy Lad—May and December Changed About.

In a Californian summer hotel there is rarely a crowd. One can move one's elbows without bringing them into contact with other people's ribs, and see others than the person who sits opposite one at table. If it is a seaside hotel, the ocean is not too full to bathe in, nor the beach too crowded to find a resting-place upon. If it is in the mountains, the balcony is not set so close in rocking-chairs that the restless spirit who desires ingress or egress has to go round by a hack way or climb out of the office window, and the woodland paths are not so heset with pedestrians that they follow each other as closely as the people at the box-office window when Adelina Patti is to sing.

It was at a seaside hotel and in the very heart of the summer: There was about the deep-verandaed hostelry, brooding in sun-soaked stillness under its shrouding vines, the customary suggestion of brilliant color and atmosphere outside, and the cool silences of broad, void spaces of balcony and hallway inside. The little waves slipped up and down on the sand below with a seething, languid swish, and in the garden the bees got into flower-cups and hung there too lazy to be up and away. On the balcony, people drowsed over magazines. Women, sleepily indifferent to the point of sitting with their toes turned in, yawned behind white veils and addressed fitful remarks to men who, slept behind morning papers.

At the bathing hour—it was eleven in the morning that year—a handful of adventurous swimmers braved the terrors of the frosty main, and every one in the town and the hotel and the surrounding country collected to witness their heroism. Even then it was not crowded. A few bright parasols against the lucent blue-green sea, the flaring patches of color made by light dresses with the sun on them, children ready to bathe, a lounging man or two, and a few dogs made the effect of a throng. There was plenty of room to hunt about for friends, and, slipping into the disk of shade cast by their firmly planted Japanese umbrellas, stare about and ask who the man was who always walked by the edge of the waves, where the dark girl who wore the well-made lawn dresses came from, and what was the name of that remarkable family who came from Sacramento, or San José, or Marysville, or somewhere, and wore such startling clothes, and drove about in small pony carriages, one behind the other, like a circus parade.

When lunch-time came, all the dwellers in the hotel mustered in the cool, high-ceilinged dining-room, a room free from flies, that looked into a sun-steeped garden glowing with flowers. Then, over thin, yellow soup with macaroni sticks floating in it, they scrutinized each other and peered about for interesting strangers. The windows commanding the garden, and over the tops of the tall geraniums and between the wide, drooping blossoms of the pink passion-vine, a glimpse of sapphire sea, were much in demand, and generally appropriated by the aristocratic guests.

The two slim New York girls with the small waists and the high voices sat by the end window, and there, opposite them, sat the capitalist, who was down for the fishing, and went out every morning at unearthly hours in an oilskin costume. Just behind him, evidently an old friend, sat the very blonde matron, *passée* now, with a pink, round face and a too plump figure. She must once have been very pretty, and the capitalist seemed to think her pretty still, for he always talked to her in the office after dinner with much gallant *empressment*. The belle of the hotel, in white duck and a white sailor hat, sat nearer the door. She was rather bored, for she always read novels during her meals, only now and then turning with stretched throat and back-bent head to exchange a laughing comment with the young Spanish woman, who had such beautiful black eyes and played the guitar so well.

This was Belgravia by the windows. The middle of the room was a sort of below-the-salt place, and here the *hoi polloi* caroused on thin macaroni soup and strange stewed things that blushed unseen under tomato sauce. There was one couple among this plebeian throng that, at the first glance, the stranger passed over as a mother and son from some inland Californian town. A second glance revealed the fact that they looked somewhat dejected; that the woman, faded and withered, in an unlovely middle age, dressed with a determined, almost giddy, youthfulness; and that they preserved that heavy, apathetic silence while eating which is a characteristic of family life in the West. They were hardly interesting, and yet the open suggestion of a struggling unhappiness in their demeanor held the wandering eye and attention with its baffling challenge for solution.

It was impossible to overlook them or forget them. They were omnipresent in their wistful, spiritless dejection. They did what everybody else did. In the morning they were found on the balcony looking listlessly at the sea between the drooping blossoms and pods of the pink passion-vine. At the bathing hour they sought the shore and deposited themselves on the sand. The woman, a thick white veil tied over her carefully created complexion, gleaming pink and white over the wrinkled looseness of her faded skin, spread a parasol against the sun and looked at the bathers with a dull eye. Her companion—he was a small, undersized young fellow of twenty-five or six, with a weak, silly face and a supplicating, unhappy glance—did not even look at the bathers. He was past pretending an interest in anything, and appeared openly and sullenly wretched.

For dinner the lady always made a grand toilet, and appeared resplendent. Her complexion was a masterpiece of decorative art. Her costume was invariably gorgeous, the splendor of the effect heightened by many diamonds. Sitting in the unsparring glare of the parlor chandelier, all her cunning use of cosmetics and millinery could not conceal the haggard destruction that time had made in a face that must once have

been handsome. She was fifty-five to sixty; even her hands, jeweled to the first finger-joint, showed the shiny knuckles, the prominent veins, of uncompromising old age. Seated side by side with her dismal escort, she wore a slight, propitiatory smile, and eyed the other guests with an encouraging, almost imploring, glance which said that friendly advances would not be repelled. But the young man looked doggedly down at his hands, and when she addressed him, leaning confidentially toward his shoulder and trying to infuse an air of sprightly gaiety into the sodden heaviness of her manner, he only responded with a downward jerk of his chin.

They looked desperately disconsolate and also extremely uncomfortable. It was singular; and seeing the blonde lady and the pretty Spaniard, who played the guitar, standing by the parlor-door, it was but natural to join them and ask for a solution of the problem. They were surprised at the ignorance of the questioner, lifted their eyebrows and lowered their voices. Dejection in such a case was unusual; but this one was exceptional. They were married, a bride and groom on their wedding-tour. "But don't look at them now," urged the pretty Spaniard, who was kindly by nature; "they'll know we're talking about them, and the poor things are so dreadfully miserable."

They did, indeed, look miserable; and as the story of their dolorous marriage passed from mouth to mouth in the hotel, their misery grew. They came in to meals with a desperate attempt at nonchalance, the wife in advance in some elaborate trousseau costume of silk and lace, the little husband behind her, hanging his head. They would have eaten in the silence which is at least less irksome than the labored conversation of uncongenial companionship; but the woman, feeling that the eyes of the room were upon her, and with the consideration for appearances still a ruling passion, kept up a sprightly ripple of small talk, laughed with girlish gaiety over her gleamingly regular teeth, and flirted the fan in her venous old hand with the coquettish airs of a spoiled beauty. But she could not inspire her husband with her own respect for popular opinion. He sat mute, in sick apathy, not listening, and staring straight before him. His small, weak face, pinched in its expression of naïve unhappiness, looked more hoysish than ever. He must have been fully thirty years her junior.

There was no cheering him up. Like the Queen of Sheba, when confronted by the glories of Solomon, "there was no more spirit left in him." His elderly consort, her coquettish sallies met by dead silence or muttered monosyllables, was forced to relapse into dogged dumbness, and, side by side, two monuments of sorrow, they sat and looked out over the glory of the garden to the sea. People edged away from them; their dependency was oppressive and communicated itself to the on-looker. On moonlight evenings, sauntering up the balcony toward where the moon made a path of whiteness over the water, one sometimes came upon them, always sitting sternly side by side, the intense, luminous light revealing the set misery of their faces, no longer arranged for the inspection of stranger eyes.

The evening before they left, the bridegroom burst the bonds of his silence. To a comparatively unknown man, with whom, over the beauties of the weather and borrowed lights for cigarettes, he had established the slightest acquaintance, he poured forth the burden of his sorrows. The stranger, his back against the railing, the light of his cigar a red point in the darkness of the balcony, listened in sympathetic silence to the tale of woe. It was very sordid, the poor bridegroom admitted, despairingly. He never would have married her if there had not been money. He had thought that would counterbalance her age and his absence of the mildest affection. But it was awful; he didn't believe he could endure it, and in the horrors of a prophetic view of the future, he almost wept. And now, the last straw, she insisted upon taking him to the Vendome at San José, where he had friends staying. It was bad enough here, but he knew nobody. How could he face his friends, and yet what could he do? The money was all hers, and she could take him where she pleased. Death or a lunatic asylum, he thought, he would welcome with equal enthusiasm.

The next day the hotel viewed their departure in the noon stage. The bride looked smiling, more antediluvian than ever, and wore a new dress. The groom waved a wan farewell to his confidant of the evening before. As the stage rolled away, the watchers on the steps wondered what would be the end of their romance. The blonde lady thought she would leave him, and he could then get a divorce for desertion; but the capitalist, with a knowing wag of his head, thought not. He said he thought she'd get it for non-support. The others were divided in opinion.

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1895.

Some frescos by Correggio, hitherto unknown, have been discovered in the old fortress of Mantua by M. Charles Yriarte, of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. They are medallions painted in the cupola of the study of Gabriela d'Este, Duchess of Mantua. The study was inaccessible for nearly two hundred years, as the Austrians, who held Mantua from 1708 to 1866, would allow no one to enter the fortress, and when it came into the possession of Italy, the town archives were piled up in the room. M. Yriarte, knowing that Correggio had worked in Mantua, obtained permission of the Italian Government to make a thorough search, and succeeded in discovering the paintings. They are perfect, and in the artist's best style.

The unwritten law of this country compels men to take off their hats in picture-galleries, museums, etc. This is an absurd fashion, but the cure lies with the men. If they will only have the courage of their opinions, and keep their hats on, we feel sure that the women will not object. Then men can visit art-galleries and consult their catalogues with comfort.

PREPARING FOR THE SALON.

How the Artists of Paris Send in their Pictures—Strange Sightings about the Palais de l'Industrie—Great Times for Painters, Sculptors, and the Committee.

If a stranger, not *au courant* of Parisian routine, should have passed by the Palais de l'Industrie on the Champs-Élysées on Tuesday last, he would doubtless have thought that a mob was being organized under the pacific eyes of a brigade of policemen who, nevertheless, did not seem to be disturbed by it.

He would have been reassured, however, after a few moments' inspection, by seeing that the great agitation of the crowd presented no seditious character, and that the cries of the *badoués* were only imitations of donkeys braying, cocks crowing, and other studio jokes dear to the hearts of the *rapins*—the art-students—whose jolly faces, soft felt-hats, velvet jackets, and threadbare overcoats were conspicuous in the crowd.

It was simply the last day for sending in pictures for the annual "Salon" of the Society of French Artists, to be submitted to the jury for admission. Two days are given, and the time expired on Tuesday at five P. M. But painters have a mania for never finishing their pictures till the last moment. Every year the same thing takes place. They begin in the autumn to talk about their "Salon," and then paint something else, and, when the last weeks arrive, there is maddening haste displayed in all the studios to be ready in time. The framer comes to put on the gilt frame a day or two before the fatal days, so the artist can judge of the effect, and the picture leaves the studio undried.

It is the custom for artists to ask their friends and their enemies to come and see their pictures before they are sent off, and there are many delightful gatherings in studios in the week preceding the final day. From three to six o'clock the studio is full of visitors. They drink tea or champagne, and eat *brioches* from the baker's on the corner or caviar sandwiches and *pâté de foie gras*, according to the state of the artist's purse. They gossip and praise; they talk of art in a more or less discriminating way. The password, of course, is to admire, to say the work is a *chef-d'œuvre*, to give to the one the Medal of Honor if he be a great artist, and a Third Medal if he is not of much renown.

However, sometimes there are disagreeable persons who do criticize the picture; the artist protests and proves to them that they are wrong. But the next morning at dawn of day he sets himself to correct the fault pointed out, often, he it said, to the detriment of his work. Even when the porter has the picture on his back the painter follows him down-stairs, giving a last touch to it.

As I was passing by one of the artistic quarters on the heights of Montmartre, where cheap studios are built, one above the other, I actually saw a young man quietly sitting on the sidewalk, with his palette and brushes in his hands, working for dear life on his picture, while they were loading a wagon with twelve or fifteen other pictures sent by his neighbors, and on which his was to be taken to the Palais de l'Industrie.

The sending off of statues is more amusing still. One day, as I was passing through the distant and deserted street of Notre-Dame-des-Champs, on "the other side of the river," which is much inhabited by sculptors, I was nearly knocked over by a Diana which was being let down from the window of a studio by ropes, the stairway being too small to give it passage. In the street, the excited sculptor was standing with arms outstretched to receive his dear child and to prevent her reaching the pavement with too great a shock.

Every year there are about ten thousand works of art of different kinds engulfed under the immense glass roof of the Palais de l'Industrie. The jury admits at the most four thousand, and this year, having been obliged to become more severe, on account of the ever-increasing invasion, they have limited the number to two thousand five hundred, of which there will be admitted eighteen hundred oil pictures, and the rest for sculpture, pastels, water-colors, engravings, and architectural designs. It is still too much for the public and not enough for the artists. How many tears and how much gnashing of teeth there will be in six weeks hence, when so many of them will receive notice to send for their artistic productions, marked on the back with the cabalistic letter "R"—refused.

But on Tuesday they were all happy and full of hope. Numberless carts emptied yards and yards of canvas at the palace door. Young *débutantes* and the old ladies, who are never discouraged, brought their precious productions in a cab, not wishing to intrust them to mercenary hands, and separated from them, after having received their receipt, with the tender looks of a mother bidding good-bye on shipboard to a son leaving for a distant voyage.

Amateurs, also, accompanied their works, some of them walking beside the Auvergnat peasant who carried their picture on his back, and were jeered at by the crowd. Much amusement, too, was had at seeing portraits unpacked, their heads generally downward. Beautiful women, in hall-dresses, were deposited on the sidewalk of the Champs-Élysées, and nude mythological figures that looked indecent in the garish daylight.

Then, when some immense composition, with high coloring that made an absurd appearance in the sunlight, was taken out of a wagon, the crowd tried to guess what it was intended to represent, and the shouts of laughter and coarse jokes continued apace.

The statues also gave rise to great merriment. Nude marble figures were enveloped in a bit of folded carpet or an old coffee-bag, dressing them in the most ridiculous fashion; plaster molds were brought in pieces, the legs and arms separated from the body, the heads placed in a line on the sidewalk, much to the consternation of the Salon inspectors, who feared lest the head of a Hercules should be

attached to a Venus's body or the hoofed feet of a faun to that of a nymph.

Then, when five o'clock came, what a scramble! The late ones arrived out of breath, perspiring, swearing, and then supplicating the inflexible employees to receive their pictures, and finally were obliged to take them away, to the great joy of the crowd. If any member of the jury of admission passed at that moment, he doubtless also rejoiced over their disappointment, and said to himself: "There will be that one to examine."

And now begins these gentlemen's task, which is no sinecure—the examining of so many mediocre and had works, from among which, when once the five or six hundred pictures which are above discussion are disposed of, they will have to make a choice, and are, moreover, often embarrassed in so doing by the supplications of friends and acquaintances.

Certain years the unsuccessful artists unite and exhibit their refused works in another building. It is an amusing sight, albeit there are in the number pictures that are often no worse and no hotter than many one sees hung in the Palais de l'Industrie.

Poor jurymen! they are excusable if they sometimes make a mistake after having for days and days seen thousands and thousands of *croutes* dance before their eyes. This word, used in studio slang to designate worthless pictures, reminds me of an amusing remark that was made the other day when an immense landscape with a raw-green tone made its appearance: "A fine dish of spinach!" exclaimed one *gamin*. "Yes, and the *croute* is not wanting in it," added another, alluding to the hits of fried crusts of bread that usually accompany this vegetable.

Apropos of the Palais de l'Industrie, it is not generally known that this huge and very ugly building is hired to the Society of French Artists for their annual exhibition by the government for one franc a year. This absurd price is explained by an odd point in law. Whoever occupies a building or leases land without paying its rent, can, at the end of a certain time, if not summoned to pay, claim ownership of the same. Therefore a landlord, in order to guard himself against the disagreeable possibility of seeing his property appropriated, must, even when he gives the use of it free, exact a nominal rent, were it only the minimum of one franc. This is what the government does under the Administration of Fine Arts, to which the Palais de l'Industrie belongs. I will add that these twenty cents figure regularly in their place in the receipts of the national budget, by the side of figures such as five hundred millions of francs—for tobacco, for instance. Order is heaven's first law.

PARIS, March 28, 1895.

DORSEY.

LATE VERSE.

A Dream.

Oh, it was but a dream I had
While the musician played—
And here the sky, and here the glad
Old ocean kissed the glade,
And here the laughing ripples ran,
And here the roses grew
That threw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds
Drooped in the breathless breeze;
As o'er a field of marigolds
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;
While here the eddies lipped and purled
Around the island's rim,
And up from out the underworld
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day
And midnight—for the moon
On silver rounds across the bay
Had climbed the skies of June—
And here the glowing, glorious king
Of day ruled o'er his realm,
With stars of midnight glittering
About his diadem.

The sea-gull reeled on languid wing
In circles round the mast;
We heard the songs the sirens sing
As we went sailing past;
And up and down the golden sands
A thousand fairy throngs
Flung at us from their flashing hands
The echoes of their songs.

—James Whitcomb Riley in the Indianapolis Journal.

The End Of It All.

The proud man, fat with the fat of the land,
Dozed back in his silken chair;
Choice wines of the world, black men to command,
Rare curios, rich and rare,
Tall knights in armor on either hand—
Yet trouble was in the air.

The proud man dreamed of his young days, when
He toiled light-hearted and sang all day.
He dreamed again of his gold, and of men
Grown old in his service and hungry and gray.
Then his two hands tightened a time; and then
They tightened, and tightened to stay!

Ah me! this drunkenness, worse than wine!
This grasping with greedy hand!
Why, the poorest man upon earth, I opine,
Is that man who has nothing but gold.
How better the love of man divine,
With God's love, manifold!

They came to the dead man back in his chair,
Dusk-livered servants that come with the light;
His eyes stood open with a frightened stare,
But his hands still tightened, as a vise is tight.
They opened his hands—nothing was there,
Nothing but bits of night.

—Joaquin Miller in the Independent.

When the hicycle of the style now commonly used was first introduced, it was called a safety, and it was known by that name for a considerable time. Now not only is it not described by that name, it is not even thought of by it; it is the hicycle, and the old-fashioned hicycle is now spoken of as a high wheel.

CYCLING IN GOTHAM.

Frightful Death of Robert Center, the Pioneer Cyclist in America—
Patrician and Plebeian Cyclists—Skirts on the
Avenue, Bloomers on the Boulevard.

The hicycle craze which has been raging in New York was temporarily checked the other day when Robert Center met his sudden and frightful death. Mr. Center was one of the most skillful among the amateur bicyclists in the city—in fact, he was the pioneer. The first modern bicycle ever brought to this country was ridden by him. He imported a Michaux wheel from France eight or nine years ago, and rode assiduously for some years, when he gave it up. About a year ago he purchased one of the new safeties, and again became an enthusiastic wheelman. Last Tuesday he set out alone about three o'clock in the afternoon to ride to Fort George, and was on his way home when he met his death. The accident took place on the Western Boulevard. The street was filled with wagons, and behind a car bound down-town were several speeding cyclists, among them Mr. Center. A coal-cart, going in the other direction, pulled out to avoid the car. At that instant, the cycle-riders shot by the car and in front of the coal-cart. Two of the riders succeeded in getting out of the way, but Mr. Center was not so fortunate. The shaft of the coal-cart struck him in the abdomen. He fell from his wheel, and the front wheel of the cart passed over his head, the hind wheel over his chest. He was taken at once to Roosevelt hospital. There it was found that his skull was fractured, and his breast-bone and several ribs crushed. Everything possible was done for him, but he died at nine o'clock that evening without having recovered consciousness.

The accident has caused much grief, as Mr. Center was well and widely known. He was an all-round lover of sport. He was the son of Edward Center, the wealthy cotton-broker, who left him a large fortune, so that Robert never went into business. He was a great patron of the turf, and owned a string of running horses. He was an expert gentleman-jockey and won a number of cups. He was also an excellent oarsman, and one of the best known yachtsmen in America. He was a member of the New York and Seawanhaka Yacht Clubs, and has in the last twenty years owned the yachts *Dream*, *Bonita*, *Vindex*, *Volant*, and *Medusa*. He was also a famous hunter, and often rode to hounds. He met with an accident in the hunting-field some years ago, when he was thrown from his horse and one of his ribs broken. In addition to his yachting clubs, he belonged to the Union, Knickerbocker, and Orpheus Clubs. He was a hachelor, living in hachelor apartments. His brother Heory died some years ago, and his nearest surviving relative is his mother, who has been spending the winter in Santa Barbara.

As I said, the accident has temporarily checked hicycling in the city limits. But the effect is wearing off already. It is well, however, for bicyclers who ride in crowded cities to remember that their vehicle occupies a peculiar position on the street. Such is the height of other vehicles that frequently the cyclist and the driver of any horse vehicle are apt to be invisible to one another until the bicycle suddenly darts into view from behind some other vehicle. It is difficult for the driver of a wagon, carriage, or cart always to see the cyclists amid a mass of other vehicles, and correspondingly it is impossible for the cyclist to see over the higher vehicles which surround him. Then the chances are not even. When two other vehicles collide, it is not the driver who meets the shock, as a rule. But when a bicycle collides with any other vehicle, it is the bicyclist who is hurled against either the other vehicle or the horses.

The number of wheelmen and wheelwomen to be found on the Boulevard on pleasant evenings is simply amazing. In some places it is almost dangerous to walk across the street there. From Fifty-Ninth Street to Seventy-Second they come, not in single files, but in battalions. They are of all ages, too, from children up to octogenarians. In fact, there are two white-haired old ladies who go bicycling together every day on the Boulevard.

On Park Avenue every evening there is an infinitude of wheels dodging in and out, around and among the pretty little parks in the centre of the avenue. Many of the residents there make up parties, sometimes twenty or thirty in a party. But bicycling is not a very sociable form of sport, for it is difficult to keep side by side, and shortly after having set out, a party of twenty will be scattered all along the avenue in single file. A favorite ride is up Park Avenue to Forty-Second Street, down Madison, and back to the point of beginning. Both of these streets are admirably paved, and make fine roads for wheeling.

Over on the Boulevard there is a more democratic crowd to be found than on Park Avenue, and there are scores of ice-cream "parlors" for the use of the hicyclists. The drug-stores also do a large business in soda-water, sarsaparilla, orange phosphate, and various awful beverages known as "ice-cream sodas." In front of many of these stores there are placed wire racks for the accommodation of the cyclists. The sight at night is a very pretty one, for, as far as you can see up and down the Boulevard, there are hundreds of twinkling lights shooting here and there like fire-flies. The law requires that every hicyclist shall carry a light, and they have all styles and colors. Some go so far as to have electric lights fed by small storage batteries carried under the saddle.

As to the dress of the feminine cyclists there is a marked divergence. On Park and Madison Avenues, the women seem to affect skirts, while on the Boulevard bloomers are very common. The women who ride the men's high frame or "diamond shape," so called, have to wear bloomers or divided skirts of some description. Therefore the younger, more ambitious, and more rapid sisters affect the high diamond frame. But the more conservative ones do not incline to the bloomer, and dealers generally say that only a few women are ordering the diamond frame and that the majority prefer the drop frame. Leaving aside all ques-

tions of "modesty," it may be safely said that the question will settle itself on the score of looks. No woman looks well in bloomers. A thin woman looks awful in bloomers, and a fat woman looks worse than a thin one. Whatever else a woman wants to do, she always wants to look well, and it is certain that the question will settle itself on that ground.

The bloomer ladies look like many kinds of curious things, from bifurcated balloons to sofa-cushions, from freaks to frights, and they are beginning to realize that fact, hence the predominance of skirts. Among the various riders who wear skirts, for example, is Miss Amy Lawrence, who is one of the leading members of the Michaux Club, and is called the best female cyclist in New York. She wears a black serge skirt and brown leggings. Another member of the club, Mrs. Dr. Minor, wears a dark-brown skirt, brown leggings, tan-colored boots, and has her skirt lined with scarlet silk. Mrs. Willie Allen wears a costume made of tan Inverness cloth, the coat being in the Norfolk jacket style, with large sleeves. Mrs. Ferdinand Lafin wears a navy-blue Russian coat, cut long and wide at the hips, and a navy-blue skirt; the skirt and jacket are trimmed with triple white braid. Miss Roche wears a costume made of Thibet Inverness cloth; the coat is a three-button cutaway, worn over a silk waist. Miss Edith Hawley wears a gray cloth coat and skirt, huff leggings, tan boots, and an English turban with a bunch of cock's feathers. Miss Horton's costume is a brown checked cloth, with Eton jacket, knickerbockers of the same cloth, and brown leather leggings.

At the various shops such is the demand for bicycling costumes that the tradesmen have bicycles set up in their rooms to show the costumes upon them. The shop-keepers are non-committal as to the question of skirts or bloomers. The reason is plain—they have both for sale. They generally endeavor to sell costumes consisting of coat, bloomers, and skirt, telling the purchasers that the skirts can be removed when riding in country lanes and other quiet places, but that while riding in the city, if preferred, the skirts can be worn. These skirts range from thirty-three to thirty-six inches in length, and open down the left side, fastening with buttons. They can be taken off in a minute. The general style in which these costumes are made is bloomers of ample width, with a broad band of cloth buttoning below the knee with three buttons. The coats are Norfolk jackets, covert coats, Russian coats, or "blazers." The favorite suit seems to be made of too-covered cloth bound with tan leather.

The principal drawback to the continuance of the cycling craze is the difficulty of securing bicycles. The factories are utterly unable to fill the demand. Since last fall the telegraph wires have been red hot with orders. When both mail and telegraph failed to bring the wheels, the dealers sent men with the cash. Even then they could not get them. All the factory offices are filled with clamoring dealers howling for wheels. The chief reason that the makers are incapable of supplying the demand is due to the fact that they can not procure the seamless steel tubing from which the frames are constructed. The tubing mills of the United States are swamped with orders. The manufacturers have endeavored to get the steel tubing abroad, but even there it seems that the bicycle boom prevails to such an extent that the tubing manufacturers can not help the American dealers. Another reason is that the dealers have probably been afraid to enlarge their plants to such an extent as to fill the demand, fearing that it might be only a fad; but if so, they were short-sighted, and have lost a great deal of money during the last six months. For the hicycle is not a fad. It has come to stay. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 22, 1895.

There is some prospect that the price of champagne will shortly return to more reasonable figures. Shippers are beginning to recognize the fact, which has long been apparent to consumers, that the price has risen so high as to cripple the trade of England, America, and other countries. One of the leading houses has revolutionized the English business by appointing agents at all important towns in the country and by fixing a definite and not unreasonable price to the consumer. It is said that the stocks of wine in Rheims, Epemay, and the neighboring towns represent at the present moment something like eight years' consumption, and the demand is not increasing.

There is, at least one advantage in the acute interest of people in the bacillic theory, and that is the closer attention which is now given to care in the preparation of food. This is very much in evidence in the kitchens of hotels. There are many of these in New York, where every person who has anything to do with the cooking, preparing, or serving of aliments, is required before he enters the kitchen to wash his hands thoroughly with antiseptic soap and to dry them upon a separate towel. Care is taken that this process shall be repeated at frequent intervals during the day, clean towels being provided for each ablution.

An Antikatzten Verein exists at Münster, in Westphalia, whose members are pledged to kill all the stray cats they find. The tails are brought as evidence to the society's rooms, and last year 1,222 were brought in. A proposal was made recently to extend the society's operations to dogs, but it was voted down.

Two hundredweight of the miraculous water from St. Winifred's Well is sent daily in sealed cans from Holywell to different parts of England, to America, and the British colonies. A large new hall is being prepared for this year's pilgrims, over the entrance to which is a white marble statue of the saint.

The edict has gone forth that skirts must be worn by women bicyclists, according to *Vogue's* Paris correspondence. Those who do not wear them are not correct, and more at their ease.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Richard Real's Poems," complete, are to be published in New York in the early fall. This is to be a limited subscription edition, square quarto, three hundred pages. There will be three pictures of the author and a sketch of his life. Only the copies of the work previously subscribed for will come to this coast. The price is two dollars and a half, payable on delivery. Names of those desiring copies may be handed to Miss K. H. Durham, 1036 Vallejo Street, who will forward them to the publisher.

Julian Ralph will begin in the June *Harper's* a series of articles based on his recent journeys in China. The first will be "House-Boating in China," and it, as well as the others of the series, will be illustrated by C. D. Weldon.

In a letter to a friend in England, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson denies the oft-repeated tale that her husband was haunted by the fear that his popularity was waning. She says:

"He was haunted by no such fear, no such thought. From the first stroke of his pen to the last he worked as an artist, for his art's sake, and the popularity that came to him unsought was a cause of surprise as well as pleasure. . . . I think I may say that he considered his last book [only a fragment, alas!] his best book, and his last day's work his best day's work."

The May *Scribner's* contains short papers on the French "Impressionists" by Jean-François Raffaelli, and on the origin and growth of the use of artistic posters in France. A future number will contain an article on E. A. Abbey, by F. Hopkinson Smith, with reproductions of some of Mr. Abbey's pastels.

In the course of a long and close connection with many of the most distinguished writers of the century, William Blackwood & Sons, of London, have naturally acquired much interesting literary material. Mr. Blackwood, the present head of the house, has placed this material in the hands of Mrs. Oliphant for use in a work to consist of biographies of former members of the firm. The book is likely to prove an extremely valuable chapter of literary reminiscence and biography.

The table of contents of the May *Harper's* is as follows:

"In Sunny Mississippi," by Julian Ralph; "True, I Talk of Dreams," by William Dean Howells; "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"—II, by Louis de Conte; "La Tinaja Bonita," by Owen Wister; "Men's Work among Women," by Rev. Brockholst Morgan, D. D.; "By Hook or Crook," by Robert Grant; "Some Wanderings in Japan," by Alfred Parsons; "People We Pass: Dutch Kitty's White Slippers," by Julian Ralph; "The Museum of the Prado," by Royal Cortissoz; "Hearts Insurgent"—Part VI., by Thomas Hardy; "The Story of the Liver," by Dr. Andrew Wilson; verses by John Vance Cheney; and the departments.

Autographs of Robert Louis Stevenson, being signatures to orders, dated Vailima, 1892, are now advertised for sale by an enterprising firm of collectors for one dollar each.

Discussing the craze for slum stories, the Chicago *Times-Herald* says:

"Dickens wrote tales of mean London streets before the latest prophet of English realism was born. But after Dickens the effort to find romance in the short and simple annals of the poor languished. Publishers frowned on books whereof the *mise en scene* was not laid in quarters eminently respectable. A New York author might write of the Ghetto at Florence, but never of Hester Street. Only reporters with the rashness of youth essayed to find romance in the lives of the poor near at hand, and their sketches, though eagerly received by the people, were dismissed by the lofty censors of literature as mere journalism. Unless literary signs fail, the pendulum of the publishers' taste is swinging now to the other extreme. The magazines print sketches of people we meet instead of impossible romances about people the like of whom nobody ever met. 'Chimie Fadden' wins as many admirers as 'Endymion.' 'Ouida,' with her brilliant gallery of immoral lords and doubtful duchesses, has gone into the court of bankruptcy, while George Moore, with his servant-girls and jockeys, is an autocrat to cringing publishers. Even George Meredith yields to the new taste, and the American publishers of his latest serial announce that the next installment [in the May *Scribner's*] will include a realistic description of a prize-fight in the Whitechapel district."

The chief-librarian of the British Museum has announced that Mr. Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde's works have not been withdrawn from use in the library of that institution, an act of Parliament obliging the museum to keep in its possession all publications copyrighted in the United Kingdom, except those containing personal libels.

W. D. Howells will contribute his "First Impressions of Literary New York" to the June *Harper's*. It will include glimpses of Stedman, the Stoddards, the Platts, "Artemus Ward," and Walt Whitman, and will be accompanied by early portraits of these writers.

Justin Winsor's new work, "The Mississippi Basin," a successor to his "Cartier to Frontinae," embraces the conflicts in America between England and France from 1697 to 1763, and will contain many interesting illustrations.

In Henry Norman's "Far East" there is a picture of the peculiarly Chinese punishment, death by the "thousand cuts." It is unique—only one man has ever managed to photograph a victim of this gruesome kind of execution. The reason lies in the Chinese dislike to the presence of photograph-tag foreigners on these occasions. In the English

edition Mr. Norman has the illustration perforated down the side, so that any one who does not want to keep so unpleasant a picture may be able to tear it out without mutilating the book. Presumably his American readers are supposed to have a stronger stomach, for the picture is not so easily removable.

The table of contents of *Scribner's* for May is as follows:

"Golf," by Henry E. Howland; "The Story of Bessie Costrell"—Scenes I.-III, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "A History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States"—III.—The Downfall of the Carpet-Bag Régime," by E. Benjamin Andrews; "A Short Study in Evolution—Stories of Girls' College Life," by Abbe Carter Goodloe; "Will the Electric Motor Supercede the Steam Locomotive?" by Joseph Wetzler; "Wood-Engravers—Stephane Pannemaker"; "French Posters and Book-Covers," by Arsene Alexandre; "The Art of Living—Occupation," by Robert Grant; "Impressionists," by Jean François Raffaelli; "The Martyrdom of John the Baptist," by Wolcott Le Clear Beard; "The Amazing Marriage"—Chapters XVII.-XX., by George Meredith; verses by Edith M. Thomas, R. K. Munkittrick, Louise Betts Edwards, and William Winter; and the Point of View.

Mrs. Humphry Ward begins the only serial that she has ever contributed to a magazine in *Scribner's* for May. It is entitled "The Story of Bessie Costrell," and will run through the May, June, and July issues. It depicts life among the poor English farm-laborers in an inland county.

The last of Mr. Alfred Parsons's brilliantly illustrated articles on the Empire of the Mikado, appears in the May *Harper's* under the title, "Some Wanderings in Japan."

The famous English novelist, Miss Braddon, has announced her intention to retire from active work when her present contracts are fulfilled. Since her first success, about thirty-five years ago, she has written fifty-three novels, or one hundred and fifty-six volumes of fifty thousand words each, and has made a handsome fortune by their sale.

W. D. Howells relates curious psychological experiences in the May *Harper's* in a paper entitled, "True, I Talk of Dreams."

The question that is agitating the transportation world at present, "Will the electric motor supercede the steam locomotive?" is discussed by Joseph Wetzler, editor of the *Electrical Engineer*, in the May *Scribner's*.

A storm in an ink-pot has been stirring the depths of literary Paris. The occasion was the annual election of the committee of the Société des Gens de Lettres. A correspondent writes:

"Among the candidates was M. Zola. When the poll was declared, he was found to be almost last on the list, being distanced by a number of insignificant scribblers. This blackballing of one of the most popular of living French novelists was taken amiss by his friends, while his enemies cheered their hands. For Zola has enemies, and during the past few months they have been particularly active. They explain their dislike to the man of many editions on the score that he suffers to such an extent from 'swollen head' that intercourse with him is impossible. Hence the determination duly carried out to administer a snub to the author of the 'Rougon-Macquart.' A short-lived snub: for the committee, aghast at the audacity of their electors, have promptly chosen M. Zola as their president."

The short stories of the May *Harper's* are: "La Tinaja Bonita," a tale of the Arizona Desert, by Mr. Owen Wister; "By Hook or Crook," an amusing social episode, by Mr. Robert Grant; and "Dutch Kitty's White Slippers," one of Mr. Julian Ralph's sketches of "People We Pass."

Robert Grant discusses in the May *Scribner's* the question of "Occupation," which is just at this time confronting so many young men who are about to finish their college careers. The paper is one of the most pertinent in his series on "The Art of Living."

The identity of the hitherto unknown author of "A Superfluous Woman" and "Transition" is revealed by Arthur Waugh, who writes from London to the *Critic*:

"She is a woman, and her name is Miss Emma Brooke. She lives in Hampstead, has, indeed, lived there for the larger part of her life, and is known personally to only a small circle of *littérateurs*. She was one of the very first students whose names were entered at Newnham, and during her Cambridge career she became interested in political economy. On removing to London, she gradually gathered round her a number of people who cared for her own pet study, and these were wont to meet of an evening in her rooms at Hampstead, to read papers on social subjects and to discuss the problems of the time. Among them were two young men, Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose first essays in militant literature were undertaken at the instance of this little society promoted by Miss Brooke herself. In course of time the club, after the fashion of such things, increased in size, and is to-day the well-known Fabian Society. Very few of the people who discuss its present doctrines are aware of its simple beginnings. Miss Brooke's interest in social themes has continued paramount, and she is understood to have said that much more of her own heart and interest has gone to the making of 'Transition' than to that of her earlier success. Readers of her book will now the more easily appreciate the portrait of Mr. Sidney Webb which is introduced in its pages. Miss Brooke has a striking face. Her hair, which is very gray, is wavy with curls. She has bright, alert eyes and a strong, firm-set mouth. Her features declare her a person of much determination, and her work, whatever its shortcomings, is at least patently sincere."

Early "Hardy's," it seems, are now being much sought after in the English market. For a copy of the original edition of "Far From the Madding Crowd," bound by Riviere, between three and four pounds is being asked, and, if an uncut cloth copy

were to turn up, it would probably fetch nearly five pounds. "Desperate Remedies" is also scarce in the original form, and about two pounds ten shillings would be asked for a copy.

A new volume of Edward W. Townsend's inimitable sketches of Bowery life, entitled "Chimie Fadden Explains, Major Max Expounds," will be issued in the middle of May. The publishers propose to advertise this book as they did "Chimie Fadden, Major Max, and Other Stories," in the leading papers of all large cities.

Richard Harding Davis will describe "The Grand Prix and Other Prizes" in the June *Harper's*, and C. D. Gibson will illustrate the article.

M. François Coppée, who is out once more, says that the only advantage of a long illness is that one has time to pick up a book, to read it, and then to read another one, which delicately suggests that members of the French Academy sometimes find it as hard to get time to read as ordinary mortals.

Anthony Hope Hawkins is dramatizing his novel "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Probably the largest price ever asked for a new book is the one hundred and twenty guineas demanded for a vellum copy of the Chaucer folio, now being printed at the Kelmescott Press, with wood-cuts designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, and large ornamental borders by Mr. William Morris. All the copies printed on paper have already been bought. Apropos of the Kelmescott productions, "G. W. S." offers the following criticism:

"They are very highly praised by those to whom Mr. Morris's name is a kind of synonym for modern art. He may be an artist in upholstery; hardly in printing. He is, at any rate, not modern. He is for antiquity, which he copies, and, like most copyists, he chooses for imitation not the merits but the defects of his original. Old printing was, in many respects, better than modern printing; but dingy paper, and heavy-faced type, and indistinctness were not the reasons of its superiority. Yet these are delightful to Mr. Morris, and these are the characteristics of the Kelmescott Press—these and a dearness which I am almost inclined to call impudent. The profits of one book are said to approach fifty thousand dollars."

William Heinemann, London, has in preparation a psychological novel by "Z. Z." (Louis Zangwill), author of "A Drama in Dutch," which has already gone into a second edition.

Following the report from Hartford concerning Mark Twain as the author of the Joan of Arc romance in *Harper's Monthly*, the *Bookman* for April has this to say:

"We may be in error, but after a careful comparison of the first installment with other work of a similar character, we think it a safe guess to ascribe the present production to Mark Twain."

President Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States" reaches in the May *Scribner's* "The Downfall of the Carpet-Bag Régime." The illustrations are from a great collection of unpublished material.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"God's Light as It Came to Me," has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"A Country Sweetheart," by Dora Russell, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"In the Saddle," by "Oliver Optic," the latest volume of the Blue and the Gray Series on Land, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Naval Cadet Carlyle's Glove," by Iona Oakley Gorham, has been issued in the Kenilworth Series published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Path in the Ravine," by Edward S. Ellis, is issued as the second story in the Forest and Prairie Series published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Madame Sans-Gêne," a novel in English made from Sardou's play in which Mme. Réjane has been so successful, has been published and illustrated in paper covers, by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Judge Ketchum's Romance," by Horace Annesley Vachell, already noticed in this column, and "A Seventh Child," by John Strange Winter, are published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$1.00 each.

The latest issue of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great" describes a visit to the home of J. M. W. Turner, the English painter. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents.

Cicero's "Cato Major de Senectute," edited with introduction and notes by Professor F. E. Rockwood; and "Home Geography for Primary Grades," by Dr. C. C. Long, have been published by the American Book Company, New York; prices, 90 and 25 cents, respectively.

Burke's "Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies," delivered March 22, 1775, has been edited and provided with a biographical sketch by L. Du Pont Syle, instructor in English at the University of California, and is issued in the Students' Series of English Classics published by Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston.

"Les Droits de la France sur Madagascar," by Gaston Routier, is an exposition of the French claims in South-Eastern Africa, and of their difficulties with the Hovas, and this is supplemented with a description of the country and its resources. Published by H. Le Soudier, 174 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris; price, 3fr. 50c.

Robert Louis Stevenson's gruesome short story of "The Body-Snatcher" and "The Silence of the Maharajah," by Marie Corelli, whose tales are admired by the Queen of England, and so have attained a certain vogue, are the two latest issues of Merriam's Violet Series published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 40 cents each.

A little book of well-chosen extracts from "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," by H. A. Taine, has been prepared for students of French by Professor A. H. Edgren, who provides the volume with a brief sketch of the author and historical and explanatory notes. A portrait of Taine serves as a frontispiece. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Mademoiselle Ixe," by Lancel Falconer, and "The Story of Eleanor Lambert," by Magdalen Brooke, in the Unknown Library; "Out of the Fashion," by L. T. Meade, and "Lisbeth," by Leslie Keith, in the Sunshine Series; and "Is She Not a Woman? or, Vengeance is Mine," by Daniel Dane, and "The Last Tenant," by B. L. Farjeon, in the Union Square Library, are the latest issues of paper novels from the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

The ten books on the various branches of cookery which have been written during the past ten or twelve years by Thomas J. Murrey have been brought together and issued in a single volume, entitled "The Murrey Collection of Cookery Books." The ten books are "Fifty Soups," "Fifty Salads," "Breakfast Dainties," "Puddings and Dainty Desserts," "The Book of Entrées," "Cookery for Invalids," "Practical Carving," "Luncheon," "Oysters and Fish," and "The Chafing Dish," each of which is a standard authority in its line. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

"Homeward Songs by the Way" is the title of a little volume of verses by A. E., who is said to be a near kinsman of Emerson, and certainly shows in his philosophy a cast of mind very like that of the sage of Concord. "I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labors yet unaccomplished," says the author in a brief preface; "but filled ever and again with homesickness, I made these songs by the way." The songs are exquisite little lyrics, and have been warmly praised by the English critics. In this first American copyrighted edition, there are some fifteen poems not in either of the two Dublin

editions. Like all the productions of the same publisher, "Homeward Songs by the Way" is a very dainty piece of book-making. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, \$1.00.

"The Jewel of Ynys Galon," by Owen Rhoscomyl, is dedicated to every boy who has longed to become a bloodthirsty pirate, to every man who regrets the days when he believed in buried treasures, and to every one whose blood rouses at tales of tall fights and reckless adventure. The jewel of Ynys Galon confers ownership of a treasure concealed on an island, and the hero, his foster-brother, and Meyric Dhu, a ferocious Welsh pirate, fight innumerable bloody battles for its possession. In the last combat, the foster-brother and the pirate fight stark-naked, and the latter is killed. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"An Arranged Marriage," by Dorothea Gerard, is the story of a "social climber," a man who, having amassed an enormous fortune, wishes to shine among the social lights of his time and country. A fine old property coming under the hammer, Tom Brand buys it and determines to celebrate his new honors by a grand ball. But he is absolutely ignored by the county families, whereupon he determines to "fix 'em yet." Accordingly he goes to the Continent, with his red-gowned wife and his pretty daughter, and soon so arranges matters with an Italian *principessa* that her son falls in love with his daughter, and they marry. Then he returns to England and the county families receive the young prince and his bride with open arms. The story is full of action and is well told. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Churches and Castles of Mediæval France," by Walter Cranston Larned, is a handsome book that will appeal to lovers of the beautiful. It is a traveler's record of the great monuments of France, setting forth the impressions they produced on a man who did not wish to study deeply into all their history and the minute details of the building of them, but who loves their beauty and cares about the place they hold in the history of the French people. The opening chapter treats of "Historical Monuments of France" and the tenth of "Custodians of French Churches and Monuments"; the others describe the architectural beauties of Amiens, Tours, Rouen, Mont St. Michel, Aigues-Mortes, Poitiers, the châteaux of Henry of Navarre, Langeais, Chenonceaux, Blois, and Chambord, "Roman and Christian Monuments at Nîmes and Arles," Bourges, Rheims, Paris, and other places. The book is well illustrated from photographs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Tales of Mean Streets," by Arthur Morrison, is a book which has attracted a good deal of attention in England and not a little in this country. It contains several short stories of life in the London slums. The first, "Lizerunt"—phonetic spelling of Eliza Hunt—is in three parts, and tells of a poor working-girl's rough wooing by a ne'er-do-well who is supported in idleness by forced contributions from his hard-working mother; of the squalid and brutal circumstances that surrounded the ushering into the world of "Lizer's first"; and how the drunken husband finally drives her into the streets for money. The others are similar tales of sordid, grinding poverty and consequent debased minds and morals. They are all tragedies except "The Red Cow Grange," in which three cronies give a red anarchist a taste of his own medicine. The American edition is provided with an introduction by James Macarthur. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Two Women and a Fool" is the title of a novel of Chicago life by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Various floating newspaper paragraphs, printed in the past few years, give the impression that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is a Chicago society man with literary aspirations. This impression is strengthened by reading "Two Women and a Fool." The "fool" is Guy Wharton, a Chicago artist who is at pains to inform the reader, in a long soliloquy, that he was quite a devil of a fellow when he was studying art in the *quartier* in Paris; and he is not over it yet, for, though he recognizes the fact that he is in love with Dorothy Temple, he acknowledges the fascinations of Moira Marston, an actress whose physical charms appeal—and not in vain—to his baser nature. In fact, the story is a record of his vacillations between the two women, in the course of which he lays his case before each of them and asks her advice. Finally, an unusual exhibition of vulgarity on Moira's part disgusts him and he is caught on the rebound by Dorothy Temple. The story is illustrated by C. D. Gibson, though it does not inspire him to great works, and its exterior shell is sumptuous in binding and typography. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

The newest of W. M. Griswold's valuable "descriptive lists" is "Novels and Tales dealing with Ancient History." The arrangement of the entries is chronological, the first being Peder Mariager's "Pictures of Hellas," which are set down as "pre-historic." Then comes Gautier's "Romance of a Mummy," dated B. C. 1600-1500, and the list con-

tinues down to "Agathonia," by Moxon, a story of the fight between the Moslems and Christians in Rhodes in 650 A. D. George Ehers figures prominently in the list, and other names that one notes in passing are Marion Crawford, Rider Haggard, Walter Pater, William Ware, Lew Wallace, Gustave Flaubert, G. A. Henty, J. M. Ludlow, Canon Farrar, Agnes Strickland, Cardinal Newman, Alessandro Verri, Marc Monnier, and Bulwer-Lytton. Each entry in the list gives the name of book, author, and publisher, and date and place of publication, followed by a condensed review of the book from some good authority. At the end of the list is an index of authors, titles, scenes, characters, and events described. Published by W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass.; price, 50 cents.

A work of particularly timely interest, just now, is "Monetary Systems of the World," by Maurice L. Muhleman. The author has been connected with the Treasury Department for twenty years, and is at present Deputy Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, in which position he has been called upon to answer innumerable questions regarding the circulating media of this and other countries. The present publication is the outcome of such inquiries: it brings together, in compact and accessible form, the information as to the currencies of the world that is scattered through innumerable governmental and private publications; it gives an account of the nature and legal status of each of the existing forms of the money of the United States, followed by a similar account of our obsolete monetary issues, including the bank-notes employed prior to the inauguration of the national banking system; it describes the money employed in each country of the world; and finally it presents a study of the volume of the circulating medium of the United States at various periods, and an account of the clearing-house system and international exchanges, together with a synopsis of the work of monetary conferences and of all measures proposed for the solution of the currency problem. Published by Charles H. Nicoll, New York; price, \$2.00.

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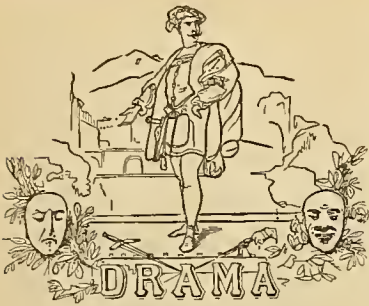
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The Napoleon craze is waning, but it looks as if the "Little Corporal" would have a successor in "Joan of Arc."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Messrs. Harper are not in the habit of stimulating the sale of their publications by sensational advertising, but in this case they have set the public to guessing.—*Boston Herald*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The recent articles in the *Argonaut* concerning the hills of late at the San Francisco theatres have made it a matter of interest to note the dramatic attractions in other cities. Omitting New York for the present, therefore, we will take up a number of the larger cities of the United States, and give an idea of their theatrical attractions last week:

CHICAGO—Marie Burroughs at Hooley's in "Judah"; Hoyt's "A Black Sheep" at the Grand; Joseph Arthur's "Lindsey Woolsey" at McVickar's; "Prince Pro Tem" at the Schiller; Jack's "Folly Burlesque Company" at the Madison Street Opera House; Mr. Herbert Cawthorn in "A Corked Man" at the Lincoln; "Shenandoah" at the Haymarket; "The Passing Show" at the Chicago Opera House; Chauncey Olcott in "The Irish Artist" at the Columbia; Ringley Brothers' Hippodrome at Tattersall's; Eugene Ysaye, the violinist, at the Auditorium; vaudeville and bronze statues at the Hopkins.

PHILADELPHIA—Louis Dockstader's Minstrels at the Bijou; "Julius Caesar" at the Girard Avenue; "The Dazzler" at the People's Theatre; "Twentieth Century Girl" at the Park; William Collier in "Who is Jones?" at the Walnut; Reeves and Palmer's "Refined Vaudeville Company" at Gilmore's Auditorium; great local burlesque, "The Libel Court," at the Kross Opera House; "A Gaiety Girl" at the Chestnut Street Opera House; "1492" at the Chestnut Street Theatre; "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Broad Street Theatre; Amy Lee in "The Pawn-Ticket" at the National Theatre.

BALTIMORE—Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" at Ford's; Sandow Trocadero Vaudeville Company at Harris's Academy of Music; "The Derby Mascott" at the Holiday Street Theatre; The "French Folly Company" at Kierman's Monumental Theatre.

BOSTON—Mrs. Langtry in "Cossip" at the Hollis; "Black Crook" at the Boston Theatre; Harrigan in "Cordelia's Aspirations" at the Columbia; "Roh Roy" at the Castle Square; Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" at the Park Street; Robert Mantell in "The Husband" at the Museum; "The Hanlons in 'Fantasma' at the Bowdoin; "Under the Gaslight" at the Palace.

ST. PAUL—The Bostonians in "Prince Ananias" at the Metropolitan; "Nancy & Co." at the Grand.

LOUISVILLE—Walter Damrosch's Opera Company in Wagner opera at the Auditorium; Neil Burgess in "The County Fair" at the Grand Opera House; the "Great Nelson Vaudeville Combination" at the Buckingham; the great postal drama, "Special Delivery," at the Avenue.

NEW ORLEANS—Whalen and Martel's "South before the War" at the St. Charles; Professor Gentry's "Dog and Pony Show" at the Lee Circle.

CINCINNATI—De Wolf Hopper in "Dr. Syntax" at the Grand; James J. Corbett in "Gentleman Jack" at the Walnut; Dixon's Vaudeville Company at the People's; the "peerless comedienne, May Smith Robinson," as "Little Trixy" at Haclins'; Charles E. Blaney in "A Baggage Check" at the Fountain.

DETROIT—Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" at the Detroit Opera House; Gilmore's Band at the Lyceum Theatre.

DENVER—Effie Ellsler in her repertoire of plays at the Tabor Grand Opera House; the Bull Comedy Company in "Caste" at the Curtis Street Theatre.

MILWAUKEE—James A. Herne in "Shore Acres" at the Davidson Theatre; Harry Williams in "A Bowery Girl" at the Bijou Opera House; specialty company at the Peoples' Theatre.

PROVIDENCE—Billy Emerson, Maggie Cline, and Vaudeville Company at Keith's Opera House; Frohman's Company in "Charlie's Aunt" at the Providence Opera House; Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women at the Providence Art Club; Melha and Nordica in Concert at Infantry Music Hall; Miss Estella Wardell, the "startling emotional actress," in "The Diamond Breakers" at Trowbridge's Star Theatre; the Ladies' Club in "extravagance and bronze living pictures" at the Westminster Theatre.

Out of the foregoing long list at nearly seventy theatres, there are only six really "good shows," and of these but one is high-class—the Damrosch Opera Company. When the San Franciscan theatre-goer looks over this string of "Folly companies," dramatic pugilists, "Refined Vaudevilles," and "Dog and Pony Shows," he will be forced to admit that if the stage is at a low ebb here, San Francisco is not singular in that respect.

"The American Girl," a comedy-drama by H. Grattan Donnelly, begins its second week at the California Theatre on Monday night. George Osbourne has an excellent part in it, and his cleverly made points are heartily appreciated by the large audiences that are present at every performance. Two bright little children in the cast also come in for frequent applause.

They say now that the most profitable play is "Charley's Aunt." It has been translated into several languages, and is now being played by no less than twenty-five companies in various parts of the world, and up to the present the play has made more than two and one-quarter millions of dollars.

The Orpheum is enjoying a large measure of patronage in these days, and for the very good reason that it always has some excellent numbers on its programme. A few weeks ago, the New York Sunday papers devoted several columns to a rouse of acrobats whose agile feats were performed in full evening-dress, the men in swallow-tails and the women in low-cut gowns. These

people had been at the Orpheum a month earlier. One of the present music-hall successes in London is a young woman who has been interviewed and extensively photographed for the *Sketch*. She was singing "My Pearl is a Bowery Girl" at the Orpheum three or four months ago. Next week, Reilly and Wood's Spectacular Variety Company fills a large portion of the programme. Pat Reilly, the well-known Irish comedian, is at the head of it, and they are to give an extravaganza, entitled "Hades Up to Date."

W. S. Gilbert has returned home from Jamaica with the libretto for his new opera in a very forward state. Dr. Carr will probably be the composer.

Richard Mansfield selected April 23d, Shakespeare's birthday, for the opening of his new Garrick Theatre, formerly known as Harrigan's. He has fitted it up in Pompeian tints, and there is a lounging-room, where mirrors and paintings cover the walls, with a plashing fountain in the centre, and tea, coffee, and ices are served by daintily attired maids. Around the corridors and the lobby are hung a number of fine etchings and paintings. Mr. Mansfield opened his theatre with Shaw's comedy, "Arms and the Man."

During the present week, which has been rather barren theatrically, one of the most attractive shows in San Francisco has been that of the Circus Royal on the corner of Eddy and Mason Streets. This is the old panorama building, which has been remodeled for the purpose of giving a circus entertainment and a "water carnival."

In its new guise the building is completely transformed, and the decorations are quite effective. The first part of the performance is a circus bill, including tumbling, riding, balancing, and mounted sword combats, some of the numbers being excellent and all of them fair. After the circus performance the ring is filled with water to a depth of some three or four feet, and Miss Cora Beckwith, the champion lady swimmer of the world, goes through a number of feats of more or less interest. This is followed by the "water carnival," a style of entertainment new to San Francisco. It is modeled to a certain extent on the features of the great water show in London, called "Olympia." The first of these is a series of tableaux representing the story of Perseus and Andromeda, in which some kind of an abnormal sea monster, which the audience confidently believe to be a dragon, comes in with the intention of eating a beautiful maiden attired in silk tights, who is rescued at the last moment by a dauntless warrior attired in cotton tights. Last Monday night two of our well-known artists, Amadee Joulain and John A. Stanton, were put in charge of the tableaux, and produced some beautiful effects. The most notable was called "The Living Fountain."

In this, a circular barge floats in from the canal leading from behind the scenes to the amphitheatre, and is brought to a mooring in the centre of the ring, where a few moments before a fountain had been throwing a solid column of water to a height of about twenty feet. Upon this barge are a number of pretty and shapely girls, representing nude female figures in marble. Each of them carries an urn. Above their heads, at the top of the fountain, are two other recumbent female figures, also lightly draped and carrying upheld a sort of coronet. Around the inner circle of the arena are other female figures standing in the water, representing mermaids, and also carrying in their arms large urns pointing toward the fountain. As the fountain bursts upon the view of the audience, streams of water spout from the urns held by the figures in the fountain, while from the urns held by the mermaids around the arena other streams shoot toward the fountain. Behind the female figures are electric lights, while the coronet upheld by the topmost figures in the human pyramid consists also of colored electric lights. The effect is new and pleasing. In fact, the whole tableau is one of great beauty. On the first night the performance went a little slowly, owing to the unfamiliarity of the stage hands with the numerous preparations required; but that will doubtless be improved with succeeding performances. As a whole, the show is well worth seeing.

It is most remarkable that the return engagement of the Ahley and Grau Opera Company should have attracted so little attention in New York. They have been playing to spectral houses. Although Mme. Melha is a great favorite there, the performance of "Rigoletto" last week, with two such artists as Maurel and Melha in the cast, did not draw half a house. This has been the case nearly every night.

The regular season of the Baldwin Theatre will open on May 20th, when the Liliputians will appear in "Humpty Dumpty Up to Date."

The success of "Trilby" as a play has set all New York to talking of Paul M. Potter, the dramatist. Mr. Potter is a newspaper writer who of late years has taken to play-writing. His first piece was "The City Directory," which has been seen in San Francisco. It was not much of a piece, but it was successful. His next was "The Spider's Web," an adaptation from "Roger la Honte." Next he wrote "The American Minister" for W. H. Crane, which ran for one season. He then produced "Sheridan, or the Maid of

Bath," for E. H. Sothern; this has also been a success. His last play, "Victoria Cross," was a failure; but Mr. Potter has won fame with his dramatization of "Trilby." It is playing now to about \$8,000 a week, and the theatre pays ten per cent. of the gross receipts in royalties. This ten per cent. means \$800 a week. Of this \$800, thirty per cent. goes to Mr. Potter, twenty per cent. to Harper & Brothers, and fifty per cent. to Mr. du Maurier, the author of the book. Four companies are being equipped to put "Trilby" on the road, each paying similar royalties, and it is estimated that Mr. Potter's earnings from this play will be about \$1,200 a week. The town has gone mad over "Trilby." At the Eden Musée, Miss Ganthony has been giving "Trilby" tableaux, and at the Barnum and Bailey Show, Miss Marie Meers has been riding bareback around the ring in "Trilby" costume. Richard Mansfield has just secured the right to dramatize and produce Charles Nodier's "Trilby," a fairy story, which has been dug up from the French literature of years back.

Lecocq's famous comic opera, "La Fille de Madame Angot," will follow "The Brigands" at the Tivoli with the following cast:

Mlle. Lange, Tillie Salinger; Clairette Angot, Gracie Plaisted; Larivaudiere, Ferris Hartman; Ange Pitou, Phil Branson; Pomponnet, Arthur Messmer; Louchard, John P. Wilson; Frenitz, John J. Raffael; Amarante, Irene Mull; Javotte, Maud Gullahorn; Hersilie, Alice Nielson; Delaunay, H. A. Barkalew; Bahet, Kittie Loomis; Cadet, George Harris; Guillaume, Ed. Torpi; Buteux, Duncan H. Smith.

The Native Sons will attend the performance on Wednesday evening, May 8th, on the occasion of their benefit. After "Angot" comes another Lecocq opera, "Heart and Hand."

Clay M. Greene's new piece, "The Vale of Avoca," goes from Ireland to Colorado, and the latter part of the piece is largely made up of scenes in Indian camps. It is nightly filling the Columbus Theatre in New York.

The formal opening of the Columbia Theatre will take place a week from Monday night. Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob have had their new theatre very handsomely refitted, and, with the innovations promised, it bids fair to be one of the prettiest theatres in the United States. Mention of the members of the Frawley organization, the opening attraction, has already been made in this column: they are not great artists, but they are clever and capable actors and actresses who have received their training in the Palmer, Daly, Frohman, and other famous companies, and they may be expected to present their large repertory of plays in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Cleveland's income is said to be between ninety and one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Since the recent attack on his life, Premier Crispi wears under his shirt (says the *Caffaro*, a Genoese journal) a light steel coat of mail, of double thickness over his heart.

The Austrian emperor created a sensation in Vienna the other evening by appearing at a theatre. It was the first time he had been seen in a play-house since the tragic death of his son.

The new Spanish premier, Señor Canovas, is the homeliest man and the most sarcastic orator in Madrid. The señor was the champion of the abolition of slavery in Spain and its dependencies.

An erroneous and seemingly malicious report that Clara Louise Kellogg had lost money, friends, and good looks, and was greatly to be pitied, has evoked several emphatic contradictions. A New York paper says:

"Mrs. Strakosch lives in style and luxury near Union Square, in an apartment that is said to be one of the most artistically furnished in New York, and her receptions are attended by many people of note. She is still plump and pretty, and her fame is fresh enough to bring her hundreds of requests to train promising voices. These she refuses, but occasionally she appears at some free school for the poor, and, decked in diamonds, a splendid figure, sings to delight the children."

Arthur Balfour is not content with golf as an outdoor pastime. He has been practicing on a bicycle in Carlton House Terrace. Since Robert Lowe used to ride a bicycle, no Parliamentarian of the first rank has patronized that steed till now.

Alexander Dumas has just become a widower. Mrs. Crawford writes in the *New York Tribune*:

"Mme. Dumas was but little known in the Parisian society of to-day, although as Princess Narishkine she was one of its most beautiful ornaments in the early days of the Empire. Her marriage to the great author was of a very romantic character, preceded by an elopement and a divorce, in which public sympathy was all with the princess. Considerably older than her husband, she has been an invalid for many years, living in the strictest retirement, and although her death can not fail to be severely felt by M. Dumas, as well as by her three daughters, one of them the offspring of Prince Narishkine, yet it leaves no void in the great world of Paris."

There were two things in Oscar Wilde's home in Chelsea that never failed to strike the attention of a visitor. One was the Chippendale chairs in his drawing-room, all painted a creamy white and upholstered in white plush, and the other was the tin trunk near the desk in his writing-room. This trunk was filled with cigarettes, and was frequently replenished.

Sarah H. Whelem, the first wife of the late Frank Leslie, the publisher, died of old age at Shokan, in the Catskills, a few days ago. The *Sun* says of her:

"She was born seventy years ago in Ipswich, England, which was also Mr. Leslie's home, and she married him when she was seventeen years old. They had three sons—Frank, Alfred, and Scipio. Alfred, the second son, who is an engraver, said that his mother was divorced from Mr. Leslie. He was the principal witness. The divorce was granted in 1860. Mr. Leslie settled one hundred thousand dollars on his former wife. She invested this in property in Denver. She went East in 1880 to help her sons to contest the will of Mr. Leslie, who died in that year, against his widow, the well-known Mrs. Frank Leslie."

The Sultan of Turkey has ordered that the sale or exhibition of portraits of Mr. Gladstone or Professor Bryce, president of the British Board of Trade, be prohibited in Constantinople. Copies which have been sent to the Armenian clergy have been seized as coming under the classification of "seditious literature." Among the books prohibited from sale in Russia is Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

The following interesting paragraph about London bicyclists is from *Vogue's* correspondent:

"The bicycling craze has burst forth afresh and with greater intensity than ever. There is no country where, when people of any social prominence take up a fad, it is carried to such extremes as in England, and now that there is no more skating, it has become once more the pastime of the hour, especially with the women. No one that I have seen looks more charming on her wheel than Lady Norreys, sister of Lord Wolverton, who is so well known in New York as a former Wall Street man, and daughter of that popular and gallant Admiral Glynn, so celebrated for his romantic friendship for Adelaide Neilson, who left him her entire fortune of some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars when she died suddenly in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris. Lady Norreys is a fearless rider, and I often watch her starting off from her house in the nearest of rigs, without heed to the traffic, and with her dogs as sole escort. Most women, however, drive out to Battersea Park or to the Queen's Club and mount their bicycles there. But what astonishes me most is to find well-known turfmen and owners of famous racing-stables taking to the wheel. I hear that the Duke of Portland has followed the example of His Grace of Eife, and is endeavoring to reduce his rapidly increasing bulk by hard riding, while it was only the other day that I actually came across Lord Cadogan, the most staid and ultra-respectable of all the members of the last Salisbury cabinet, pedaling for dear life through Belgrave Square."

Professor Schwenger opines that, with ordinary care, Bismarck may live for several years to come. "Ordinary care" in this instance seems to be synonymous with abstention from certain foods and drinks; and to induce his patient to abstain in that way appears to be the physician's most difficult task. Says an exchange:

"He has to contend daily with Bismarck's revolt, and can scarcely leave his side, for the man so wise in most things will not be wise in this. Bismarck is a great

eater, and he thinks it hard to submit to his physician's dictates. 'If I listened to Schwenger,' said the prince to Signor Crispi on the occasion of the latter's visit in 1883, 'he would treat me like his colleague, the treated Sancho Panza when Don Quixote's squire was Governor of Barataria. For the last six months Schwenger has fed me on pickled herrings. As you see him,' he went on, 'he would prevent my tasting this maccaroni; but I'll have some, all the same; for Schwenger is near-sighted, and he will not know what I am eating. I will tell him by and by, and then he will set matters right with some of his physic.' A little while afterward coffee was served, and as the conversation had been running on food and drink, Professor Schwenger began to develop a thesis to the effect that a man in good health may drink as much as sixteen liqueurs of brandy per day without injuring that health. 'Then I can safely take one on this occasion,' exclaimed the prince. And noticing that Schwenger did not cordially agree to the proposition, the eminent host turned to his guest. 'That's how he treats me throughout,' he roared with laughter; 'he will never consent to a whim of mine when it is a question of eating or drinking something of which he himself is very fond. I suppose he is afraid that there will not be sufficient left for him. In this case, however, he may make his mind easy; I have still four hundred bottles of the same quality and of the same year. It is old, very old.'"

Albert Lynch, the illustrator, is a Peruvian by birth, but of English parentage. He is thirty-three years old, unmarried, and lives in Paris. "Although of an extremely modest disposition, he commands the highest prices for his work, his smallest water-colors readily selling for six to nine hundred dollars each." In 1893 he received the Salon's first prize for his panel of "Spring," which was sold to a private Paris buyer.

Although it can not be called "drama," strictly speaking, the most dramatic show of the week was that at the Pavilion, where Horse Trainer Gleason was engaged in subduing vicious horses. Every evening the large building was crowded with people, and they followed the movements of the trainer with keenest interest. While there may have been some doubt as to the utterly unbroken condition of some of the horses, it is certain that many of them were almost unbroken and some were extremely vicious. As showing the rapidity of the methods pursued by Gleason, it may be said that the attendants would bring in a horse, kicking, plunging, and rearing, with nothing but a halter around his neck. After a few moments, a surcingle would be put around his body, and through a ring in the bottom, ropes reeved to hobbles on his fore fetlocks. When this was done, Gleason had him under entire control. Even then, with one particularly ugly horse, it took him a number of minutes before he succeeded in bridling him. But after the horse was bridled, and thrown down a number of times, it was not long before the horse-trainer succeeded in driving him around the ring, walking behind him, with an attendant with a guide-strap fastened to his neck to pull him around when he refused to turn. After he had succeeded in this, the trainer would hitch up the horse to a broad, low-wheeled trotting-wagon with long shafts. And before many minutes had elapsed, he would drive this plunging, rearing, and kicking brute at a decorous trot around the ring, with assaults of tin-ware tied to his tail, with men beating bass-drums beside him, banging pans, waving flags in his face, and setting off fire-crackers under his feet. The climax of these attempts to familiarize him with noises was when the attendant would bring in a hose-pipe with an unearthly steam-whistle at the end, which would be brought almost up to the horse's ears. After he had habituated the horse to this, the attendant would play the steam-whistle right under the horse's nose, until the beast was enveloped in the escaping steam to such an extent as to be invisible; still the horse would stand. The entertainment was a most interesting one, and Gleason certainly showed that he possessed great power in controlling animals.

On April 20th, the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" closed the sixteenth season and the twenty-sixth year of Mr. Augustine Daly's management. At the close of the piece, Mr. Daly was called out by the audience, and he came accompanied by Miss Rehan, Mr. Lewis, and Mrs. Gilbert. The company leave for a short tour, and then sail for England, where they play their annual season at Daly's Theatre, London. Miss Rehan plays on a tour of her own as a star at Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Buffalo. The whole company sail for Europe on the twelfth of June.

"Soteria."

DR. J. C. ANTHONY, Chronicle Building, S. F.:
"Dear Doctor—You ask me if I can conscientiously recommend 'Soteria' for the cure of the morphine 'habit.' Surely a record of fifteen cases treated, each one a success, is sufficient to warrant me in using the strongest possible terms of commendation. I may say, that in my opinion, 'Soteria' will cure the morphine habit immeasurably more unerringly than will cinchona, the salts, the alkalis, the cocaine, or, in other words, 'Soteria' is a positive antidote for the morphine, opium, or cocaine habits, curing the disease and removing the desire for the drugs. In conclusion, I cannot refrain from urging my medical confrères to give 'Soteria' a trial and become convinced of its efficiency as a curative agent. With best wishes, I remain, Yours truly,
E. E. FALL, A. B., M. D.,
March 20, 1895. 1755 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

—FLORENTINE MOSAIC. THE LATEST IN FASHIONABLE note-paper, at Cooper's, 746 Market Street.

HE MET HIS MATCH.

The scene was the private laboratory of the greatest chemical analyst known to science, J. Big-leg Bighead, M. D., F. R. S., P. D. Q., etc. There was a timid rap on the door, and a dark-featured man entered, saluting with obsequious grace, and handing the great expert a card:

BAGGEN & FLEECEN,
PRIVATE DETECTIVES.

The celebrated toxicologist glanced at the card and motioned the visitor to a seat. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. What can I do for you?"

The swarthy-browed visitor glanced around to make sure that they were alone, then drew forth from the folds of his cloak a small bottle containing some mysterious fluid.

"Sir," he began in undertones, "this bottle contains part of the contents of a man's stomach. The deceased died two days ago under the most suspicious circumstances, after having dined with a very beautiful woman. I want expert sworn testimony—an iron-clad, all-wood, yard-wide, no-rebate, expert analysis. What's your price, sir?"

The great man held the bottle up to the light, then pulled a string disclosing a scale of prices on the wall, which the visitor read, as follows:

To find poison and swear to it.....	\$1,000
Not to find poison and swear to it.....	2,000
To find poison and swear I didn't.....	4,000
Not to find poison and swear I did.....	5,000
To "hall up" the jury with learned technicalities, so that it won't matter whether I did or didn't.....	1,500
To hoovering four hundred yards of Latin at the judge.....	1,000
To bring ten other great men to swear for our side, each.....	1,000
To cite eminent authorities whichever way you wish, per cite.....	250
To throw up enough scientific dust to befog and muddle the judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, and myself, per shovelful.....	250
Consultation, beginning with this one, per minute.....	200

"Now, sir," continued the great toxicological expert, "on which side of the fence are you? Are you employed in the interest of the poisoner or the poisoned?"

But the detective had finished the last line of the scale of prices, and his hair stood on end. Slowly he arose, looked at his watch, saw that he had been there thirty seconds, drew forth a roll and counted out one hundred dollars, pressing it into the hand of the great expert. Then, with a look of envy and admiration, he fled just in time to save another hundred.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

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A. J. DE RUSSY, General Agent,
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THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE
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POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS
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See them before buying your '95 Wheel.

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—IS—

CHEAPER THAN COAL.

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SAN FRANCISCO GAS-LIGHT CO.



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AT AUCTION, MAY 7th

12 O'CLOCK NOON, AT SALESROOM,

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218-220 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Lots on Valencia, Mission, Ridley, Fourteenth, Jessie, and Stevenson Sts. and Julian Ave.

TERMS: ONE-THIRD CASH

VANITY FAIR.

To any one who knows the circumstances, the career of an eminent social leader who has lately died is (according to the *Bazar*) a refutation of two delusions—the one, that to be a queen of society implies feebleness or indolence; and the other, that it implies refinement and elegance. No resolute farmer's wife or washerwoman, toiling for her children's prosperity, ever worked harder in the process than did this lady; and when the thin veneering of custom fell off for a moment, not one of these was less embarrassed by artificial polish. Indeed, the manners of our Queen Elizabeth—let us call her so for want of a better descriptive type—were not very far remote from those of her prototype: robust, direct, plain-spoken, and not over-nice. This helped unquestionably toward her success in England, where the more refined type of American manners is apt to be thought a little too squeamish and sensitive. "You know," the lady in question once said, "the English rather like to see an American show independence of manner." And she certainly gave them what they liked. It fell in with her disposition; conceding and conventional enough in little things, there was a reserve of bluntness and bluntness which suited John Bull very well. If it be true, as is sometimes urged, that the main value of "society people" is to illustrate the maxims of the sages, she did her share, the text being in this case Emerson's remark that "A strong will is always in fashion." This was very true of her.

There are those who labor under the delusion that women alone are extravagant, and that women alone are addicted to elaborateness and costliness in the matter of trousseau. Such minds would do well to ponder upon the following list for a man's wedding outfit, as prepared by a New York haberdasher for the *Evening Sun*: Twenty-four dress shirts, white linen; twelve colored shirts, fancy; six negligé shirts, for traveling; three dozen collars; six suits silk underwear, pearl and white; six suits silk underwear, rose-pink; twelve pairs silk socks, rose-pink; twelve pairs silk socks, pearl-white; six pairs silk socks, black; one pair silk garters, gold buckles, rose-pink; one pair silk garters, gold buckles, pearl-white; six pairs dress gloves, pearl; six pairs morning gloves, street; six pairs afternoon gloves, gray suede; three dozen dress ties, eighteen morning ties, six afternoon ties. And this list takes no account of many other absolute necessities of masculine attire, such as dressing-gowns, bath-wrappers, trousers, coats, waistcoats, shoes, and hosts of other articles.

What has become of the "professional beauty" fad? (asks the *Illustrated American*). It is not much over ten years ago that London shop-windows were crowded with photographs of women with more or less pretensions to beauty. The sale of the photographs of these "professional beauties," in some cases, amounted to a tidy sum, and proud was the beauty, indeed, who could boast (as many of them did) that she owed her pin-money to the sale of the reflection of her beautiful features. There was enormous rivalry between Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West for the envied position of "star" beauty. Lady Dudley, Lady Brooke, Lady Kildare, and a dozen or so more were all equally prominent before the public's eye a few years after the vogue of Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West. The craze crossed the ocean to New York, of course, and the shops soon had on sale the beautiful faces of Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Miss Hargous, and other prominent beauties of that time. The American public are not so keen about beauty-worship as their English cousins, so there was very little in it financially for the shop-keeper or the fair originals of the photos. There are quite as many beautiful women now as there were then. But it would seem as though they were less vain and more womanly, and had neither the confidence in their own charms nor the indifference to public opinion necessary for them to be willing to expose their faces to public sale before a carping world.

Dress materials are comparatively inexpensive in Germany (writes a *Sun* correspondent), and one can get almost anything that a reasonable mortal desires. Cotton fabrics are not so cheap as in America, where the cotton-fields flourish. One sees in the windows of the large shops pleasing-looking garments whose attractiveness sometimes wanes on examination. It is, for instance, difficult for an American girl to find a ready-made German nightgown that she would wear. They look pretty enough as she surveys them tied up in their boxes with blue and pink ribbons, and she buys them thinking that she has secured just what she wants, but when she gets them home and tries them on, she is horrified to find that they stop somewhere about the knees. She takes them hack and asks for longer ones. The longer ones are twice too wide across the shoulders. All she can do is to sew a big ruffle on to the abbreviated garment or resign herself to an incurable feeling of impropriety every time she dons one of her German nightgowns. The German night-dresses may be small, but the German handkerchiefs will probably not have that failing. If one goes to the large

shops in the large cities where goods imported from England and France are kept, one can get handkerchiefs of a moderate size and a cobweb texture. Elsewhere they are of the kind that the average German girl carries, made of linen as heavy and stiff almost as cardboard, and about a yard square, with a red or blue border for decoration. Hats are rather expensive in comparison with other articles of dress, and they are usually homely enough if one lets the milliner have her own way. One form of head-gear that is seldom seen in Germany, except on the heads of traveling English or American girls, is the sailor-hat. They are not exactly good form in more ways than one. The girls of the Kaiserin Augusta Stiftung wear a kind of gray heaver sailor-hat that has been Germanized into positive ugliness. The rim has gotten itself a droop and the crown has acquired a hump that take away all the dash and jauntiness of the original English shape. One can wear German hats, however, and not suffer, but one can not wear German shoes and be happy. They do not fit American feet. German shoemakers are rarely more satisfactory than German shoes, for even if they succeed in fitting the foot, they seldom succeed in making a pretty shoe. It is heavy and square and clumsy. The officers seem to be the only Germans whose foot-gear is irreproachable. They often wear high patent-leather boots, which wrinkle about their ankles as softly as a suede glove about a lady's wrist. If one does not wear the broad, ugly German shoe, it will be very difficult to find a pair of skates that will fit, or a pair of rubbers that will not slip up and down at every step. The German rubber is a thing of abomination, a great, heavy, purple-lined article warranted to last half a dozen seasons. Bad as it is, it costs almost a dollar of Uncle Sam's money. There is one place on Potsdamer Strasse where one can get American rubbers. They come all the way from Boston, and the little man who keeps the shop smiles when he sees an American girl come around the corner. He knows what she is after.

Once more the attention of the social philosopher is caught by the phenomenon of the propensity of women to go to weddings. Never altogether absent, it is more striking just after Easter than at any other time in the year. Its laws show little variation. Every year in the larger cities, Easter week and the period following up to the first of May is a continuous festival of holy matrimony. The rule of its celebration is that men go to weddings when they must, women when they may. Why women take such acute interest in weddings is always a puzzle to men. The reason of it (according to *Harper's Weekly*) must lie in clothes.

Stateliness in women proceeds from sources somewhat different from stateliness in men (says a writer in the *Spectator*). It is much more independent, to begin with, of outward gifts. Queen Isabella of Spain, in spite of her history and her bulk, is regal to an unusual degree; the stateliness of Maria Theresa impressed all who came in contact with her, and no man as homely and unreserved as she was in speech and bearing would have been credited with stateliness. It seems to be more allied in women than in men with independence of mind, or a sense that the will is its own justification—an absence, that is, of fear of external influence. The personality suffices to itself, and therefore there is stateliness. That is the secret reason why stateliness in women annoys most men and many of the same sex. The first function of a woman being to attract, most men make the confusion in their thoughts when they are thinking of women that stateliness must indicate either hauteur or unkindliness. Very often it is not so at all, some of the sweetest women being stately; but the mistake is nearly always made, and when a man, or for that matter a woman, attributes to a woman stateliness, there is seldom complete cordiality in the eulogistic word.

Chimmie Fadden on a Wheel.

"Chimmie Fadden," the book, is now in its twenty-first thousand, and the popular curiosity as to the further adventures of Chimmie Fadden, the hero, is so clamorous that Mr. Townsend has deemed it advisable to give to the world a few more scenes from his career. In the New York *Sun* of April 21st, Chimmie's experience with the bicycle craze is narrated as follows:

"What I'm out for wid a dark lantern and a reward, is where dey gives dope like de Keesley cure, only for de wheel habit stid of for booze."

"Dere ain't one of us what ain't got it; from his Whiskers t' de Duchess dey is all bicycle daffy. Why, Mr. Paul has sent t' have a wheel made for little Miss Fannie, what is only just learning t' twiddle her pins fit."

"His Whiskers was de first one t' get de habit. First dey all gives him de laugh, but when dey found out I'd learned on his wheel, Mr. Burton said he'd take a lesson from me, and in two days dere was t'ree more wheels down dere: one for Mr. Burton, one for Miss Fannie, and one for me, 'cause I was t' be de professor."

"Well, I teacht Mr. Burton and I teacht Miss Fannie—say, she can ride like a bird—and den dose two, wid his Whiskers, would he goin' off so much. Mr. Paul, he got one down t' his place, what's next to ours, and he learned, so dat he wouldn't be left by his lonely, and den I chases off so much, de Duchess she had to have a wheel, and, holy gee! before we was tru, if the barkeep didn't send one t' Maggie, de housemaid, and I'm lookin' for a car-load t' be comin' down for de rest of de servants any old day!"

"Dey may as well let de coachman and all de stable-men, and sell de horses and carriages, for dey ain't

no more use, 'cept to take little Miss Fannie out for a airin', and I expect she'll be cruisin' round like a duck on a pond wid her own wheel pretty soon."

"When all de folks is out de Duchess asks Maggie t' sneak wid us, and den we tree goes off in some odder direction from de folks. You otter see dem goils! Dey is wonders—blind, staggerin' wonders—in dere wheel make-up!"

"Miss Fannie she don't dress much diff'runt from when she is walkin', only she wears hoots; but de Duchess and dat chip Maggie! say, dey'd put your eye out in a minute if ever you'd see 'em unexpected. De Duchess has some of dose for'n papers sent from Paris, what's de dago town she comes from, and she seed some pictures of fairies on wheels in one of 'em, and she rigged up a harness like it. It's like a woman out on top of de stage in a fairy op'ra."

"Maggie, de bousemaid, is near as queer, only she ain't got de style de Duchess has. De rig de Duchess wears wouldn't be so worse if she'd only never wear it out of de grounds, but dat's de trouble, and dat's what run me up against it de odder day. We was tearin' up dirt along de shore road, me follin' de Duchess and Maggie, t' keep de dogs away from 'em, which I bad a lot of stones in me pockets for, when I seed comin' down de road four wheels, one wid a woman, and I knowed in a minute dey was our folks what had gone around by de back road, and would cop so sure if we didn't make a sneak. I yelled t' de goils t' get off and yank dere wheels over a low stone wall. We chased ourselves lively, I'm tellin' you, and as de folks all stopped for sometin', dey didn't see us, and we laid low on de odder side of de wall, where dere were sticks, and leaves, and stones, and wet, and it was de worst beddin' I ever struck, and I ain't always slept in de finest, needer."

"Mon Dieu! Chances," says the Duchess, 'let us get out of here; I'm ruinin' me dress!'"

"You ain't got no dress on, I says, 'and dat's de trouble,' says I, 'cause I was pretty sore wid der dinky harness, which I wouldn't have Miss Fannie seen on my life."

"Next it was dat Maggie what boller'd murder. 'For de love of heaven, Chimmie,' she yelled, 'I wonder you wouldn't put us in a den of snakes. Dere's a toad crawlin' up me leg!'"

"I wonder be wouldn't jump in your big mou't, what you can't keep closed, I says t' ber, for I was near crazy, 'cause I peeped over de wall and seen de folks coming along."

"I put one hand over de Duchess's mou't and one over Maggie's, and dey was still for a minute; but all of a sudden, and hote togedder, just as de folks was opposite, hote dose fool goils bit me hands near in two, and let out screams you could heard across de Sound, and hote for de same reason; dere was a hull comin' at us, wid tail up and head down, and lookin' bigger dan de Madison Square Garden. At de first yell de four folks all stops and gets off dere wheels, and just as dey did, de Duchess and Maggie, lookin' like circus riders, only wid leaves and sticks all over 'em, flew over de wall and fell yellin' wid fits right at his Whiskers's feet."

"De hull made for me. I seen I'd be done if I didn't chase myself, so I puts me hands on top of de wall t' make a jump, when me foot caught in de wheels. Dat was de chance for de hull, and he knowed his business. He let me have it right where it hurtet de smallest, and I went up in de air a mile wid de wheel fast t' me leg."

"I landed on de road right in front of Mr. Paul. All de odders was screamin' wid fits and worriment; but Mr. Paul found I wasn't done, and he only said: 'Do you always go over a wall like dat, Chimmie?'"

"Say, I felt like what t'ell, and I would have sold me self for a minute, wid de Duchess trun in t' boot."

"Miss Fannie first found out I wasn't hurtet much, den she looked at de Duchess—who wasn't sayin' nottin' for de first time since she was horned—and den she laughed fit t' kill herself, and his Whiskers he laughed, and Mr. Burton he laughed, and dat bull looked over de wall, and he laughed, but Mr. Paul he only looked solemn and said, kinder t' himself: 'For all aches and bruises, take a small hottle!'"

"Den de folks rode on, and I helped de goils bome, and when we got dere, none of de folks peeped 'bout de circus a word. I knowed it was Miss Fannie what made 'em not string us."

"Say, Miss Fannie ain't so worse; and needer was dat small hot Mr. Paul sneaked t' me room."

—IN VIEW OF THE WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT the use of opiates is rapidly increasing, and that their use once acquired the victim is powerless to free himself, the letter of Dr. Fall, printed elsewhere, would seem to be worthy of consideration by the medical profession.

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PROF. TOTTEN'S OPINION.

Professor Totten, of Yale College, is one of the most advanced thinkers, reasoners, and Bible students of the age, and all of his scientific works are of the highest standard. On page 228, volume 7, of his work entitled "Our Race," he writes as follows:

"But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as he sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electro-poise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agents nor are in any way financially interested in the matter."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Apologies of the propensity of fishing-parties to play poker, *Vanity* narrates that Amos J. Cummings was recently invited to join a party bound for a small lake swarming with large fish. "You will make six, and that is the exact party we want." "That's all very fine," retorted Cummings; "but you will find that some of the six will really wait to go fishing, and break up the game."

Henry Watterson prefaced an interview on the silver question, the other day in Washington, with the story of the funeral of Cripple Creek's leading citizen. The preacher talked impressively about his virtues for an hour and a half. Just as the word "amen" left the reverend gentleman's mouth, the corpse rose in the coffin and said, with emotion: "All that talk, and not one word about silver!"

Between Salford and Manchester is a glue factory. A lady, obliged to take the ride between those two points quite often, always carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat directly opposite her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole carriage was filled with the horrible odor of the glue. The old farmer stood it as long as he could, then leaned forward and shouted: "Madam, would ye mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"

They tell it of a member of a well-known club that he never under any circumstances forgets to be polite. The relations between the gentleman in question and his wife have been strained for years. Last week matters culminated in a row, which resulted in a separation. When the war of words was at its height, the wife cried bitterly: "Then you love me no longer?" "Madam," replied the husband, with his very best bow, "I have that happiness." Even in that trying moment, he knew how to live up to his reputation.

The young man had seen the play before (says the *Washington Post*). He let everybody for four seats around know that, and he kept telling just what was coming and just how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him, and he was trying to amuse her. At length he said: "Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how queer it seems." A middle-aged man, with a red face, sat just in front. He twisted himself about in his seat and glared at the young man. "Young man," said he, "did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?" The silence that followed was almost painful.

Some years ago, a delegation went from a certain city to Washington to work a great appropriation for the benefit of Mobile's harbor. Among the party was a genial major, who was well primed with facts. He longed, moreover, to see the inside of senatorial poker. Soon occasion presented itself. The genial man dropped his evening's pile and smiled himself out. Next night he came again. Fickle fortune still frowned. Once more the genial Alabamian's pile grew small rapidly and hideously less. Finally a pat flush swept his last dollar, and he rose from the table a trifle hastily. "Don't go!" cried the winning senator, chirpily; "sit in again and try it over." "Gentlemen, you mistake my mission entirely," retorted the Alabamian, backing to the door; "I wish you to understand that I came to Washington to get an appropriation—not to make one!"

F. Cope Whitehouse, who recently spent five years in Europe, had been long in conflict with both British and Egyptian authorities on the question of irrigating a certain district, and found them almost equally conservative. After a time, he met Lord Cromer, just arrived in the country, and was received with a chilling coolness. "I really can not go into these matters with you," said Lord Cromer, "because I hear that you treated my predecessor with great discourtesy." "Discourtesy? Discourtesy of what nature?" "Oh, I am informed that you accused him of er—in fact, that you insinuated he was untruthful." "I? Oh, dear me, no! Not at all. The truth of the matter was just this: I had to characterize his attitude in some way. Now, you see, I couldn't speak of his simplicity, because it would not be exactly complimentary. Of course I couldn't speak of his multiplicity, because that wouldn't be true, you know. So, naturally, I had to call it duplicity, don't you see? It really was forced upon me, you understand."

Many years ago, a British ship having on board a large consignment of Spanish specie for a house in Rio Janeiro was wrecked on the Brazilian coast. The captain ordered some of the casks containing the gold brought on deck, but it was soon found necessary to take to the boats without any of the treasure. As the last boat was about to leave, one of the officers went back to make a last tour of the ship. Sitting beside one of the casks with a hatchet in his hand, he found one of the sailors,

"Hurry up!" cried the officer; "we came within an ace of going off without you." "I'm not going," replied the sailor, giving the cask a hearty whack with the hatchet, bursting it open, and laughing with delight as the coin poured out around him; "I've always wanted to die rich. I've been poor all my life, and this is my first and last chance. Go ahead. I'll stay bere with my fortune." Argue as he might, the officer could not persuade the fellow to leave the gold, with which he played as a child with marbles, and he finally had to leave him to his fate.

OLD FAVORITES.

Paul Revere's Ride.

The nineteenth of April was the anniversary of the ride of Paul Revere. Those who think that the American spirit in this country is dying out will see that they are mistaken when they learn that this anniversary is celebrated most enthusiastically at many points in New England. The day there is known as "Patriot's Day." At Lexington, for example, where Paul Revere's first ride was made on April 16, 1775, a celebration took place recalling the famous ride. At Worcester the celebration was even more elaborate. W. F. Daniels impersonated Paul Revere, and rode through town at a headlong gait. As he passed the historic corner where stands the office of the *Worcester Spy*, where an unsuccessful attempt was made to capture him by a squad of English soldiers, as history tells us, this scene was reproduced. Other features of the occurrences at the time Revere made his famous ride were also reproduced, and the day was a great success. Herewith is Longfellow's stirring poem:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black bulk, that magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pabbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the harking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again,
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, hushed on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A Poisonous Mist.

This fitly describes miasma, a vaporous poison which breeds chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague, ague cake, and in the tropics deadly typhoid forms of fever. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters prevents and cures these complaints. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, oeruous and kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia, and impaired vitality are also remedied by the great restorative.

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SOCIETY.

The Burns-Tompkins Wedding.

There was a pretty wedding last Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Sarah Tompkins, the Souther Farm, near San Leandro. The contracting parties were her daughter, Miss Sarah Haight Tompkins, and Mr. John McKibbin Burns, of Minneapolis, Minn. Invitations were limited to about one hundred intimate friends, who were present at three o'clock when Rev. Hobart Chetwood performed the marriage ceremony. Miss Juliet Tompkins was the maid of honor, and Mr. Cameron Burns acted as best man. The residence was beautifully decorated with flowers. There was an elaborate déjeuner at four o'clock, after which the newly married couple departed on a brief southern trip. When they return, they will reside at Belvedere.

The Kirkman-Goodyear Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Grace Goodyear, only daughter of the late Andrew Goodyear, and Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S. A., took place last Thursday noon at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Benicia.

The church was attractively decorated with flowers and colored draperies, and was filled with friends of the contracting parties. The ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Bishop Wingfield, assisted by Rev. J. H. Waterman. Miss Aldanita Wolfskill, of Benicia, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Jennie Humphries, of Santa Ana, and Miss Louise Vicker, of Chicago. Lieutenant E. E. Benjamin, U. S. A., acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Lieutenant W. M. Crofton, U. S. A., all of the First Infantry.

After the ceremony an elaborate breakfast was served at the home of the bride, and late in the afternoon the happy couple left to make a Southern trip. They will return in a couple of weeks and will reside at Benicia.

The Lemon-Wardwell Wedding.

The wedding of Mr. Frederic Lemon, of Boston, and Miss Frances Bancroft Wardwell, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Wardwell and niece of Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, of this city, took place last Tuesday at the residence of the latter, 1605 Franklin Street. Duchesse de Brabant roses and fine ferns were used profusely in the decoration of the parlor, where, in the presence of about seventy-five relatives and friends, the marriage service was performed at noon by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. Miss Alberta Bancroft was the maid of honor, and appeared in an attractive gown of white satin trimmed with tulle and wild roses. Mr. Shepard Jenks acted as best man. The bride wore a handsome robe of cream-white satin, made with a long court train and trimmed with white tulle, orange-blossoms, and lilacs. An elaborate breakfast was served after the usual congratulations had been extended. The presents were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Lemon left in the evening for Boston, where they will reside.

The Dean Dinner-Party.

The birthday anniversary of Mr. Walter Leonard Dean was pleasantly commemorated by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, who gave a dinner-party in his honor last Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel. The dining-room was beautifully decorated and the table was ornate with Jacqueminot and Duchesse de Brabant roses. After the elaborate dinner, a few dances were enjoyed. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Bates, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. E. M. Green-

way, Mr. W. R. Heath, Lieutenant Strother, U. S. A., Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Eugene Lent, Mr. Nathaniel Curtis, and Mr. Robert R. Grayson.

The Blair Lunch-Party.

An enjoyable lunch-party was given last Wednesday by Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, at her home on Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Mrs. E. M. Bliss. An array of handsome roses and ferns ornamented the dining-table. A delicious menu was served and several hours were passed in its enjoyment. Mrs. Blair's guests were:

Mrs. E. M. Bliss, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Mrs. W. B. Chapman, and Miss Jennie Blair.

A Coaching-Party.

At the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, a number of their friends enjoyed a coaching-party last Tuesday and Wednesday. They left Burlingame Tuesday morning in two coaches and drove to San José, where they remained over night, driving back to Burlingame the following afternoon. The members of the party were:

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. Graham, Miss Ella Hohart, Miss May Hoffman, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. J. B. Cassely, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, and Mr. H. R. Simpkins.

Amateur Private Theatricals.

Mrs. Louis F. Auzeais invited about three hundred of her friends to witness a production of "Love on Crutches" last Tuesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. The participants in the comedy were all amateurs, and acquitted themselves quite well. After the performance, the players and a number of intimate friends of the hostess enjoyed an elaborate supper at the home of Mrs. Auzeais, 2417 Pacific Avenue.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mamie Holbrook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, to Mr. Samuel Knight, Assistant United States Attorney.

Cards have been received here announcing the marriage of Miss Julia H. Barnard, sister of Miss Marie Barnard, of this city, to Mr. Julius C. Shainwald, of Chicago, brother of Mr. Herman Shainwald, of this city, which took place on April 24th. Mr. and Mrs. Shainwald are residing at 1837 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. J. A. Folger gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at her home in Oakland in honor of Mr. W. W. Heffelfinger, of Yale. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Ella Goodall, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Henry Coleman, Mr. Ernest Folger, and Mr. J. Athearn Folger.

Mrs. Francis E. Spencer and her daughter, Mrs. J. Underwood Hall, Jr., gave a pleasant matinee tea last Tuesday at their residence, 216 Autumn Street, in San José, and hospitably entertained many of their friends.

It has been interesting to watch the gradual way in which woman's dress has "lived up" to the big sleeves, whose advent two years ago was a startling innovation. Capes promptly succeeded jackets when the fashion became pronounced, modistes and arbiters realizing that it was asking too much of the average jacket-sleeve to be responsible for the hiding of such a mass of dress-sleeve. The skirts were the next parts of the costume to adapt themselves to width and voluminousness, a necessary concession, as the bell skirt, with the balloon sleeves, was little short of grotesque. Bonnets then doffed their height, and took unto themselves width, preserving the equilibrium of the outfit, and the crush collars and belts added "ears" and "wings" to their effect. Shoes have remained pointed, though they should have flared; but parasols have grown fluffy and flat to partake of the general trend of belongings. Finally, the motif has entered bouquets. The very newest thing at the florists' are the butterfly bouquets, wide, shallow affairs, with spreading bows, or wings of lilies, or what you will, and a centre of some other flower. Roses are effective flanked with lilies, daffodils, with white sweet-peas, or violets bunched on each side of an Easter lily, camellia, or light-hued rose. Loops of ribbon fall from the centre of these butterfly bunches, which bid fair, temporarily, at least, to dethrone the popular shower bouquet.

Anna Shaw, D. D., was giving some advice lately to an assembly of women on how to talk in public. "The best way," she said, "to address an audience is to talk as if you were scolding your husband." Kate Field said: "And as if every man, woman, and child in the seats were so many heads of cabbages. Cabbages would not frighten you, and you can talk loud by addressing one in the top gallery."

There are in New York (says the Sun) any number of "at homes" now on Sunday afternoon and evening, or informal dinners and five-o'clock teas, so that the so-called day of rest is one of very pleasant excitement and fatigue.

Poniatowski as an Editor.

The new *Revue Franco-Américaine*, the first number of which was announced to appear in Paris in April, has a particular interest for San Franciscans, inasmuch as it is issued under the editorial management of Prince André Poniatowski, who married Miss Beth Sperry, sister of Mrs. Will Crocker, of this city. From an advance notice in the *Figaro* of March 12th, we learn that the *Revue* is to be a sumptuous monthly illustrated magazine, to which the most celebrated writers and artists of Europe will contribute; among the former will be Tolstoi, Goncourt, Daudet, Dumas, Ibsen, Mirbeau, Clémenceau, Mallarmé, Bourget, Barrès, Hervieu, Mark Twain, Alfred Capus, Hermant, Séverine, Lavedan, Mendès, Gabriel d'Annunzio, Marcel l'Heureux, Alphonse Allais, Grosclaude, Courteline, and others, and the artists will embrace an equally wide range of styles and schools, including Puvion de Chavannes, Whistler, Forain, Helleu, Caran d'Ache, La Gandara, Toulouse-Lautrec, Ibels, etc. Though the publication is intended for Americans interested in the artistic and literary movement in the Old World, it will be printed entirely in French. The text will consist of short articles, timely in interest, and not of long and heavy reviews, *style de Deux Mondes*. The first issue is to consist of sixty thousand copies, of which twenty-five are printed on Japan paper and silk for the sovereigns of Europe, the cover being Japanese in pink and blue on a yellow ground sown with hortensias. Among those who have already agreed to have their homes photographed for a series of articles in the *Revue* are the Duchesse de Rohan, the Baronne de Rothschild, Mme. de Béarn, Mme. de Courval, the Marquise de Marsac, and the Comtesse de Greffhule.

Mrs. Hinckley attracted a fashionable audience to her cooking-school, 703 Sutter Street, last Thursday, and introduced a new beverage called Moorish tea, which is a combination of several teas, peculiarly flavored. Nut-cakes were served with it. She also prepared curried little-neck clams over a chafing-dish, and they were served with little biscuits. She gave an entertaining talk on the preparation of various articles of food, and interested her auditors greatly.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, finding that ideas would often come to her when her stenographer was away from her, and wishing to save herself the manual labor of writing them down, purchased a phonograph. Now when an idea strikes her at home, she simply talks it to the phonograph, and when her stenographer comes, it is taken from the machine, recalled to the author, and she elaborates it by dictation.

Starting from her sleep, she seized her husband convulsively by the nose and one eyelid. "John," she cried, "there's a burglar going through your trousers!" "What do you wake me for?" irritably demanded the head of the house; "settle it between yourselves."—*Detroit Tribune*.

"Don't you think the man who marries for money is a fool?" "He is, unless he gets it in advance."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ralston recently returned from Europe, and have been in New York city during the past fortnight.

Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle sailed from New York last week on the steamship *La Champagne* for Havre, France.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, the Misses Alice and Bella Gerstle, and Miss Clara Joseph will leave in a few days for Europe, sailing from New York on May 25th.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas have gone to New York, and will sail from there for Europe on May 20th.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Mae and Claire Tucker will occupy a cottage at Belvedere during the summer.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo returned last Wednesday from Salt Lake City, where he has been for several weeks.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Florine Brown are visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, and Miss Glascock, of Oakland, have returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey returned from a flying trip to Los Angeles last Sunday.

Mr. William L. Gerstle has returned from a two weeks' visit to British Columbia.

Mr. Horace H. Miller and Miss M. Aonic Miller, of Oakland, will leave in a few days to make a six months' tour of Europe.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne returned from Los Angeles last Monday after an absence of more than six months. He will go south again in a few days, and will probably pass the winter in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann have been in Pasadena during the past week.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs, who are in New York city, are expected to return here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Madison, of this city, arrived in Paris recently.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family are in Paris. Dr. and Mrs. George Martin, of Oakland, visited friends in Boston last week.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln will leave soon to pass the summer in Europe.

Miss Ella Adams is in Boston visiting her sister, Mrs. Knowles.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine, *né* Bucknall, will leave for the East next Tuesday. After a brief stay in New York, they will sail for Scotland on a visit to Mr. Jardine's relatives.

Mr. Karl Howard has returned to Oakland, after a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. H. N. Cook and Master Clifford Cook arrived in Paris last week.

Mr. Charles Meinecke arrived in Bremen last Tuesday. Mrs. Lucia M. Lane and Miss Virginia W. Smiley arrived in New York from Genoa, Italy, last week, and are en route home.

Mrs. J. Salz is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. A. Wertheimer, at San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and Miss Clementina Kip will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Camillo Martin and Miss Grace Martin have gone to Sausalito to remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothin have secured a cottage in Ross Valley for the summer.

Mrs. James A. Nowland, *né* Heath, has returned to her home in Philadelphia after a visit here to her mother. Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness will pass the summer at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll will pass a part of the summer at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and family and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle will soon go to San Rafael to remain during the summer.

Mr. W. F. Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, and Miss McNutt have returned from Paso Robles.

Mr. E. A. Bruguère and Mr. E. A. Bruguère, Jr., have returned from their Eastern trip.

Miss Fanny Crocker has returned from a visit to Mrs. H. J. Crocker at her villa near Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker have gone to New York in their private car to remain there until about June 8th, when they will return here with Colonel C. F. Crocker, who has been making a tour of the world.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., has been relieved from the command of the Department of the Missouri, and called to duty at Washington, D. C.

Brigadier-General Alexander McD. Cook, U. S. A., has been placed on the retired list on account of age.

Colonel and Mrs. George H. Burton, U. S. A., and the Misses Burton left Washington, D. C., last Wednesday for this city, where Colonel Burton will be on duty in the Inspector-General's Department.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary Alice Bernard, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Bernard, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., of Fort Robinson, Neb., to Lieutenant Walter C. Babcock, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., of Fort Meade, S. D.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A., has been retired from active service by operation of law.

Lieutenant-Commander R. T. Jasper, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Bennington* and ordered home and granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander Harry Knox, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Vesuvius* and ordered to command the *Thetis*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel M. B. Young, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson V. D. Middleton, Deputy Surgeon General, U. S. A., is away on a three weeks' leave of absence.

Major and Mrs. P. C. Pope, U. S. M. C., came down from Mare Island last Monday on a brief visit to friends here.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon J. C. Perry, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to duty at Portland, Or.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon C. H. T. Lowndes, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Hastler*, and ordered to duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of captain.

Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds, First Cavalry, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to General Forsyth, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of two months on his leave of absence owing to continued illness.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S.

A., is away from Benicia Barracks on three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant N. J. L. T. Halpine, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Wabash*, and ordered to the *Ranger*.

Lieutenant T. S. Rodgers, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Second Lieutenant George A. Detchmendi, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

Assistant-Engineer W. C. Herbert, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Hastler* and ordered home on three months' leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The De Kotski Farewell Concert.

Chevalier de Kotski, who will soon return to Berlin, gave a farewell concert last Monday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. F. M. Pixley. There was a large assemblage of ladies present at the concert, which was held in the large ball-room. The veteran pianist played delightfully, and received many floral tributes from his friends. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Dr. Spitz, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Miss Frances Prill, and Mr. Noah Brandt in the presentation of the following programme:

Piano and violin, andante and finale, "Kreutzer Sonata," Beethoven, Mr. Noah Brandt and Chevalier de Kotski; song, "Non Torno," Mattei, Mrs. Dr. Spitz; (a) nocturne, "Snow Soirits," Kotski, (b) "Perpetual Motion," Weher, (c) grande valse, "Souvenir de Gliniski," Kotski, Chevalier de Kotski; violin, "Fantasia," Vieuxtemps, Mr. Noah Brandt; piano, "Venitienne Gondole," Liszt, Miss Frances Prill; vocal solo, violin obligato, "Ave Verum," Kotski, Mrs. Dr. Spitz and Mr. Noah Brandt; (a) "Caprice," Schuher, (b) "Polish Patrol," Kotski, Chevalier de Kotski; recitation, "The California Story," Mrs. Frances Edgerton; piano, "Awakening of the Lion," Kotski, Chevalier de Kotski.

After the concert Mrs. Pixley invited all present to the drawing-rooms to meet Chevalier de Kotski, which they did, and wished him "bon voyage."

The Art Association Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, who was assisted by Mrs. Fleissner Lewis, Dr. Gilbert F. Graham, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr., and Mr. Louis Schmidt. The following programme was excellently interpreted:

Organ overture, "Maritana," Wallace, Mr. Louis Schmidt; romance, "L'Elisire d'Amore" ("Una furtiva Lagrima"), Donizetti, Dr. Gilbert F. Graham; violoncello, "Berceuse," Julius Klengel, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; aria, "Con Carlos" ("O! Don Fatale"), Verdi, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; "Lamento," for violin, cello, and piano (first time in San Francisco), J. Th. Radoux, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr., and Mr. Louis Schmidt; song, "Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower," Wilson G. Smith, Dr. Gilbert F. Graham; violoncello, nocturne No. 1, L. von der Mehden, Jr., Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; song, "Er der Herrlicher von Allen," Schumann, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; organ selections, "Faust," Gounod, Mr. Louis Schmidt.

The Rosewald Recital.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald gave a musical recital and a lecture last Monday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Younger, 1214 California Street, which was attended by a large and fashionable audience, composed of members of the Sorosis Club. The subject of the lecture was "Descriptive and Characteristic Music." He was assisted by Miss Lillian Morey and Mr. Frank M. Coffin. The following interesting programme was given:

"Lorelei," Liszt, and "The Erl King," Schuher, Miss Lillian Morey; romanza from "The Huguenots," Meyerheer, with viola d'amore obligato, Mr. Frank M. Coffin; "Faust Waltz," Wieniawski, "Legende," Wieniawski, caprice, Rehfeld, and various solos on the philomela and chariot viola, Mr. J. H. Rosewald; Mrs. W. J. Younger was the accompanist.

The Von der Mehden Concert.

Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr., the young violoncellist, who has been studying in Europe during the past three years, gave his first concert here since his return last Tuesday evening. He was assisted by Professor G. Sauvet, pianist, and Mr. Frank M. Coffin, tenor. The following excellent programme was presented:

Concerto No. 2, in D minor, maestoso, andante lento, allegro vivo, Piat, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; song, "Tutto il Creato," Gounod, Mr. Frank M. Coffin; (a) nocturne No. 1, in D major, Louis von der Mehden, Jr., (b) concert mazurka, op. 14, Fitzenhagen, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; song, "Come Gentle Sleep" (from "Ivanhoe"), Sullivan, Mr. Frank M. Coffin; (a) andante from first concerto, Goltzman, (b) scherzo, "Airs Baskyrts," Piat, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.

The cable tells us this little story concerning Signor Mascagni's new opera, "Silvano," which has just been produced in Milan under the direction of the composer:

"According to the Italian critics, the music is written on so-called popular lines, and is full of melody, although the orchestration is more or less conventional. The plot, which the composer drew up, deals with the smuggler, Silvano, who, compelled by an accident of his calling to absent himself for three years, returns to find himself supplanted in the affections of his lady-love by a peasant. He challenges the man, fights, and, as the curtain falls, kills him. The story, to a certain extent, resembles 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' both as to its characters and its situations."

The twentieth anniversary of "Carmen" was celebrated at the Opéra Comique in Paris, not long ago, the occasion being the six hundred and twenty-seventh performance of the opera on that stage. Of the original cast, but one member was left, M. Barnolt, who had taken the part of Remondado,

the comic bandit, at every performance. After the performance he was presented with a handsome gold watch by Mme. Bizet, the widow of the composer, and the librettists, MM. Meilhac and Halévy.

An effort is being made to establish a permanent grand opera organization here by S. Eisenbad, who last year presented Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and Gounod's "Faust" with local singers in the cast. This year he will present Halévy's "La Juive." The performance is to take place at the Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, on May 13th, and is to be given for the benefit of a deserving charity.

In the course of an article on famous singers, a writer in an English periodical says that, in 1859, when Mme. Patti made her debut in New York, Mr. Strakosch held her contract for five years, paying her \$400 a month for the first year, \$600 for the second, \$800 for the third, and \$1,000 for the fourth and fifth years. Now Mme. Patti gets \$2,000 a night for concerts in London.

Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder and her advanced pupils, assisted by Mrs. L. J. Murdoch, pianist, gave a vocal and dramatic entertainment at her academy, 519 Van Ness Avenue, on Tuesday evening, April 23d. The programme was a long and interesting one, and was listened to with attention by a fashionable audience.

Ysaye, the celebrated violinist, will arrive here May 11th, from the East, where he has been playing with great success, and will commence a series of four concerts here on Monday evening, May 13th, at the Baldwin Theatre. He will be assisted by M. Aime Lachaume, a brilliant pianist.

Mr. Elmer de Pue has returned after an absence of eight months in the East, where he has been singing with the Bostonians. At the request of some of his friends he will give a concert here late in May.

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He—"A little knowledge, don't you know, is a dangerous thing." She—"Yes, I know. Have you had your life insured?"—Detroit Free Press.

Parke—"Why did you give up your house in town and go out in the country to live?" Lane—"I've got excuse now for being out all night."—Ex.

May—"I wonder what Jack is doing?" Pamela—"Pressing flowers, I guess. I noticed Eva had a hunch of them in her belt when they started out."—Truth.

Jimmie—"Tommy Grogan is talkin' of gettin' him a hysickle." Mickey—"Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tires."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I see you have a safe in your dining-room," said Perkins, who was visiting Jarley; "is that for your silver?" "No; that's my wine-cellar," said Jarley.—Bazar.

"He has been dead two years, and to-day I received a bill against him with the request to forward it." "Why, what did you do with it?" "Put it in the fire."—Life.

Gomez—"I say, was it you who recommended that cook to my wife?" Perez—"I believe so." Gomez—"Then I should like you to come and have supper with us to-night."—La Gaceta de Malaga.

Mrs. Gray (to friend who has been to the prayer-meeting)—"Did you have a good meeting?" Mrs. White—"Rather uninteresting. None of the men who spoke had ever done anything bad."—Boston Transcript.

"At last! my dear fellow." "What's up?" "You will hardly believe it. I am in love and I am loved in return." "You are perfectly happy, then." "Nearly so—only—it is not the same girl."—French Exchange.

Cohenstein—"Your son Ike is gettin' to be a shporthy hoy." Grabenthal—"Dot feller makes me tired! If he could get his oldt fader undt mudder to shepeak mit a English agent, I tink he would shange his name to Alchy."—Judge.

"I thought you said, about a year ago, that you would not ride a hicycle, as your husband did not like to have you make yourself conspicuous?" "So I did." "Well, why do you ride now?" "For the same reason. My husband does not like to have me make myself conspicuous."—Bazar.

"Why don't you work? Don't like it, I suppose." "Like it! Why, boss, work with me is a passion—a vice. That is just the trouble. The moment I commence to do a little, I can not leave it alone, and it grows upon me like drink, opium, or lawn tennis. That is why I have to make an effort and leave it entirely alone."—Life.

First trooper—"By Jove! you should have seen that fellow Higgins in the cavalry charge to-day! Regular dare-devil, that man is. Never saw any one in my life charge in such an utterly reckless style as he did." Second trooper—"That's easy enough to account for." First trooper—"How's that?" Second trooper—"He used to be a plumber before he joined the cavalry."—Bazar.

"The hloomer dress," says a Western humorist, "is a pair of trousers very haggly at the knees, abnormally full at the pistol-pockets, and considerably full where you strike a match. The garment is cut décolleté at the south end, and the bottoms tied around the ankles or knees to keep the nice out. You can't put it over your head like you do your shirt, nor around you like a corset, but you must sit on the floor and pull it on just as you do your stockings, one foot at a time in each compartment. You can easily tell the right side to have in front by the buttons on the neck-hand."—Ex.

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While the war between Japan and China was yet in its earlier stages, the *Argonaut* much amused its free-trade contemporaries when it said that the conflict would result in an industrial revolution, involving not only the Asiatic countries, but the United States and the nations of Europe. This view, which seemed humorous to our nearer neighbors, impressed those at a distance more seriously. Two weeks ago we mentioned the fact that the *Argonaut* editorial had been reproduced in the *Kreuzzeitung*, a leading Berlin journal, which dwelt upon the danger to Europe from Oriental competition in manufactures. Now that the war is ended and the terms of peace have been announced, some of our Eastern free-trade contemporaries are beginning to devote pages to this subject at which some months ago they sneered.

Of the stipulations imposed upon China by the victorious Japanese, the most important and the most far-reaching in its results is that which throws the whole empire open to

foreign enterprise. Modern machinery may be introduced, modern railways may be constructed, modern methods of commerce and of agriculture may be introduced throughout the country. The vast mineral resources of China may be developed under the direction of scientific men and by scientific methods; the unlimited agricultural possibilities of China may be realized under the impulse of modern machinery and methods and advanced facilities for transportation. Of the three elements of production, China has an inexhaustible supply of two. With a population greater than that of all Europe, and more than three times as great as that of the two Americas, China produces the most industrious, the most ingeniously imitative workmen in the world, and, at the same time, they are frugal to an almost incredible point. The Chinaman can work sixteen continuous hours apparently without exhaustion, and subsist on ten cents a day. With this infusion of cheap labor into the markets of the world, the labor-cost of production will be reduced practically to nothing. As an illustration of the adaptability of the Japanese and Chinese to modern methods in manufactures, it may be instanced that at an exposition now being held at Kinora, the exhibits of manufactures of fibres, textiles, leather, machinery, upholstery, hosiery, hardware, surgical and scientific instruments, chemicals, and glassware, are offered at such prices that all competition is annihilated.

In natural resources these countries are equally rich. Wheat, barley, and other cereals are produced in abundance, and, with modern implements of agriculture, the immense production of California, of the grain-producing States of the North-West, of Russia, of South America, and of India, will be rivaled if not excelled. In the southern part of China are the rice plantations which, even with the primitive methods of cultivation that have been followed without improvement for twenty centuries, have furnished the greater part of the supply of the world. In these southern provinces, cotton can be raised in quantity and quality to compete effectually with the output of the Southern States of this country; the silks of France can be crowded out by the silks of southern China, and China and Japan control the tea-markets of the world.

In mineral wealth, also, China is peculiarly favored. Coal of the best quality is found in all of the nineteen provinces. From the one province of Shansi alone, according to Baron Richtbofer, who has studied the question, the world can be supplied at the present rate of consumption for centuries to come. The iron and copper mines are unlimited in extent and apparently inexhaustible. The petroleum deposits, when properly worked, will menace the supremacy of this country and of Russia, and gold and silver deposits, which have never been scientifically operated, are known to exist.

With this abundance of labor and of natural resources, nothing is lacking for an extensive development of manufactures and agriculture but capital and intelligent direction. That these will be forthcoming when the occasion presents itself has already been abundantly proved. When the adventurer, Count Mitkiewicz, sought to enlist capital for the development of mines and transportation in China, he had little difficulty in securing the support of the leading capitalists in this country, and millions of dollars were actually subscribed. Colonel Shepard was prevented from carrying out a similar project only by his death. At the present time, representatives of prominent capitalists are on their way to China, bent upon securing the best concessions by being the first in the field.

The *New York World*, a prominent Democratic and free-trade publication, has at last been aroused by all these indications, and has finally come to adopt the view set forth in the *Argonaut* nearly a year ago. In a recent issue a whole page is devoted to the probable effect of this breaking down of the Chinese Wall. The general conclusion arrived at is that all civilized countries, and more particularly England and the United States, have reason for alarm over the prospect of this Oriental competition.

That China can produce many varieties of manufactured goods more cheaply than England or the United States

can not be doubted. With the cheapest of labor, with an abundance and variety of raw materials, and with an unlimited supply of coal for fuel, all things are possible. Trade with the countries of Asia, with the islands of the Pacific, and with the Pacific Coast of America can be secured. The cotton manufactures of England are valued at five hundred millions of dollars a year. With cotton grown in the southern provinces, with iron for machinery and coal for fuel, China can secure a large share of this trade. China will come into competition with England in manufactures of cotton, wool, linen, jute, iron, and copper. The exports of these articles from England in 1894 amounted to five hundred and forty-three millions of dollars, being nearly one half of the total annual value of the production of that country.

The United States is in no more favorable condition. Five-eighths of the total value of its exports is subject to competition from China when modern methods of production prevail there. The annual trade of the United States with those countries where the competition of China will be most active amounts to \$255,655,742, and with the cheap production that is possible there, China can cut into this trade to a very large extent.

The outlook is anything but encouraging to England or to the United States. We commend its study to our free-trade contemporaries who are so solicitous about the development of the trade of foreign countries that they can not see the dangers that menace their own. Even into the darkened recesses of the free-trade brain this coming crisis in the industrial world may cause light to penetrate. *Ex Oriente lux.*

The interesting discourse delivered by Professor Momerie, of Cambridge, England, before the San Francisco Geographical Society on "Medieval Science," has incited the Rev. M. D. Connolly to attempt a reply, in order to vindicate the Roman Catholic Church from the charge of having impeded the march of learning. It seems singular that the reverend father should have undertaken so ungrateful a task. The hostility of the mediæval church to inquiry and investigation is notorious. It is one of those things which do not require to be proved. The power of the church depended on the preponderance of superstition over reasoning; it naturally encouraged the former, and, where it could, suppressed the latter. In the minds of the most enlightened churchmen of the Middle Ages inquiry was dangerous, because it might unsettle men's faith in the things the church taught; hence it denounced inquiry as irreligious, and, when the inquirer was obstinate, it chastised him. There was nothing unnatural in this. It was a logical outgrowth of the system.

It is right and proper that professors of history should relate for our instruction the part which the church played in restraining the development of science; both because it is important that we should know the truth of history, and, likewise, because we ought to be put on our guard against pseudo-teachers to-day who condemn scientific research for fear it may unsettle superstition. And it is extremely absurd for ignorant persons like the Rev. M. D. Connolly to try to bolster up the reputation of the church by denying facts which no well-informed Roman Catholic thinks of questioning. The proper line of defense for apologists for Roman Catholicism is to admit the truth; but to plead that in the Middle Ages the priest was not more bigoted than the layman, and that if he condemned free inquiry, so did kings and statesmen; in other words, to argue that the fault laid to the charge of the church was really the fault of the times in which it flourished. The Rev. M. D. Connolly is not expert enough in dialectics to take this safe ground, and, accordingly, we find him giving the church credit for the discovery of the Arabic numerals and the use of the compass, with which the priesthood had nothing to do, and denying that Galileo was imprisoned in the cells of the Inquisition, though unimpeachable testimony to the fact abounds.

It has been customary to give the church credit for keeping the lamp of learning alight during the ages

was dark all round. There were in effect throughout the Middle Ages monasteries in which monks with active minds, having no other employment for their time, read and copied manuscripts, and thus preserved some of the monuments of ancient letters. But it is not at all certain that these ecclesiastical students were more numerous than the lay-students of the same period. Books in Latin were written by laymen in Italy, France, and Spain during the later emperors; Charlemagne and Alfred of England were not indebted to the monks for much assistance in the schools which they established; one of the most conspicuous friends of letters in Italy was the Lombard Luitprand, who flourished in the eighth century; he had no connection with the church. It was indeed a common complaint in those days that the monks had a fashion of obliterating the noble works of classic antiquity from the parchment on which they were written to replace them with homilies and church hymns; so that to that extent they actually impeded the renaissance of letters.

As to science, the church taught that the oriental fancies embodied in the Old Testament were actual scientific truths, and when an inquirer questioned the genealogical account of creation, he was accounted an assailant of religion, and was tried by clerical courts for heresy. Hence it was dangerous to pursue the study of astronomy or geology beyond certain limits, and progress in those sciences was barred. A lurking inclination to accept the six-day scheme of creation still lingers in the priestly mind, as is shown by the following sentences from the Rev. M. D. Connolly's discourse: "The belief that the world was made in six days has survived to our own times in the minds of many scientists, and we have never heard how it has obstructed the progress of science." The Rev. M. D. Connolly may not see how the beautiful oriental fable which occupies the first chapter of Genesis obstructed a correct understanding of the evolution of the planetary system; there are many things he does not see. Chief among these is the utter absurdity of trying to distort history in order to show that, alone among men, churchmen were not ignorant in an age of ignorance. They were no better and no worse than harons and men-at-arms; the only difference between the two was that the latter humbly confessed their ignorance, whereas churchmen claimed not only to be fountains of knowledge, but to be such undoubted possessors of all true knowledge that any who questioned their statements were reproaches, to be disciplined with lash and stake.

Professor Momerie pointed out that the progress of medical science in the Middle Ages was impeded by the treatment of the sick with relics, under the orders of the clergy; that treatment survives to the present day among true sons of the church. In Roman Catholic churches in this country, civilized as it is, women may be seen praying for relief from disease by relics. So with history. Within the past half-century, Jewish history has been studied by the light of the canons of modern historical criticism; Ewald and Strauss have explained many things which were inexplicable before they wrote, and have carried the light of free inquiry into dark places; but within a couple of years a professor at the Roman Catholic university at Paris was dismissed from his post for asserting that their revelations deserved study. What was true in the Middle Ages is equally true to-day; where you find a priest, there you find ignorance, superstition, and bigotry. But it is amazing that in this day and generation there should be found a priest who dares to deny that Galileo was forced to recant his opinions by the Roman Inquisition under menace of torture, or to deny that Giordano Bruno was imprisoned seven years for heresy, and then, because he would not recant, was burned at the stake by the Roman Inquisition.

A New York paper lately propounded the inquiry "What is woman's happiest time in life?" to a number of leading ladies, and published their answers, which, as might be supposed, vary widely.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland thought that the period of chief happiness depended upon the calling and temperament of the individual woman. Thus an artist finds her chief happiness in the practice of her art, a society queen in a social triumph, a religious enthusiast in church work, a domestic woman in the quiet joys of home. In this solution of the question there is the common sense of a lady who, though occupying high rank, has still led an unobtrusive life. If fault can be found with it, it is that it is hardly comprehensive enough. Rumor credits Mrs. Cleveland with being an intense admirer of her husband; there must have been times when his political victories have filled her heart with pride and joy. Yet she does not count these among her periods of great happiness.

Miss Ada Rehan, as might be expected, says that if a woman is an actress, her happiest moment is when she feels that she has achieved the greatest artistic triumph of which she is capable, and when "the plaudits and bravos of a vast

and critically brilliant audience ring in her ears." At such moments, "the soul of a true artist, after its first thrill of exultation, seems hushed into an ineffable joy and peace, impossible to be measured or understood." This is probably true, but it refers only to the small class of women to whom it is given to achieve artistic triumphs, and sheds no light on the question what is the happiest moment for the great hulk of women who do not go on the stage.

"Marion Harland" (Mrs. Terhune) comes nearer to answering the question put to her by saying that "nothing in this life can give a true, good woman greater happiness or diviner joy than motherhood. When there is placed in her arms for the first time a boy or a girl that is her very own, she feels that she is indeed experiencing the greatest happiness of her life." Mrs. Terhune undoubtedly expresses the feeling of a vast proportion of her sex. The opinion she voices is not original. Many gifted women have confessed that nothing in the triumphs of social life or literary or artistic success compared with the joy of maternity. It is a joy which all women who are mothers may share. It is felt as acutely by the queen as by the peasant's wife. It is enjoyed as keenly by the poor as by the rich. It thrills the heart of her who is frivolous and sinful, as well as the heart of the woman who is a model to her sex. It is a source of happiness without alloy. All other pleasures pall or are followed by satiety; the delight of motherhood is perennially fresh, and under fortunate circumstances may endure for a life-time.

But in fairness to herself, Mrs. Terhune ought to have explained that maternal happiness is deeper, more absorbing, more intense than conjugal happiness, and this, perhaps, she might have found it difficult to do. Which does a woman love best, her child or her husband?

It is almost a settled proposition that a loving husband loves his wife better than his child. In one of Tennyson's noblest lyrics, he paints the dilemma of a king who is hidden to choose between wife and son in order that the dearest shall be sacrificed to the gods. The poem is printed elsewhere in this number. In Tennyson's lines, the mother sacrifices herself to save her son's life, and consents to an everlasting parting from her husband. May it be inferred that the love of the mother was stronger than the love of the wife?

In ordinary life, the love of a woman for her husband, however ardent at first, frequently degenerates at last into a commonplace affection, largely based on habitual association; whereas the love of a mother for her child gathers strength with time until the child severs the family tie to form a household of its own. Thus it will generally be found that after a decade of matrimony, a woman loves her children better than her husband, and derives more acute happiness from their society than from his. It should not be so in the first decade of married life. During the years when the wife retains the freshness of her youthful charms, their mutual love should not know decay, and the husband should occupy a place in her heart before son or daughter. But that does not always happen. Many men, after they have gone through the heat and burden of the battle to win the girl of their choice, relapse into a sort of conjugal indifference, and concentrate their minds on their business. This naturally begets a corresponding apathy on the part of the wives, and they console themselves for the neglect displayed by their husband by intensifying their devotion to their children.

Ever since the discovery of the bodies of Blanche Lamont and Marian Williams, found murdered in Emmanuel Baptist Church, the *Examiner* has been printing every day several columns of "letters from the people" containing theories concerning these murders. It is not probable that many have been reading these letters, aside from the writers of them, for the regular reporters of the paper have filled so many columns with their own "theories" that the most omnivorous reader becomes cloyed at the mere sight of them. But these letters are not without their value; they doubtless really come "from the people," as the *Examiner* phrases it, and therefore may fairly be taken as typical of the education, the good taste, and the mental acumen of the writers. We have with some labor gone through some scores of them, and briefed the dominant ideas we found there. Here is the result:

That "the clergyman Gihson is guilty because he asserts that he has never looked on a nude woman, and says he was too much of a man of the world to go and view the body of Marian Williams alone."

That "Durrant is guilty because he is silent."

That "Durrant's bravado and air of insolence incline one to think that he gloats over his crime secretly."

That "Durrant is probably guilty because he groans at night."

That "Durrant must be guilty because he showed excitement at the inquest."

That "Durrant can not be innocent when he is so calm."

That "if Durrant were innocent he could not sleep or smile."

That "the cool and unembarrassed manner of Durrant leads to the belief that he is not the murderer."

That "Durrant's appearance of freedom from any remorse is convincing of his guilt."

That "Durrant's calmness condemns him, as it tallies with the nerve the hatcher must have had."

That "Durrant lured Marian Williams into the church on the pretext that he would give her a receipt for her hack dues to the church society."

That "Durrant is guilty because he is not a genuine Christian."

That "Emmanuel Church ought to be burned to the ground."

That "the church ought not to be destroyed, because some of the evidence might be lost."

That "Emmanuel Church should not be closed, which would stamp it as a place replete with morbid dread and curiosity, but kept as a memorial to Blanche Lamont and Marian Williams."

That "the steeple of Emmanuel Church ought to be torn down, the church opened for public service at once, and an admission fee taken at the door."

That "there were probably two murderers in the case of Marian Williams, because one was necessary to hold the victim down while the other tore her clothing and thrust it down her throat."

That "the crime must have been done by one man, because no man, however debased, would share a knowledge of a crime so hideous with any other man."

That "Durrant probably asphyxiated his victim by attaching a small rubber hose to the gas-burner and then putting the other end in her mouth; this would account for the smell of gas that organist King said he smelled."

That "the stabbing was done by some low, brutal person, not a gentleman, and with the object of throwing suspicion on the church."

That "Dr. Gihson, Durrant's pastor, should have been with him every day to comfort, advise, and uphold him."

That "Dr. Gihson's howing to Durrant at the City Hall and the meaning glance he gave him showed plainly that he was an accomplice."

That "Gihson's conduct during this awful affair is about what the average pastor would do."

That "Durrant ought to be hypnotized and made to confess."

That "Durrant ought to be hanged in the plaza to vindicate the chivalry of our California men and gratify the wishes of the Native Daughters."

That "the eagerness with which Durrant's church friends rush unbidden to add their links to the chain of evidence is unseemly."

That "the reluctance shown by organist King and other church members to testify is most suspicious."

That "if Durrant induced Miss Lamont to walk up into the belfry on some pretext or another, there ought to be splinters or slivers in his clothing."

That "Dr. Gihson's clothes ought to be searched."

That "all those who had keys to the church should be arrested at once."

That "no man after such a heinous crime could go to a social and mingle with his friends."

That "Durrant committed both murders; that he glories in his present evil prominence; and that eventually he will confess and go to the gallows cheerfully."

That "Durrant could scarcely have committed two such crimes—it must have been an older man, one who had done such deeds before."

That "Durrant could have had no accomplice, because men of education and culture may be guilty of crime, but it would be impossible for persons of that class to have associates."

That "it is very plain that one man killed both girls, because the girls would not have gone into the church with a stranger."

That "the two murders are so dissimilar that it is evident that they were committed by different men."

That "it is probable that each girl was murdered by a different assassin."

That "the theory that there was more than one murderer is an attempt to divert suspicion from Durrant."

That "Durrant's sullen silence is very much against him."

That "if the detectives sneer at the law and ridicule the Bible, they will win the confidence of Durrant, and he will criminate himself, for the man who murdered those girls is at least an infidel at heart."

That "it is possible that a footpad may have lured those two innocent girls into the church."

That "the janitor of the church should be arrested till he explains why his hatchet was laid by the body of Miss Lamont."

That "it is probable that Durrant is guilty, because his conduct in asking the girl to go into the church with him alone is not that of a reputable medical student."

That "religion should not be blamed in this connection, because Durrant would not have committed this murder if he had been a good and earnest Christian."

That "when Durrant is hanged the sheriff should allow every school-girl not under eighteen years of age to stick some sharp instrument through his body."

That "Durrant probably drugged both of the girls."

That "the way Miss Williams's purse got into Durrant's pocket was probably this—while struggling with him, she slipped the purse into his pocket, thinking that perhaps after she was dead the purse would give the guilty man away."

That "Miss Williams may have fainted, in which condition the murderer could readily have stuffed rags down her throat."

That "the finding of the body of Miss Lamont in the belfry is easily explained, as Mr. Durrant evidently asked her to go up with him into the belfry to show her the workings of the electric lighting."

That "there must have been three people connected with the death of Blanche Lamont, two men and a woman—the woman was used to entice her to the church; that a woman's love of baubles induced her to take the rings, and the fear of discovery caused her to return them wrapped in the newspaper."

That "many Canadians have Indian blood in their veins; that Indians are implacable and ferocious; that Durrant is a Canadian; that therefore he probably has Indian blood; that therefore he is certainly the murderer."

That "it is a suspicious coincidence that the janitor of the church should have changed his name to Sademan when we know of the crimes of the Marquis de Sade."

That "Durrant should be unexpectedly mesmerized and made to state the case exactly as it occurred, and that while in the mesmeric trance the pupils of his eyes should be photographed."

That "a young woman be placed in a cell with Durrant and be left there twenty-four hours. If she is then found murdered, it will help to confirm the idea that Durrant is possessed of an evil disposition."

After reading the foregoing digest, many might think, such is the absurdity of some of the letters, that the *Examiner* had had them written to order as an elaborate mystification. But such a belief would be erroneous. The letters are evidently genuine. They bear intrinsic evidences of that fact. Further, the *Examiner* had no need of such an outlet for the exuberant pens of its reporters. Those young gentlemen were given a free rein, and for a fortnight the reporters raced with the readers in the competition for the grand folly prize. The reporters beat the readers in the quality of their work. But the readers left the reporters far behind when it came to absurdity.

Those pessimistic persons who think that the modern daily newspaper is the apotheosis of everything that is bad, can see from these letters that it might easily be worse. Those who condemn the newspaper reporter for his solecisms, his inaccuracy, his slipshod writing, his ignorance of grammar, his lack of logic, and his muddy mind, can see from these letters that, low as he is intellectually, he is a giant as compared with the persons from whom these letters come. The extraordinary vacuity of mind to which they testify, the dead level of mediocrity above which scarcely any of them rise, is indeed extraordinary. Not the least surprising thing about them is that they are fairly well-written—that is, written in the sense of being in English which can be understood, and that they probably were spelled with a certain approximation to correctness. Their writers had all evidently learned to read, write, and spell. But their knowledge of these rudiments has only served to advertise their paucity of ideas. Education does not yield much when its seed is dropped upon sterile soil.

On the whole, as we have said, this collection of letters bears striking testimony to the intellectual mediocrity of the average newspaper reader. We have often wondered why the American people tolerate the stuff furnished them by their newspaper reporters. It is evident from this collection of letters that the mass of the readers are intellectually so inferior to the reporters that they have no idea how bad their stuff really is.

The *Argonaut* has not fallen into line with its confrères of the daily press, who have been wrapping themselves in the American flag, declaring war on Great Britain for its conduct toward Nicaragua, and twisting the British lion's tail. But while the vaporing of our hellicose contemporaries is amusing, nothing so exquisitely ludicrous has yet been heard as the owlish declaration of the London *Globe* that "England has never played the bully, and never will."

The whole history of England's relations with the rest

of the world is one continuous record of the bullying of smaller powers. Shall we glance at the annals of India, beginning with the spoliation of Tippoo Sahib and the destruction of the Mahrattas, going on with the conquest of Assam Pegu and Tenasserim on the east, the theft of the Punjab on the west, and the annexation of Oude in the centre, and culminating to-day in the gradual extinction of all the small principalities between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin? In all these cases England provoked a conflict by hullyng the natives, and ravished their country to punish them for daring to assert their independence. Never was there a clearer case of bullying than the policy which led to the Chinese War of 1842. England forced an utterly groundless war on China, extorted from her a large sum of money and the island of Hong Kong as indemnity.

For an example of pure wanton bullying, pursued for a series of years, but happily defeated in the end, Great Britain's dealings with the Boers is almost without parallel. Half a century ago, the Boers, who were of Dutch descent, founded the settlement of Pietermaritzburg, in the Zulu country, beyond the limits of Cape Colony. Governor Napier denied their right to form an independent community even beyond the British frontier, drove them out of their settlements, and occupied Natal. The Boers migrated to the Klipp River, and began to farm as before. They no sooner showed signs of becoming prosperous than the English annexed their country to Natal. The patient Boers migrated once more to the Vaal country. Again the English governor annexed their new settlement to Cape Colony. But this time the Dutch blood was up; they took to arms, and the governor had to send a large force against them, which defeated them in a bloody battle. Undismayed by their defeat, the Boers continued to resist, and the English, as they always do when they meet a resolute opponent, treated for peace, and after long negotiations recognized the Orange River Republic, in which the young men are taught that they must never forget to hate an Englishman.

The hullyng policy which the English have pursued in Egypt—of which the wanton bombardment of Alexandria, without the shadow of a pretext, was an incident—has converted the Khedive into an English pensioner and the government into an English protectorate. The people are cruelly taxed to support an English army and a swarm of British officials; hence, the native fellah heartily hates the English.

In other parts of Africa, where the English have had to contend against France or Germany, they have been considerate and well behaved. But finding that valuable territory was under the dominion of weak little Portugal, England resorted to her customary bullying methods, and seized it. Thus, though the Portuguese title to territory in Nyassaland, Manica, Matahele, and Mashonaland was impregnable, being based on centuries of occupation and actual possession, England drove out the Portuguese and took the country, leaving them to protest, and knowing that they could not fight. The people at Lisbon and Oporto broke into a frenzy of passion over the outrage; but they could not afford to fight England, and they submitted. Was there ever a more flagrant case of hullyng? It is on a par with England's boundary dispute with Venezuela, and her insolent reply to an appeal from the South American republic that, as diplomatic relations were suspended, her Britannic majesty was not aware that there was such a state as Venezuela.

If the *Globe* will consult the leading men in England, it will find that they will not all indorse its assertion that England never indulges in hullyng. Mr. Labouchère has said in his paper that the Matahele War was an episode of which Englishmen ought to be thoroughly ashamed. Rider Haggard, the novelist, who has lived in South Africa, has written more than once that England's war against the Boers was utterly unjustifiable. Joseph Chamberlain declared in Parliament that the great British Empire had been built up by generations of successful huccaneering.

To find a weak nation with a territory which it would pay to steal, to pick a quarrel with her, conquer her territory, and annex it to the British dominions—such has been the policy of England ever since she became a colonizing and maritime power.

The world does not criticise England so much for her bullying as for her unctuous disavowal of it, and for the pious way in which she rolls up her eyes and says to other countries: "I am holier than thou." To paraphrase one of her own poets, a striking invocation might be written to Great Britain, beginning thus: "The Pharisee of Nations—there she stands!"

With the month of May there has come a pause in the Easter weddings. Among the many superstitions cherished by matrimonially inclined maidens, such as yellow silk circlets, stepping into church with the left foot first, and so on, there seems to be a disinclination to assume the honds

of wedlock in the month of May. Why, it would be difficult to say. May is the opening month of the spring-time, when all nature is putting on her new attire, and when the birds, as we are assured by the poets, begin making their matrimonial arrangements for the year. May is one of the most delightful months of the twelve. Why, therefore, maidens should hesitate to marry in May is one of those mysteries which must ever remain inscrutable to a mere man. We may venture the assertion, however, that if it came to a question of being married in May or not being married at all, the average maiden would risk a marriage in the month of May.

Which brings us to the question of not being married at all. We spoke of the Easter weddings. For a week or so it seemed as if the marriage-bells were ringing a triple bob major. But they have suddenly stopped. Perhaps it is on account of the month of May, and perhaps it is because there are no more marriages. There may be some more scattered through the year—the "Easter weddings" will not be all. But when all is said and done, there is a remarkable disproportion between the number of girls who "come out" at the beginning of the season and the number of girls who marry at the end of it.

We have secured some startling figures from a trustworthy dowager—a dowager who is not only trustworthy but unprejudiced, as she has married off her daughters—in fact, married a widowed one twice—and who can, therefore, like a retired field-marshal, survey with interest and philosophic calm the field whereon the battle rages, the spoils of which are men. Our dowager confines her figures to what is called "society"—not that we believe the art and practice of marrying off daughters is confined to any circle, but that it is easier to follow up the operations and note the results within a set circle. There are some thousands of marriages in San Francisco annually. But the majority of these are contracted by foolish and improvident persons, who marry because they fall in love. With these we have nothing to do. In "society," people frequently marry for love, but questions of maintaining "establishments" complicate the love question, and doubtless restrict the total output of weddings. This total, our dowager tells us, is surprisingly small in San Francisco, considering the large number of débutantes. For the winter season just closing, it is scarcely fair to make any figures, as the impressions made on the men may develop into altogether unsuspected marriages before Christmas comes around. But the season before that is fair material. The books for 1894 are closed. Let us see what was the result.

Our dowager says that in the winter season of 1893-4 nineteen débutantes made a formal entry into "society." Of course it is not fair to assume that these nineteen should all marry before the year is out. But to keep the books balanced, there ought to be nineteen marriages on the credit side for 1894—marriages of débutantes of that and preceding years. Our dowager figures that there were only twelve marriages in "society" in 1894. This leaves a deficit of seven marriages for the year. During the winter season of 1892-3, there were twenty-one débutantes in "society." Number of "society" weddings, seventeen. Net deficit of marriages for 1893, four. In the winter season of 1891-2, there were eighteen débutantes. Number of "society" weddings, ten. Net deficit of weddings for 1892, eight. Excess of débutantes over brides for the three years 1891 to 1893, inclusive, fifty-eight to thirty-nine. Net deficit of unplaced débutantes, nineteen.

These figures are calculated to make mothers thoughtful. They cover only three years. But suppose we were to go back for ten years. Many young ladies remain in "society" for that length of time. It is true that they never pass the age of twenty-six, which seems to be a mystic number. But they remain, and must be counted with the on-coming hives of débutantes. If we were to give the figures for ten years as supplied to us by our trustworthy dowager, they would strike terror to the heart of the most enthusiastic mother of unmarried daughters. Hence we suppress them. Although they are nothing but numerals, they are melancholy numerals.

Altogether, there would appear to be a distinct depression in the matrimonial market of San Francisco. It ought to be looked into. There is an old fable, apropos of the saying that "Fortune knocks once at every man's door," that a man who had pursued her vainly all over the world, returned disheartened, and found Fortune asleep upon his door-step, where she had just knocked. Correspondingly, we recommend to the Half Million Club, which has been wandering around the State trying to find out ways and means of increasing the population of San Francisco, that perhaps they can find out at home. What is the matter with the matrimonial market? The *Argonaut* does not pride itself on the possession of overweening wisdom, but it is convinced that the best way to increase the population of San Francisco is the good old way.

TRILBY'S HUSBAND.

Or, How It Would Have Been.

"Trilby," said Mr. William Bagot, warming himself before the open fire in their pretty little English home, "I wish you would not say 'My eye!' so much."

Trilby did not reply for a moment. She stood looking out of the window on to the monotonous line of English hedges.

Presently she turned, yawning, toward her husband, standing with her hands on her hips and gazing with her large, calm eyes into the fire. Her figure had lost a bit of its svelte charm and her features had not quite the clean outlines of former days, but the mouth still held its expression of imperturbable good-humor, and her low brow its unruffled calm.

"Billy, my boy," said she, "you know I didn't want you to marry me. It would have been far better for us to have lived together in Paris without all this fuss about a marriage; then, when you felt like visiting your English friends and relations, what a simple matter to cross over alone. How much pleasanter for you and"—Trilby paused, shook her head mournfully, and sighed—"and so much pleasanter for me. I can not get used to England, I can not adopt its manners, I can not, oh, I can not stand five o'clock tea, Billy!" and, with a burst of sobs, she threw her arms about her husband, very nearly pulling the little gentleman to his knees from his apparently firm stand before the fire.

"Hush-sh, calm yourself, Trilby, you'll wake the baby, or, what is worse, arouse the servants."

"Oh, 'the servants,' always 'the servants.' Why do we have servants? I long to take that pudgy-faced maid and shake that smug look out of her. I long to put wasps in the trousers of the butler—the old family butler that you've had so many years; the cook is the only living, breathing soul in the house with whom I can chum. She once in awhile gets d-d-drunk!" and Mrs. William Bagot flung herself on to the lounge and buried her face in her hands.

Mr. Bagot looked pained, and, stepping forward, pulled down her skirts a little, which had flown up above her ankles.

"Oh, your everlasting 'teas' with your tame tittle-tattle about petticoats for the poor, and politics, and what you are growing in your conservatories, and the three sisters who all wear high collars, and the four young men I don't know apart who pat the rugs with their walking-sticks and bold their gloves with every finger pointed at me—oh, Billy, Billy, don't they ever warm up here and get lively? Must one always get drunk in England to appear *alive*?" came in a smothered wail from the cushions.

"Trilby, Trilby, you pain me exceedingly," said Mr. Bagot, turning down a corner of the rug, which had become displaced. "Come, cheer up, and I will take you into the city to that funny play that has had such a run. Come, rise, do, and take some tea—it will make you feel better."

At the word "play," Trilby lifted a quizzical face; at the word "tea," she bounded from the lounge and, with a rush at the tea-table, seized the fancy canister of tea from the table and flung it into the fire.

"There! Billy Bagot, never in my life again shall tea be made in this house—it's spoiling my temper," she sobbed. "I n-never used to g-get mad in P-Paris, where I only drank bub-bub-beer!"

Mr. Bagot bit his small mustache quite fiercely, and walked up and down the room.

Suddenly Trilby sat up. "Go round and get Taffy and the Laird to come to dinner."

"I distinctly said I would take you to the play."

A remnant of Trilby's old happy laugh rang out. "That old play, that stupid old thing that your countrymen think is funny because none of them know what real fun is. Oh, my eye!" and Trilby laughed again, and taking the tongs, fished the tea-canister out of the fire. "No play for me, Billy, till I can laugh 'way down in my boots," and she lowered her voice to those charming depths with which we have all become so familiar. "No," she sighed, "go round and get Taffy and the Laird."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Bagot, peevishly, "and I wish you would not call them by those ridiculous names. They sound very foolish, applied to men of their years, and occasion much remark among people who do not know what they mean."

The little fine lines which were just beginning to gasp each side of Trilby's mouth deepened a little. They always deepen the quickest when people never open their mouths to reply. Something about opening the mouth and letting a reply out fresh and warm prevents the wrinkles. Trilby was learning not to reply, and the wrinkles were beginning to grow.

Trilby was in the garden, where she was raising a little bed of garlics. Her husband and his family had opposed it for some time, but concluded that if she raised them herself, perhaps she would not eat so many, and it would also possibly give her the diversion she needed.

For Trilby was bored, unmistakably, unqualifiedly, undeniably bored. For awhile the passion of her first devotion to Billy, the excitement of change, and then her childish pleasure in her baby, with all the consequent attention and consideration its advent brought with it, kept her so happy and captivating that Mrs. Bagot had become almost reconciled to the marriage and had made her a whole set of drawn-work tea-doylies. But the baby was becoming monotonous. Trilby had him now in the garden, but had forgotten all about him, and was idly leaning on a little gate humming "Ben Bolt," the baby meanwhile writhing itself into that purple silence which presages a frightful blood-curdling yell.

Suddenly Trilby's face brightened, and she slipped her feet into the old shoes which she had kicked off as she stood at the gate.

"Hallo, Taffy!" she shouted, as the gentleman who bore that nickname came along.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Bagot," said Taffy, rather uneasily, "how is the little one this morning?"

"My eye! I forgot all about him," cried Trilby, rushing and picking up the empurpled infant and tossing him up and down in her strong arms, until between suspended rage and terror he hiccupped.

"The poor lad is hungry," said Trilby, sitting down on a rustic chair, while Taffy coughed slightly and turned away.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, I forget," said Trilby, jumping up, "it is not proper. Calkins! Calkins!" she called. "Milk below here!" and a smooth-looking maid soon appeared with a bottle, and, with an alarmed look at Taffy, seized the child and retired to an arbor with him.

Trilby, with a sigh of relief, turned to Taffy and looked up at him with a glowing face.

"Oh, Taffy," she said, "can't you see how it looks now in Paris, with the streets full of spring flowers, and the bright new dresses, and the sky shining on the river, and everything, everything, so gay, oh, so gay!"

Taffy smiled a little indulgently and picked a white thread off his trousers. As Trilby looked at him, a sudden glow diffused her eyes. How good-looking and manly he stood there. How different from little Billy. Billy grew thinner and thinner every month and had trouble with his stomach. Trilby recalled a certain day in Paris when Taffy had asked her to marry him.

Taffy turned suddenly and met Trilby's eyes. He grew a little red in the face and coughed.

"Your cough is getting bad, Taffy," said Trilby, dryly, turning away and picking at a hawthorne hedge.

Taffy feigned to look at the sky all round, and saw that the maid had disappeared with the child. He turned to Trilby with a slight frown.

"I must be going along," he said.

"Always 'going along,'" said Trilby, bitterly. "You used to stop and loaf in the old days in Paris. Oh, Taffy," and she clasped his arm with her hands, "why can't it be the same again? Why is everything so changed?"

"Why—because it *is*," said Taffy, rather weakly. "We are both—we are both married—we are *all* married," he jerked out, pulling his arm away from Trilby's hands and looking up and down the road uneasily.

"Oh, your wife isn't coming with that pig-beaded pony of hers," sneered Trilby. "She is probably giving somebody beef-tea or recipes for orange marmalade. If you were anything but a good, clean Englishman—heaven knows why I ever admired them!—you could have just as much fun as you chose," and, with a scornful jerk of her Du Maurier chin and a shrug of her shoulders, Trilby marched majestically through the side-door.

Taffy looked after her with a troubled sigh, and hesitated an instant before setting his hat on straight and starting off down the road. Once he turned back toward the Bagot house, but the butler stood in the doorway, and, recovering his composure, he went on.

The sad sigh of the wind and the patter of rain on sodden leaves were the only sounds Trilby could hear as she tried in vain to amuse herself with a copy of *Punch*. Billy bad gone to vespers; the cook was asleep in the kitchen; the butler had gone down to the village; and Calkins was surreptitiously reading a shilling shocker by the dim light of her candle in her little room under the eaves. Trilby had tried to wake the baby, that some human sound might break the throbbing silence of her little English home; but a healthy British infant sleeps heavily, and, although she shook it kindly again and again, it only kept on in its pudgy, expressionless sleep.

Finally *Punch* fell from her fingers, and almost a happy dreaming swept over her as she gazed into the fire. She was thinking of Paris. The little, hot studio, full of tobacco smoke, was about her; gay voices rose and fell; Svengali's fingers dropped lightly over the keys of the piano, and wild, sweet harmonies drew her heart and soul into her eyes as she unconsciously fixed them on the swarthy, sinister face of the musician. The rumble and rattle of the gay city far below them rose suggestively. She knew the carriage lamps were flashing, gay faces and costumes flitting here and there with kaleidoscopic changes, and over all a pending promise of coming spring. Oh, for the French forests in the spring!

She sprang to her feet as a step fell on the veranda outside, and ran to the door. She would throw herself into Billy's arms and beg him to go back to Paris to live. It was the Laird.

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad," wailed Trilby, pulling him in and kissing his cold, damp cheeks again and again. "I am all alone, all alone."

"So Billy said," said the Laird, cheerfully, getting himself out of his coat and warming himself all round before the fire. "He has gone to a meeting for 'Providing Artistic Cells for Convicts, with the Ultimate Purpose of Bringing About Reform through Refinement,' and he said he might be gone till quite late."

"Never mind, never mind," said Trilby, her face now aglow with friendly hospitality.

She seized the Laird by the shoulders and whispered in his ear, at which his eyes twinkled merrily. He chuckled to himself and shook his head as she rushed from the room, returning soon, bringing a tray with beer, crackers, cheese, and cigarettes on it. She flew about in her old glad way, setting a little table before the fire, finally sinking with a sigh of satisfaction into a chair next to the Laird to fill his mug.

"Oh, I was so lonely, so lonely," she sighed, as she drained the last drop from her own mug and nibbled her cracker and cheese hungrily.

"You shouldn't be lonely, my dear," said the Laird, coaxingly. "You have a lovely little home and a good husband, good friends, and good health, and," he added a little gingerly, "a good baby."

"Oh, I know it, I know it," groaned Trilby, "and I am a wicked, wicked woman; but, oh, dear Laird, it is so pokey, all this goodness! I was not made to live with goodness, other than the incidental goodness springing from happiness. Billy is good, oh, so good, but he is so changed, so changed. I look for the Billy of old days, I fancy he will return, I search for him, I yearn for him; but what do I always find?" She seized the Laird by the arm and whispered, shrilly: "An English tailor's dummy with conservative insides."

"But, Trilby, dear," said the Laird, "we are all growing older. We must necessarily change. Billy has a certain dignity to maintain as a great artist."

"Ah, that is one thing! He is no longer a great artist—he paints no longer living, breathing creatures, or stormy skies, or pleasant fields, or sunny seas—he paints 'still life' pictures," moaned Trilby—"a wine-glass, an orange cut in two pieces, a napkin, and a plush curtain in the background, and one orange-seed in the foreground. It is not time for us to grow old, and it is so slow, this 'being good.' I am good, I have been good, I daresay I always can be good, but, dear Laird, to what end? I see the days, the weeks, the months, the years, go on in this cold, cold England. I see myself growing colder and duller toward every one and everything, and Billy coldly approving, and both of us coldly complacent over this saving of our own souls, while in other places, *mon Dieu*!" Trilby shivered and then laughed, and grabbing the Laird's pipe, quickly filled it for him, and lighted a cigarette for herself.

The Laird laughed a little uneasily, and gave a glance at the windows where the shades were not drawn.

"You've got blue, Trilby, you exaggerate both goodness and badness. I don't find it dreary, being good, nor do I have any inclination to be bad."

"Ah, Laird, dear, but men are not all made alike. God started them in his own image, perhaps, but the devil infringed on him, and it's an interference of patents all the time; while we poor mortals are turned out first one way and then the other. You would never want to be bad, of course, with such a funny, fat, pudgy little face as yours," and Trilby shook her head sadly.

The Laird laughed loudly and long, and Trilby, running to the piano, began, with a clash of notes, to sing:

"Malbrouck, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders,
His fame is like Alexander's.
But when will he come home?
Perhaps at Trinity feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come!"

And the Laird, joining in, kept time with his beer-mug on the table, while he waved with his other hand his ash-strewing pipe in the air.

And the child still slept.

One morning in May, Mr. and Mrs. Bagot wandered uneasily through Westminster Abbey. Uneasily, because Trilby had mixed Jonson and Johnson, and an Englishman had overheard her! Mr. Bagot could not forget it; and, merely pointing with his walking-stick to the usual celebrities as they walked by them, muttered "Chaucer," "Shakespeare," "Milton," while Mrs. Bagot, with wide-open, sweetly mournful eyes and drooping lines about her mouth, heeled after him.

Presently she seemed no longer able to restrain herself, and, stepping a little more quickly, whispered in his ear: "Is there a bake-shop near here?"

Mr. Bagot turned colder than Chaucer, and, biting his small mustache, led the way in silence out into the sweet freshness of the May morning.

"My eye!" exclaimed Trilby, as they emerged into the sunlight, "if I'm not glad to get out of that morgue. Couldn't we get a tart or a bun somewhere?"

What Mr. Bagot was about to reply became congealed on his lips as Trilby, with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, nudged her husband's elbow and waved her hand to a man on the opposite side of the narrow street they were on. He was Svengali, their old acquaintance.

"Billy! Billy! Don't you see? Svengali," protested Trilby as Billy, looking neither to the right nor left, walked on.

"Trilby," he muttered through his teeth, in his excitement toying in as he walked, "I forbid your speaking to that foul Jew!"

Billy Bagot bit her under-lip, and with another but sadder little wave back to Svengali, who returned it with a profound bow, she beelied again.

Mr. Bagot was too much disturbed to speak coherently to his wife again that morning; but by a few signs and monosyllables, he made Mrs. Bagot understand that she must wait for him at the pastry-shop while he went to his tailor's. Trilby, with her mouth full of marmalade, nodded a cheerful assent, and they parted.

Owing to some misunderstanding about the slope in the shoulders of his coat, Mr. Bagot did not return to the bake-shop for three hours and a half. When he entered, the woman in charge handed him a note hastily written and damp with tears and raspberry jam. It read:

"DEAR LITTLE BILLY: I can bear it no longer, not the waiting in the bake-shop, I don't mean, but living in England. I start for France to-night with my kind friend, Svengali. I know he is not clean, Billy, like you and your countrymen, but he is *alive*. He is smiling on me now as I write. I go with him to Paris, where all is gay. Why can't you come, too, Billy, and have a good time? I have tried to refuse to go with Svengali, but the prospect is too pleasant. You and Taffy and the Laird thought he used to mesmerize me, but he didn't. He is simply one of my kind, and I turn to him as water finds its level. We shall go about the country giving concerts. How jolly, how free, after my little cuckoo cottage in England!"

"I have nothing against you, Billy. You and Taffy and the Laird must all come to see me some time—do."

Yours affectionately, TRILBY.

"Even your tarts are flabby! Do not try to follow me."

And be never did. GEORGE DU MORIARTY.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1895.

PEEL AND GULLY.

The Outgoing Speaker and the New—A Relative of the Duke of Wellington Replaced by a Prize-Fighter's Grandson— Powers of the Speaker.

The ninth day of April was the last time that Arthur Wellesley Peel sat in the seat of the "First Commoner of England"—the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. For more than eleven years he had occupied that position, and it is safe to say that he has left it with the regrets of all. For the position of Speaker in the English House of Commons is a peculiar one. The tradition of the Commons is that the Speaker represents not a party but the house.

When Mr. Peel's coming withdrawal was announced, a series of intrigues began. There were a number of candidates, and their numbers and the wrangles over them show how divided is the majority in the House. Sir William Harcourt and his colleagues put forward Mr. Courtney as a candidate, although he is a political opponent, being a Liberal-Unionist; but Sir William Harcourt advocated him because he thought that Mr. Courtney would make the best Speaker, and hence he was announced as the ministerial nominee. But Mr. Courtney was knifed by his own friends, the leader of the opposition to him being Mr. Chamberlain, who is the acknowledged leader of the Liberal-Unionists in the House. A reserve ministerial candidate was Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary of State for War. But it was feared that his leaving the ministry would weaken a cabinet which was already none too strong. The Conservative candidate was Sir Matthew White Ridley. But he was so bitterly opposed by the Radicals, led by Mr. Labouchère, that his candidacy was abandoned, and Mr. Gully, the Radical nominee, was accepted by the ministry.

Before the voting a number of party leaders made farewell addresses to the outgoing Speaker, Mr. Peel, and they showed much feeling in their remarks. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. John Redmond all delivered addresses of farewell to the departing Speaker. After the Speaker had gone, such was the intense partisanship engendered by the wrangling leaders that at one time it threatened to come to fist-cuffs. Quiet was restored, however, and Mr. Gully was elected Speaker by the narrow majority of eleven votes.

There are various views concerning Mr. Gully. Most of those who do not know him say that he is an unknown man, but every one seems to know that his grandfather was a professional prize-fighter. Mr. Gully is a lawyer of good position at the bar, but he is almost unknown in the House. It is said that there are not fifty members of the House who know him by sight. He is without Parliamentary experience, and without any Parliamentary reputation. In fact, the only legislative achievement which can be recalled of him at present is this: by a curious phase of the laws of England, imputing unchastity to a woman was not a punishable offense, simple or criminal. Mr. Gully introduced a bill to remedy this defect. Captain Verney violently opposed Mr. Gully's bill, on the ground that there was no reason for making a distinction between men and women where imputations on their chastity were concerned. He succeeded at first in defeating the bill. But at the next session this was changed, and Mr. Gully succeeded in passing his bill.

Mr. Gully's friends say that if he is not known better it is owing to his modesty. He succeeded after several defeats in being elected to Parliament from Whitehaven in 1886. Subsequently he was elected from Carlisle, which he has since represented. Mr. Gully is an advocate who is noted for his success in compromising and arbitrating business disputes. He has maintained a strong hold over solicitors owing to his adroitness in settling the many complicated cases which arise from out the tangle of modern business affairs; hence he has always been inundated with briefs. He has accumulated a fortune at the bar, and has a quiver full of daughters. He lives in Harley Street, where his large and comfortable house is presided over by a very charming woman, who is of the old-school temperament, with nothing of the New Woman about her. So she is bringing up her daughters—shy and pretty English girls—according to the rules which prevailed in her youth. In fact, the Gully family is distinctly old-fashioned. The girls do not smoke cigarettes and have the old-fashioned accomplishments of making fancy work and playing on various instruments. For the musical evenings at Mr. Gully's house are famous. It is even said that no less distinguished a person than Lord Herschell, High Chancellor of England, has been known to play the violoncello at one of these little family concerts.

The duties upon which Mr. Gully has entered are many and arduous. The English Parliament has two presiding officers, the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords and the Speaker in the House of Commons. In the House of Lords there is nothing to do and the sittings are not frequent. In the House of Commons there is a great deal to do and the work is continuous for months. The Lord Chancellor gets about fifty thousand dollars per annum, besides a number of choice perquisites. The Speaker gets about twenty-five thousand dollars per annum for about ten times as much work. But there are redeeming points about the Speakership—the retiring Speaker is invariably given a peerage and a life pension equivalent to his salary, and during the term of his office he occupies the magnificent residence in Westminster Palace, fitted up by the nation for the use of the Speaker. Mr. Gully has not yet taken up his official residence there, as Mr. Peel will not leave until after the marriage of his daughter, which is to take place in a few weeks. As Mr. Gully will thus be unable to enter his official residence until after the House assembles, he will be accommodated with temporary quarters in another part of the House.

The powers of the Speaker are very great. He has complete control over the House and its precincts. He can suspend a member. He can stop the prime minister on a point of procedure. He can close a debate. He can decide the

most momentous constitutional questions. He commands all the officers from the sergeant-at-arms down. He decides who may and may not enter the House as spectators, and he can exclude any person whom he considers an undesirable visitant. He sometimes excludes journalists for various reasons. Such is his power that he has been dubbed the "Mayor of Westminster Palace." His two immediate subordinates are Mr. Graham, the Clerk of the Parliament, who gets fifteen thousand dollars a year, and Sir Reginald Paget, Chief Clerk of the Commons, who gets ten thousand dollars a year.

The arbitrary power of the Speaker was exercised summer before last, when the number of ladies who swarmed in the lobby attracted unfavorable comment. Matters have changed since the time when ladies were not admitted to the House, and when Mrs. Sheridan was obliged to disguise herself as a man in order to hear her eloquent husband speak. Now there is a ladies' gallery. But the ladies wish to see as much as to be seen, and the grille which shuts them off from the view of the members does not seem to please them, so they make few visits to the ladies' gallery. They have been in the habit of late years of swarming in the lobby and taking a peep at the legislative chamber from the little niche just inside the inner door. Between five and six o'clock, when the House is full, there is such a crowd in the lobby that it gives the House something of the appearance of the entrance to a popular theatre. Summer before last the inconvenience caused members by this crowd of ladies was such that the Speaker issued an edict that the ladies should not be admitted to view the House from this quarter until half-past seven o'clock. But the ladies and their friends raised such an outcry that the order was rescinded almost as soon as it was issued. This shows that even the powers of the Speaker of the English House of Commons are as naught when brought in contact with the will of the "weaker" sex. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, April 15, 1895.

THE MODERN TROUBADOURS.

A Dissertation upon Parlor-Singers—Their Evolution through the Who'd-be-a-Butterfly Stage to the Gifted Being who has Studied Abroad.

There was a time when the parlor-singer was an innocuous, unpretending, unoffending creature, who was apologetic about bringing his roll of music, and always said he had a cold. He dated from the epoch of Thomas Hayley Baynes or Thomas Bailey Haynes—no one ever remembers which way his name goes—and in that golden era of innocence and joy was wont to warble about the wreath of roses his love wore when they first met, and inquire in melodious verse, "Who'd be a butterfly born in a hower?" with the general air of suggesting that he had tried it and found it a disappointing sort of rôle.

This was the parlor-singer in the savage stage. It was the first embryonic development of that alarming person who can not sing without his own accompanist and always finds faults with the piano, who gets in a rage if you do ask him to sing and gets in a rage if you do not. Between the butterfly-horn-in-the-bower epoch and the present stage of vocal pretentiousness, there was a frivolous transition period when every one sung ballads, three verses to each ballad and the last verse ending in gloom.

The ballads concerned themselves with kings and princes, or lowly peasant maids. They were either in very good society or no society at all. The royal heroes always went to battle, invariably got worsted in the fray, and died singing like swans. The peasant maids were made love to in the first verse by unprincipled gallants, who rode off in the second, leaving the heroine to die in the third. The *finale* was always death and tears, and sometimes, following the illustrious example set in "Lucia di Lammermoor," the melancholy theme was pursued to the cemetery. They were as persistently mortuary as Richard the Second's conversation when he wanted to "talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs."

But the ballads enjoyed a great vogue. For something over ten years people who sang harrowed the ears and the feelings of people who listened. In that short space ballad-mongers killed off battalions of lovers. Happy couples that the composer and author led to the altar were held in as high scorn as they are in the novels of today. Dissolution, broken hearts, and blighted lives were necessary adjuncts to the success of a song. Even "In the Gloaming" and "Forever and Forever" were felt to be a little cheap and vulgar in sentiment because none of the afflicted parties died, though they were all left in abject misery, wailing as dismally as dogs haying the moon.

This simple, sorrowing day has now gone by, and the parlor-singer has become a complex thing. With the general complicating of existence, he, too, has developed un-dreamed-of intricacies. He would as soon think of giving up the pleasure of making a fuss about the height of the piano-stool as of singing "Nancy Lee" or "Punchinello." A voice to-day is a serious acquirement and costs a great deal. They make voices in America, as they make pearls in Paris and diamonds in St. Petersburg, and when one has spent so many dollars and so many hours acquiring this costly possession, one does not want to waste its sweetness on the desert airs of De Koven or Claribel.

In the hush that falls upon an audience when they feel that something remarkable is going to break upon their waiting ears, the singer begins to warble, "Where'er you walk, cool glades shall make a shade." This is Handel, and a favorite. Sometimes the being apostrophized goes sonorously and smoothly, sometimes she loiters, sometimes she gallops. At whatever gait Handel intended her to go, the gentlemen who are now occupied in conducting her through the cool glades all have their own opinion as to the rate of locomotion at which she ought to move. "Adelaide" is also enjoying a re-birth of popular favor. She has been sung of highly and

lowly, shrieked of and growled of, sung about to a select few who wanted to hear, and to a large mass who wanted to talk. Under the bleating and braying cries that she is guilty of evoking, people have comfortably asked about each other's health and family, talked a little engaging scandal, made a little furtive love, exchanged a few consolatory sarcasms, and gone home remarking that "Adelaide" is a great song and Beethoven knew his business.

In these expensive times of made voices, the male singer is not so prevalent as he was in the mad, glad days, when he sang "Scrub My Mother" and "Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins" with the unpremeditated spontaneity of a canary bird. He has left the field almost undisputed to his female rival, who has time to acquire a voice. She suggests a terrible thought, which is that sooner or later the professors of voice-making will lower their prices, and in the near future voices will be made quite reasonably. Then every woman will be her own prima donna. The housemaid, as she sweeps, will sing "The jewel song"; the nurse will rock the baby to sleep with "Casta Diva"; and the sewing-woman will do the family mending to the inspiring strains of "Elizabeth's Prayer."

Until this millennium arrives, we shall have to be content with such sporadic cases of the parlor-singer as appear from time to time. Of these there are many varieties: The singer who does it for the love of the thing; the singer who does it for money; the singer who likes to hear herself sing and has to be dragged from the piano-stool; the singer who does not like to hear herself sing and has to be dragged to the piano-stool; the singer who wants to be urged vehemently, who goes to the piano protestingly, and twirls round on the stool at the last moment to assure her audience that a bad cold has rendered her voiceless. There are singers who are confident, and emit strange cries of pain and dole with smiling complacency; there are singers who are nervous, and who, for a space, give forth tones that vibrate resonantly with a metallic oscillation, touching the edges of upper and lower note and never being quite true; there are singers like the sounding of brass, and singers like the tinkling of cymbals; there are singers whose voices are a joy and a benediction; and there are singers of whom some one wrote:

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere a good thing
If certain persons died before they sing."

The singer who is invariably out of voice, suffering from a cold, speechless with fatigue, is one of the more mildly trying types of the species. She only requires a little persistent urging to take her seat at the piano, and, pushed some distance back from the instrument, suddenly assaults the keys, and after a dashing prelude breaks into—if she is a soprano—"Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender"; if she is a contralto, "It was a Dream, it was a Dream." This is Hawley's "Dream," and if Hawley had not seen fit to dream this dream, what an aching void there would have been in the contralto's repertoire! The hallad that turns upon a dream is the one hallad now enjoying popularity, and the contraltos have it all to themselves.

The sopranos are more ambitious. They like to be operatic. They will have no hallads; even "Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender" is coming to be regarded as of rather too flippant a character for the self-respecting soprano to trifle with. They want serious things, full of execution and high C's. "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" is the sort of song that the soprano likes to sing. This, like the line of Gray's Elegy, "Homeward the farmer plods his weary way," is capable of being rendered in several dozen different ways. The heavy-voiced sopranos shout it resolutely like a challenge; the light voices carry it upward with floating intensity. Sometimes the wooing notes of Delilah take the form of a disconsolate wail, and sometimes they are filled with a jubilant, cheerful joy. Delilah was unquestionably a creature of many moods and bewildering caprice, but even she would be surprised if she could hear the different interpretations of the famous love-song to her long-locked consort.

Of the listeners to the parlor-singer much might be written. How many tales of patient suffering could not they unfold did they desire to publish their own heroism to the world. One of the most poignant trials to which this noble army of martyrs can be subjected is that of having to listen to the much-vaunted performance of some dear creature who has recently returned from an arduous course of European study. The family prepare you beforehand by telling you how she took two years' lessons of somebody with a three-syllabled name in Paris, and one year from another person with a four-syllabled name in Milan. Then some extraordinarily wonderful celebrity, with a five-syllabled name, gave her six months' instruction at Dresden, and, in Vienna, a teacher who would take no pupils but royalty and full-fledged prima donnas, begged to be allowed the privilege of training her phenomenal voice, quite the most remarkable thing of its kind he had ever heard.

Then you hear of audiences that went half-wild with enthusiasm when they heard this second Patti. The managers of all the great European opera-houses were on their knees before her begging her to appear if for only one week. The most exacting critics were extravagant in her praise. They all said Patti, and Gerster, and Nilsen, and all the rest were nothing beside her. When the moment arrives when she is to sing to you, you become quite nervous. She is not so in the least, waits for the opening chords, lifts her chin, opens her mouth, and the most wonderful voice of the age breaks upon your expectant ears. The family are looking at you in smiling confidence; the singer is looking at you in tranquil complacency. It is an awful moment, for the shock of surprise makes it nearly impossible for you to conceal your blank disappointment.

GERALDINE BONNER.
SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1895.

The Burgomaster of Laihach, Austria, where earthquakes shocks occurred with appalling rapidity last week, issued a solemn proclamation, ordering the people to remain

BOURGET ON AMERICA.

Same Extracts from his New Book, "Outre Mer"—An Observing Foreigner's Impressions of American Society.

The newspapers have for months been printing long installments of Paul Bourget's "Outre Mer," and now that it has come out in book-form—a fat volume of more than four hundred pages, bound in an attractive red cover and well printed on good paper—we are astonished to find that those interminable columns of fine print would have been vastly entertaining, if one had only taken the trouble to read them.

"Outre Mer"—by the way, it is a coincidence that an American poet chose the same name for his work of travels on the other side of the ocean—has for its sub-title "Impressions of America," a phrase that exactly describes the book. Bourget spent but a short time in this country, and throughout the book he is constantly saying that his impressions are subject to correction after more extended study—a very un-French modesty which has aroused the ire of his compatriots in its other manifestations, for Miss Katharine de Forest, writing from Paris to the *Bazar*, quotes a Frenchman as saying: "I feel that he is predisposed to like things in America, and that is precisely the thing that irritates me as a Frenchman. As a Frenchman he ought not to be capable of judging fairly."

An idea of the scope of M. Bourget's observations may be had from the list of chapters, which is as follows: "At Sea," "The First Week," "Society: A Summer City," "Society: Women and Young Girls," "Business Men and Business Scenes," "The Lower Orders: The Workingmen—Farmers and Cowboys," "Education," "American Pleasures," "Down South: In Georgia," "Down South: In Florida," and "Homeward." As we have said, each page furnishes its interesting bit. Paying twenty francs for a carriage-drive in Central Park that would have cost one hundred sous in Paris, Bourget observes: "A carriage is a luxury, and all luxuries are expensive here, while the necessities are cheaper than elsewhere. This is why America still tempts our laboring people, and why so many of its own rich people go to Europe that they may have these luxuries, and better ones, at a fifth or a sixth the price." Remarkable on the elaborate contrivances by which all imaginable wants and luxuries are furnished in our palace-cars, he notes among the train-boy's wares Alphonse Daudet's "Sapho," "with a second title added, 'Or, Lured by a Bad Woman's Fatal Beauty'"—this with no further comment than is conveyed in the exclamation point that follows it. Apropos of American pleasures he tells an extraordinary tale of a lady being rescued from the moh about her carriage by a masterful hero whose identity is later revealed to her: he is a celebrated pugilist, and to win a drunken wager that he could knock a horse down with a blow of his fist, he struck the nearest horse—which happened to be one of the two attached to the lady's carriage.

In all his themes, M. Bourget proves himself a trained observer and a keen philosopher, but his qualities are best shown in his observations on American society. The "summer city" described in the third chapter is Newport, and that fact was discovered during the newspaper publication of "Outre Mer," resulting in some discussion of M. Bourget's views. The next chapter, in which American women and young girls are the theme, is of wider applicability, though it is easy to see that society in America, in M. Bourget's eyes, is the society of a few Eastern cities. In the first place, M. Bourget declares that there is no American society as there is a French or an English society—that we have no Paris or London to rule us socially; but he maintains that the various groups are varieties of a single species and that "all these forms of social life, however different they may be, are entirely, absolutely, the work of 'woman.'" This results from the remarkable democracy of the country, which concedes equality even to women, and also from the puritanical spirit and the coldness, the lack of sensuality of the people. Of this last, by the way, M. Bourget makes a curious observation:

It even seems as if this relative diminution in the prominence given to the life of the senses has modified—only slightly, indeed, but none the less truly—the difference of appearance between the two sexes. I remember that at Cambridge, visiting the "Hasty Pudding," one of the students' clubs, where they give amateur theatricals, I had an opportunity to examine the photographs of those of the young men who had taken women's parts and wore their dress. There was a surprising similarity—almost identity, indeed—between these portraits and those of their sisters or cousins, tall girls, with narrow chests, falling shoulders, straight backs, who have practiced gymnastics and "high-kicking," who can lift their foot as high as their head, and jump from their own height without injury. It seems as if the type of manhood, while taking on a finer nervous organization, had lost something of its primitive weight, and, on the other hand, that the type of womanhood, vigorous, energetic, and impulsive, had taken on a more resolute charm, firmer, less voluptuous, and delicately masculine.

The apotheosis of woman, which is the most characteristic feature of "society" in America, is in the first place and especially the apotheosis of the young girl. That which first strikes the foreigner, who has heard so much about American girls, is the absolute impossibility of distinguishing them from the young married women. Says M. Bourget:

The much-commented fact that they go in and out entirely unattended does not sufficiently account for this perplexity. Their identity is much deeper than that. They dress in the same way, wear the same jewels, have the same freedom of speech and of smile, they read the same books, do the same things, possess the same full-blown beauty, and, thanks to the invention of the "chaperon," there is no theatre, or supper-party, or tea where they can not be present all by themselves upon the invitation of any man of their acquaintance. The character of this official surveillance may be estimated by the companion fact that the young girl, in whose honor the "hachelor" gets up a party, usually chooses the chaperon herself. The younger the chaperon, the better she suits. The young widow and the "grass-widow," whether separated, divorced, or simply apart from her husband for the time being, is an ideal person for this duty. It may be said that the young girls whom you see around a table at Delmonico's, in company with these young men and the said chap-

eron, are as much at liberty as if they had no one to answer for them but themselves.

This habit of unchecked self-government is manifest in the singular serenity of their countenances. One of the most charming men in New York, a poet of reputation, conceived the clever idea of making a collection of miniatures in which, with their permission, should be included all the noted beauties of the city. I remember that when I passed a magnifying-glass over the glass behind which smiled a hundred refined and inscrutable faces, I sought in vain to distinguish those who were married, and I could not. What more, indeed, can marriage bring a girl when it comes? Duty, a husband to submit to, children to bring up, a house to look after. The young girl feels the weight of none of these chains to-day. She knows it, and that she is enjoying her best days. Once married, she will not have one whit more freedom, and she will have fewer opportunities to amuse herself. Therefore, more often than not, she will marry late.

Of the test of simplicity, of ignorance of love, by which young French girls are measured, M. Bourget says:

Such a test is not applicable to the American girl, because with her, as with the American man of from twenty to thirty years, the question of love is relegated to the background. The question whether or not she will be married in accordance with the desires of her heart, whether or not her life will be a love story, has very often not the slightest place in a girl's thoughts. Even for those who seem the most intent on pleasing, and who make the most of their personal attractions—there are fewer of them than Frenchmen suppose, more of them than Americans will admit—it is still true that nine times out of ten their relations with a man are merely a fact of social life. It is simply a way of gratifying their self-love, of becoming what the newspapers call "Prominent people in society" by the number of their adorers. This love of admiration has not the danger here that it would have elsewhere, because, on the one hand, of the reserve of men in America; on the other, of the girl's thorough understanding of the masculine character. They began at so early an age to be on intimate terms with men, that so far as they are concerned, they are in the position of the children of a circus-rider with horses. One girl, speaking to me of a common acquaintance—a Spanish woman married in Rome and very unhappy—said: "She does not know how to manage her husband." And she told me how this woman's rival had gone to work to attract and retain her unfaithful husband. The sort of intelligent innocence which such remarks take for granted is not very intelligible to us. A diplomat who spent several years here, and to whom I repeated this conversation by way of ascertaining its precise import, summed up his own impression of them—"which is severe—in the words, 'They have a chaste depravity.'" He supported his epigram by anecdotes concerning "engagements," as they say here.

"I have known," he said, "many young girls engaged to men whom they had not the slightest intention of marrying. They liked them as lovers, but they did not want them as husbands. I have known others who for months have kept secret a serious engagement in order to retain the attentions which are denied to an 'engaged girl.' A girl's engagement is, nine times out of ten, what an interesting situation is to a wife—something to be concealed as long as possible, and admitted only when it can be concealed no longer."

Precisely because the American girl's imagination does not play around sentimental problems, she has far more shades of variety in her character than her compatriots in Europe. The latter do not expect their true development until their heart has spoken, and the influence of a man has begun to mold them. The American girl exists by herself. She knows it and wills it so. She is proud of it. She has nothing in common with the Galatea of the pagan myth who receives all from Pygmalion, from the embodiment of her beauty to the fire of her soul. Her individuality is already complete when she arrives at marriage—at the latest possible moment, as I have already said, if her parents have ever so little fortune. She proposes to choose a husband who will take the place of these convenient parents, in the matter of indulgence and also of wealth. She only half counts upon the generosity of her father, who is not obliged to dower her, and who, once she is married, may reduce her allowance to an absurd figure. It is for this reason that they will remain single till they are twenty-five or twenty-six years old, and in these long years of unchecked independence, each one follows her own tastes, each her own fancy, her own nature, indeed, oppressed by so little constraint.

Next M. Bourget turns to portraying types. Of the "beauty," he says:

There are two or three in every city, and their supremacy is so well recognized that you are continually receiving such invitations as "Pray come to tea to-morrow afternoon to meet Miss——, the Richmond beauty." I say Richmond at random; in its place put Savannah, Charleston, Albany, Providence, any city North or South that you please. To merit her title, the Beauty must, indeed, be lovely with that radiant brightness which extinguishes all other women at a ball, a dinner, or the theatre. She must be very tall, very well formed, the lines of her face and figure must lend themselves to that sort of reproduction of which the newspapers and their readers are so fond. She must also know how to dress with magnificence, which here is inseparable from elegance.

Once recognized, though she may not be more than twenty years old, she enters upon a sort of official, almost a civic, existence. In the newspaper columns devoted to "Social Gossip," the types spontaneously form her name, so often have the composers set it up. She is as necessary a part of every grand dinner and ball as the roses at a dollar apiece and the champagne *brut*. Her own city can not suffice to her, or, rather, she would not be fulfilling her mission if she did not represent that city in New York, Washington, Newport, at the races, the regattas, all the events where, as on a stage, American society displays itself. She is, in fact, a social actress and a champion of her order, like a master of billiards or chess.

For her successes to be perfect, she must compete for her place "abroad," and play her part as leading social lady in Paris, London, Rome. When she returns from Europe with her crop of laurels, she still does not lay down her arms. She has a *record* to hold, and the day when she shall be assuredly, uncontestedly, excelled by a rival, it will be with her as with the Boston hoxer, the hapless J. L. Sullivan, who no longer counts since he has been once beaten.

Behind the Beauty, to keep up the insane expenses of a life always in full dress, in the most senselessly luxurious circle in the two hemispheres, is a father who most likely is never seen, who divides his life between his office, his club, and sometimes, in certain cities, the bar of the best hotel. His daughter, to whom he makes an allowance which would suffice for the touseau of a princess, is dear to him by a complex sentiment into which enters less of affection than of pride. He sometimes passes entire seasons, not to say years, without seeing her when she crosses the ocean. Even when she is in the United States and at home, the meals which he takes with her could be counted. Nevertheless he loves her, but by such a displacement, such a projection of his personality as Balzac described, with the henchman of his habitual extravagance, when he pictured the friendship of Vautrin for Lucien de Ruhemere.

"He was *myself*, young, and brilliant," said the convict. "From the depths of my cell I put on his coat. I drove in his tiliary; I entered drawing-rooms with him."

Probably the business man, laboring over railway plans and manufacturing projects, accompanies his daughter by a similar imagination. His money goes about in this young girl; that is to say, his will, his labor, all that is most personal to himself. Whether he marries her to some noble Italian, Englishman, or Frenchman, or whether he refuses her to the nobleman—the American father's vanity may take on either of these forms—she serves to prove to him his power. He has this daughter just as he has a twenty-story "building" which bears his name, a picture-gallery mentioned in the guide-books, as he has his stocks. "I know my social value," said one of these girls. She spoke of herself as of a certificate of New York Central or Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy stock. Social value—this is probably the best definition of this singular creature, whose existence consists—in the heart of a democracy—in undergoing as much representative etiquette as if she were maid of honor to a princess, or herself a princess in a court that was always making festival.

Another type is she whom our author calls the tomboy:

She has generally been to Europe—for that matter you must always ask this question with regard to every American girl. She there became conscious of her individuality, as a philosopher might say. "She knows that she is 'the American girl,'" and she wants to be even more so than she is. She makes game of you in her own character by exaggerating it beyond all bounds of probability. She will tell you how, in Paris, in the Rue de la Paix, a gentleman took her for what she was not and followed her. She found the adventure "great fun."

You feel it incumbent upon you to excuse the indiscretion of your compatriot?

"Stupid thing!" she replies; "he didn't so much as speak to me." This is the girl who opens her doors to a class in "high-kicking"—the art of lifting one's foot as high as possible. She holds the record of six feet three inches, none of her friends having been able to excel her.

"What a pity that you can't see me kick!" she says to you: "without hending the knee, you know."

This is the girl who, dining with a young married friend, without her mother, asks you for cigarettes, smokes four at a time, and exclaims:

"To think that I have to come to Jessie's to get a few puffs of straight-cut."

She has the street-Arah in her make-up, but the American street-Arah; not Gavorche, hut Gallegher. I refer the reader to Mr. Richard Harding Davis's clever story, that he may appreciate the difference between the innocence of Parisian and the coarseness of American blackguardism. Compare one of their pantomimes with one of our street-singers. The American girl, when she undertakes to be masculine, is disconcertingly daring in her speech.

"What do you think of the little trousers with which the virtuous women of Philadelphia and Baltimore have clothed their statues?"

I saw one of my French friends start at this question suddenly put to him in a drawing-room of virtuous New England. Another of them found himself growing interested in one of the innumerable Mays whom you meet at all the balls and afternoon teas. One of May's friends—it happened to be the smoker of cigarettes—said to him, saucily:

"Well, when is the marriage coming off? She is very nice, you know, very nice! It is a pity that she has nothing pretty but her face. Yes," she went on, teasingly, "we slept in the same room a whole week in the country," and a minute description followed—"hollow chest, projecting shoulder-blades, thin legs, no hips—nothing but hair—hair—up to there."

And she bends her leg and points to the head of her knee with her mocking laugh, like a school-boy who should describe to you some creature whom he had met on the Boulevard Saint-Michel on a holiday evening.

"Home life is less known in the United States than in any other country," M. Bourget declares, and continues:

A thousand signs indicate this sort of disintegration of the domestic hearth; in the first place, the singular facility of traveling, and especially the number of rich people who lead that hotel life which is so nearly unintelligible to Europeans, and especially to the French.

"We call Rochester our home, but we have spent ten winters here," said a much-admired young woman. As these ten winters spent in New York correspond with ten summers at Newport, as many autumns at Lenox, and probably several springs in Paris, it may be imagined how much of a place the real home has in the life of such a family. This singularly movable manner of life becomes more pronounced as one travels westward.

It is in the hotel, that caravansary furnished with the extravagant luxury which newly made rich people delight in, that is sketched the first rude outline of that social life which you will find in all its glory in the great centres on the Atlantic seaboard. The family live in a hotel with their private drawing-room, which they adorn with pictures and draperies, and often with their own furniture. One must have sojourned in one of these hotels and dined with these people to be able to realize how entirely the members of these families live side by side rather than with one another. They eat, indeed, at the same table, but no one ever waits for another. The wife or the daughter is getting up from the table when the father or the husband comes in to breakfast, lunch, or dinner. It is a very commonplace, but very expressive token of that which is the basis of American family life—every one for himself and by himself.

Why is the young married woman less courted than the young girl in the United States? This is the first question that forces itself upon the foreigner after a few weeks' residence. M. Bourget replies:

Is it that Americans respect marriage more than we do? Is it that, their manners being simpler and purer, the young man's heart revolts at the bitter emotions, the cankered sadness, of unlawful love even in the moment of happiness? Is it because time is wanting for the deep-laid, far-reaching processes of seduction? Is it the hatred of falsehood, so strikingly characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon? Certain it is that in society you almost never hear an allusion to such connections as abound in Paris, and even in London. American conversation always avoids the line of demarcation between coquetry and intimacy, between the surroundings of a fault and the fault itself.

"Such things do not exist in the United States." So said one and another of my women friends here, and when I demurred, adducing the conduct of such and such women with such and such men, as appearing to me to be indisputable evidence, they would answer: "These women only want to be talked about, because that is the way people do in Europe. Only, instead of going on secretly, they make everything as public as possible, precisely because there is nothing serious."

The foreigner can only reply by the favorite word of doubt of the most skeptical and least American of people, "Sara."

Two reasons, very different in character, however, make it evident *a priori*, so to speak, that the married woman must be more carefully guarded here than in the Old World. The first, which should neither be exaggerated nor underrated, is the reserve capital of Puritanism which, in the past fifty years, has declined from year to year, almost from month to month, but has not entirely disappeared. The second reason is less historic and less ideal. It inheres in that extraordinary facility of divorce which rigid moralists groan over. If they are right from the point of view of the greatest good, they are surely wrong from the standpoint of the least evil. Here, again, the Americans have obeyed their instinct for seeing things as they are, and are guided by facts, which they admit without discussing them. They start out from this perfectly simple idea, which, however, our Latin minds have not yet admitted, that divorce offers no menace to happy unions, and that it is greatly to public and private interest that the more quickly and easily the unhappy ones are broken, the better. From this facility of freedom from ill-advised irreproach, it results that those unions which remain appear to be highly irreproachable, as do also those which are made after the rupture of a first marriage.

In conclusion we quote the very striking passage with which M. Bourget ends this chapter:

A great artist, foremost of this epoch by the ardor of his efforts, the conscientiousness of his study, and the sincerity of his vision, John Sargent, has shown what I have tried to express, in a portrait which I saw in an exhibition—that of a woman whose name I do not know. It is a portrait such as the fifteenth-century masters painted, who, back of the individual found the real, and back of the model a whole social order. The canvas might be called "The American Idol," so representative is it.

The woman is standing, her feet side by side, her knees close together, in an almost hieratic pose. Her body, rendered supple by exercise, is sheathed—you might say molded—in a tight-fitting black dress. Rubies, like drops of blood, sparkle on her shoes. Her slender waist is encircled by a girdle of enormous pearls, and from this dress, which makes an intensely dark background for the stony brilliance of the jewels, the arms and shoulders shine out with an other brilliance, that of a flower-like flesh—fine, white flesh, through which flows blood perpetually invigorated by the air of the country and the ocean. The head, intellectual and daring, with a countenance as of one who has understood everything, has, for a sort of aureole, the vaguely gilded design of one of those "Renaissance

stuffs which the Venetians call *sopra-risso*. The rounded arms, in which the muscles can hardly be seen, are joined by the clasped hands—firm hands, the thumb almost too long, which might guide four horses with the precision of an English coachman. It is the picture of an energy at once delicate and invincible, momentarily in repose, and all the Byzantine Madonna is in that face, with its wide-open eyes.

Yes, this woman is an idol, for whose service man labors, which he has decked with the jewels of a queen, behind each one of whose whims lie days and days spent in the ardent battle of Wall Street. Frenzy of speculations in land, cities undertaken and built by sheer force of millions, trains launched at full speed over bridges built on a Babel-like sweep of arch, the creaking of cable-cars, the quivering of electric cars sliding along their wires with a crackle and a spark, the dizzy ascent of elevators in buildings twenty stories high, immense wheat-fields of the West, its ranches, mines, colossal slaughter-houses—all the formidable traffic of this country of effort and struggle, all its labor—these are what have made possible this woman, this living orchid, unexpected masterpiece of this civilization.

Did not the very painter consecrate to her his intense toil? To be capable of such a picture, he must have absorbed some of the ardor of the Spanish masters, the subtlety of the great Italians, understood and practiced the curiosities of impressionism, dreamed before the pictures in basilicas like Ravenna, and read, and thought. Ah, how much of culture, of reflection, before one could fathom the secret depths of one's own race. He has expressed one of the most essential characteristics of the race—the dedication of woman, considered not as a Beatrice as in Florence, nor as a courtesan as at Milan, but as a supreme glory of the national spirit. This woman can do without being loved. She has no need of being loved. What she symbolizes is neither sensuality nor of being loved. She is like a living object of art, the last fine work of human skill, attesting that the Yankee, but yesterday despairing, vanquished by the Old World, has been able to draw from this savage world upon which fate has cast him a wholly new civilization, incarnated in this woman, her luxury, and her pride. Everything is illuminated by this civilization, at the gaze of these fathomless eyes, in the expression of which the painter has succeeded in putting all the idealism of this country which has no ideal; all that which, perhaps, will one day be its destruction, but up to the present time is still its greatness—a faith in the human Will, absolute, unique, systematic, and indomitable.

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OLD FAVORITES.

The Victim.

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and hyre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
"The Gods are moved against the land,"
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, oh, answer)
We give you his life."

But still the foe man spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd;
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame;
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came:
"The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased.
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
"The Gods have answer'd:
We give them the hoy."

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said: "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is he your dearest?
Or I the wife?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I can not tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
"We have his dearest,
His only son!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the brow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, not my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking, "I am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy,
"O Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The Gods have answer'd:
We give them the wife!"—Tennyson.

Holland has never completely recovered from the tulip fever of the seventeenth century. At Haarlem they are holding the seventeenth quinquennial exhibition of bulb-plants, hyacinths, narcissus, and tulips, which are again becoming popular in Europe. Among the flowers is an almost black tulip.

THE PLAYERS' CLUB.

They Celebrate Shakespeare's Birthday—Ladies Admitted Once a Year—An Interesting Club-House—Historic Portraits and Relics—Some Souvenirs of Edwin Booth.

Shakespeare's birthday, the twenty-third of April, has of late years been formally celebrated by the Players' Club every year. On that day, in addition to other features of the celebration, The Players throw open their club-house to the ladies for the only time in the year. This year the assemblage was an unusually large and brilliant one; some five hundred ladies availed themselves of The Players' hospitality, and many of the guests were themselves famous in letters and art as well as in drama. The reception committee this year was a large one, but among the more notable names I may mention E. H. Sothern, Wilton Lackaye, Brander Matthews, Frank W. Sanger, John Malone, E. M. Holland, Laurence Hutton, Louis Aldrich, W. J. LeMoine, William H. Crane, Fritz Williams, John Drew, and A. M. Palmer.

The club-house was decorated for the occasion, and plants, palms, and flowers were to be seen in all the corridors, rooms, and staircases. There is not a club-house in New York city which is so unique, so charming, and so decorative as is The Players', and around it there cling many associations connected with the name of Edwin Booth, easily the first of American players.

It was in the summer of 1887 that Mr. Booth conceived the idea of founding The Players. He was then on a cruise on Mr. E. C. Benedict's yacht, *Oneida*, and the matter was discussed by him and the other members of the party, which consisted of Lawrence Barrett, T. B. Aldrich, Laurence Hutton, and William Bispham. It was to Mr. Aldrich's suggestion that the name of "The Players" was due. This informal conference resulted in a more formal meeting in the month of January, 1888, which took place after a breakfast given by Augustin Daly. Those present at the breakfast were Edwin Booth, Augustin Daly, General W. T. Sherman, A. M. Palmer, S. H. Olin, Brander Matthews, James Lewis, John A. Lane, Joseph Jefferson, Laurence Hutton, Henry Edwards, John Drew, Joseph F. Daly, Samuel L. Clemens, William Bispham, and Lawrence Barrett. It was at this breakfast-party that the gentlemen named resolved to incorporate themselves into a club called The Players. Mr. Booth had bought a fine old-fashioned mansion on Gramercy Park, near the residence of the late Samuel J. Tilden. This Mr. Stanford White transformed into a luxurious club-house. At midnight, when the death of the old year was solemnly sounding from every steeple in New York, and old Trinity's chimes were ringing a welcome to 1889, Mr. Booth executed a deed of gift giving the ground, the building, and its contents to The Players.

The membership now includes all the leading actors, a few American playwrights, and most of the theatrical managers of New York. One of the pleasant features of the club is the weekly supper which takes place every Saturday night. There are about seven hundred resident and non-resident members, nearly two hundred of these being connected with the dramatic profession. The intercourse in the club is of a very pleasant and unconventional character, the players all heeding the admonition of the founder of their club, which is inscribed in the hall:

"GOOD FRENCH FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE FORBEARE
TO UTTER WHAT IS GOSSIP HEARE
IN SOCIAL CHATT LEST UNAWARES
THY TONGE OFFENDE THY FELLOW PLAIERS."

The main room above the entrance is the reading-room, which is like that of most clubs, containing all the daily and weekly journals and magazines. Over the mantel in the reading-room hangs a fine portrait of Mr. Booth, by Sargent, presented to the club by E. C. Benedict; it is full-length and represents Mr. Booth standing before the yule-log of the hall. His face is lighted by the kindly smile so often seen there by his fellow-players. In the alcove of the reading-room are portraits of Macready, by Washington Allston, and of Rachel, by Gilbert Stewart's daughter. There is also a portrait of the late John Gilbert, by Alden Weir, and a portrait of David Garrick painted by Zoffany as Abel Dugger in Ben Jonson's forgotten play. There is another picture of Garrick painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; a portrait of Edmund Keane, by Nagle; a portrait of George Frederick Cooke, by Sully; a portrait of E. A. Sothern, by W. P. Frith; a portrait of Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, by Gilbert Stuart; and a portrait of Robert Palmer, by Gainsborough. In the great hall in the centre of the club there is a magnificent picture, heroic size, of Edwin Booth in the character of Richelieu, by John Collier; a replica of Lawrence's famous picture of John Philip Kemble as Hamlet; a picture of Joseph Jefferson as Dr. Pangloss, by Sargent; a portrait of Lawrence Barrett—not in costume—by Sargent; a portrait of Mrs. Gilbert, by Dora Wheeler Keith; a portrait of Miss Fanny Davenport, by Henry Peters Gary; and a portrait of W. J. Florence as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, by Carol Beckwith.

In the halls there are great safes to hold the relics which are accumulating so rapidly. Of these there are many. Among them is the sword which Frederic Lemaître wore in "Ruy Blas"; the crooked staff on which Charlotte Cushman leaned as Meg Merrilies; the blonde wig Fechter wore as Hamlet; a finger-ring of David Garrick's; a lock of hair from the head of Edmund Keane; a spring dagger belonging to Edwin Forrest; a crucifix used by Ristori; a ring once worn by Mrs. Betterton; the second, third, and fourth folios of Shakespeare's works; the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher; the first folio of Ben Jonson; a silver salver and pitcher presented in 1828 to Junius Brutus Booth; a loving-cup presented to William Warren before he died.

One of the most interesting rooms in the club-house is the grill-room. Over its mantel is the Shakespearean motto: "Mouthe it as many of our players do." The grill-room is a unique and handsome hall, with open beams across the

ceiling, with high wainscoting, and with silver candelabra bearing electric lights. It has a beautiful tiled fire-place and a curious assortment of silver-mounted stag-horns. On Shakespeare's birthday every year the grill-room is buried in flowers, and the scene presented, as the crowds of handsomely gowned women flit from place to place, looking at the many curiosities hanging upon its walls, is indeed striking. One of the oddities of the grill-room is the hanging of the mugs on pegs upon the walls marked with the names of the owners. Sometimes the owners of the mugs have passed away, but their mugs remain. You may see, for example, Booth's silver mug hanging in the grill-room with his name beneath. No other player has presumed to occupy the place. But over the mantel there is an instance where a departed player's place is utilized and another is using his peg—on a little brass tablet on the wall is the name of "Lester Wallack," while beneath it you see "E. H. Sothern."

The library and picture-gallery are in a long room occupying the greater part of the second floor. In one case there are the "prompt copies" of Edwin Booth—the working tools of an actor. Next to that is the theatrical collection of the late Lawrence Barrett. Next are the dramatic books of the late John Gilbert. There is a collection of some thirty thousand play-bills presented to the club by Augustin Daly, who has also given to The Players over a hundred volumes of original editions of the old dramatists. There are a number of death-masks given by Mr. Laurence Hutton, among them Boucicault, Schiller, Gounod, David Garrick, Edmund Keane, Malibran, and Lawrence Barrett. Above the book-shelves are the portraits of players of by-gone days. This collection began from a nucleus given by Mr. J. S. Clark. Mr. Booth added a number to this, and since the club-house was opened, these portraits are continually being presented. All of the portraits of the library are historic, except one by Rembrandt Peale of George Washington. This Mr. T. B. Aldrich suggested might occupy a place in the collection under the heading of "Our Leading Man." Our Thomas Bailey hath a pretty wit. Among the other portraits in oil in the library and in the adjacent corridors are those of Edwin Forrest by Middleton, Henry Wallack by Inman, James Wallack by Middleton, John Howard Paine by Wright, Mrs. Nesbit by Middleton, and Edmund Keane by Nagle. In the dining-room there are half a dozen landscapes, two of them Louisiana scenes painted by Joseph Jefferson.

The Players' club-house is admirably situated, being upon Gramercy Park, a beautiful little square, which is so quiet that one could scarcely believe that a few rods away is the roar and bustle of Broadway. Back of the club-house are the gardens of the old houses, of which it is one, and it is very refreshing to lunch in the grill-room and gaze out upon the gardens in the rear, or to lounge in the reading-room and gaze out on the park in front. The rooms that I have described are the ones that present points of difference to the usual club-houses. In other respects, The Players is very similar to the ordinary New York club, with their billiard-rooms, cafés, etc.

Last Tuesday the ladies were all over the house, inspecting the many curiosities in the shape of relics, old play-bills, and stage weapons. Before the fine Collier portrait of Booth as Richelieu there was ever a crowd, while in the upper story a throng of female devotees pressed one after another to view the chambers where Edwin Booth lived and where he died. The ladies themselves were objects of interest, for many of them were well-known actresses, and many of them unknown wives of actors. The lady whom Otis Skinner has just taken to wife was there, and very pretty she is, too. Mrs. Francis Wilson, the wife of "the man with the emotional legs," was there, and was regarded with much interest, as few professional people seem to know her. Miss Julia Marlowe, who in private life is Mrs. Robert Taber, was much stared at, as was also Mrs. Richard Mansfield, who was an actress, but who has retired from the stage since she married her cranky lord. Joseph Jefferson, the president of The Players, dropped in during the afternoon, and the white-haired veteran was at once surrounded by a circle of adoring femininity.

Altogether, the celebration of Shakespeare's birthday at The Players is a great day for the ladies. FLANEUR.
NEW YORK, May 2, 1895.

In one of his greatest speeches, Prince Bismarck reviewed the modern history of Germany and Prussia to prove that hardly a year had passed since he entered the ministry without its own peculiar danger of war. It is hardly a year since General de Gallifet told a reporter how the sword was half drawn during the Empress Frederick's famous visit in Paris. The young German emperor, he said, had been so exasperated by the demonstration against his mother that for a day he was on the point of ordering German troops to cross the border. In fact, Freiherr von Marschall, of the German Foreign Office, had warned the French Ambassador that one more demonstration against the Empress Frederick would mean war, as the emperor could then he restrained no longer.

Mr. Edward Atkinson recently gave a party of friends a seven-course dinner, including coffee and oranges, at a cost of thirteen cents a plate. Perhaps his greatest triumph in the way of cheap cooking was the dinner of four courses he furnished some Harvard students at a cost of five and one-quarter cents each. It is a pet saying of Mr. Atkinson that the cigars always cost more than the dinner.

A man named Durand has won a bet at Marseilles by standing on a pedestal in a public place for four consecutive weeks. He was nearly exhausted after the performance, and may not recover.

Professor Dana used to say that as soon as a book embodying the latest notes of geology is off the press it is out of date.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Last week we printed in this column an announcement of the coming publication of a collection of Richard Realf's poems. It was given us by the lady whose name and address it contains. Too late for publication last week we received a marked copy of the *Pittsburg Post* containing the following paragraph:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* recently published a paragraph stating that in the early fall a subscription edition of the poems of the late Colonel Richard Realf would be printed by a New York publishing house, and that E. E. Cottrill, of San José, Cal., was editing the work. The widow of Colonel Realf, who lives in this city, holds a copyright on all of his writings. She is now corresponding with a publisher, and expects soon to sign a contract for the publication of Realf's poems, and two of his lectures, 'Ossawatimie Brown' and 'Battle Flashes.' Any publisher issuing an edition of Realf's works without the authority of Mrs. Realf will likely have to settle with her."

Guy Boothby, the author of "The Marriage of Esther," the new novel in the Town and Country Library of the Messrs. Appleton, first became known to readers through his book of Australian travel entitled "On the Wallaby."

The Chicago *Record* offers \$30,000 in prizes for "stories of mystery," the first prize being \$10,000 and the fifth \$800. There are, besides, two prizes of \$600 and two of \$500 each. The announcements sent out by Mr. Victor F. Lawson, the publisher of the paper, give no particulars as to length of stories, exact definition of the term "stories of mystery," etc., but authors are requested to address him in the care of his paper for full details.

The additions announced for the Macmillan's Iris Library are numerous and of high quality. Among them the more important are:

"A Lost Endeavor," by Guy Boothby; "Maureen's Fairing," by Jane Barlow, well known by her charming "Iris Idylls"; two Danish novels, by Henrik Pontopidan, translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas and illustrated by Miss Nellie Nicholson; "A Modern Man," by Miss Ella MacMahon; a volume of "Indian Stories," by Mrs. F. A. Steel, for which she is still collecting the material upon the spot; "Bosnian Stories," translated by Ellen Waugh from the original of Milena Mrazovic; "Christian and Leah," a volume of Bohemian Ghetto stories, translated from the German of Leopold Komper, by Alfred S. Arnold; and a volume of "Indian Folklore, and Other Stories," by R. W. Frazer.

The wife of Thomas Hardy acts as his amanuensis, what time she is not sketching, painting in water-colors, and playing hostess to her many guests. During the winter, the pair live at Dorchester, in a house of which the novelist himself was the architect. They stay in London during the season, and the rest of the year spend in travel.

"Celibates," the new novel by Mr. George Moore, the author of "Esther Waters," will be published by Macmillan & Co. this month.

The story on which Du Maurier is reported to be engaged is a very long story of life in England and France, and it is said already to have received a name—"The Martians." The author will himself illustrate it.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish at once:

"William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century," by Ruth Putnam, in two volumes; "Wild Flowers of the North-Eastern States," drawn and carefully described from life, by Margaret C. Whiting and Ellen Miller; in the Incognito Library, "A Gender in Satin," by "Rita," and "Every Day's News," by a new writer; in the Questions of the Day Series, "Natural Taxation," by Thomas G. Shearman; and a story of adventures on Long Island Sound, entitled "Water Tramps; or, The Cruise of the Sea-Bird," by George Herbert Bartlett.

Richard Harding Davis has a new story, "Miss Delamar's Understudy," waiting to appear in one of the magazines.

Horace E. Scudder's "George Washington: An Historical Biography" has been added by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to their Riverside Literature Series. A reproduction of Stuart's portrait of Washington forms the frontispiece of the book.

D. Appleton & Co. will be the American publishers of Count Tolstoi's new work of fiction, "Master and Man."

Macmillan & Co. will commence in May the publication of their "Miniature Series," one number of which will appear each month. The little books will be bound in paper and sold at twenty-five cents each. The volumes announced for the coming year are:

"Shakespeare's England," by William Winter; "The Friendship of Nature," by Mabel Osgood Wright; "A Trip to England," by Goldwin Smith; "From a New England Hillside," by William Pott; "The Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock; "Old Shrines and Ivy," by William Winter; "The Choice of Books," by Frederic Harrison; "Gray Days and Gold," by William Winter; "The Aims of Literary Study," by Hiram Corson, LL.D.; "The Novel—What It Is," by F. Marion Crawford; and "Amiel's Journal," translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

D. Appleton & Co. announce another book of "Napoleonic Memoirs," to embody the recollections of General Count de Ségur, an aid-de-camp of Napoleon; and Charles A. Dana's long-announced "The Art of Newspaper Making."

Miss Vida D. Scudder, associate professor of English literature in Wellesley College, is the author of "The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish. It is a keen analysis of the poetry of

Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Arnold, Clough, and Browning.

Macmillan & Co. are about to begin the publication, in thirty monthly parts, of Professor Friedrich Ratzel's important work, "The History of Mankind," translated from the German edition by Mr. A. J. Butler. The illustrations, which are numerous, include colored plates and maps. The first part will be ready about June 1st.

In his book, "Degeneracy" (Appletons), Dr. Max Nordau transcribes two strophes from Rossetti's "Troy Town," with its double refrain at the end of the first and fifth lines:

"Heaven-born Helen, Sparta's Queen,
(Oh, Troy Town!)
Had two breasts of heavenly sheen,
The sun and the moon of the heart's desire:
All Love's lordship lay between,
(Oh, Troy's down,
Tall Troy's on fire!)"

His criticism is that the bracketed lines are not connected "in a rational way" with the rest of the verse, and that "Sollier remarks the peculiarity among persons of feeble intellect." The *Nation* observes that he might have remarked it in a song at the end of "Twelfth Night," Shakespeare's favorite play:

"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day."

The first edition of the *Atlantic* for May was exhausted in a few days after it appeared, and a second edition is on the press. The unusual demand is attributed to Percival Lowell's first paper on "The Atmosphere of Mars."

W. T. Stead's first novel will appear in the course of the year, and will be called "A Modern Maid in Modern Babylon." It is the story of the experiences of a young girl who came to London some years ago, and whose adventures are faithfully set down in Mr. Stead's pages.

Spring Announcements.

Among the important spring announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., some of which have already appeared, are:

Lafcadio Hearn's "Out of the East: A Volume of Reviews and Studies in New Japan"; an anonymous volume entitled "As Others Saw Him," an attempt to show how Jesus impressed the Jews of different classes who saw his works and heard his words; "Latin Poetry," by Professor Tyrrell, of the University of Dublin; "Stories of the Foot-Hills," a volume relating to South California, by Mrs. Margaret C. Graham; a book of anecdotes, "Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers," by Joseph A. Willard, clerk of the superior civil court of Boston; "The Story of Christine Rocbefort," by Mrs. Helen Choate Prince, a granddaughter of Rufus Choate; "The Daughters of the Revolution," an historical story, by Charles C. Coffin; "Selected Essays by James Darnestetter," a volume of poems entitled "Cibicora's Tents," by Frank Bolles; "Russian Rambles," by Miss Isabel F. Haggood; nearly forty "After-Dinner and Other Speeches," by ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts; "Ten New England Blossoms, and their Insect Visitors," by Professor Clarence M. Weed, of the New Hampshire Agricultural College; "Letters of Celia Thaxter," edited by Mrs. J. T. Fields; a new volume by Justin Winsor, devoted to "Explorations in the Mississippi Basin"; "The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," in two octavo volumes, containing sixteen portraits of Coleridge and his literary associates; "Critical Sketches of Some of the Federal and Confederate Commanders," including Generals Grant, Thomas, Sherman, McClellan, Hancock, Humphreys, Beauregard, and Stuart, several of the sketches by John C. Ropes, others by General Francis Walker, General Wilson, Colonel Henry Stone, and others; "A Soulless Singer," by Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee; Miss Vida D. Scudder's book announced last autumn, "The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets"; a new edition of Henry D. Minot's "Land Birds and Game Birds of New England," edited by William Brewster; and "Under the Man-Fig Tree," a novel by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, of New Orleans.

Among the books announced for publication this spring by G. P. Putnam's Sons are:

"Julian, Philosopher and Emperor, and the Last Struggle of Paganism Against Christianity," by Alice Gardner, lecturer in Newnham College, Cambridge; "Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy," by Arthur Hassall, of Christ College, Oxford, in the Heroes of the Nations Series; "The Story of Vedic India," by Mrs. Z. A. Ragozin, the new volume in the Story of the Nations Series; Volume V. of "The Writings and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson"; Volume IV. of "The Writings of Thomas Paine," edited by Monroe D. Conway; "Personal Recollections of War Times, 1861-65," by Albert Gallatin Riddle, Member of the House of Representatives from Ohio; "William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the Moderate Man of the Seventeenth Century," by Ruth Putnam, to be issued in two volumes; "Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages," in two volumes, by George Haven Putnam; a new edition of Maspero's "Egyptian Archaeology"; Volume III of Traill's "Social England," covering the progress of the people from the accession of Henry the Seventh to the accession of James the First; "The Relation of Religion to Civil Government in the United States," by Rev. Isaac A. Cornelison; "The Madonna of St. Luke," the story of a portrait by Henrietta Irving Bolton, with an introductory letter by Daniel Huntington; "A Guide to the Aseptic Treatment of Wounds," by Dr. C. Schimmelbusch; new numbers in "The Questions of the Day," one by Dorman B. Eaton, to be entitled "The Problem of Police Legislation," and one by Allen Ripley Foote, to be called "A Sound Currency and Banking System"; "The Armenian Crisis in Turkey," by Frederick Davis Greene, describing the massacre of 1894; Parts II. and III. of "Jusserand's Literary History of the English People," the one covering from the Renaissance to Pope, the other from Pope to the present day; "The Arthurian Epic," a comparative study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman versions of the story, and of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," by S. Humphreys Gurteen; several installments of the "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great," edited by Elbert Hubbard; "The New World, and Other Poems," by Louis J. Block; "The Treasures of Kurin," by Ellen M. H. Gates; a second edition of "The Wind in the

Clearing, and Other Poems," by Robert Cameron Rogers; "An Olio of Verse," by Mary A. and Alice E. Sawtelle; and "A Bank of Violets," by F. H. R. Poole.

Macmillan & Co.'s spring announcements cover almost every field of literature. Among them are:

Karl Károly, author of "Raphael's Madonnas," has prepared a full account of all "The Paintings of Venice," illustrated with photographic reproductions of Venetian masterpieces. An account of a visit of some months' duration made by Marie Fraser to the land where Robert Louis Stevenson lived and died will be entitled "In Stevenson's Land." "Louis Agassiz: His Life, Letters, and Works," written by Jules Marcou, is drawn from correspondence, journals, and personal impressions. A new series will be known as The Rural Science Series, under the expert editorship of Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University. As far as announced, the books in preparation are "The Soil," by Professor F. H. King, of the University of Wisconsin; "Fertility of the Land," by Professors I. P. Roberts and G. C. Watson; "The Apples," by Professor L. H. Bailey; and "The Spraying of Plants," by Professor Lodeman, all of Cornell University. Another work of natural science will be "Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright. Poetry will be represented by a volume of poems by H. C. Beeching, to be entitled "The Paradise of Poetry"; a volume of poems by Arthur C. Benson; and a second series (in a limited edition) of poems by Lord de Tabley; and an important political work will be "Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions in Europe and America," by Charles Borgeaud, translated by C. D. Hazen, Professor of History in Smith College, furnished with an introduction by J. M. Vincent, of Johns Hopkins University. Fiction occupies a conspicuous place in the preparations of the house. Douglas Sladen's novel, "A Japanese Marriage," will deal with the life of the English colony in Japan; "Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott, illustrated by J. Aytton Symington, with an introduction by Mowbray Morris, will be added to the Illustrated Standard Novels; a new edition of the most popular of Rudyard Kipling's Indian tales will be published in connection with some new stories he has just completed, in six uniform volumes, of which the first will be made up of "Soldiers Three," "Story of the Gadsbys," and "Black and White," with additional matter; and the second of "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw,'" "Wee Willie Winkie," and additional matter now published for the first time. A new edition of the novels of Daniel Defoe will be completed in sixteen volumes, the text carefully edited by G. A. Aitken and illustrated by J. B. Yeats; and an edition of "Balzac's Works," brought out under the direct editorship of George Saintsbury, who, in addition to writing a full introduction to the verses and shorter introductions to each novel, will carefully supervise the entire translation. The illustrations will be etchings. The Defoe and the Balzac are to be brought out in connection with J. M. Dent & Co., England. A new edition also is in press of the well-known translation of "Don Quixote," by Mr. H. E. Watts, to fill four volumes, of which the first was issued on March 1st. A fifth and supplementary volume will contain a new biography of Cervantes.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"The Grandee," by Armando Palacio Valdés, a powerful story of the sordid life of a provincial Spanish city, provided with a brief but interesting introduction by Edmund Gosse, is published by George Gottsberger Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Captain Close" and "Sergeant Cressus," two new novelettes of American army life, by Captain Charles King, U. S. A., constitute a single volume of the series of American Novels published in paper covers by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents each.

"Napoleon the Third and Lady Stuart," an account of one of the most lasting *affaires de cœur* of the last emperor of the French, translated from the French of Pierre de Lano, which was noticed some months ago in this column, is published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"A Quaint Spinster," by Frances E. Russell, is a modest little tale of an old maid who founded a "spinsters' home" and otherwise testified by her acts and influence that the state of single blessedness does not necessarily sour the milk of human kindness. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, 60 cents.

"Santa Catalina: An Isle of Summer," by Charles Frederick Holder, the well-known naturalist, furnishes a concise account of the pretty little island across the Santa Barbara Channel. It describes the island's history, climate, sports, and antiquities, and is illustrated from photographs. Published by C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco.

"A Soulless Singer," by Mary Catherine Lee, is a musical novel of a young woman gifted with a good voice, who sings correctly but without feeling: as her singing-master says, "it is not Elsa, it is not Marguerite who sings—it is Mees Montagu." How this musical Galatea is endowed with life may best be learned from the book itself. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"How to Make Money Although a Woman," by Irene W. Hartt—author of "How to Get Married Although a Woman," which ought to be interesting—contains a number of articles on "the dignity of labor," hints on earning pocket-money, the work of women as architects, artists, designers, writers, journalists, type-writers, and other pursuits, and kindred topics. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Armenian Crisis in Turkey" is the title of an up-to-date little book by Frederick Davis Greene, who was for several years a resident in Armenia. It describes the massacre of 1894, and discusses its antecedents and significance, and to this is added a consideration of some of the factors which enter into the solution of this phase of the Eastern question. The book is illustrated from photographs. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Library Catalogue of Books, Manuscripts, and Prints" is a useful blank-book for those possessing a library of two or three thousand volumes. The pages are ruled into divisions, in which are to be entered alphabetically the title, edition, shelf, author, number of volumes, size, date, number of pages, and publisher, with a space for remarks, with a few supplementary pages on which are to be recorded information about books loaned. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$1.50.

A good estimate of Alfred de Musset, as a man and poet, may be made from the "Selections from the Poetry and Comedies of Alfred de Musset," edited by Professor L. Oscar Kuhns, of Wesleyan University. The editor has furnished a brief critical and biographical sketch and a bibliography, and then gives nine examples of De Musset's poetry and three comedies: "A Quoi Révent les Jeunes Filles," "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," and "Un Caprice." The English notes on these selections fill nearly fifty pages. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; price, 90 cents.

"The Tiger Lily," by George Manville Fenn, a story of a young American artist in England who struggles against the advances of a very beautiful Mme. Potiphar; and "A Free Lance in a Far Land," by Herbert Compton, the story of an Englishman who is impressed in the East India Company's service, deserts, is a soldier of fortune, becomes prince of a native state, falls from that high position, and finally is recompensed beyond the dreams of avarice—these are two of the latest English novels republished in this country by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00 each.

"A Man Without a Memory and Other Stories" contains nine short stories by William Henry Shelton, most of which have to do with what has been termed "the late unpleasantness." The initial story, which gives the book its title, is a clever handling of the not very novel theme of a man losing his memory through an injury to his brain, and having it restored, years after, to find that he has led a second life entirely distinct from the first. "The Wedding Journey of Mrs. Zaintree (Born

Greenleaf)" is an amusing tale of haps and mishaps on a bridal tour; and the other stories are "Uncle Obadiah's Uncle Billy," "The Missing Evidence in The People vs. Dangerking," "The Demented Ones," "The Horses that Responded," "Lights Out! 'Lizbeth Rachael," "The Widow of the General," and "The Adventures of Certain Prisoners." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

"English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century" is the title of the latest volume of the late Professor J. A. Froude's works. It contains nine lectures delivered at Oxford in 1893-4, their subjects being as follows: "The Sea Cradle of the Reformation," "John Hawkins and the African Slave Trade," "Sir John Hawkins and Philip the Second," "Drake's Voyage Round the World," "Parties in the State," "The Great Expedition to the West Indies," "Attack on Cadiz," "Sailing of the Armada," and "Defeat of the Armada." The period covered by these lectures is one that has called forth Professor Froude's best powers, and his account of its stirring events is at once philosophical and eloquent. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

"America's Greatest Men and Women: How they Look and What they have Accomplished," comprises two hundred and fifty-six large portraits, reproduced from photographs, each being accompanied by a brief biography of the subject. The first subject is William McKinley, the second Adlai Stevenson, the third Benjamin Harrison, and others are D. B. Hill, W. D. Howells, Chief-Justice Fuller, Ingalls, Julia Ward Howe, President and Mrs. Cleveland, Dewey, Crisp, Reed, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Dana, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Colonel Higginson, Nast, Kate Field, General Schofield, Admiral Benham, Sir John Thompson, Gertrude Atherton, O. W. Holmes, J. W. Mackay, Edison, "Mark Twain," Claus Spreckels, Dr. Parkhurst, Mayor Sutro, J. A. McN. Whistler, and other leading lights of politics, finance, literature, the stage, art, and all branches of activity. The portraits are, as a rule, excellent. Published by the W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago; price, \$4.00.

"Daughters of the Revolution and their Times," by Charles Carleton Coffin, is an historical romance setting forth the events in the history of New England from the fall of 1769, when the irritation in the colonies had been allayed by the repeal of the Stamp Act, to the birth of the new nation in the Declaration of Independence. There is a thread of romance running through it all, but the fictitious scenes and characters are easily distinguishable from those that are historical, and the result is a very vivid presentation of the early history of the revolution. The main purpose of the story is to picture the strong feeling that permeated all classes of society in the colonies, and to show the devotion and heroism of the wives and daughters of the men who fought for independence; and to this end not only is the march of events in the colonies depicted, but the reader is transported to England and there shown the court of George the Third. The sources of Mr. Coffin's inspiration include family letters and records, as well as more generally accessible historical matter. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Actual Africa," by Frank Vincent, is a very comprehensive account of what the author terms "the coming continent." His itinerary probably covered the continent more completely than that of any other traveler who has given us an account of his journeyings. Beginning at the Straits of Gibraltar, Mr. Vincent made an incursion into Morocco, visiting Fez and Mekinez; in Algeria he visited Oran, the Algerian Sahara, and Tunis; and when he reached Egypt, he ascended the Nile beyond the second cataract and into the Nubian country. Returning to Cairo, he sailed down the Red Sea and to Mauritius, thence to Tamatave, across Madagascar, and to Zanzibar on the mainland. From this city he sailed down the coast to Delagoa Bay, touching at Mozambique. He made two trips into the interior of the South African Republic, and saw much of the gold mining and the extraordinary development that has been going on there, and also examined the diamond-fields at Kimberley. Thence he crossed Cape Colony to Cape Town, and there to ship for the Madeira Islands, whence he returned down the west coast to Mossamedes in the Angola country. A long journey into the Congo Free State was the principal break in his return up the coast to Gibraltar, though he touched at all the points of interest on the way and made frequent incursions up from the coast. From this it will be seen that Mr. Vincent has circumnavigated the continent and visited all parts of the interior that are of present interest to the outside world. He has observed and questioned keenly, and, being a graceful writer, his book is entertaining as well as filled with information. The illustrations deserve especial commendation: they are reproduced from excellent photographs, and are very numerous. The book has an index, as well as an analytical table of contents, and is provided with a folding map. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Haddon Chambers's romantic drama, "Captain Swift," is to follow "Sweet Lavender" at the Columbia Theatre.

An elaborate souvenir has been prepared by the management of the Columbia Theatre for the ladies who attend the opening night.

This (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings will see the last two performances of "The American Girl" at the California Theatre. The next play will be "The Bowery Girl."

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the famous "belle siffleuse," who trilled and shrilled her famous whistle at the Orpheum some two years ago, is now entertaining the *habitués* of a Berlin music-hall.

There is a weekly change of programme at the Circus Royal and Venetian Water Carnival. One of the novelties of the first part for next week will be the tight-wire feats of Granjeau and May.

Reilly and Wood's Spectacular Vaudeville Company have been filling the Orpheum nightly during the past week. On Monday night they will present a new comedy, "An Undertaker's Social." Other novelties on the programme are Will H. Fox, a comic pianist, and Meyer Cohen, a California haritone.

The manager of the Comédie-Française, in Paris, has received a petition praying for relief from the tyranny of the theatre-hat, and is contemplating the promulgation of an ukase that shall exclude Gainsboroughs and similar beagear of vast proportions from his theatre. Such a move in Paris would arouse hope and gratitude throughout the civilized world.

Jane Hading has made a hit in the revival of Alexandre Dumas's "La Princesse de Bagdad." She takes the part of Lionette, created in 1887 by Croizette. The play when it was brought out caused an uproar on account of some realistic scenes and had to be withdrawn; but the stage has progressed since then and critics now praise its moral purpose.

Lecocq's charming comic opera, "Heart and Hand," will be produced at the Tivoli next week. It was last heard here ten years ago, when the Abbott company at the Baldwin and the stock company at the Tivoli presented it simultaneously. The cast of the present production is as follows:

The King, Ferris Hartman; Don Gaetan, John J. Raffael; Don Mosquitos, Philip Branson; Morales, Arthur Messmer; Baldomero, George Olmi; Micaela, Tillie Salinger; Donna Scholastica, Fanny Young; Josefa, Gracie Plaisted.

The Harpers and Manager Palmer are keeping such a sharp look-out for infringements of their rights in "Trilby" that those who wish to represent Du Maurier's heroine and her friends on the stage are hard put to it to keep on the right side of the law. The two latest and most ingenious devices are a "Trilby" pantomimic quadrille and a "Trilby" shadow-dance. The first is in "Aladdin, Jr." Svengali, Trilby, and the Laird are easily recognizable by their garb, and the dance concludes with Svengali's death, which is decidedly greswome, according to this account:

"The devisor of the dance follows playwright Potter's lead in making the repulsive Jew the most striking figure in the representation. His dress is soiled, his hair and beard are unkempt, and his features are hideous. When the Jew is about to shuffle off the mortal coil, he runs to the back of the stage and mounts a flight of steps. Then he swoons and falls down these stairs backward, stopping with his head hanging down. But he is not permitted to go off thus from vertigo, but, after a pause, completes his fall by a somersault that brings him to the floor with a thump. His body hounds a foot in the air and the shivering music ceases."

The shadow-dance gives much of the story—in pantomime, of course: "Ben Bolt" and "Au Clair de la Lune" were not copyrighted by Du Maurier, and so they are sung by Trilby—but the effect is marred by the fact that the pantomimists must remain in a line or become huge or small in proportion as they approach the lantern or the curtain.

The dramatic situation in New York is thus concisely stated by the *Sun*:

"There are twenty-four theatres in New York city now open. In sixteen of these theatres, regular performances of plays are given; in eight, diversified or continuous performances make up the bill. The current attractions of the week at the regular theatres are made up almost exclusively of light operatic or farcical plays, and comedies of manners and fashion, plays appealing particularly to the favor of women. At three theatres only, theatres of the cheaper class, are melodramas or sensational pieces presented; at no establishment is

there a tragedy on the bill. At one house is a comedy written by a woman. There has been of late years a visible change in the standard of public entertainments. Some theatre-goers, in discussing the alleged evils of the theatre hat and the laws proposed to abate them, declare that it almost seems as if a majority of the audience were women. They are. This applies particularly to the high-priced orchestra or balcony seats. So long as it was against the prevailing custom for a woman to go to a theatre without male escort, men predominated; but since the fashion in this respect has changed, it is no uncommon thing for two women to go to a theatre together.

"The increased number of women in audiences and the relatively decreased number of men in theatres of the first class have been reflected in the changed standard of taste in these theatres. The boisterous and blood-curdling melodramas of other days, with duels, abductions, combats, and surprises, have given way to gentler plays, studies of conventional life and character, permitting the introduction of elegant furniture, fashionable gowns, and fine accessories. Patriotic plays, plays recalling important episodes in American history are, it must be added, no longer as popular as in the olden time."

The opening of the new Columbia Theatre on Monday night will be an event in the theatrical annals of San Francisco. The theatre is an admirable one in all respects, and the new proprietors, Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob, not only have improved its appearance and convenience, but bring to its management the wisdom of long experience and the vigor of new blood. T. D. Frawley's company is composed of actors and actresses trained in the best organizations of America, and the opening play, "Sweet Lavender," is one of the best Pincro ever wrote. It antedates the morbid problem plays of his later years, and is constructed with the consummate art of which he has long been master.

Last week we printed in this column lists of the theatrical attractions in the leading cities throughout the country, excepting New York. To complete the bird's-eye view of the English drama of the present day, we append lists of the entertainments at the same time in New York and London:

NEW YORK—Mansfield in "Arms and the Man" at the Garrick; Stoddard's illustrated lectures at Daly's; "Bronze living statues" at the Casino; vaudeville at Pastor's; "Fortune" at the Lyceum; "Little Christopher Columbus" at Palmer's; "Trilby" at the Garden Theatre; "His Wife's Father" at the Fifth Avenue; Camille d'Arville in "Madeline" at the Bijou; John Drew in "The Butterflies" at the Harlem Opera House; Joseph Murphy in "Shawn Rhue" at the Columbus; "Captain Paul" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre; Barnum and Bailey's Hippodrome at Madison Square; Abbey and Grau's Opera Company at the Metropolitan; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at Abbey's Theatre; "Too Much Johnson" at the Standard; Hermann at the Academy of Music; "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the Empire; "The Foundling" at Hoyt's; "Living Pictures" at Koster and Bial's; Salvini in "The Three Guardsmen" at the Grand Opera House; Henderson's "Aladdin, Jr." at the Broadway Theatre; Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" at the Herald Square Theatre; Johnstone Bennett in "The Amazons" at the American Theatre; Denman Thompson at the Star Theatre.

LONDON—Esther Palliser and others in English opera at Drury Lane; Henry Irving in "King Arthur" at the Lyceum; Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" at the Garrick; William Terriss and Miss Millward in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" at the Adelphi; George Alexander's company in "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the St. James's; "Fanny" at the Strand; Penley in "Charley's Aunt" at the Globe; Mrs. John Wood in "Vanity Fair" at the Court Theatre; Sardou's "Delia Harding" at the Comedy; Charles Wyndham in "An Ideal Husband" at the Criterion; the Carl Rosa Opera Company in "Hansel and Gretel" at the Savoy; May Yohé in "Dandy Dick Whittington" at the Avenue; "The World Against Her" at the Grand; "The Work Girl" at the Surrey; English opera at the Standard; Eilaine Terriss in Harry Dam's "The Shop Girl" at the Gaiety; Weedon Grossmith in "The Ladies' Idol" at the Vaudeville; "Thorough-Bred" at Toole's; George Edwards's company in "An Artist's Model" at Daly's; Kivalry's spectacle, "The Orient," at Olympia; Olga Brandon in "La Tosca" at the Metropolitan; Callie's "Dorothy" at the Parkhurst; "Our Eldorado" at the New Pavilion; Stevenson and Yardley's "The Passport" at Terry's; "Gentleman Joe" at the Prince of Wales's; "Baron Colash" at the Trafalgar Square; "Claude Duval" at the Elephant and Castle; the World's Greatest Show at the Royal Aquarium; vaudeville at the Palace; vaudeville and living pictures at the Alhambra; ballet and vaudeville at the Empire; Chevalier and vaudeville at the Pavilion.

The supplementary opera season in New York came to an end on Tuesday night, April 30th, in a blaze of glory. Every seat in the house had been sold two days before, but at four in the afternoon the line of those who wanted to buy simple admission tickets was formed in front of the box-office, although it was not to open until seven, and at eight o'clock there were four thousand four hundred persons in the opera-house. It was a long, mixed programme, and the curtain did not go down on the last act of "Aida" until a quarter past twelve o'clock. For fifteen minutes the singers were receiving an ovation, which did not cease even when an impatient gasman turned the lights out at half-past twelve. The orchestra remained full of shouting enthusiasts, and the lights being turned up again, the excitement continued. There was no partisanship among the singers' admirers, the applause and souvenirs being evenly divided among Mmes. Nordica, Eames, and Melba, Mlle. Bauermeister, the De Reszkés, Tamagno, and Maurel. Each of them received enough flowers to fill a cart, Melba was given a gold wreath with the names of her favorite rôles inscribed on the leaves, Jean de Reszké got a silver candle-stick, and for his brother there was a silver fish-fork. Altogether the evening was one to remember.

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Mushrooms. String Beans.
Roast Veal.
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Russian Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Coffee.

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The demand for residence property in the neighborhood of the park has increased greatly during the last year or two on account of the improved transportation facilities, and the auction sales of property in that locality have realized constantly increasing prices. On Thursday next some choice property will be offered for sale by Baldwin & Hammond at their salesroom, No. 10 Montgomery Street. The property consists of thirty-three lots, two blocks from the park, and facing upon Haight, Lott, and Waller Streets, and Masonic Avenue. The Haight Street cars pass the property on one side and the electric cars on another. Intending purchasers would do well to look at this property.

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Will H. Fox, the original Comedian-Pianist, in his
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Reserved seats, 25 cts.; Balcony, 10 cts.; Opera-chairs
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Parquet, 25 cts.; Balcony, 10 cts.; Children any seat,
10 cts.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sardou's income from royalties on his plays is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary Raymond was thrown from a bicycle in Portland the other day and rather painfully injured.

Max Alvary, the tenor, whose real name is Achenbach, speaks five languages, and in his time has been a photographer, blacksmith, carpenter, electrician, architect, and soldier.

Dr. Siemens, the electrician, has his residence in Berlin fitted from cellar to roof with electric appliances, and the dining-room, kitchen, and wine-cellar are connected by an electric-railway system.

Cesare Lombroso, the well-known Italian criminologist, is a Venetian Jew, whose father's name was Aaron Levi. He began by writing tragedies at the age of thirteen, but studied medicine and became a specialist in mental diseases. He is now fifty-nine years old.

Jane Cakebread made her two hundred and seventy-fifth appearance at North London Police Court a few days ago. The charge was creating a disturbance, and when she was sentenced to three months in jail, she told the magistrate he "ought to be ashamed of himself."

Mrs. Fletcher Harper, the widow of the youngest of the four original members of the firm of Harper & Brothers, died on April 16th, after a brief illness, of apoplexy. She had reached the venerable age of eighty-seven. Her maiden name was Jane Freely Lyon, and she was married in 1826.

John D. Rockefeller, the head of the Standard Oil Trust, is credited by a writer in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* with having remarked a while ago that his great ambition in life is to accumulate a fortune of five hundred millions of dollars.

Marie Louise's son by her chamberlain, Count Neipperg, whom she married after Napoleon's death, has just died near Vienna. He was Prince William of Montenuovo, an Italianized form of Neuherr (Neipperg), and was seventy-four years old. He survived his brother, the King of Rome, sixty-three years.

Eighty years ago, Sri Vikrama Rajah Singha, King of Kandy, the last native ruler of Ceylon, was deposed, and Ceylon was added to the British Empire. His grandson has just been appointed a clerk in a government office at Colombo at a salary of six hundred rupees, or about one hundred and eighty dollars, a year.

Bill Nye is a man of very sober demeanor, and rarely cracks jokes outside of newspaper columns. He has been known, however, to play a practical joke on a friend. When Lieutenant Greeley started on his expedition to the North Pole, Nye gave him a sealed box that was not to be opened until he had reached his farthest point north. It contained axle-grease for the pole.

In an article on "Bismarck at Home" in *Leslie's Weekly*, Dr. George W. Hinman writes:

"Among the great men of his day, gallantry was as fashionable as falsehood. Gortchakoff, Skobeleff, Gam-betta, and old Count Thun, with the whole Austrian school of diplomatists, were as proud of their good fortune with women as of their achievements in public life. He knew Eugénie as Mlle. de Montijo and as Empress of the French. He found her the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance, but otherwise remained invulnerable to her charms, criticizing coldly her political intrigues and condemning her influence upon Napoleon. In this respect he showed the indifference and sagacity of a man in love with his wife—qualities which neither his royal master nor his majesty's ambassador, Von der Goltz, was wise enough to imitate in his relations to Eugénie. All the women of the diplomatic and official world left him equally cold, to the end of his career, save when they endeavored to interfere with his plans; then neither the old empress nor the most fascinating beauty of the court was spared, but was rapped over the knuckles and admonished sharply to keep her hands off. Bismarck was the same in Frankfurt, where diplomacy was recognized as a woman's diversion; in Paris, where politics and love-making went hand in hand; and in Berlin, where the temptations, although fewer, were more persistent than abroad. Only one effort was made to involve him in a scandal and blacken his family life. One day, in an Austrian summer resort, he met Pauline Lucrezia in the street during a half-hour pause between dispatches, and allowed a photographer to make a picture of them. The picture has been used periodically ever since by Bismarck's enemies to bolster up suggestions of a scandal, but without success. Nevertheless, Bismarck never again had his picture taken with a woman."

Pinero is said to compose his plays with great rapidity. Like Sardou, he is slow in accumulating material, but when once the time for using it arrives, he writes with remarkable speed, and within three or four weeks the drama is ready for the stage-manager. Pinero is of Portuguese origin, and he is about forty years old. His newest play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," promises to be the greatest of his successes.

Mrs. Leonard Jerome, who died of influenza at Tunbridge Wells recently, was a member of a remarkable family circle. The London *Queen* says:

"Her daughters, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. 'Jack' Leslie, and Mrs. Moreton Frewen, have been better known and more admired in London for the greater part of the last twenty years than perhaps any trio of sisters born in this country, if we except the lovely daughters of the Earl of Faversham. Mrs. Jerome, whose maiden name was Hall, brought her husband, then a rising young business man in New York, a considerable fortune, and, until the outbreak of the

American war, their house was looked upon as an attractive social centre. The war sent Mr. Jerome's family to Paris. There the beautiful little girls, Jennie, Clara, and Léonie, received, under the mother's superintendence, the best training in music and modern languages; and to this, among other things, may be attributed the remarkable social success which has attended them in every part of Europe which they have visited. The Misses Jerome displayed from their earliest youth a great talent for music, and they are not only among the most brilliant amateur pianists in London, but very good musical critics. Lady Randolph has frequently performed in public in the interests of different charities; but Mrs. 'Jack' Leslie has been considered by competent judges to excel her accomplished elder sister, while Mrs. Moreton Frewen has studied the composition and the theory of music with considerable success. In the studios of Paris and elsewhere, petitions have often been made to these beautiful sisters to sit for their portraits; and mention may be made of a charming likeness of Mrs. Moreton Frewen, done by her compatriot, Julian Sturgis. Of Lady Randolph Churchill much has been written lately in connection with the death of her lamented husband. Miss Léonie Jerome, the youngest of the sisters, who is perhaps the most popular and the 'smartest' American who has settled among us, married the son and heir of Sir John Leslie, Bart., of Glasglough, and of Lady Constance Leslie, Lord Portlinton's well-known and gifted daughter. Miss Clara Jerome was to be more closely connected, during her early married life, with the land of her birth than either of her sisters, as Mr. Moreton Frewen, who is a member of an old Sussex family, possesses a pasturage of many hundred acres, with over sixty thousand head of cattle, in one of the valleys of the Rocky Mountains."

Sir Henry Bessemer, known in England as the "Steel King," has just reached his eighty-third year, and is said to be remarkably hale and hearty. Sir Henry is one of the few celebrated men who have never responded to requests for photographs or autographs. He is a modest, retiring man, with all his wealth and fame, and has repeatedly expressed as his ambition, now in the evening of life, to be let alone. He, like Gladstone, is a great believer in manual labor and pedestrianism.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Little Red School-House.

LOS ANGELES, May 1, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The "little red school-house" question in this city is now, and has been for some weeks past, a burning one. The action of the gentlemen of the festa committees who defeated the proposition to place in the school-children's parade that emblem of our public educational system, will long be remembered against them; they have been put on the list of those whose heads will receive a good Protestant and patriotic thump should they ever thrust them forward in this section for popular indorsement or approval in any form. "X. Y. Z." says, in your issue of the twenty-ninth ultimo, that he is a friend of "the above-mentioned symbol," but that he does not think it necessary "to thrust these opinions," etc., *ad nauseam*. He also suggests that the *Argonaut* exhibited a narrow-minded spirit ("quite unworthy of your usual broad standard") in censuring those who were responsible for defeating a project so sensible, so patriotic, and so appropriate.

Of course the *Argonaut* people are keen enough to accept as "taffy" (or "rot" or "rubbish") the little soap I have quoted parenthetically; and the *Argonaut* can readily, and will quickly, place "Mr. X. Y. Z." as either a Romanist or a very poor specimen of a Protestant and patriot.

The fact is that the gentlemen who "turned down" the school-house are weak-kneed brothers who were afraid to proclaim boldly their loyalty to that symbol, and particularly so because they thought that a secret patriotic society stood as sponsor for the project. The *Argonaut* was right in dressing down that class of cravens, and its hot shot hit full in the centre of the subject. But, gentlemen, please do not assume that the bakers' dozen of time-servers, who (in the fullness of a temporary and irresponsible) saw fit to fly in the face of a popular demand, represent Southern California, for they do not. The vast majority of this section (say ninety per cent.) are solidly behind the "little red school-house," and demanded that it should be paraded on Children's Day. "X. Y. Z." is not exact in saying that it did appear. As a float, it was forbidden; and by keeping it covered until after the procession started, he succeeded in introducing it, but not on School Children's Day.

Rest assured, you of the *Argonaut*, that your criticism and denunciation was eminently just and proper, save where, by implication, you placed Southern California on the defensive. We, in this section, do not appreciate those among us (a very small minority) who think, write, or act as did the festa committee or "X. Y. Z.," and we await impatiently the opportunity to demonstrate our opinion of them. A. B. C.

Central-American "Diplomacy."

[The following communication reached us after last week's paper had gone to press, but it so strongly corroborates the views expressed in our article on the Nicaraguan complication, that we print it this week, although the Nicaraguan incident is closed.—Ens.]

LOS GATOS, May 2, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In reading the sensational articles on the Nicaraguan episode in the daily papers, I can not help thinking that if the people of the United States knew a little more about the manners and customs of the Central Americans, they would not be so anxious for this country to go to war for their benefit. I made a voyage in January, 1894, from Panama to San Francisco, and the feeling of the foreigners resident along the coast and of the steamship people was that the Central Americans needed a good thrashing occasionally. They are possessed of a most inordinate self-esteem (of the peacock variety), from the highest in command to the lowest half-naked laborer. I watched the wanton destruction of freight as it was discharged from the steamer into lighters, and asked the mate why he did not interfere and make the lightermen use more care; but he replied that no one could do anything with them, and that if he protested and made a row, they would all go ashore.

I do not know if the following incident has been printed or not, but it shows the kind of diplomatic usage that prevails there. I give it to the best of my recollection, as it was told me by a prominent European diplomat accredited as minister to Central America from one of the great powers. A Pacific Mail steamer called at Amapala, having on board a passenger "wanted" by the president of the country, who ordered the commandante of the port to demand him of the captain, but the latter refused to deliver up the man, and prepared to leave, even without his clearance papers. The president again ordered

the commandante to make the demand, and also to notify the captain that his steamer would be fired on if he attempted to leave with the man on board. The captain still refusing to part with his passenger, the commandante telegraphed his superior for further orders, and suggested that firing on an American steamer was a serious affair. To this the president sent a third dispatch peremptorily ordering him to fire on the steamer if the man was not given up, and added that if he was afraid to do so, he would provide a commandante who was not afraid. To make matters worse diplomatically, the American Minister was among the passengers on the steamer. The commandante did fire a number of shots, but none hit the steamer. Now followed the sort of diplomacy that obtains in Central America, and which is the sort that England will not put up with. As soon as the steamer had been fired upon and missed, and before she could reach the next port where the American Minister could telegraph his report of the outrage, the president himself telegraphed to Washington (to Mr. Cleveland direct, I think), and apologized for the firing on the steamer, which he said had been done without his knowledge or consent, and which he distinctly disavowed! His apology was accepted before the report of our representative had reached Washington, and the incident was closed. Afterward long protests were lodged with the Department of State by those conversant with the facts. The foreign minister told me he had actually seen the telegrams ordering the outrage committed and the mendacious apology. Possibly Mr. Cleveland has recalled this episode, and is not hesitating quite as much sympathy on Nicaragua as some foolish persons would wish. F. H. MCC.

Réjane's after-the-theatre supper is a simple repast as compared with the elaborate "spreads" indulged in at midnight by many actresses. Usually it comprises only a Welsh rarebit or a "golden buck" and a pitcher of beer. The celebrated actress showed a similar thriftiness while she was in New York in the matter of cab hire. Ordinarily she took a cab-car from her hotel to the theatre, and when the weather was fine she frequently walked.

"Soteria" vs. Opium.

DR. J. C. ANTHONY, Chronicle Building, S. F.:
Dear Doctor—You ask me if I can conscientiously recommend "Soteria" for the cure of the morphia "habit." Surely a record of fifteen cases treated, each one a success, is sufficient to warrant me in using the strongest possible terms of commendation. I may say, that in my opinion, "Soteria" will cure the morphia habit immeasurably more unerringly than will cinchona or its alkaloids cure malaria, or, in other words, "Soteria" is a positive antidote for the morphia, opium, or cocaine habits, curing the disease and removing the desire for the drugs. In conclusion, I cannot refrain from urging my medical confrères to give "Soteria" a trial and become convinced of its efficiency as a curative agent. With best wishes, I remain, Yours truly,
E. E. FALL, A. B., M. D.,
March 20, 1895. 1155 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

The Overland Flyer.

The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days.

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Situated on the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. Wednesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock, water-polo is played by clever amateurs. After the polo, there are clever feats of high-diving and somersaults. The baths are open at 6 A. M., for the accommodation of early bathers, until ten o'clock in the evening.

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—WEDDING INVITATIONS AT COOPER'S.

The summer season at Haywards Park opens tomorrow (Sunday), when the first of the regular weekly concerts will be given from eleven A. M. to five P. M. The ride to Haywards and back, on the Oakland, San Leandro, and Haywards Electric Railway, is a delightful one, and constitutes a very pleasant Sunday outing. The cuisine at the Haywards Club-House is excellent.



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Do you know HOW to advertise? You don't attempt to pull your own teeth, make your own clothes, or attend to your own law cases—you employ Specialists, and save money by doing so.

We are Specialists—in Advertising, Planning, Preparing, Placing, Pushing Advertising is our sole business. We have made of it a study and have had long experience. Can we help you? Write for our circular and samples.

WILDER & CO.

621 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO

"UNDER THREE FLAGS"

Monterey, the capital of California, under Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

A collection of exquisite pictures of the old town: the Missions, the Hotel, and Neighborhood.

JUST PUBLISHED

—BY—

W. K. VICKERY,

224 Post St., San Francisco.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES

THE BEST WHEEL ON EARTH.

—ON HAND AT—

SMITH'S CASH STORE, Coast Agents, 414-418 Front St., S. F.

Send for Catalogue. Inspect the Stock.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT. POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS 75 CTS. PER CAN. STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MONARCH BICYCLES



ARE GOOD BICYCLES

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE.

See them before buying your '95 Wheel.

BAKER & HAMILTON

Junction Market, Pine, and Davis Streets. We are the Pacific Coast Delivery for Wright Tires.

VANITY FAIR.

"Julia's tempestuous petticoat" appealed to the sparkling muse of a Herrick. But where is the modern Herrick bold enough to sing of Julia's display of knickerbocker? And will Julia dance to his tunes, not in the mazy country dances she trod with her golden-mouthed bard, but in suitable gyrations wherein the kick shall predominate? For the rare sweet arts of gavotte and minuet are wedded to the petticoat, and the knickerbocker lends itself but to the sailor's hornpipe, or the "cart-wheel" of the aspiring street-arab. What new disease of the soul has sought its cue in the knickerbocker? A writer in *Woman* believes it to be the insatiate overmastering desire for excitement. Julia yearns to be the "latest novelty." But she has no claim to the distinction when she dons her knickerbockers. Woman has hankered after the distinctive garments of the opposite sex from the days of Boadicea to those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Dr. Johnson made a few very trenchant remarks upon the matter; and, about 1770, a lady was officially "rusted" for the offense, and ordered to leave Paris, and remain in the provinces at the discretion of her liege sovereign. Alas! too, for the sentiment of Julia's feet! A dirge may be sung over their dead charms, an elegy wailed for their vanished graces. A poet could not sing melodiously of Julia's bicycle-boots. The "little mice" that "peeped in and out" have gone where all illusions go. Julia's foot, at the end of her stout worsted stocking, could be mistaken for nothing save itself. The element of mysticism, which formerly appertained to her ankle, has been ruthlessly destroyed.

The Metternichs in Paris during the Second Empire made their mark at once by the style of their equipages, their aristocratic mode of spending money, the elegant figure of the Princess, her wondrous *chic*, her air of breeding, her wild spirits, cleverness in repartee, independent ways, and insolence. Her striking but not disagreeable ugliness was also in her favor. It gave one an agreeable shock the first time one saw her. The face hardly seemed human. The flat nose, wide mouth, extending literally from ear to ear, poor forehead, and curious eyes were a survival of far-back Hunnish ancestors on the Sander side. The figure was slender and flexible as a willow rod, and everything she wore suited her. She said and did exactly as she pleased; laid down the social law by going in for social lawlessness to the Empress Eugénie, and made Theresa the fashion by taking lessons from her. Theresa went to the embassy to give them. The princess expressed astonishment at finding the famous singer of the Alcazar "très comme il faut," and Theresa at finding the empress "aussi canaille que moi."

The "new woman" is rampant in conservative Berlin (according to the *Illustrated American*). The Countess Fritz Hohenau is the leader of the smart set. The countess is a cousin of the emperor by a morganatic marriage, and she is a young woman of athletic proclivities. Her latest freak has been to discard the feminine riding-habit. She wears a frock-coat of soft and clinging material, with very long tails. Around the waist is a light leather girdle. The countess's corduroy knickerbockers, very wide, reach over the knees, where they meet with black silk stockings. The latter are hidden from the vulgar gaze by leather leggings of the same color as the girdle. Russet or patent-leather boots, a black velvet jockey-cap or a blue sailor-cap complete the costume. The countess did not show herself in the new dress until she had succeeded in persuading many of her fair sisters to don similar garb. The Berlin police view the innovation with much favor. One of the mounted runaway-catchers said that since ladies had ceased to frighten their own horses by their black skirts fluttering in the wind, the horses showed much less tendency to part company with their riders.

When Lord Terence Blackwood, the son of Lord Dufferin, married Miss Davis, of New York, the diplomatic position of Lord Dufferin made reporting necessary, and a leading Paris paper declared that the choir sang, "O, have faith in the low d'elwey." It takes some seconds for an intelligent and church-bred English reader to decipher from this, "O, have faith in the Lord alway." Commenting on this, a writer in *Leslie's Weekly* says the Frenchman is now beginning to delight in that same Saxon vigor which used to repel him. He has long since adopted the English "rosbif," and "bifteck," and "plum pudding," and "sandwiches"; he is now adopting English games. Our word sport is becoming naturalized there. A paper called *Paris Sport* is devoted to reporting athletics. Thus one reads in his Paris morning paper about "le match," "le record," and "le recordman," "le yachting," and "le book-maker," at the races. In reading of the horse show, one will come upon the expression, "le gentleman rider," and will realize that the English country gentleman, with his devotion to riding, has become to the French an object of the sincerest praise—imitation. For velocipedist, they use an amusing hybrid word, "le veloceman," when the French *jeune fille* is becoming athletic

and independent, like her English sister. "On m'apporte mon coaching-cape," one of them said the other day; "et nous filons au polo." And her fashionable mother has taken to drinking tea, which she pours for her friends at "le five o'clock," pronounced "le fiff o'clock." While a Frenchman in search of recreation will take his family to a restaurant or a café concert, the Englishman will go alone to his club. For the club is the great English institution prevailing among all classes. The French have noted this, and we now often hear them use a verb "clubber," meaning to join in a social gayety. In like manner they have taken the word "speeches," and talk about "les toasts" after dinner, and tell how a man is "blackboulé," meaning, of course, blackballed. The word meeting is almost universally used by them, although hardly recognizable with the French twist to its pronunciation.

The fashionable idea of a fine foot is something quite at variance with the artistic one. Any person who saw the civilized foot only when shod (says the *Basar*) might suppose it was a slender, wedge-shaped thing tapering to a point, and with a most singular projection under the heel-bone. Why we should think that sort of foot fine or desirable is a riddle. Every great sculptor has had a very different opinion. The foot on no fine statue is either slender or small; it is of a size fit to support the figure; it is firm, with rounded muscles, and like that which has never been compressed out of its primitive shape by any slow process of wear. Although the sandal was chiefly worn in the days when the great statues first saw the light, yet the Greek women did wear shoes also, and feet distorted by too close covering were not unknown; but the sculptors perfectly well understood that nothing was gained by disproportion; they made no effort to have the foot small, only to have it perfect. It is in the freedom of the foot the sandal gave that we always fancy Diana and her nymphs and the gods and goddesses moving with fine and elastic tread—the strong, free tread which we sometimes see on the stage.

Some time ago, one of the prettiest young women in the Red Cross Dramatic Association, of East Bridgeport, went to the Rev. Mr. Sherman and asked permission to present a farce entitled "The Coming Woman." She explained to the rector that it would be necessary for the women in the play to wear bloomers. The entire make-up of a Twentieth-Century Woman was to be used. The rector knew of no bloomers except those invented by Mrs. Bloomer, which are pantalettes reaching about to the ankle, and made no objection to them. The young woman did not go into detail about the costume; but on the appointed night the parish building was packed almost to suffocation. After the presentation of a curtain-raiser, "The Coming Woman" was presented. The four young women who took part in the performance wore the latest-style bloomers. Miss Jennie Barber wore a pair of light-brown bloomers of the most approved cut, a cutaway coat, colored vest, and brown derby hat. She seemed to be imbued with the proper masculine ideas. There was a moment of intense surprise when Miss Barber drew from her pocket a cigarette-case, taking therefrom a cigarette. She struck a match in masculine style, and seemed much at home as she blew the smoke into the air. There was a whispering among the women in the audience, while the young men looked on and applauded. The bloomers were surprise enough, but cigarette-smoking was far more than was expected. The suspicion was formed that the young women had become so interested in portraying their characters that they had been rehearsing cigarette-smoking for some time. Miss Ada Hoyt also appeared in a pair of short bloomers. She displayed a freedom from restraint that was charming. The decision of the male part of the audience was that Miss Barber and Miss Hoyt, with their dashing costumes and cigarettes, made the hit of the performance. There is a great difference of opinion among the members of the parish as to the advisability of allowing performances where bloomers and cigarettes play such an important part to be given by the members of the association connected with the church, and in a parish building. The young men want the performance repeated, and promise to pay double price for seats. Mr. Sherman explains his position in the matter by saying that he never thought when the young women asked his permission to give the performance that it would take the turn it did. The young women in the cast say they are willing to do anything for sweet charity's sake.

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Sooty Syrup" for your children while teething.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

Anita.

She's a pretty puss in boots,
With a saucy name that suits
Every glance.
Is it whispered, is it sung,
Still it ripples on the tongue
In a dance.

Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat,
And she talks of this and that
Such a way,
Just to watch her witching blush
Even Socrates would hush
Half a day.

She is not an angel; no!
They are out of place below,
Let us grieve,
Yet perchance there is a wing
Hid beneath that puffy thing
Styled a sleeve.

Her singing makes me think
Of a tricky bobolink
All delight,
With his silver strain aflow
Where the apple-blossoms blow
Pink and white.

Like a wild rose, newly born,
Bursting into bloom at morn,
Dew agleam,
So entrancing is her smile,
Lo, it haunts me all the while
In a dream.

—Samuel Minturn Peck in the *May Century*.

Mimi.

Mimi, do you remember—
Don't get behind your fan—
That morning in September
On the cliffs of Grand Manan;
Where to the shock of Fundy
The topmast harelbells sway,
(Campanula rotundifolia: cf. Gray)?
On the pastures high and level,
That overlook the sea,
Where I wondered what the devil
Those little things could be
That Mimi stooped to gather,
As she strolled across the down,
And held her dress skirt rather—
Oh, now, you needn't frown.

For you know the dew was heavy,
And your boots, I know, were thin;
So a little extra brevity
In skirts was, sure, no sin.
Besides, who minds a cousin?
First, second, even third—
I've kissed 'em by the dozen,
And they never once demurred.

"If one's allowed to ask it,"
Quoth I, "ma belle cousine,
What have you in your basket?"
(Those baskets white and green
The brave Passamaquoddis
Weave out of scented grass,
And sell to tourist bodies
Who through Mount Desert pass.)
You answered, slightly frowning,
"Put down your stupid book—
That everlasting Browning!—
And come and help me look.
Mushroom you spik him English,
I call him champion;
I'll teach you to distinguish
The right kind from the wrong."
—From Professor Beer's "Ways of Yale."

—EYE-GLASSES AND SPECTACLES MADE TO order, in the latest forms, at moderate prices. Henry Kabn & Co., opticians, 642 Market Street.



TRADE MARK Regd.
Battery Street, San Francisco, enjoy the best tea the world produces, of a delicious flavor and quality, at first hand, direct from the blender, at importers' prices, unhampered by the middleman's profit. \$1.00 for gold label, 75 cents for No. 1 yellow label, 60 cents for No. 2 green label.

These teas are put up by Messrs. JOSEPH TETLEY & CO., in lead packages only, and are absolutely pure. Samples sent free on application.

Pacific Coast Agents for

Electrohouse
WATSON & CO.

124 Market Street.

Send for Circulars.



A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costume with booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," mailed for 10c. in stamps.

The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 660, N. Y.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders1,550,588

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
BOYD & DICKSON, San Francisco, Agents, 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE, 401 Montgomery St.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

WILLIAM ALVORN.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY.....Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York.....{Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.
Boston.....{The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
London.....{Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris.....{Messrs. De Rothschild Frères
Virginia City, Nev.....Agency of the Bank of California
Chicago.....{Union National Bank
St. Louis.....{Illinois Trust and Savings Bank
Australia and New Zealand.....Bank of New Zealand
China, Japan, and India.....Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO.

(Incorporated April 25, 1892.)
322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:
GEO. W. SCOTT, President; W. V. VAN ARNSHAGE, Cashier; J. H. Strobridge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F. H. Green, J. M. Haven.
Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

PROF. TOTTEN'S OPINION.

Professor Totten, of Yale College, is one of the most advanced thinkers, reasoners, and Bible students of the age, and all of his scientific works are of the highest standard. On page 228, volume 7, of his work entitled "Our Race," he writes as follows:

"But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electro-poise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agents nor are in any way financially interested in the matter."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A soldier was one morning brought before the commanding officer at the Charleston navy-yard charged with the offense of telling a lie to one of the other officers. After the major had heard the evidence, he said to the culprit: "Do you know what will become of you if you tell lies to your officers?" The soldier quickly replied: "Yes, sir; I shall go to hell." "Worse than that, sir; worse than that," said the commanding officer; "you will be tried by a naval court-martial."

Just previous to the big boom in oil (says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*), a gentleman who knew the condition of affairs and was certain that prices would go away up, went to a friend, who had more ready cash than knowledge of the world, and said: "Friend John, the price of oil is going to go up, so I would advise you to buy ten thousand barrels." "Buy ten thousand barrels of oil?" was the astonished reply of the man addressed, who looked as if he thought his friend was crazy; "why, I don't use a barrel in a year."

Mme. de Chevreuse, a representative of one of the noblest families in France, declined the honor which Napoleon wished to confer on her, that of being maid of honor to his sister-in-law, the Queen of Spain. She afterward became Josephine's *dame du palais*, but always affected to look down on the imperial court. One day, she went to a reception at the Tuileries, blazing with diamonds. "What splendid jewels," remarked Napoleon; "are they all real?" "Mon Dieu! sire, I really don't know, but at any rate they are quite good enough to wear here."

A young man who considers himself a man of resources was once in the act of pressing a young lady to his manly bosom (says the *Chicago Post*), when the young lady's sister entered the room. Of course he desisted at once, but he was not embarrassed. The young lady's sister said "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when he felt that he ought to say something, and say it right away. "Don't go," he said, "we've just been measuring to see which is the taller." She paused in the doorway and looked at them both intently. "You're both about the same height," she said, quietly, "but sister is much the redder." Then she went out.

Bismarck was for some time an official reporter for one of the courts of justice. Upon one occasion, when questioning a witness, the latter made an impudent retort, whereupon the embryo chancellor exclaimed, angrily: "If you are not more respectful, I shall kick you out of the room!" "Young man," said the judge, interrupting the proceedings, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice, and that if there is any kicking to be done, the court will do it!" "Ah, you see," said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me, the court will kick you out of the room. So be careful, very careful, sir!"

A New York boy who was sent into the country by the fresh-air fund last summer was confronted, after a lusty dinner, by a generous piece of apple-pie. As he showed no disposition to partake of it, his temporary host said, kindly: "Why do you not eat your pie?" "Where is the cheese?" asked the gamin, insolently. "We haven't any cheese," was the reply. "H—ll!" exclaimed the little tough, "apple-pie and no cheese!" The farmer afterward said: "I thought he ought to be taught a little good manners while he was in the country, so I took him and a shingle out behind the barn, and he got more 'fresh-air fun' in ten minutes than he had ever had before in his life, I guess. Then he went hack and ate that pie—without cheese, too!"

Charles the Second was altogether in favor of extempore preaching. On one occasion, he asked the famous Stillingfleet, "How it was that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed that he always preached without a book elsewhere?" Stillingfleet answered something about the awe of so noble a congregation, the presence of so great and wise a prince, with which the king himself was very well contented. "But pray," continued Stillingfleet, "will your majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches when you can have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, doctor," replied the king, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

A country justice of the peace called upon a retired attorney some time ago, and, after presenting a statement of facts, asked, as a matter of friendship, for a legal opinion upon them. This the attorney gave. When the attorney had finished, the "squire" rose and said: "Well, those are just the facts in a case I am a-going to try next Saturday in my court, and I knowed you would give me the

right kind of an opinion, so I come to you. The costs in that case will be just seven dollars and a half, and I am willing to divide with you. When I was a candidate, some of the folks in my county 'lowed I didn't know enough to run this office, and I intend to show them that I do. The next case I have I will come to you again, and we will run that court right, or bust a hamstring a-trying." With that the justice of the peace dropped three dollars and seventy-cents on his astonished friend's desk, and took his departure.

The mother of Julia Kavanagh was a woman of great intellectual power and unusual force of character, but even when she was eighty years old she was ashamed of her age. One day she went with her French maid to the cemetery at Nice, to visit the tomb she had erected to her daughter. The two were standing before the stone, when the maid innocently read the inscription. Julia Kavanagh had then been dead seven years, and her age, fifty-four, was of course recorded. "Madame must be very old," remarked the maid. "Old!" exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh; "why should I be old? What do you know about my age?" "Mademoiselle was fifty-four when she died," continued the girl, "and she has been dead some time. Therefore, madame must be very old." Mrs. Kavanagh said nothing, but next day she sent a mason to the cemetery and had the tell-tale figures removed.

Hold the Fort

Against a bilious attack by calling to your aid that puissant ally, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The foe will then be driven back utterly defeated. Dyspepsia, sick headache, malarial, kidney, nervous, and rheumatic trouble yield to the action of this most beneficial of remedies. Take it regularly and you will soon experience its good effects.

— IN VIEW OF THE WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT the use of opiates is rapidly increasing, and that their use once acquired the victim is powerless to free himself, the letter of Dr. Fall, printed elsewhere, would seem to be worthy of consideration by the medical profession.

— FINE ART STATIONERY AT COOPER'S.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Result of an Investigation

--BY--

"PRINTERS' INK."

Printers' Ink is the name of a New York newspaper published by Rowell & Co. and devoted to the interests of advertisers. It tells how to advertise, who are advertising, and what papers are most valuable to advertisers. It is the organ of the dealers in advertising, and is known as the "Little School-master" by advertisers, because it teaches them how to prepare their ads. It is to advertisers what *The Electrician* is to those engaged in any electrical work. Some weeks ago *Printers' Ink* invited prominent advertisers to name the six best papers in America in which to advertise. The invitation was sent to the great advertisers of the country, and fifteen sent responses.

THE EXAMINER and NEW YORK WORLD

Of these fifteen great advertisers seven declared that the San Francisco *Examiner* and New York *World* were the most profitable and desirable advertising mediums.

Six declared in favor of the Chicago *Record* and Atlanta *Constitution*, and three favored the Boston *Globe*, Chicago *Herald*, Washington *Star*, New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Boston *Herald*, and Philadelphia *Record*.

Printers' Ink says: Only two papers were named in more than six of the lists, and these appeared on seven ballots. They were:

San FranciscoEXAMINER | New York..... World

Following the plan originally marked out, it would appear that the best six dailies for a general advertiser are:

New York.....World | Atlanta..... Constitution

San Francisco.....EXAMINER | St. Louis..... Republic

Chicago.....Record | Philadelphia.....Item

Stearns Bicycles.

The STEARNS is the staunchest light wheel built.

The original light wheel! The modern wheel!

ON ROAD OR TRACK

The Stearns LEADS.

E. C. STEARNS & CO.,
304-306 POST STREET, S. F.

DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO.,
City Agents.



\$25 to \$50 per week, to Agents, Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable" Plater. Only practical way to replace rusty and worn hubs, forks, spokes, etc; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing or machinery. Thick plate to do. Operates: lasts 5 to 10 years; one finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plating Stand. For sale large. W. F. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all varieties. 2 1/2-11 lb. Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

THE LATEST WOOLENS
IN BROWN, BRONZE, AND GREEN COLORINGS FOR SPRING.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,
622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Opposite the Palace Hotel.

GATHER THE ITEMS NOW

They make History in the Future.

We take orders for clipping on any subject, including Midwinter Fair.

BUREAU OF PRESS CLIPPING,
325 Dearborn St., Chicago.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets:

SS. Acapulco.....May 8th
SS. Colima.....May 18th
SS. San Blas.....May 28th
SS. San Juan.....June 8th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, May 4, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Sat., May 25, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, June 4, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Monday, June 24, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895.

Gaelic.....Tuesday, May 14

Belgie.....Saturday, June 15

Coptic.....Wednesday, July 3

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at Company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. June 4, 9, 19, 24, July 5, 9, 19, 24.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, May 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Europe, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Wednesday, 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, May 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, May 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....June 19
Germanic.....June 26
Teutonic.....July 3
Britannic.....July 10

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SOCIETY.

The Gillig Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Gillig, Mr. Frank L. Unger, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham arrived here last Monday on the steamer *Gaelic* on their homeward bound journey while en route around the world. They will be here only a few days.

The "Round Table" of the Bohemian Club gave a dinner in honor of the three Bohemians last Tuesday evening at the club.

An elaborate dinner-party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Gillig on Wednesday evening in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club. About a score of ladies and gentlemen were present.

Colonel and Mrs. George W. Macfarlane gave an elaborate dinner-party at the Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu recently to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig; the other guests were Mrs. Alfred Fowler, of London, Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., Mrs. Hasson, Lieutenant and Mrs. Werlich, U. S. N., Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Frank L. Unger, Mrs. Phoebe Macke, Hon. H. A. Widemann, Hon. Paul Neumann, and Hon. E. C. Macfarlane, of Honolulu.

The Blair Lunch-Party.

Miss Jennie Blair gave a lunch-party recently at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Miss Mamie Holbrook. The table decorations were of fluffy snow-balls and ferns arranged on a cover of Nile-green silk edged with lace. The following young ladies enjoyed Miss Blair's hospitality:

Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Ella Hohart, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Faony Crocker, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Goodall, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Miss Isabel McKenna.

The Masten Dinner-Party.

Mr. N. K. Masten celebrated the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birth last Sunday evening by giving a dinner-party at his residence. Seventeen of his descendants and relatives sat around the beautifully decorated table and passed several hours there very pleasantly in the enjoyment of an elaborate menu. Mr. Masten's guests comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Kendall, Dr. and Mrs. Frank P. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Seymour Manning, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Philip K. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Perkins, Miss Masten, Miss Alice H. Masten, and Mr. Louis C. Masten.

A Dinner to Mr. Tubbs.

About twenty-five intimate friends of Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs gave a dinner to him last Tuesday evening at the Pacific-Union Club to commemorate his farewell to bachelorhood. The table was decorated with a wealth of beautiful flowers and a most elaborate menu was served.

The wedding of Mr. Tubbs and Miss Alice Hagar will take place at noon on Thursday, May 16th, at the home of the bride's father, Colonel George Hagar, in Colusa.

The Abbey Cheney Amateurs.

The recital given by the Abbey Cheney Amateurs at the residence of Mrs. George Law Smith last Tuesday evening reflected credit upon the young pianists. Miss Jeannette Wilcox sang "When You are Here Love" in excellent style, and was encored. The "Saltarella," by Vieuxtemps, for piano and violin, was well rendered by Miss Hilda Newman and Mr. John Marquardt. Mr. Albert C. Hooper gave some vocal selections, and Miss Margaret Cameron gave Liszt's "Gondoliera" most satisfactorily. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance. Among those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Dr. and Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Mr. and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mrs. F. N. Woods, Mrs. E. B. Sanborn, Mrs.

Austin Sperry, Miss Bada Sperry, Miss May Hooper, Miss Grace Sanborn, Miss Lottie Woods, Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, Mr. R. K. Wright, Dr. William F. Sharp, Mr. William James, Mr. J. Sanborn, Mr. Taylor, Mr. C. E. Brown, Judge McFarland, and Mr. Austin Sperry.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. George M. Pullman gave an elaborate reception last Tuesday evening at her residence in Chicago in honor of her daughters, Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, of this city, and Miss Florence Pullman. There were about two hundred and fifty guests present in the handsomely decorated rooms, and they enjoyed music and dancing until a late hour, with an intermission for the service of an elaborate supper.

Mrs. Leland Stanford will give a reception on Tuesday, May 28th, at her residence on California Street, in honor of the graduating class of the Leland Stanford Junior University.

Under the management of Mrs. Frances Edgerton and the Misses Withrow, a series of tableaux will be given in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel next Thursday evening.

The graduating exercises of the Van Ness Seminary will be held at Beethoven Hall on Tuesday evening, May 21st. The members of the class of '95 are Miss Daisy Bethel, Miss Ethelbert Louise Morey, Miss Fanny Jeffers Pray, Miss Grace Sabra Tregloan, Miss Irene Rose Ackerman, and Miss Ida Mae Sargent.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club will hold their opening day reception this afternoon and evening at their club-house at Sausalito.

There will be a musical and artistic entertainment at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Wednesday evening, May 22d, under the auspices of members of the San Francisco Art Association.

In order to aid the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, a luncheon will be served from twelve until two o'clock to-day at the nursery, 570 Harrison Street. Afterward an entertainment will be given by the children. An admission fee of fifty cents will be charged.

There has been quite an amusing little episode at the French Embassy in Vienna. A correspondent of *Vogue* gives this account of the affair:

"The present ambassador is a very jovial, popular individual, notoriously fond of high living and of a good table, the perfection of his dinners going far to atone for his *bourgeois* origin and name in the eyes of our exclusive society. Diplomats, as you know, have a right of importing their supplies from abroad duty free, a record, however, being kept by the customs authorities of what they thus bring in. Three years ago, the custom returns showed that no less than thirty-six thousand bottles of champagne and high-priced Bordeaux and Burgundies had been imported for the use of the French Embassy here. In the following year, these figures had mounted up to sixty thousand bottles, which caused an astonishment, not unmingled with awe, on the part of the Austrian fiscal authorities for the extraordinary fabulous capacity of the French Ambassador. But when this spring the returns for the past twelve months showed that more than one hundred thousand bottles of wine had been imported for the use of the French mission during that period, it was felt that there must be a leak of some kind somewhere, and Count Wurmbrandt, during the course of a dinner, commented to chaff M. Lozé on the amount of wine consumed by his embassy. This led to investigation, which resulted in the astounding discovery that one of the chief secretaries of the mission, in addition to his diplomatic duties, had been acting as agent in Austria for three leading French wine-houses, whose cases he imported free of duty under the embassy privilege. He has been sent about his business, and the French Government has repaid to the Austrian treasury the amount of which its customs had been defrauded, reserving to itself the right of recovering the sums involved from the firms concerned."

A late copy of the *Japan Mail* gives an amusing account of the sensation produced at Chin-Chow when the United States cruiser *Yorktown* went there to carry away the ladies and children of the American mission at Wei-Hien. Due notice of the gunboat's visit had been given, together with an explanation that her purpose was entirely peaceful. The Chinese garrisoning the forts at Ching-Tao became so nervous at the presence of a foreign gunboat in the harbor that the entire force abandoned the forts, and sought safety in the country until the vessel departed.

Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury, of San Francisco, is one of the Harvard Class Crew of 1895. The following is a list of the crew, with their weights and positions:

Stroke, Cameron, 160 pounds; 7. Pillsbury, 154 pounds; 6. Pierce, 164 pounds; 5. Thompson, 163 pounds; 4. Green, 170 pounds; 3. Miller, 150 pounds; 2. Copen, 155 pounds; bow, Whiteside, 150 pounds.

Eisenach, the site of the Wartburg, the scene of the singer's battle, and the Venusberg, has been selected as the place for the Richard Wagner museum. A Berlin merchant has given forty thousand marks of the fifty-five thousand that were needed.

The sale of seats for Ysaye's concerts at the Baldwin commenced on Thursday, and at nine o'clock the line of purchasers before the ticket-office contained about thirty persons. Evidently the Ysaye concerts are to be as popular as Sarasate's were.

Miss Ella Partridge will give a piano recital this afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Younger, 1414 California Street, with the assistance of Miss Marie Wilson and Miss Maud Chappell.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

Under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, a concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening. Quite a large audience enjoyed the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Organ, fantasia in B flat, Petri, Mr. Otto Fleissner; arie, "Where'er you Walk," Handel, Mr. Albert C. Hooper; cornet solo, "Inflammatus," Rossini, Miss Pearl Noble; song, "He was a Prince," Lynes, Miss Alice Brannan; violin solo, "Cavatone," op. 25, Hans Sitt, Mr. Henry Heyman; songs, (a) "Chant Venetien," Bemberg, (b) "Summer Evening," Lassen, Mr. Albert C. Hooper; organ, "Wedding Music," West, Mr. Otto Fleissner; "Waltz Song," Mey, Miss Alice Brannan; cornet solo, "Meditation," Lavalley, Miss Pearl Noble; organ, grand postlude in G minor, O. Fleissner, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

Ysaye, the celebrated violinist, will arrive here this morning at noon, and will be tendered a serenade by three hundred musicians at his hotel. Nearly three hundred letters await him here, asking for his autograph. He will be given a dinner and reception at the Bohemian Club next Monday evening; a reception will be tendered to him at the Press Club next Thursday evening; and on next Saturday evening the Musicians' Club will extend the same courtesy to him. Ysaye is accompanied by M. Aimé Lachaume, a pianist who is very highly spoken of. An orchestra of thirty-five musicians will appear at each of the four concerts.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle have arrived in Paris.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne returned to Los Angeles last Sunday after a brief visit here.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cashing were in Paris a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. Henry W. Redington arrived in New York city last week.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss McBean are visiting friends in New York city.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has been visiting friends in Boston during the past fortnight.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is in London.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Mrs. John W. Mackay arrived in New York city from London last Saturday. The trip across the Atlantic was made for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, and Miss Ethel Keeney will pass the summer at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent will pass the summer months at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, *né* Simpkins, are at San Mateo, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Jardine, *né* Bucknall, left last Tuesday for New York, en route to Scotland.

Mr. Charles W. Sutor and Miss Clara Sutor have been visiting Paris during the past two weeks.

Miss Belle Crellin, of Oakland, is residing at 7 Rue de Rome in Paris.

Misses Josephine and Emma Guthrie, of this city, were at the Hotel Powers, in Paris, on April 15th.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Mora Moss, *né* Foulkes, will receive on Tuesdays in May at 2423 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, *né* Decker, are occupying their cottage in Ross Valley, where they will reside during the summer.

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore left last Wednesday for Orange, N. J., to attend the graduation from school of her daughter.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin has returned from a visit to friends in Chicago and New York.

Mrs. John P. Jones left Santa Monica early in the week for New York to join Senator Jones, who is seriously ill.

Mr. W. F. Whittier and Mr. W. R. Whittier have gone to New York en route to Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Fuller will pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., who has been passing a few months at Menlo Park, has gone to Philadelphia to visit his sister.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Hanlon have removed to their new home, corner of Percy Avenue and the county road, in Fruitvale.

Dr. and Mrs. George Martin are visiting friends in New York city.

Mr. Harry E. Hall, of Oakland, has been in New York city during the past two weeks.

Mrs. Edith Cook and her son, Master Clifford Cook, arrived in Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Low and Miss Low will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe will pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis have gone to San Rafael, where they will remain about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will reside at San Rafael during the summer season.

Mr. William L. Gerstle left last Saturday for British Columbia, and will be away about two weeks.

Mr. Herman Liches sailed from New York city for Liverpool last Saturday on the steamer *Campania*.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan arrived at Southampton last Tuesday, en route to Paris to meet their children, who are at school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton arrived in London last Wednesday, and will travel in Europe for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair returned to New York last Wednesday, after a prolonged visit here.

Mrs. J. M. Driscoll and Mr. Thomas A. Driscoll, of this city, were at the Hotel de l'Athénée, in Paris, recently.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury has returned from St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook have closed their residence on Van Ness Avenue, and are at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will leave for San Rafael in about ten days, and will pass the summer there.

Mr. Howard E. Wright and family left last Tuesday for Castle Crag, where they will remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Schloss have rented the Howard Wright place at Froitvale, and will pass the summer there.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N. (retired), has been elected a member of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce in recognition of services he rendered to California while stationed on the Pacific Coast.

Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., now on leave of absence, is at 1535 New Hampshire Avenue, in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as Acting Inspector-General of the Department of California.

Major John S. Witcher, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty in this city from Albuquerque, N. M. Major Witcher was stationed here about ten years ago, and resided in Alameda.

Pay-Inspector W. W. Woodhull, U. S. N., has reported at the Mare Island Navy Yard for duty.

Dr. Walter D. McCaw, U. S. A., who is away on leave of absence, returned from Europe last week, and has been visiting friends in Washington, D. C., Richmond, Va., and New York city recently.

Captain Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., is locating the army exhibit at the Cotton States and International Exhibition in Atlanta, Ga.

Paymaster H. C. Machette, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval station at Key West and ordered to the *Independence*.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster F. T. Arms, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger*, and ordered home, and given three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,

has been ordered to report for duty at the West Point Military Academy on August 29th.

Lieutenant George O. Cross, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is acting as recruiting officer at the Presidio.

Lieutenant W. N. McKelvey, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the marine barracks at Portsmouth, N. H., and ordered to duty on the flag-ship *Baltimore* at Yokohama, Japan.

Commodore E. E. Patten, U. S. N., Governor of the Naval Home at Philadelphia, was retired from active service last Thursday. He was relieved by Captain J. C. Wilson, U. S. N.

Lieutenant James W. Carlin, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of commander.

Lieutenant A. S. McLemore, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to duty on the *Philadelphia*, which is now at Honolulu.

Ensign J. R. Edie, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the *New York*.

Ensign Edward Moale, U. S. N., is passing his leave of absence with his parents, Colonel and Mrs. Moale, U. S. A., at Fort Snelling, Minn.

Les Vins de Champagne.

Under this heading the Paris *Figaro* of February 12th says:

"One of the most important establishments, and called at Reims the pride of 'La Champagne,' no doubt is that of Widow Pommery; the cellars in these buildings are greatly admired by all strangers who visit this beautiful city. In entering the establishment one is astonished at the original architecture; the building is constructed partly of stone and partly of chalk and bricks, and the whole aspect is an imposing and pleasant one; elegant towers elevate toward the sky with an audacity which makes us think of castles of former times. The vast cellars in which the wines are stored are illuminated with electric light, where, among others, one can admire six enormous casks, with curious sculptured staves, one of which containing not less than 50,000 bottles. It will pay well to visit this establishment, which supplies the world with the best product of the Champagne Province. In 1886 the shipments amounted to 45,000 bottles, while now they exceed two and one-half million bottles per annum. The house of Pommery counts among its clients the best classes of all civilized countries, and this brand commands the highest price."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.
"Aw—why do you make your own cigarettes?"
"My—aw—doctor ordered me some light exer-
cise."—*Pall Mall Budget.*
Mrs. Figg—"Why do you let me call you three
times before you answer?" Tommy—"Cause I
dassent make you stop."—*Indianapolis Journal.*
"How do you happen to be called Jack?"
"Oh, it is just a nickname." "I didn't know but
that it was an abbreviation."—*Indianapolis Journal.*
Nervous employer—"I don't pay you for
whistling." Office boy—"That's all right, sir. I
can't whistle well enough yet to charge extra for it."
—*Truth.*
Book keeper—"I see by the paper that our cus-
tomer, Scudkins, is married." Fashionable tailor
—"Indeed! I shall be sorry to lose him."—
Clothier and Furnisher.
Sub-editor—"How is Pennington on spelling,
anyway?" Editor—"Well, he is a little too quait
for ordinary English, and not quait enough for
dialect."—*Somerville Journal.*
On the Japanese warship: First officer—"There's
a cruiser reported a little ahead." Second officer—
"Chinese?" First officer—"No, sir. She's
headed this way."—*Sing Sing Courier.*
"Now," said Li Hung Chang, "let us definitely
understand the terms of the treaty." "Certainly,"
replied the Mikado; "that's very simple. The
terms of the treaty are cash."—*Washington Star.*

"In all my career," said the eminent statesman,
"I can say that I have never done anything to be
ashamed of." "You mean," sneered the cynic,
"that you have never done anything you were
ashamed of."—*Indianapolis Journal.*
Dr. Kyllem—"You have heard that the late Mr.
Goldmore remembered me in his will? You knew
him, I think?" Dr. Pyllum (formerly the de-
ceased's medical adviser)—"I knew him some
years ago, and I knew him well, sir."—*Puck.*

Brown (who is engaging maid in last wife's ab-
sence)—"And why did you leave your last place?"
Comely applicant—"Well, sir, it—it was for
kissing master, sir." Brown—"Ahem! You—
h'm—may consider yourself engaged."—*Pick-Me-
Up.*

Gipsy (telling an elderly coquette's fortune from
the lines of her hand)—"I am sorry to tell the
young lady that she will pass through a serious ill-
ness in her twentieth year." Lady—"Good gra-
cious!" (Sighs and gives the gipsy a dollar.)—
Fliegende Blätter.

Man on horseback—"Hallo! old man; given up
riding?" Man on foot—"Well, the fact is, my
doctor says that I am getting too fat, and advises
me to take short, quick runs during the day. But
I want some object to run for." Man on horseback
—"Buy a straw hat."—*Sketch.*

The dinner-bour having arrived, the cannihals
approached the captive. "Prepare," thundered
the chieftain, "to die!" The maiden's lip curled.
"Aw, go chase yerself!" she haughtily rejoined.
The savages exchanged startled glances. "She is
certainly tough," they cried, and fled in dismay.—
Puck.

Bank president (after the defalcation)—"No,
really, I can not say that there is any one against
whom we can bring a charge. But there is Adder-
ton, come to think of it; we have always heeu
more or less suspicious of him." Police officer—
"But I don't know as I care to see Adderton.
Isn't there somebody about the place in whom you
have always had implicit confidence, whom you
have always trusted? Yes? Well, that's the man
I want to see."—*Boston Transcript.*

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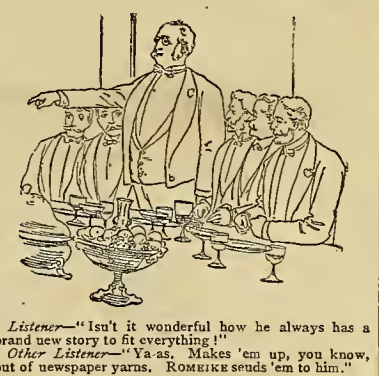
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The intense interest that is being taken throughout the country, particularly in the West, in the currency question, is most extraordinary. The question is a complicated one. It is abstruse. It is not easy to understand. But the mass of the people seem to have taken it up, and are studying it with inexplicable enthusiasm. The latest indication of the interest felt is the announcement from Chicago that W. H. Harvey, otherwise known as "Coin," is to have a debate with a leading gold-standard man, Professor J. L. Laughlin, of the Chicago University, to take place at the Illinois Club next week. This W. H. Harvey is the author of the little book, "Coin's Financial School," which, to the amazement of publishers, is now selling by the hundreds of thousands of copies. Harvey's book is a curiosity, inasmuch as it is written as if intended for school children. Although it contains masses of statistics, it is interlarded with curious illustrations, such as a woman representing "silver" being stabbed in the back by well-known gold men. The book purports to be a series

of lectures delivered by a little school-master called "Coin," and among his pupils are numbers of the leading bankers, newspaper men, and well-known gold men of Chicago. These address questions to "Coin," or rather he puts questions into their mouths, to which he replies, a well-known rhetorical expedient which is not without its desirable side. The book is filled with historical citations tending to prove that in the early days of this republic silver was the unit instead of gold. It also contains a number of tables showing that the price of wheat has declined simultaneously with the price of silver. Numerous extracts are made from United States statutes, reports of monetary commissions, and similar documents, and on the whole Mr. Harvey makes out what is on the face of it a very good case, tending to show that there has been "a conspiracy to demonetize silver."

The wide circulation of the book has evidently caused great excitement among the gold men, and a number of answers have been written. The most able, probably, is that called "Coin's Financial Fool," by Horace White, of the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. White has some difficulty in replying to the questions of "Coin," but when it comes to his citations, he rather tangles Mr. Harvey up. He says, for example, that a report credited to the United States Monetary Commission of 1873 by "Coin" is a forgery. When "Coin" replied that this was due to a typographical error and that it should have been the report of 1876, Mr. White prints the passage from that report used by "Coin," and shows that it is much garbled. Mr. White makes much of the fact that "Coin" claimed among the pupils at his school Banker John R. Walsh, Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin, and Banker L. J. Gage. He denies that they attended any such lectures or asked any of the questions that were put in their mouths. This is rather outside the issue. Nobody supposed that they had. To the most rudimentary mind it is apparent that the lectures are imaginary.

As we said, however, the most striking thing about this controversy is the intense interest taken in it by the public, and the avidity with which they follow discussions binging on the construction of old laws and the fractional prices of agricultural products as compared with the ratios of the precious metals. Another striking point is the diametrically opposed opinions held by very intelligent men on matters that should apparently be easily determined. For example, in Chicago, a fortnight ago, ex-Mayor Hopkins asserted at the Iroquois Club that "silver alone was the unit of value from 1792 to 1872." This was disputed by Attorney W. S. Forrest, who made him a wager of two to one that his authority was erroneous. Judge W. H. Vincent was chosen to decide which was correct. For the next few days the referee was inundated with written statements and arguments by the silver men, and he finally decided to bear all the statements to be made about the matter, and to file a written opinion.

Here was a case where two honest and sincere men differed radically on a question in the history of American finance, about which one would think there could be no doubt whatever. They also found that the man to whom they referred the matter, himself a judge, was unable to decide the matter for a number of days, and until he had heard elaborate arguments. All of this would seem to show that there is something to be said on both sides, and that men may very honestly entertain opposing views. It is, therefore, not in order for the silver men to denounce the gold men as "disonest," or for the gold men to call the silver men "knaves."

Next week there is to meet a Democratic convention in Illinois which will attempt to pledge the party in that State to free-silver coinage. The following week there is to meet at Memphis a convention of representative men from all over the South which will endeavor to commit the Southern Democracy to the monometallic gold standard of Mr. Cleveland. This would seem to show that the Democracy is hopelessly divided upon the question. That there is also division in the ranks of the Republican party is beyond

question. Looking over some threescore newspapers at random, it may be interesting to notice how they are divided:

Democratic Newspapers: Sixteen for gold, nine for silver.—Brooklyn Eagle, gold; New York World, gold; Boston Post, uncertain; New York Mercury, silver; Pittsburg Post, gold; Cleveland Plain Dealer, silver; Indianapolis Sentinel, silver; Terre Haute Gazette, gold; Detroit Free Press, gold; Milwaukee Journal, gold; Minneapolis Times, gold; St. Paul Globe, gold; Omaha World-Herald, silver; Salt Lake Herald, silver; Louisville Courier-Journal, gold; Baltimore Sun, gold; Atlanta Constitution, silver; Savannah News, gold; Nashville American, silver; Chattanooga Times, gold; Mobile Register, gold; Memphis Commercial Appeal, silver; New Orleans States, gold; St. Louis Republic, gold; Dallas Galveston News, gold; San Francisco Examiner, silver.

Republican Newspapers: Twelve for gold, six for silver.—New York Tribune, gold; Buffalo Commercial, gold; Hartford Courant, gold; Boston Traveller, gold; Portland Express, silver; Philadelphia North American, uncertain; Baltimore American, gold; Cincinnati Times-Star, gold; Milwaukee Wisconsin, gold; Indianapolis Journal, gold; St. Paul Pioneer Press, gold; Kansas City Journal, silver; Omaha Bee, gold; St. Louis Globe-Democrat, gold; Salt Lake Tribune, silver; Denver Republican, silver; San Francisco Chronicle, silver; San Francisco Call, silver; Portland Oregonian, gold.

Independent Newspapers: Nine for gold, two for silver.—Boston Herald, gold; Springfield Republican, gold; New York Evening Post, gold; Philadelphia Times, gold; Philadelphia American, silver; Baltimore Herald, gold; Washington Post, gold; Washington Times, gold; Indianapolis News, gold; Chicago Record, gold; Salt Lake City News, silver.

From the foregoing list it may be seen that, generally speaking, the Far West and the South are for silver, regardless of party, but that in both parties the gold papers outnumber the silver papers nearly two to one.

We note by the cablegrams that the Prussian Upper House has just appointed delegates to attend the International Monetary Conference. Both the Upper and Lower Houses of the Reichstag have now appointed delegates. The American Senate and the American House have also appointed delegates. All that is wanting to complete the delegation from this country is for President Cleveland to appoint his share of the delegation. Still he shows a most unaccountable hesitation to act. Yet the coming conference can not commit this country to free silver, nor would it do more than to fix a ratio on which the world could resume international bimetalism—something which every country seems to desire, with the possible exception of England. Yet Mr. Cleveland hesitates. It is evident that he is more than friendly to gold—he is hostile to silver.

While American millionaires are sending their daughters to Europe to become the brides of impecunious noblemen, Europe is returning the compliment by exporting to this country relics of saints, which do not enrich us, but which fortify the faith of good Roman Catholics. The house of the Benedictine fathers on One Hundred and Fifty-Second Street, New York, has just received from Bavaria the remains of St. Peregrinus, which are considered the finest relic in America, as the body of the saint has all of its fingers and toes.

St. Peregrinus is said by churchmen to have suffered martyrdom at Rome, under Commodus, in the year 185. Lucian gives a different account of the saint. He says that he was a crank, who was consumed by a morbid appetite for notoriety, and therefore burned himself alive. This seems improbable. On the other hand, churchmen aver that Peregrinus suffered regular martyrdom; he was stretched on the rack, beaten with clubs, pieces were torn from his sides with books, and he was finally scourged with leaden scourges till he died. Of one thing alone the reader may be certain: If he ever lived, he died. His body, according to the church chronicle, was deposited in the catacombs, where it lay undisturbed until 1731. There it was found in fine preservation, having been miraculously protected from decay for the trifling period of fifteen hundred and forty-six years, and was transported by its finder to a Benedictine monastery at Neustadt, in Bavaria, where it has lain until lately.

The Bavarians have always thought a good deal of Peregrinus. He was wrapped in white silk, bound with silver threads. The robe was studded with precious stones, rubies, pearls, amethysts, and emeralds, to the number of three or four hundred. Three-fourths of each finger were inclosed in jeweled rings; a silver crown, incrustated with jewels, rested on his head. On the fourth Sunday after Easter, a solemn mass was always celebrated in his honor.

and Bavarians from far and wide came to pay homage to him and to pray for his intercession.

How the Count von Lowenstein, who is Lord of the Manor of Neustadt, and the Bishop of Wurtzberg, in whose diocese it stands, consented to part with so precious a relic, is not stated; but they seem to have done so, and the saint, in a stout pine box six feet long, and closed with two padlocks, was conveyed to New York in one of the steamers of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd, and was duly entered at the custom-house as "a saint" and non-dutiable. Peregrinus is to be set up in a shrine which a wealthy Roman Catholic proposes to donate to the Benedictine Church, there to await the decree of beatification which will precede the canonization expected from the Pope. After he has been canonized, he will be free to perform miracles; for the miraculous preservation of his body for nearly sixteen hundred years, and its escape from combustion when the Benedictine Church was burned in 1854, were miracles of which Peregrinus himself can not fairly claim the credit.

In reading such a narrative as this, the reader has to pull himself together to make sure that he is living in the nineteenth century, and near the end of that. The story reads like a mediæval chronicle, when the devil in person mixed with mankind with his forked hoof and his switching tail, and invited his friends to drink boiling punch out of red-hot goblets. The legends of the Rhine are full of such stories; they fill us with admiration for the exuberance of the fancy of the old German romances. The story of Peregrinus, queer as it is, is of the same age as the tale of the architect of the Cathedral of Cologne, who got his plan from the devil, and fooled him out of his promised guerdon of a human soul by waving in his face the thumb-bone of one of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. They are pleasant reading, these old legends; they teach us that in the old dark days the imagination was as lively as it is now, perhaps livelier; but what have they to do with religion in an age of fact and truth? Do the Roman Catholics want to convince us that their faith rests upon a foundation of fairy tales?

All this business of delusion and superstition hangs together. It is all an appeal to human credulity to relieve the impossible. The faith which accepts the cure of organic disease by immersion in the Grotto of Lourdes prompts acquiescence in a fable which avers that a non-mummified corpse lay fifteen hundred years in a damp cave in the earth without suffering decay, and that the body of a man, whose existence is doubtful and whose end is a matter of controversy, has been resurrected in the nineteenth century to be a vehicle of communication with the Almighty. Such preposterous superstitions are worthy of the Matabele medicine men, who beat the tomtom to produce a shower of rain.

A statement has recently been published to the effect that the Chinese miners in California, working in the old, abandoned placers, annually clean up nearly half a million dollars. This statement is based upon estimates that are as nearly accurate as possible, but it probably understates the case. The Chinese are extremely secretive, and any information in regard to their operations must be obtained indirectly. An average for several years taken from the records of the mint shows that the Chinese deposit \$40,000 a month for eight months in the year, and the records of Wells, Fargo & Co. and the leading banks increase this monthly output by \$20,000. This represents an annual production of \$480,000, and it is impossible to learn how much more is washed out of the gold-bearing gravels of the Sierras and finds its way to the mint through other channels. A short time ago, it was reported that a single Chinese miner brought \$25,000 worth of gold-dust to an Oregon bank, the result of his own washing, and similar reports come from time to time.

In order to appreciate the full significance of this, it is necessary to remember that these Chinese are working in the placer districts that have been abandoned by white men for many years on the supposition that they were worked out, and would no longer pay wages. In the early days of gold mining in this State, these placers were staked out into claims, and practically all the gold that was produced was washed out in pans, rockers, or sluices from their rich gravel. The fine and coarse gold had for centuries been washed from the hill-sides by the winters' rains into the streams, and then carried far from their original resting-places by the winters' torrents. When this vast accumulation began to be worked out, the miners came to realize that they had been working only the overflow of the gold-fields, while the immensely greater deposits from which they had been washed remained untouched. Then the powerful streams of the hydraulic pipes were turned upon the hill-sides to supplant the slower action of the rains, and mining became a great industry. Later, shafts were sunk to the ancient river beds, that had been buried for centuries, and to the gold-bearing ledges hidden far beneath the surface of the earth. Perhaps the most astonishing feature of this development has been the establishment of the fact that the

supply of gold is apparently inexhaustible. Throughout the State prospectors are out with pick and pan, and daily reporting the discovery of promising prospects; daily the mines that are being developed are reporting the finding of rich deposits of ore; old mines, work on which has been stopped for years for lack of capital or awaiting improved methods, are re-opened and are paying large dividends. The London *Mining Journal*, commenting on the recent progress of gold mining in California in a recent leading editorial, says:

"It is interesting, as well as significant, to note that the three properties now producing the largest amount of gold per annum are all mines which were abandoned some years ago when the conditions were different; but, being thoroughly equipped and exploited by the re-investment of capital, were re-opened and successfully worked."

It was from one of these three mines—the Kennedy—that a half ton of rock was taken last month that yielded \$130,000.

How much yet remains to be exploited of the gold-fields of California is indicated by the discovery of an ancient river-bed in Riverside County, reported in the last report of the State Mining Bureau. It was discovered by the field-assistants of the Mining Bureau, and has been traced by them for a distance of twenty miles. The source of the river is unknown, as is its extent, but the auriferous gravel deposit, where traced, was found to be several hundred feet in width and from one hundred to three hundred feet in thickness.

The editorial in the London *Mining Journal* already referred to is an appreciative discussion of the situation and outlook of gold mining in California, evidently based upon the information that has appeared in these columns from time to time. It is particularly gratifying to have the attention of English capitalists thus turned to California at the present time, for all London has gone mad over the South African gold-fields. How general and how extreme this craze is may be gathered from the following extract from an editorial prospectus of one of the South African companies that appeared in the most conservative mining journal in London:

"The claims have been reported on by Mr. Pizzighelli, the government surveyor. A crushing of seventy tons of ore from the Royal Sheba ground is stated by him to have yielded over thirteen pennyweights to the ton. Taking it at the lowest estimate of ten pennyweights per ton, the following forecast may be regarded as moderate: Ten stamps will crush 40 tons per day, and working 300 days per year equals 12,000 tons, producing 6,000 ounces of gold at £3 17s. 6d. per ounce, £23,250 (\$112,530); working expenses on 12,000 tons at 12s. per ton, £7,200 (\$34,848); gross profit, £16,050 (\$77,682). This profit, after deducting £3,550 (\$17,182) for reasonable depreciation and management expenses, would leave £12,500 (\$60,500) net profit—sufficient to pay a dividend of twenty-five per cent. on the entire capital of the company."

This estimate, which is moderate when compared with some of the others, certainly justifies the enthusiasm of capitalists if it is trustworthy. The increase in the production of gold in South Africa (thirty-seven per cent. in 1894), should it be continued, would also justify the enthusiasm. As stated some weeks ago in these columns, Hamilton Smith estimated that the output would increase for five years, when a maximum annual output of \$62,500,000 might be expected. Unfortunately, however, the detailed figures of output do not sustain this forecast. It is true that the increased output in 1894 was one-third greater than in 1893, but this increase was obtained from the treatment of sixty-three per cent. more ore. While more ore was treated, each ton produced less gold than formerly, and this decrease in richness has been continuing for several years. Professor Suess, the Vienna geologist, has compiled data from the twelve leading mines which shows this in a striking manner. The yield in pennyweights per ton for 1889, 1890, 1891, and 1894 is taken, and the following figures show how great the falling-off has been: City and Suburban, 30, 15, 12, 8; Durban Roodeport, 25, 18½, 11½, 9½; Robinson, 52, 30½, 23, 19½. The average production of these twelve mines for each of the four years is 23, 17½, 14, 11. Thus, while the output of ore was largely increased, the return from each ton of ore has decreased more than one-half in six years.

This may be partly due to the working of lower-grade ores, but it must be remembered that the mines selected are the largest and best producers in that part of the country. The mining men of California are chiefly interested in these facts, because of the effect they are to have upon the mining industry in this State. The annual output here is limited only by the amount of capital that can be procured for development. With the abnormal excitement and speculation in South African securities now seen in London, a crash is inevitable sooner or later. That crash will affect unfavorably the mining industry throughout the world, and California will suffer from it with the rest. The discouragement of such speculation therefore becomes a duty, and this is best performed by letting the world know the opportunities for legitimate and profitable investment in the mines of this State.

The cable summary of the treaty of peace between Japan and China will probably be found to accord with the official

document in all particulars except the cession of the Liao Tong peninsula, which Japan has relinquished at the request of Russia. China recognizes the independence of Corea, cedes the island of Formosa and the Pescadores group, pays an indemnity of two hundred millions of taels, extends to Japan all the privileges heretofore conceded to European powers in China, opens to Japanese ships the ports of Shershib, Chung King, Hang Chow, and Foo Chow, and concedes to the Japanese the right of manufacturing in China, and of taking Japanese goods into China without special tax. With the exception of the indemnity, these terms can not be considered onerous; indeed, the concessions extorted from China will in the end be beneficial to her.

The indemnity is rather a puzzle. What "200,000,000 taels" are worth it is difficult to say. The tael is not a coin, but a weight. The silver tael measured in gold is worth to-day about seventy cents in our money, which would make the indemnity, if payable in silver but measured in gold, amount to about \$140,000,000. A high Japanese official, in reply to an inquiry whether the indemnity was to be paid in gold or in silver, declined to state. He probably did not know. Indeed, that is a question which time alone can solve. It is difficult to see where China could get the gold to pay such a sum to Japan. Then the question would arise, if it is paid in silver, whether the silver should be taken at its bullion value in gold or at its coinage value in the bimetallic countries, among which both Japan and China are included.

It is not believed that history contains any precedent for the transfer of so large a sum of money in actual coin or its equivalent from one country to another. In the old days, conquerors stripped banks and treasuries of their contents; thus, the Goths, when they swooped down on Rome, loaded the treasure of the tax-gatherers and of the churches into wagons and hauled them away. When Napoleon stripped Italy and Germany, the transfer was disguised by the opening of bank credits for the army. Little money actually changed hands. When Germany levied her tribute of \$1,000,000,000 on France, the operation was effected through the intervention of bank credits; large sums of money, derived from the proceeds of taxes and the sales of rentes, were paid into the Bank of France and the Bank of England; against these deposits the Bank of Berlin drew, and with the proceeds of the drafts Germany paid debts which had been long due, undertook works of public improvement, constructed factories, and embellished her cities. Little actual coin was moved from place to place.

The transfer of the indemnity from China to Japan will have to be a very different affair. There are no government banks in China—the banks there are foreign institutions, and it is hardly likely that the government at Peking would intrust them with twenty, or thirty, or forty millions of public money to be drawn against by Japan. Up to the present time China's financial operations have been on a modest scale. She has borrowed from time to time a million or two millions sterling, and has stopped there. The loan has been paid out of the customs duties through the agency of Sir Robert Hart. This is a picaresque business in comparison with the raising and paying over of fifty millions a year for a term of years.

Of course, the taxable capacity of the empire is vast. In the bulk of the Chinese provinces there is an immense quantity of taxable property. But it is mostly in the shape of improved land. There are no valuable buildings or other public improvements upon which the government could levy. There are no railroads, or canals, or fleets of steamers, or accumulations of factories which could be called upon for a million or two each year. There are no financial institutions which could advance money in advance of tax collections. Perhaps one-fourth or one-third of the annual indemnity payment might be derived from customs duties; the rest would have to come from the land tax or a new poll tax. At the present time, a considerable proportion of the land tax is paid in kind; Japan would probably decline to accept tea or rice, of both of which she has a surplus, in lieu of dollars; and unless an entirely new system of tax collection were adopted, the proceeds of the poll tax would not be heavy.

The resource of creating a national debt is left. China's credit is good—rather because she has figured so rarely as a borrower than because her means and her probity are widely known. It would probably be easy for the empire to borrow the first installment of the indemnity, say fifty millions. But no prudent banking syndicate would undertake to negotiate a first issue of bonds without having some notion how subsequent installments of the debt were to be met. If China begins by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, she will adhere to this simple and easy way of liquidating her liabilities to the end. If the government exhibited any vigor or promise of life, capitalists might feel some confidence that it would enforce the collection of taxes to meet the interest on its bonds and to pay part of the principal. But the im-

perial authorities at Peking are so phenomenally weak that they could not induce the provinces to dispatch troops for the defense of the capital. What prospect is there that they could compel these provinces to pay their share of the interest and principal of a national debt?

In adjusting the terms of the treaty, the Japanese plenipotentiaries took as their model certain recent treaties between European powers. China and Japan occupy very different ground. In dealing with the former, it is futile to demand more than she can fulfill, and it may be feared that this is what the Japanese have done.

One of the unanswerable arguments against woman suffrage is this—that in a government by the people the voter must be prepared, in certain contingencies, to back up his ballot by a bullet—that behind a court there must be a power, behind a law there must be a penalty, behind a ballot there must be a man. Yet Mrs. Ellen Battelle Dietrick, who is described as the chairman, or chairwoman, of the National Press Committee of the American Woman Suffrage Association, has just published a paper in which she maintains that government does not rest on physical force. Mrs. Dietrick's paper does not prove her contention, but it does prove that some women are woefully lacking in the logical faculty. The lady quotes from Greek history and from Blackstone; she dips into astronomy; she cites the Constitution of the United States; but she never approaches the issue before her, which is whether governments can be maintained without a possible appeal to force in case of assault, from without or from within.

The true philosophy of the matter is that governments may be theoretically based on reason, but that reason can only be maintained by an appeal to force in case of necessity. Whenever a government is unable to put down an insurrection by force of arms, it may be the most reasonable government in the world, but it is liable to be overthrown, and replaced by a successor stronger than itself. The old adage that God—that is to say, authority—is always on the side of the biggest battalions is as true now as it ever was.

This is demonstrated by history, ancient and modern. It has constantly happened that the cause of justice would have been trampled to the dust if it had relied for success on its abstract merits, and that it prevailed only when it was backed up by brute force. If the Americans had not mustered in sufficient force to defeat the English soldiery and their Hessian allies in the War of the Revolution, the principle would have been established, at least for a time, that taxation was lawful without representation. If Washington had not called fifteen thousand veterans into the field to suppress the "whisky insurrection," the right of the government to raise revenue by imposing an excise on distilled spirits would have been authoritatively denied. If Jackson had not inflicted at New Orleans a death-blow to British schemes of aggression, Mrs. Ellen Battelle Dietrick would to-day be talking through a British bonnet instead of an American one. If the North had believed in her ideas when the South fired on Fort Sumter in 1861, human slavery would still continue on our soil, and there would be two jealous republics here instead of one united country. If the march of United States troops into Alleghany County, Pa., in 1877, had not cowed the insurgents at Pittsburgh, the principle would have been established that mobs could run railroads. If Federal troops had not been detailed to support the State and city militia at Chicago in 1894, the law would have been laid down that the whisky-cured demagogue Debs was Dictator of America. In all these cases the government, without using physical force, would have been a failure.

Force is the real basis of all government. Nations are built up by the development of principles; but the principles remain abstract theories until a machinery is created to assert them in the shape of policemen, militia-men, and, in the last resort, an army equipped for service in the field. In a free country, this machinery is under the orders of officials elected by the people, and executes the will of the people; in despotisms, the machinery is set in motion by the despot; but in both cases it is the *ultima ratio* which constitutes the essential prop of government.

Hence it is that opponents of female suffrage argue that women should not vote, because they can not fight. Nature has created a disparity between the sexes which women should remember when they demand absolute political equality. If men ever conclude to place women on a footing of absolute equality, such as is guaranteed to them by the new constitution of Wyoming, it will be a stretch of male generosity, based on the belief that their co-operation in political work will be such a benefit that society can afford to overlook their helplessness in times of trouble, when appeal is made to arms. But when times of trouble came, particularly internecine trouble, and when women were ranged against men, such gallantry would disappear. Men would hold them to strict

account for their actions, as they do other men. And if, through a majority of women's votes, a portion of this Union should be forced into secession, how could reasoning men in the seceding section be bound by such action, when those who caused it were irresponsible creatures who could vote for secession, but could not back up their action with "physical force"?

Dr. Alfred Momerie, who is a professor at King's College, London, has just left San Francisco, where he has been lecturing for some time. The fact that Dr. Momerie in his historical lectures did not hesitate, when necessary, to tell the truth about Romanism excited the ire of the Roman priesthood in this city, but this will not lower him in the eyes of those who are lovers of truth.

In fact, frankness is one of the striking points in Dr. Momerie's character. He was interviewed by a reporter about California, and did not hesitate to express himself with the utmost freedom concerning men and institutions here, although as a whole his impressions were favorable. But the point to which we wished to refer more particularly was this: Dr. Momerie was asked by the reporter whether he did not consider San Francisco "an extremely wicked city." To this he replied:

"The assertion that San Francisco is the wickedest city has been made of many other places. It has been said of Stockholm that it is the wickedest city to be found anywhere. Vienna has been called the wickedest city, and so has Buda-Pesth. The statements made about the wickedness of London have been often heard. There is scarcely a city which has not been accused of superlative wickedness. These accusations have not come from the pulpit alone. There are some people who pride themselves on living in a wicked city. San Francisco is less conventional than many other cities, and the men who allege that this city is unduly wicked mistake conventionality for righteousness, which is an error. The people here are no better and no worse than the people of other cities, according to my observation."

These are the remarks of an eminently sensible man. It is one of the curiosities of civilization that every city seems to pride itself upon its wickedness. Sensational parsons and sensational daily newspapers are continually breaking out into wild diatribes on the wickedness of their habitat. The newspapers know more about it than the parsons do, evidently; but it is unfair for them to judge the habits of citizens generally by the habits of their staff. The parsons take a fierce and sombre pride and the newspapers have a wild and hysteric joy in asserting that their own particular Little Pedlington is "the wickedest city in the world." When New York, some months ago, was proving—greatly to her own gratification and that of her parsons and press—that she was the "wickedest city in the United States," signs of impatience were noticeable throughout the West. Chicago, Cleveland, and other cities said plainly that they thought they were fully as wicked as New York, if they could only be given a fair chance to prove it. All over the land mural virgins clamored to be Lexowed. Local Parkhursts broke out like pustules upon the body politic. Even distant San Francisco felt that she was being neglected, and lifting up her voice cried weepingly, like Topsy: "Ob, I's so wicked!" The virtuous *Examiner*, shuddering with horror the while over the sickening task which it feared lay before it, of uncovering the iniquities in this Sodom and Gomorrah of the Golden West, nevertheless resolved to do its duty. It moved heaven and earth to get a local Lexow Committee appointed. But it failed. And no one can deny that there was a slight air of disappointment about the virtuous *Examiner* as it saw the appalling ordeal fading away.

Probably Professor Momerie is right. San Francisco is no better and no worse than other cities of its age and size. Wickedness depends largely upon racial type and density of population. It is therefore probable that the wickedest cities are the largest, and that of the largest wicked cities, the oldest are the wickedest. London, then, is probably the wickedest city in the Occidental world, and Paris is probably the next. But compared with the ancient cities of the Oriental world, like Peking, Tokio, or Bomhay, the wickedness of London or Paris is as a farthing rush-light to the mid-day sun. Therefore, when smaller, newer, rawer towns like San Francisco venture to speak of themselves—through the mouths of their parsons and press—as being "the wickedest in the world," students of wickedness can not but smile at the pitiful provincialism while they sigh at the quality of the pitiful pride which prompted it.

The Democratic Sugar-Trust Tariff has now been in operation for eight months. The total receipts under it have been only \$183,000,000. The Treasury deficit under this Democratic law was, on May 14th, \$50,404,887. It will be much larger at the end of the fiscal year, for even if the income tax is sustained it is so crippled that not one-half of the expectations from it will be realized. The taxpayers will do all they can to thwart the tax-collectors, for they rightly consider it an iniquitous tax. Even if it is sustained, it will probably not bring in more than

ten millions of dollars. It is not to be expected that the customs receipts will largely increase. The country's purchasing power has been largely reduced by the Democratic panic of 1893, from which it has not yet recovered. Business is slowly reviving, but that is only because the Democratic Congress is no longer active for mischief. The effects of their attacks on industry still remain. At the close of the last fiscal year the Democrats had a deficit of \$69,000,000. This year it looks as if it would be at least \$60,000,000. The deficit for the first thirteen days of the month of May reached the sum of \$5,150,517. It is probable that the Republican Congress when it meets will at once have to double the tax on beer in order to meet the running expenses of the government. That is the way the Republicans run this government—they raise revenue to meet expenditures. The Democratic plan is to pass demagogic, dishonest, and insufficient tariff laws, and then raise funds to meet expenditures by borrowing money on bonds from European money-lenders. For the next thirty years we shall all be paying interest on \$162,000,000 borrowed by the Democratic party during the last eighteen months; after the thirty years we shall have to pay the principal.

Thirty years!—a significant period. It is just about a generation. And it is just about the length of time that the Democrats stayed out after they were last in power.

According to a law passed in California some two or three years ago, the offense of train-wrecking or train-robbery may be punished with death. "Kid" Thompson has just been convicted and sentenced in Los Angeles for complicity in the Roscoe train-robbery near that city. In the Roscoe crime, the robbers wrecked the train, and two men were killed; the fireman was crushed in the wreck, and suffered the most horrible torture for over an hour, while "Kid" Thompson and his fellow scoundrels went calmly about their business of robbing the train, leaving the unfortunate man vainly calling for help. Judge Smith sentenced Thompson to be hanged at the State prison at San Quentin on a day to be hereafter fixed. We hope this sentence may be carried into effect. Train-robbery is becoming altogether too common a crime in this country. It is due to the leniency of the courts. If you cross the border into Canada, you bear of no "bold-ups." If you travel along the Canadian Pacific Railway and ask when the last train-robbery occurred, you will be met with stares of astonishment. The reason is that they hang men over there for such crimes. They ought to hang them here. But it is much to be feared that "Kid" Thompson will not be hanged, for his case has been appealed to the California supreme court. That court is so tender toward even open and notorious murderers that it certainly will not permit a mere train-wrecking murderer to hang. We think Mr. "Kid" Thompson's days will be long in the land. And we are very sorry to be obliged to think so.

By a Chattanooga, Tenn., dispatch of May 12th, we learn that a large crowd assembled at Erwin the preceding night, and burned in effigy one Turney, claiming to be governor of Tennessee. While we do not consider such demonstrations quite in line with latter-day civilization, still the provocation of the Republicans of Tennessee is great, and their indignation is justifiable. This man Turney, who claims to be governor, went under with the Republican tidal wave which swept Tennessee, in common with many other Democratic States, in November, 1894. Henry Clay Evans, the Republican candidate, was elected governor of Tennessee. But the Democrats were rendered desperate at the thought of being driven from power. So a partisan investigating committee was appointed by a Democratic governor from the ranks of a Democratic legislature, which "investigating committee" started out with its report made in advance. It began work with the deliberately announced intention of reversing the verdict of the people. On the ridiculous and cooked-up plea that "a number of voters had not paid their poll-tax," the committee threw out the votes of enough Republican counties to nullify the election of Evans. This is why the people of the Republican counties are burning in effigy the Democratic usurper, Turney.

But if the Democratic faction in power in Tennessee can thus disfranchise the Republican voters of that State, there is a way of disfranchising the whole State in the national legislature. The next Congress, to meet this year, is overwhelmingly Republican. When the representatives from Tennessee apply for admission to the halls of Congress, let that body refuse to receive them. Their commissions must be signed by the governor of Tennessee. The man Turney is not the governor of that State. Henry Clay Evans is the governor of Tennessee. Until Tennessee sends representatives to Congress with their commissions signed by the man who was elected by the people, let a Republican House refuse to receive them upon its floor.

AN EDGED PLAYTHING.

Being a Physician's Story of the Dangers of Hypnotism.

The doctor paled; decidedly it was something more than mere embarrassment that caused his unwillingness.

"I have given it up, ladies," said he; "I have nothing more to do with magnetism."

"But why, why, doctor?" the pretty pleaders persisted. "Put us to sleep—one of us—you must, or tell us the reason why."

"Well, so be it," said he, at last, still visibly reluctant. "I will tell you why; it may teach you a lesson."

"Eighteen months ago," he began, "I went into the country to see a friend—we will call him Paul, if you please. Though old comrades and devoted 'chums,' for a long time the chances of life had separated us, particularly his marriage, which, for certain reasons, had obliged him to locate for a while upon one of his properties, situated, as I have said, in the depths of the country. But often and often my thoughts carried me—a trifle enviously, in the midst of my hard work—toward that forgotten corner, where his hours were passed in the quiet routine and bliss of a domestic life.

"Nor was I mistaken in the picture my fancy had drawn; peace, serenity, repose, breathed from the very trees, with their great moss-covered trunks, against which an old château leaned in the mingled shade and shine of the sunny Provence woods.

"Paul met me at the station. His wife I did not see till later—just before dinner, indeed—a beautiful woman, with dark, brilliant eyes, which flashed, when not shielded by the long, curling lashes, with the light of burnished steel. She had a superb figure and a complexion the tint and texture of old ivory, through which was flowing vigorously the rich red current of a healthy blood. Very, very beautiful she was, but, oddly enough, as I looked at her I felt a sense of a deception somewhere under that fair exterior.

"Was it fancy? Or was this full, robust beauty but similar to a too-fervid summer that forces the sap to rise so fast that the fruit turns sour? I do not know, only that this woman entered with difficulty into the idyl I had evoked from the shadowy aisles of these old woods, that seemed always whispering and murmuring to themselves.

"Her intense vitality seemed to shatter this setting of peace and serenity. Moreover, we were not alone; another guest had arrived—a young man and a close neighbor. From the moment of his coming, too—or did I fancy that, also?—Paul, my friend, seemed less genial. The first joy in his eyes at my arrival had calmed; I saw him now in his habitual state, doubtless, a little aged, slightly constrained, with that vague, nervous reserve of the distrustful husband who in his inmost thoughts suspects treachery.

"I had no time, however, to ponder long on these reflections; old memories, serious and gay, crowded thick and fast upon us in the ease and comfort of that well-ordered dining-room, looking out upon the lawn, the soft melancholy of the coming twilight slowly enwrapping us and carrying hearts and minds both far back into the past.

"Dinner was nearly over when a chance word or question turned the conversation upon a subject no less absorbing than now, ladies"—and the doctor bowed courteously to the circle of eager listeners closely clustered about him—"turned, I say, upon the subject of hypnotism and hypnotic suggestion.

"My friend, from the first discoveries, had watched the advance of these studies with the liveliest interest, and many and frequent had been the discussions between himself and his wife concerning them, she denying the phenomena arising from these experiments and stubbornly pronouncing them humbug and charlatanism; and he affirming that strange things could and did happen, as he knew from his own experience: a certain evening in Paris, when he had offered himself as a 'subject' as incredulous as she, and had been put to sleep promptly and made to accomplish in his sleep things of which they told him afterwards.

"Bah! They duped you!" insisted his wife. "Doctor," suddenly appealing to me, "help me to get this rubbish out of his head, or Paul will certainly go crazy."

"Forced to take sides, I was obliged to admit that I myself was deeply interested in these matters, and bad witnessed things that I did not dare to doubt. She was still obstinate, still mocking; she would believe what she saw—no more, no less.

"If Paul is a subject, as he declares," said she, "the thing, too, is easy enough; convince me—you have done such things, you say—by trying it here and now."

"Paul was willing. I looked intently at him; his eyes wavered curiously away from my gaze; he was a marvelous subject and fell immediately under my will.

"We passed into the drawing-room, placed him in a chair, and I had not made six passes over his brow when he was in a sound hypnotic sleep.

"Well, he is off," said I.

"Impossible! No!"

"She bent over him, called him, pinched him—no movement; raised his arm—it fell inert like a log.

"Quick, quick, suggest something!" said she, a strange eagerness showing suddenly in her face.

"You would, perhaps, feel the proof stronger, madame, did you make the suggestion yourself?"

"She appeared to think, murmuring half-aloud: 'It must be an unaccustomed act, something unusual, that he can not divine; that does not enter into his habit of life.'

"She looked about her. Near by on a table a magazine lay opened at a recent article on 'Hypnotic Suggestion,' a slender, mother-of-pearl paper-knife thrust between the folds. She turned the leaves hurriedly.

"Ah-h, we have it at last!" said she, putting her finger upon a certain paragraph: 'an experiment just made—successfully, they say—at the hospital of La Salpêtrière. Repeat it with Paul, and I shall be convinced.'

"The experiment was to suggest to the patient at a fixed hour a predetermined act—the act in this case suicide with some harmless object that the 'subject' should be made to believe a poniard.

"Willingly," I responded.

"She handed me the paper-knife. 'This is harmless enough, isn't it?' she said, yielding it to me with a charming smile; 'it would not hurt a fly.'

"Perfectly harmless," and I held up the little pearl dagger before Paul's eyes.

"Do you see it, Paul?" said I, slowly and impressively, 'this poniard here? Well, I am going to put it on that table yonder; to-morrow, when the luncheon-bell rings—the luncheon-bell, remember—you will come here, take this poniard and—kill yourself!'

"Then I roused him. He remembered nothing and felt nothing, only a little comic uneasiness concerning the act that he was to accomplish and from which he was determined to defend himself.

"The evening finished gayly with a rubber of whist, ending at ten in order to give the handsome young neighbor—a silent listener to what had been going on—time enough to reach home at a reasonable hour.

"We were walking, Paul, his wife, and I, on the terrace next morning when the luncheon-bell rang. Paul raised his head, listened a second, turned brusquely, and reentered the château. His wife had become very pale.

"Come, quick," said I; 'he has gone for that paper-knife!'

"She remained motionless.

"To what good?" she said. 'I see already that suggestion has reason in it, for Paul has gone. He will come back madder than ever, I suppose.'

"I did not wait for her to finish; I hastened to the drawing-room, where my 'subject' had gone.

"I ran; I threw open the door, and Paul was there—dead, face downward on the floor—a dagger in his heart!"

"A real dagger, doctor?" cried the mistress of the house, laying her hand softly upon the doctor's arm.

"A real dagger, madame. I turned to the table—the little mother-of-pearl paper-knife was gone. Who had taken it? Who had put the other—the real dagger—in its place?"

"God knows; but she, Paul's wife, and he, the neighbor who dined with us that night, were married ten months ago."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Reibach by E. C. Waggener.

OLD FAVORITES.

Aucassin and Nicolette.

Within the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, "My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, *ma belle*!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, *ma très-douce mie*?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met—
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling
To flitch the Peter-pence we bring!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well-tattered by the briars.
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not—a starveling set!
Who'd care with folk like these to dine?
The other road 'twere just as well
That you and I should take, *ma belle*!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know,
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And heauteous ladies debonaire,
The pretty dames, the merry brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquette
And have a friend or two besides—
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs, and crests in vair and gray!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, *ma douce mie*!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Few people know that the population of Portugal, including Madeira and the Azores, is only 5,049,729, of whom 2,619,390 are females, and four-fifths of the population are unable to read or write. Lisbon, has 612,000, of whom 394,338 are unable to read or write. It is not surprising that, although the census was taken five years ago, the government has only just made up its mind to publish these figures, which it would be hard to beat in any country of the world claiming to be civilized.

A few nights ago the whole garrison of Paris was mobilized without warning at an hour's notice. Directions were sent at eleven o'clock to have the men ordered out at midnight, ready for war; they were armed, provided with rations and ammunition, and marched through the streets to the different railroad stations within two hours.

GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

Weddings of Last Week—The New Husband of "The American Duchess"—The Beautiful Lillian's Matrimonial Experiences—Bicycle Tea at Claremont—Society "Living Pictures."

The talk of New York for the last fortnight has been of weddings, of which there were a number up to the first of the month. But the wedding that was talked most about was a wedding in London. This was the wedding of Lillian Warren Price Hammersley Churchill, Dowager Duchess of Marlborough.

It is unfortunately true that there do not seem to be, in these end-of-the-century days, enough men to go around. A certain quota of the women seem doomed to be unprovided with husbands. This is partly due to the unwillingness of the men to assume matrimonial chains, and partly to the fact that some women get more than their share of husbands. This is the case with the fair exile who has just entered the matrimonial relation for the third time. The lady, who is known in London as "the American duchess," was the daughter of a naval officer, and was born in Troy, N. Y. When she was Lillian Warren Price, and was still a maid, she met Louis C. Hammersley, and was married to him in 1879. Mr. Hammersley was a man of large wealth, and being a considerate person, he died on the third of May, 1883, leaving his great fortune to the beautiful Lillian, but with a stout string tied to it. By the terms of Louis Hammersley's will, he directed that a life interest in his estate should go to Lillian if he left no issue. At her death, it was to go to his cousin, J. Hooker Hammersley. If Hooker Hammersley died before her, leaving no male issue, Mrs. Lillian Hammersley was to devise the entire estate—estimated to be worth seven millions of dollars—to various charitable institutions at her demise.

It is needless to state that there was much interest displayed in the bousehold of Hooker Hammersley after the death of Louis Hammersley. There may have been prayers offered up—as to that no one knows. But suffice it to say that about five years ago a son was born, who is now being reared with the utmost care, as befits the scion of a house who will inherit seven millions of dollars if he lives.

Of course the will was contested by a number of collateral relatives at the time of Louis Hammersley's death, but it was sustained after a long legal struggle. It was in this controversy that the celebrated incident occurred showing that the "old family servant" still exists. This was Becky Jones, who had long been in the Hammersley family, and who refused to testify on the witness-stand about some of the unpleasant incidents of the family history. For this she was imprisoned for contempt, and remained in Ludlow Street Jail for a number of months, until finally the court in despair allowed the loyal old woman to go free.

Mrs. Lillian Hammersley lived a widow for five years. She was and is a very handsome woman, and did not lack for admirers, because there are many men who are willing to marry a pretty widow even if she has only a life interest in seven millions of dollars. If such a widow could be induced to make a reasonable allowance from the income thereof, an economical husband might easily save up enough for a rainy day in case the widow passed away before he did, and threw him on the cold, cold world. But the fair Lillian was not easily won, and five years elapsed after the late Louis passed into the other world before she was persuaded to take unto herself another husband, which she did in the person of George Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who had a reputation in two continents as being the most wicked of men, and who had been divorced by his wife, the Marchioness of Blandford, for adultery—an unusual proceeding on the part of the English courts, which looks on that failing with a lenient eye when it is committed by the husband. None the less, the widow Hammersley, with an opportunity to become a duchess, decided to run the risk, and on June 29, 1888, she was married to her duke in New York by Mayor Hewitt. Only a few people were there, among them Ward McAllister, his daughter, Miss McAllister, Henry Clews, Arthur Leary, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. Paron Stevens, Mrs. Blanche Cruger, Larry Jerome, and Creighton Webb acted as best man. After being married by the mayor, they were married over again, with a religious ceremony, by Rev. D. C. Potter, a Baptist minister.

Strangely enough, the Duke of Marlborough seemed to make a very good husband *en secondes nocces*, and he and his Lillian were very happy. She made him a large allowance, and devoted some hundreds of thousands of pounds to restoring the faded splendors of his palace at Blenheim. It was said that repairing the roof alone cost fifty thousand pounds. There were no scandals after he had married the beautiful Lillian, and when he died after four years of wedded happiness, on November 9, 1892, he was very sincerely regretted by her. His son by his former wife, the Marchioness of Blandford, then became Duke of Marlborough, and the fair Lillian became the dowager-duchess, or, as it is more politely phrased, "Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough." She was obliged to move out of Blenheim, and all the money which she had expended upon it went to the aid and comfort of the Churchill family.

It was thought that the American duchess would stop where she was, and remain unwedded, for she occupied a position which was unique in London society, owing to the title "the American duchess," which had been conferred upon her. Her beauty, her wealth, and her hospitality made her very popular in London. It seemed as though she would figure there as "the American duchess" for years. But a lady who has acquired the marrying habit can never be counted on. So she yielded up her unworn beard and ring-worn hand to Lord William Beresford, one of the famous Beresford brothers, of whom Lord Charles is the second and the Marquis of Waterford is the first. Lord William Beresford has been a dashing soldier, and won the

Victoria Cross for bravery in the Zulu War. But, like most younger sons, he has no money, and the life interest of the American duchess in the seven millions of dollars left by the American millionaire will come in very conveniently toward maintaining his lordship. It is said that his bride has made him an allowance of ten thousand pounds a year, which certainly is doing the handsome thing. By the way, she retains her old title, and instead of being called Lady William Beresford, will continue to be known as "Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough." This will cause one of those peculiar entries that you sometimes see on the "Visitors' Lists" at European watering-places—"Lord William Beresford and the Duchess of Marlborough." Looks odd, doesn't it? It might shock a continental landlord, but nothing shocks them, unless it is a death in the hotel in the height of the season.

The event of the week was the bicycle tea at Claremont, last Saturday. It was given for the benefit of the Burnham Industrial Farm, which is intended for bad little boys. The bad little boys and the Industrial Farm will be about two thousand dollars richer by reason of this bicycle tea. The old Claremont mansion was gayly decked with bunting, and there were groups of handsomely gowned women and well-groomed men around the piazza and on the lawn. There were a score of men who wore knickerbockers and golf-stockings and caps, as if they had come on bicycles, but most of them came in carriages. As for the ladies, the majority of them, even those who are devoted to the wheel, decided that they would prefer to wear their most stunning spring gowns and come in their carriages rather than to wear their bicycle rigs and come on their wheels. None the less, there was a delegation from the Michaux Bicycle Club, who, considering that it was a bicycle tea, came on bicycles. The delegation from the Michaux Club was thirty-five strong. They were headed by the president, William Haines, a handsome, gray-headed man, whose calves attracted much attention. But the gentleman who was the cynosure of all eyes was Mr. Louis Edwards, who wore white duck trousers and white leggings. The ladies all said that he looked too sweet for anything. Among others who were on wheels, but not so conspicuous as the two just mentioned, were Mr. C. Wyndham Quin (a relative of Lord Dunraven), Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Pell, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lehand, Miss Van Duzer, Mrs. Walter Chapman, Miss Hawley, Miss Sylvia Strong, Mr. C. Wyndham Quin (a relative of Lord Dunraven), Mr. Julian Shope, Mr. James Hanes, Mr. Dunbar Wright, Mr. James M. Winslow, Colonel Hubert Brown, Mr. L. J. Poole, and Mr. C. Wyndham Quin (a relative of Lord Dunraven). The ladies who came on bicycles all wore skirts. There wasn't a suggestion of a bloomer at the bicycle tea.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Michaux bicycle delegation arrived, the crowd was at its greatest. It was a brilliant scene. Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt presided at the chocolate table, and was assisted by Mrs. Burke Roche, Miss Hewitt, Mrs. Willie Jay, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Miss Turnure, and Miss Perry. All of these ladies were attired in very handsome spring gowns, as were also those at the tea-table, where Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., presided. She was assisted by Mrs. Richard Hunt, Miss Evelyn Burden, Miss Helen Morton, Miss Amy Bend, and Miss Alice Van Rensselaer. Then there was a bicycle table where Miss Brewster and Miss Barnes sold all manner of bicycle things which they knew nothing at all about. The flower booth was presided over by Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, assisted by Miss Taler, Miss Garrison, and Miss Livingston. A number of coaching-parties drove up during the afternoon to the bicycle tea; on one the coach was toolied by Dr. W. Seward Webb, his party including Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Miss Morton, Miss Burden, and Mr. Worthington Whitehouse. On the whole, the affair was very enjoyable and was a great success.

Talking of society entertainments for charity, there is one to be given next week for the Kindergarten Association which will attract much attention. It is to be a series of "living pictures" given by well-known young ladies under the patronage of society leaders. One of the pictures to be reproduced is the famous portrait of Mme. Récamier, by David, in the Louvre at Paris, in which she is represented as reclining, with bare feet, upon a couch, attired in a loose, sleeveless, low-necked gown. When it comes to feet, as compared with Mme. Récamier, Trilby is not in it. The committee of artists will have to pass very carefully upon the feet of the young woman who is to appear as Mme. Récamier. The committee includes Louis Metcalf, W. M. Chase, Robert Beid, Benjamin Porter, and Miss Volkman. The young woman artist is evidently put on for the purpose of inspecting the young ladies' trillies. Miss Julia Grant, daughter of Colonel Frederick Grant, will appear in one of the pictures, and it is expected that Miss Winnie Davis, "the daughter of the Confederacy," will also figure in a picture wherein the granddaughter of the great Union general and the daughter of the Southern President will appear together. Miss Thurber is to appear in the character of "Music" and Miss Titus as "Law." Only one man is to be allowed in this sacred circle, Mr. William Herthurn Washington, who owns a continental dress-coat once worn by his great ancestor, and who is to appear clad in that garment and in the splendor of his historic name. The programme is not yet entirely made up, but the boxes have all been sold, and the tickets are nearly all gone. The "living pictures" are to be exhibited at the Fifth Avenue on May 16th, and if anything is needed to give a zip to the public curiosity it is the fact that Herr Kilanyi, the man who has been running the Casino "living pictures," is to have charge of the society "living pictures." In fact, some of the more sedate members of the Kindergarten Association are already kicking over the use of this term, saying that a salacious interest attaches to it in the public mind, and that the entertainment is to be nothing but the old-fashioned tableaux. But "tableaux" would be as nothing in drawing power compared to "living pictures."

FLANEUR.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

The Elaborate Religious Ceremonials Preceding Easter—Palm Sunday—Why the Palms Come from San Remo—Indulgences for Climbing Upstairs.

Since the year 1870, when Rome was made Italian by Victor Emmanuel's guns, the religious functions of Holy Week have been deprived of the presence of the Pope. None the less, thousands of tourists—or perhaps they would call themselves pilgrims—make the journey to Rome each year during Holy Week. It is indeed a city eminently fitted for religious functions, when one considers the magnificent churches under whose vaulted roofs and groined arches are found marvels of architecture, of statuary, of painting, of jeweler's cunning, and of mosaic work. The city was adorned by great artists like Michael Angelo, Raphael, Lucca Della Robbia, and Canova, and these artists, although most of them were more pagan than Catholic, left the imprints of their immortal genius in every part of Rome.

As I said, Rome is crowded with travelers at this season. In fact, such is the number that as you push your way through the crowded churches you hear around you English, French, and German continually, but very little Italian. The favorite place for foreigners is apparently the new restaurant of the Grand Hotel, which seems to have supplanted the Hotel Quirinale. Almost every evening you will see there a brilliant assemblage. There are, however, but few Americans. Among them I noticed last evening Mr. William Astor and Mr. and Mrs. John Gardner.

Palm Sunday is a great day in Rome. But the Romans are not satisfied with vulgar branches of olive-trees or any other commonplace shrub. Every pious Roman bears a palm-branch, many of them ornamented with a bunch of lilies, tulips, or roses. In fact, the trade in palm-branches on Palm Sunday is a very important one. The market for this is at the foot of the monumental staircase which leads to St. Peter's upon the beautiful square surrounded by Bernini's famous colonnade. Upon this square it is curious to contemplate the cosmopolitan crowd which come there from every corner of the world. Here you will see a French priest conducting a group of young people of whom he is the tutor; next to them will be an English girl with an Italian ciccone gabbling in her ear; near them will be a couple of shovel-batted Italian priests, regarding with a benevolent air these strangers who bring pence to St. Peter; while surveying the whole group will be seen one of the municipal officers of Rome, engaged in flirting with one of the handsome girls from the Trastevere quarter.

Most of the palms used in Rome on Palm Sunday come from the little town of San Remo, near Genoa. This was a privilege accorded to that town some centuries ago, brought about by this curious circumstance. Sixtus the Fifth, who was then Pope, had resolved to remove the obelisk which formerly adorned the piazza of Caligula and Nero and to transport it to the centre of the square in front of St. Peter's. Elaborate preparations had been made for this daring work. Dominico Fontana, the architect, was in charge, and had promised to forfeit his head if the operation did not succeed. When the day came for the transportation and erection of the obelisk, there appeared, in addition to the hundreds of workmen, a sombre file of *sbirri* (officers of the headman of Rome), whose duty it was to carry out the Pope's order—that the penalty of death should be inflicted on any one who during the progress of the work should break the silence by a single word. This was that the orders of Fontana might be distinctly heard.

None the less, despite the elaborate calculations of the engineers, the work was for a moment on the point of failure. All the windlasses were turning at the same time, and the obelisk began to move under this mighty general effort, when the workmen noticed with fright that the ropes, stretched to their utmost tension and heated by friction, were beginning to smoke. What should he do? The emotion of all was at the highest pitch, when suddenly a voice cried in the middle of the solemn silence:

"Throw water on the ropes!"

The advice was good, the result was a success; nevertheless the *sbirri* seized upon the daring man who had uttered this cry and dragged him before Sixtus the Fifth.

"What is your name?" said the Pope.

"Bresca, of San Remo."

"Your calling?"

"Mariner."

"Do you know the penalty attached to the offense that you have just committed?"

"I know that I have at the peril of my life rescued from certain death some hundreds of workmen upon whom the obelisk was about to fall," he boldly replied.

"What recompense do you wish for your service?" asked the Pope.

"Nothing for myself personally, but a boon for my countrymen along the coast near Genoa, where grow the most superb palm-trees in the world. I ask that the palm-branches used during Holy Week shall be furnished from that place for the solemn procession at St. Peter's in Rome."

"Granted," said the Pope; "and now and forever, under my reign and that of my successors."

And that is why, since the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, all the palm-branches employed by the people of Rome on Palm Sunday come each year from San Remo. After the palms are blessed, a symbolic procession begins. The choristers in soutanes and surplices lead the line; then come the seminarists or beneficiaries of St. Peter, the surpliced canons, and the cardinal arch-priest in a white chasuble bordered with gold. All bear palm-branches. At a given moment the procession leaves the church and makes a tour of the square, singing religious canticles. But when the procession returns, the great door of St. Peter's is closed. It is only opened after the sub-deacon has knocked thrice with the cross, uttering a Latin invocation. This allegory typifies the entrance of the Saviour into the New Jerusalem.

With Holy Wednesday begins a lugubrious ceremony representing the funeral of Jesus Christ. It commences at four o'clock and lasts until darkness. The sacerdotal vestments of the cardinal officiating and of the canons are of sombre colors, and the six candles burning on the altar are of yellow wax. The crucifix is covered with violet cloth. A candelabrum contains sixteen candles which are extinguished, one by one, after each verse of a psalm. One only is left burning, as a symbol of the Holy Virgin immovable in her confidence of the resurrection. Before 1870, this ceremony took place in the Sistine Chapel in the presence of the Pope. Now it is held in the nave of the Basilica of St. Peter's. On the other side of the altar is a tribune, surrounded by a grille, behind which are the choristers who on this day sing without accompaniment. Their singing of the famous "Miserere" is known throughout the world. Apropos of these Papal choristers, there are still some of those famous falsettos among them, but the production has stopped. Those who exist are now old men. The Papal government was blamed into giving up the hideous practice of emasculation.

On Holy Thursday it was formerly the custom for the Pope to wash the feet of thirteen pilgrims, chosen from among priests and deacons of diverse nations in representing the apostles. This ceremony has ceased at the Vatican. Now it takes place at St. Peter's, but it is done by minor officers of the church. On Holy Thursday, also, there is a ceremony called "The Three Hours of Agony."

On Good Friday takes place the exhibition of relics preserved in the Basilica of St. Peter's. The ceremony takes place on the balcony of St. Veronica at night, after the office of *tenebris*. There is just light enough to distinguish the outlines of the basilica. The lamps before the confessionals have been extinguished. Everywhere there is darkness. After some moments of profound silence, a slight noise is heard from the balcony of St. Veronica. All eyes turn in that direction, and there is seen a priest who makes exhibitions of the relics. First there is the Holy Shroud in which Christ was swathed; then a piece of the true cross; then a piece of the lance which was forced into his side. Thousands of people gaze upon these objects, and to all appearances they believe that they are what they are represented to be. It is difficult to understand how people, otherwise intelligent, can believe in such absurdities.

One of the most curious ceremonies to be noticed at Rome during Holy Week is the crowd of devotees going up the Holy Staircase. This pile is composed of five staircases. The one in the centre is covered with pilgrims who are crawling up it on their knees, and as they mount each step they stoop and kiss it. The staircase is of marble, but the pilgrims do not touch the marble. In the middle of the eighteenth century the steps had become almost worn away by the kisses and the knees of the millions of pilgrims who had used them. They threatened to disappear entirely, so Pope Clement the Twelfth had them covered with pieces of walnut. The last one alone is left uncovered. It still, according to the priests, "bears the traces of the precious blood of the Saviour." This is the one which all the pilgrims kiss. At each step on the staircase prayers are recited. Some rapid Christians hustle through their prayers and make the ascent in half an hour; other and more pious persons require from two to three hours to do the job. Upon the wall there is a tablet stating that by a bull of Leo the Fifth, confirmed by another bull of Pascal the Eleventh, there shall be accorded nine years of indulgence for each of the twenty-eight steps that the faithful mount upon their knees. Pious the Seventh declared in 1819 that these same indulgences will be applied to souls in Purgatory. Finally, according to the tablet, Pious the Ninth has added to the indulgences. The faithful who mount the staircase according to the prescribed conditions are accorded two hundred and fifty years of indulgence for each ascent. Any man, therefore, who indulges in this exercise fifty times in one year will gain twelve thousand five hundred years of indulgence. There are some in Rome who boast of having made the ascent two hundred times a year, so you can easily see what a number of indulgences they will carry with them to the other world.

Holy Saturday is the day on which the ceremony of blessing the houses takes place. The parish priests, in surplices, and prayer-book in hand, preceded by a choir-boy carrying holy water and aspersoir, walk through the streets and enter shops and houses. Formerly, when the church was all-powerful, the priests made this march gravely and tranquilly. Now it is said that, through fear of being insulted, they hurry through the streets and ask permission before entering houses.

Last of all in Holy Week, on Easter Sunday, comes the mass celebrated by the Pope. Formerly this mass was held in the Basilica of St. Peter's. Then the Roman Church displayed on that day all its pomp and splendor. To-day it is the cardinal arch-priest who officiates in St. Peter's. The Pope says mass bidden away in the interior of the Vatican. Only a select congregation is admitted, the men all in dress-suits, the ladies in black, with lace mantillas. It requires much influence to secure a ticket for this mass, which begins at eight o'clock. Leo the Thirteenth is assisted by two prelates of high rank. He is borne into the chapel on a chair lifted high above the heads of the crowd. The way is lined by the richly uniformed Papal warriors who do not war. Sisters of Charity are in attendance to take care of the fainting women, of whom there are always some who succumb to their emotions on seeing an elderly gentleman in white vestments, borne by eight men in scarlet velvet, blessing the people with two fingers and a large diamond ring.

An innovation that has attracted much attention in Rome this year is the fact that the Italian Government for the first time placed military guards at the entrances to all the principal churches. This is construed as indicating a *rapprochement* between the Vatican and the Quirinal, although I confess I can not see why.

ROME, April 22, 1895.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When the wild beast, Fredericks, who so foully and wantonly murdered the unfortunate cashier, William Herrick, something over a year ago, was brought to Judge Murphy's court to be sentenced on Wednesday, May 15th, he fought, bit, struggled, and scratched like a wild cat. He is endeavoring to convey the impression that he is insane, hoping thus to save his neck from the noose. We think his form of mania is better treated by judicial asphyxiation than by the "rest-cure" of the asylum.

On the day set for sentence, Fredericks's attorney, George E. Colwell, was absent, which forced the sentencing to go over, and Judge Murphy cited the attorney "to appear and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt." He will appear, and he will show cause; but if he does not show cause, and if he is punished for contempt, it will be by fine. After some days, a brother attorney will appear, soothe the ruffled dignity of the court, and the fine will be remitted. That is the usual procedure.

In the meantime, Attorney Colwell is prolonging the life of this vicious murderer, who ought to have been hanged months ago. William Herrick was murdered by William Fredericks, in a most causeless, wanton, and cowardly manner, on March 24, 1894. Fredericks was tried, convicted, and sentenced in less than three weeks. A year afterward, after countless delays, the California supreme court, through Mr. Justice Garoutte, affirmed the judgment of the lower court, but rebuked it for trying Fredericks "with unseemly haste."

We should like to point out to the supreme court of California that William Herrick, as we write, has been in his grave for one year, one month, and twenty-two days; that murderer Fredericks is still in the land of the living; that if "unseemly haste" was noted by the supreme court at his trial, no one can truly say that he is being executed "with unseemly haste."

The *Examiner* is doing most praiseworthy work in urging the wheelmen of San Francisco to take up the improvement of our streets. It estimates that they can, individually and by their influence, control some twenty-five thousand votes. With this mass of voters they can accomplish anything in reason. And it is certainly reasonable that San Francisco should have decently paved streets. It is our belief that a majority of the population desires and is willing to pay for civilized pavements. That is half the battle. If the wheelmen, with a majority of the city and all of the press behind them, now that the *Bulletin* and *Call* are in the hands of enterprising men, can not bring about this improvement, it will be extraordinary. The *Examiner's* advice to the wheelmen is excellent—that they should not only work for improved pavements, but that they should personally see that the paving, when commenced, is honestly done. This is something quite within their powers, for there are few people who have come to know the pavements of San Francisco better than the wheelmen. The pavement here has made strong impressions upon their minds, for every irregularity in the street is transmitted directly through the spinal column to the base of the wheelman's brain. It would be a curious thing if the improvement in our streets, for which most of us have so long sighed, should at last be brought about through the agency of what many people still believe to be a toy.

At last a proposition has been made which may end the financial troubles of the Mercantile Library Association. It is to donate the land, the library, and the handsome library building to the municipality of San Francisco, to be maintained forever as a free public library.

For a third of a century the Mercantile Library Association has struggled with financial difficulties. Nearly thirty years ago, the legislature of California was petitioned to pass an act permitting the library association to hold three lotteries for the purpose of raising money. The act was passed. A lottery was held, over which the city and the coast went crazy. The scheme involved the sale of one million dollars' worth of lottery tickets, about one-third of that sum to be returned in prizes.

The results of the lottery were peculiar. The capital prize was not won by a Californian, but went to New Orleans. The Mercantile Library Association farmed out the lottery scheme to middle-men, who made most of the money, so that the library's gains amounted to but little more than enough to pay for the land and the undesirable building erected by it on Bush Street. Money gained by lotteries does little good to any one. Before five years had elapsed, the library association was in financial difficulties again. At last it was determined to sell the Bush Street building, which was dark, gloomy, and unsuited for library purposes, and to remove to another quarter of the city. The building was sold, and ground was purchased on Van Ness Avenue, in the heart of the residence quarter, where a handsome, spacious, and well-lighted building was erected. Out of the sale of the old building the association was apparently unable to get enough to pay for the new lot and building, for to-day the association is burdened with a debt of many thousands of dollars, and the interest account they find themselves unable to pay. It has, therefore, been suggested to the association that it deed to the city of San Francisco all its property, on condition that the municipality shall assume its indebtedness, and agree to maintain the institution as a free public library.

The suggestion strikes us as a good one. The Mercantile Library Association, although it has been trying for a number of years, apparently can not conduct its affairs successfully. As matters are, it will run behind at the rate of about four hundred dollars a month on the interest account; it is not increasing its membership, and the purchase of books—the life-blood of a library—has fallen off to such an extent that the institution is becoming a back number. It is to be hoped that the new scheme may be carried out. The city could then move its present public library from the unsuit-

able quarters which it now occupies in the City Hall, and consolidate the two libraries in the handsome building erected for the Mercantile Library Association. By this plan, the running expenses of the two libraries when consolidated would be about the same as the present expenses of one.

Some years ago, the San Francisco Art Association found itself unable to accept the munificent gift of Mr. Searles, when he offered to present to it the Hopkins mansion for an art institute. The Art Association was unable to pay the running expenses. But the building was turned over to the State University, thereby insuring its maintenance and its freedom from taxes. Similarly the Mercantile Library Association can insure the perpetuation of its library, the payment of its debt, and freedom from taxation by turning its library over to the city. There is a precedent for this movement in the consolidation which is about to take place in New York. The great library which is to be founded with the money left for that purpose by the late Samuel J. Tilden is to be consolidated with the two other great libraries already in existence in New York—the Lenox and Astor Libraries. These two magnificent collections of volumes are now restricted in the hours at which the public has access to them, and the treasures of literature which they contain are thus to an extent held back from the people. After the contemplated consolidation, these two collections and the Tilden Library will make one vast library which will be free to the citizens of New York. Correspondingly, the consolidation of the Mercantile Library with the San Francisco Public Library will add largely to the usefulness of both, and there is nothing that we can see to be said against it, except the purely sentimental desire to continue an organization which seems to be moribund.

THE SOFT BLACK EYES

Of Lucia Eulalia Garcia y Valdez, and their Effect on a Gringo.

What a trivial thing will color the whole of a man's life! How small an incident, compared to the large future he has mapped out for himself, may make or mar it! I learned all this, and more, one sultry May day in Mexico, five years ago.

I had been sent to Mexico, as chief of a surveying corps, to establish the boundaries of the Santa Anita grant, which lay along the Rio Claro just outside the city of Chihuahua. It was a responsible position for a young man, and I held my head high.

It was the day of La Fiesta de San Guadalupe. The saint himself had been dead, I understood, several hundred years, but in Mexico that doesn't make any difference; the longer folks are dead there, the more they seem to be thought of, and the bigger a birthday-party they have. Almost every other week contains the "feast-day" of some dead saint or saintess, and trade and commerce are suspended to do the occasion justice. The natives of Mexico are the most perennially pious people on earth. Why, I have known them—men in my own employ—to be so enthused over the posthumous birthday of some long-dead saint that they would get up in the gray dawn to go about celebrating it. This morning—the morning of Guadalupe's feast-day—the whole force of *peons* under me had struck. No chainmen, no flagmen, no axemen, were left me. Only Sims and Bailey, my two American assistants, stayed behind. When I began abusing them for the customs of Mexico, they said while they did not care even remotely for the saint to whom it was dedicated, still they were glad it was a holiday, and they thought they would go up-stream and fish awhile. They were only indifferent laymen, without any religious feeling.

When I was left alone in camp, I spent a short time on my field-notes, when it came over me that I was wasting the day. Just outside the chaparral the river was laughing and murmuring in the open. It seemed to ask me to walk beside it. The adobe huts along its banks were tenantless; their inmates had gone to the feast.

But, strange sight, there at the bend of the river where the waters were the merriest, was a solitary worker, and whatever it was she was doing, she was doing it with a vim. A dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-shawled daughter of Spain she seemed to be, and yet she was working—and working hard—on a "feast day"! A fit of curiosity seized me to know what she was doing, and why she was doing it. I approached her with the question on my lips: at what did she work, and por-why? (I spell it as I said it.) Softly she raised a pair of melting orbs, and sweetly and eloquently she answered me. From her reply, in the most musical language in the world, I gathered that she would be at the feast, but that she must cleanse the soiled linen that lay around her on the sand, for the owner of it, a gentleman who was staying at the United States Hotel, wanted it by noon, and to-morrow would not do (she said this plaintively). If it were not done by noon, she finished most piteously, she would get no *dinero*, and that she needed in the superlative degree. *Dinero!* Ah, the next most potent thing in Mexico to saints' days is money!

As her red lips told me this, her great black eyes wandered from the soiled clothes at her feet to the spires of the cathedral in the distance and the waving foliage of the plaza where the feasting and merry-making were going on. There was a look of sadness and longing in them as she gazed. Being a tender-hearted man, I asked her if there was aught I could do for her. In a wonderful mixture of Anglo-Spanish, which I invented while in Mexico, and which no one could ever master but myself, I assured her I was at her service if she so desired, and asked how I could assist her.

The black eyes flashed gratitude ere the scarlet mouth said, in silvery sweet tones: "Would I sit on a rock beside her and rub the shirts of the gentleman on a large rock with a very small rock?"

Looking back now in the light of maturer wisdom, I can

see that I should have declined that job on the grounds that it was too unæsthetic. But—I didn't. On the contrary, I accepted it effusively. There was a touch of romance about it that appealed to me—the day itself began to appeal to me for the first time. I began to feel something of the enthusiasm for feast-days that had taken my men out before day-break. I would not be so hard on them again, I thought. Truly it was a very pretty custom, and I began to sympathize with it and to understand it better. If San Guadalupe had not been so long interred, in the gladness of my heart I would have sent him a bouquet. All this I tried to confide to Lucia. It touched her; it sounded, she said, like stories she had read in the convent.

Her name was a poem in itself: Lucia Eulalia Garcia y Valdez. And mine? After that poem it seemed common to say that I was plain "Jack Biggs." But she anticipated me; she pointed to one of my business cards that had escaped my vest-pocket when I threw it on the sand. "Meester Beegs, *que no?*" she lisped, and it did not sound at all badly from her lips.

It was pleasant to know she did not dislike my name; this was one way of saying, as everybody knows, that its owner was not disagreeable to her.

As we talked, we washed; and long before noon the gentleman's shirts were all floating in the breeze from the low chaparral along the river bank.

Lucia Eulalia glanced gratefully and alternately at the snowy linen and at me. My natural thoughtfulness led me to suggest that we might as well do the family washing while we were about it. Her brother Antonio, the sheep-herder, whom she had mentioned with sisterly affection—did not his things have need of water? "There was no time like the present," I said; "it might set in to-morrow and rain for months—who knows?"

Lucia Eulalia looked at the contradicting blue of the skies, and laughed at my weather prophesies, but she ran to her adobe dwelling a few rods away and brought from it a bundle of Antonio's "things." They had apparently been waiting for me for years. His wardrobe ranged from dingy bandanas to dingier overalls. As I warmed up to the ambitious task of cleansing them, under Lucia Eulalia's approving smiles, all nature seemed to smile; the sun shone warm and warmer; the river ran blue and bluer—for Lucia had "blued" it. She had also "allowed" the root of a whole soap-tree to Antonio's garments. She was right in doing this, but, somehow, in my struggle with the sheep-herding stains of six months, I had distributed a good deal of lather over my person. When this unaccustomed fatigue began to show on me, Lucia Eulalia asked softly if I "had tire."

"Oh, no!" I was declaring, "I have no tire," when some approaching American voices were heard. Lucia clapped her hands tragically, and, running to the chaparral, began hastily to gather the linen therefrom. I caught from her manner that the owner of the shirts had tired of waiting and was coming for them. I had divined aright, but I had not divined far enough. As they emerged from the *alameda* to the west of the river, I could see they were a lady and gentleman. I had almost managed a look of industry and innocence, as they approached us, and raised my eyes to impress them with it, when—gracious saints! Guadalupe and great Jehosaphat! Was that Maxwell! The man I had robbed of the valedictory in '87 at Ann Arbor? True, I had no grudge against him on that account, but my dream of meeting him again and "making it right" had not been like this! Maxwell it was, with his stylish bride. He threw me a careless glance at first; then I began to dawn on him, slowly but surely. He quizzed Lucia in miserable Spanish, in a cowardly way, I thought.

"Quien es?" he said, indicating me.

Smilingly, as if pleased so to honor me, Lucia presented me to Maxwell and his wife as "*Mi amigo*, Señor Beegs." I could feel that the blueing, and the soap-root, and the river water were all mingling in one grand river of perspiration toward the collar of my negligé shirt. I could feel that all the constellations in the heavens and all the mundane landscape around me were waltzing giddily together. An intense longing for home and mother came over me that mere words can not depict. For one wild moment I thought I would rush into my old chum's arms and tell him "all," like the wronged hero in the last act. I would say vehemently: "This-is-not-me-regular-business-I'm-a-civil-engineer-at-two-fifty-a-month-I'm-only-doing-this-for-fun," etc. But while I was thinking this—how often are our best intentions thwarted thus!—Maxwell coughed. It was not a consumptive cough. It was just a little grating sound that contained more painful surprise, and pity, and regret than a volume of Browning could. That froze me as I stood—or sat. Fixedly I gazed at the Sierra Madres over his head, as if trying to fathom the "lost" mines hidden there.

Maxwell's watch ticked in the painful silence.

"Alice," he said, sternly, "we must not miss that train."

Out of my life they went, with the clothes I had washed for them, as suddenly as they came in. I strained my ears to hear him say "Poor fellow! To come to that—rather bright at college, but this country seems to rob a fellow of ambition—" Maxwell, I knew, was never a secretive man; they were going East, and well—

Lucia Eulalia gathered up the extra coins he had thrown her for me, and said, softly: "Have you sad, señor?"

"Yes," I said, "I have sadness, also sickness; I would go back to camp at once."

As I drew on my spattered coat and vest over tired arms, I said, most earnestly: "Lucia Eulalia Garcia y Valdez, I shall never forget this day of the fiesta of San Guadalupe."

Nor have I.

S. B. METCALFE.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1895.

A league has been formed in France to assert the rights of pedestrians against bicyclists. The members agree never to get out of the way of a bicycle; they think that in case of collision the cyclist is sure to get the worst of it.

A BOOK ON BICYCLING.

Luther H. Porter's "Cycling for Health and Pleasure"—Beneficial Effects of the Exercise—Hints on Riding—Advice as to Cycling Costumes.

The craze for hicycling that has swept over the entire civilized world in the past two or three years has called into being quite a literature of the wheel, which includes many hooks of travel, such as "Across Asia on a Bicycle." But the major part of this literature is composed of such books as "Cycling for Health and Pleasure," by Luther H. Porter, and as this is one of the best of its class, we have decided this week to devote to a consideration of its contents the space we usually allot to the hook of the week.

The author, he it said at the beginning, has been an enthusiastic wheelman since 1870, and has tried all the new fashions and fads since that time. He is therefore entitled to a respectful hearing, and what he has to say commends itself for its evident good sense.

The opening chapter is entitled "Cycling for Health," and is made up largely of quotations from the testimony of physicians and others as to the beneficent effects of the exercise. Thus he quotes Dr. Langrange as follows:

"If we compare exercises of strength and exercises of speed, we find in them the common character of rendering respiration more active. But the exercises of strength only bring about this result at the price of intense muscular fatigue, while exercises of speed allow the work to be carried on till breathlessness is produced without the muscles becoming painful from the work. Speed can supplement force, and enable certain persons, whose muscular development is feeble, to benefit from the general effects of violent exercise, without needing intense efforts, which they would be unable to perform.

"Exercises of speed have the advantage of producing the same quantity of work as the exercises of strength, and of producing the same intensity of respiratory need. Further, they increase the activity of the respiratory functions with less fatigue of the lungs and heart, owing to the absence of effort, which only exceptionally occurs in exercise of speed, but which is obligatory in exercises of strength. Hence a cause for preferring exercises of speed. As regards the muscular system, an exercise of speed, for an equal number of kilogrammeters in a given time, will produce less fatigue than a work of strength, and will subject the motor apparatus in a less degree to the various accidents resulting from shocks and frictions of its constituent parts."

Mr. Porter's own testimony is more particular regarding the good effects of the exercise. He says:

It is necessarily in the open air; and this is of great importance, because a prime object of exercise is to secure and lay up a store of oxygen, which can be fully accomplished only out-of-doors. It also gives constant change of scene and thought, avoiding the monotony of indoor exercise. New rides, fresh sights, varied routes, pleasant companions, and absolutely complete change in every respect from ordinary occupations, give it very exceptional advantages.

It does not develop any one set of muscles excessively, but it acts upon many sets simultaneously, gently, and beneficially. It calls into simultaneous action more muscles than does any other form of exercise; but it calls them into play so gently and pleasantly that after one has gotten over the surprise that this unexpected occurrence gives him at the start, he is not conscious of the fact, except as he feels exhilarated after a ride, and finds every function made more vigorous and active. The chest, arms, and abdomen are the first to feel the effects and benefits of riding a cycle. As in other exercises of speed, the chest is strengthened and enlarged; the arms and fingers become firmer in action; and every function of the various organs feels a vivifying impulse, and begins at once to act with unaccustomed vigor.

It requires but a short ride to start a sluggish circulation into healthy activity, to quiet strained nerves, refresh wearied muscles, and clear the clouded brain. It is well-nigh impossible to be so wearied, physically or mentally, that half an hour on a bicycle will not refresh the system like food and sleep combined, and impart to it a far better and more lasting tone than any stimulant can produce. A daily ride of an hour, or half an hour, if taken briskly, will cure dyspepsia even of the most confirmed sort, and make it possible to take any food with comfort. After an evening ride and rub-down or bath, the sleep which follows is as certain as it is incomparably calm and refreshing. The nerves are quieted, the muscles rested, the circulation stimulated, and the feeling of physical satisfaction which pervades the system insures calm and invigorating sleep. All this has been proved over and over again in the experience of every wheelman. Physicians are beginning to recognize it, and are recommending the wheel to both men and women. For indigestion, insomnia, and nervous troubles, it is the sovereign remedy.

His second chapter is on "Learning," and it is full of sound advice. Every one who rides will see the excellence of Mr. Porter's plan for teaching the beginner to steer: lowering the seat till the rider can touch the ground on both sides, removing the pedals, and having the pupil start the machine and continue to steer it until it loses its momentum. One point that he justly lays great stress on is the advantage of thoroughly learning to manage the wheel. He says:

The secret of rapid learning and of acquiring facility in the use of a cycle is in taking frequent, regular, and short rides, aided, if possible, by a rider of judgment. Remember that it is not brute force, but skillful management of a wheel, which makes riding easy and pleasant, and secures speed as well. The method of taking short daily rides will produce the best results; the muscles will steadily strengthen, and the improvement will be rapid.

And his description of the correct position in riding is worth quoting:

When mounted, sit up straight and well back. Unless for special cause, like racing, riding against a high wind, or mounting a hard hill, it is best to sit erect. Do not grasp the handles like a vise, but hold them lightly. When you can steer with a light grasp, practice steering with only one hand, until you can control the wheel easily to that way. When that is acquired, remove both hands from the handles for an instant, taking care to press evenly with the feet. If the wheel sways, a little pressure on a pedal will right it. Practice this a little at a time, but often, and you will soon be able to ride hands off. This accomplishment is not for show, but to give a good control of the wheel, and will teach you quickly the importance of even pedaling. Most persons pedal more or less unevenly, exerting greater pressure with one foot than with the other, and this, of course, tends to deflect the wheel from a true line. Steering with the hands counteracts this tendency more or less completely; but a man who does all his steering with his hands, rarely, if ever, rides as true and gracefully as a man who can steer perfectly with feet alone. By practicing diligently, hands off, a little at a time, perfectly even pedaling can be acquired, and a man can ride long distances on good roads without touching his handles.

In the same vein are these two passages from the third chapter, which is headed "Riding and Touring":

The maximum degree of power can only be secured by having a reach short enough to enable the rider to apply power effectively at every available part of the stroke. This means something different from the direct, vertical thrust which is all that a large majority of riders ever learn. It means a reach so short that a good ankle action will have the toe far enough below the pedal, when it is at its lowest point, to enable the rider to continue his application of power backward beyond that lowest point. It also means a reach so short that on back-pedaling down a steep hill, the pedals are felt perfectly and

held steadily at the very lowest point of every revolution. The test for both cases is the same: the rider should be able to place his heel easily on the pedal when it is at the lowest point.

In order to cultivate good form, the reach must be of the proper length, already insisted on, and the handles carefully adjusted as to height, and not so long as fashion has sometimes demanded. The principle of a comfortable reach for the arms is to have the handles at such a height and of such a length that the hands will drop naturally upon them a little in front of the body, and but little to each side of it, while the rider is in the saddle with feet on pedals. The rider should be in an erect, easy position, with the elbows but very slightly bent. For this purpose a bar not over twenty-two inches from tip to tip should be used; twenty inches is long enough for most persons, while experienced riders as a rule prefer even a little less than this. In position, the handles may be, for a man of ordinary size, two or three inches higher than the saddle, and for a woman perhaps four or five inches. An upright position is desirable, but comfort and grace do not require any one to sit hunched upright, as if tied to a post. On the contrary, a rider is more comfortable and graceful, and can use his power to better advantage, if the body is slightly flexed at the hips, with the chest a little thrown forward, with the shoulders well back. This keeps the chest open, the lungs free, and gives the most powerful working position. It is entirely different from the bent over, doubled up, and chest-contracted position assumed by so many, but it is not the ramrod-like form that some think necessary in order to show disapproval of the other extreme. Such a combination of leg-reach, arm-reach, and body position will give the most comfort and power, and tend to reduce the inclination felt on a badly adjusted wheel to frequently change one's position.

"Accidents and Their Prevention" is the title of the fourth chapter. From it we quote a few salient paragraphs:

In order to reduce to a minimum the chance of slipping a pedal, ankle action should be cultivated persistently, and one should carry his weight well on the pedals, rather than on the saddle. Should a pedal still be slipped, the rider should instantly steady himself by means of the other pedal and the handles, and pedal firmly with the other foot until the last pedal is recovered.

The instant anything unusual in the road surface is encountered—he it a stone, hock of wood, rough spot, depression, or the like—the handles should be grasped more firmly, and all the rider's weight carried on the pedals.

Riders should remember that no brake that is applied to the tire will hold firmly when the tire is wet, and govern themselves accordingly.

Whether pedaling or coasting, vehicles closely in front of a rider must be carefully watched, as they are very liable to slow up suddenly, or turn in front of you into some yard or side street. It is the best way not to pass a vehicle just at any cross-street, until you see that it is not about to turn into it.

In the case of collision between two bicycles, it should be remembered that the aggressor will receive the less damage if the machines are of equal strength, so that if a collision is actually unavoidable, it is worth while to become the aggressor if possible, or at least to endeavor to give as much shock as you receive.

This last bit of advice looks a little odd at first blush; its eminent practicality can not be denied.

Perhaps the most important chapter in the book is the fifth, in which the author takes up the subject of "Correct Pedaling." It is illustrated by diagrams which make his explanations quite clear, but the principle involved may be stated briefly: when the rider pushes only down vertically on the pedal, his power is effective during less than the entire downward motion of the pedal—in less than one hundred and eighty degrees, in fact; but, by pushing the pedal forward just before and when it reaches the highest point in its circle and backward while and after it is at its lowest point, the number of degrees in which power is effectively applied is made to exceed one hundred and eighty for each pedal. This application of force is most easily effected when the heel is lowered for the forward push and the toe deflected for the backward stroke, resulting in the "ankle action" on which Mr. Porter lays such stress. He says:

By acquiring good ankle motion, instead of exerting pressure with each foot through only one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty degrees, it becomes possible to apply power through two hundred to two hundred and twenty degrees, and it also applies the power more effectively throughout the whole distance. Before passing the dead-center line, the dropped heel allows power to be applied to the upper crank, in pushing it forward past that line, while the depressed toe of the other foot makes it possible to apply power to the lower crank in pushing it backward; consequently, the dead centre is practically annihilated. Thus, at the point where a rider with poor ankle action is exerting no effective pressure at all, the one with good action is doing important and effective work with both ankles.

Two chapters on "Speed and Gearing" and on "Training" are worth careful reading, but they are too technical for quotation here, and we pass on to the last chapter, in which "Cycling Costume" is discussed. Mr. Porter begins with the masculine riders, of whom he says:

For masculine riders it is universally agreed that a negligée costume of outing-shirt or sweater, loose-fitting coat, fairly full knee-breeches, long stockings, and low shoes is the only comfortable thing. The headgear may be according to taste. The old styles of tight-fitting, braided garments have disappeared, and club uniforms are almost a thing of the past. Taste, neatness, and individuality, within the bounds of reason and suitability, are now sought after, and with most pleasing results. The colors selected are often the best, grays and browns in mixed goods predominating, and being by all odds the most suitable ones for the purpose in hand.

For comfort, and for protection against cold, a light-weight sweater in summer and a heavy one in winter is far ahead of any other form of garment for steady riding. The writer was never very enthusiastic over their appearance, and for years he tested every possible substitute, but finally satisfied himself from actual trial that the sweater is the safest and most healthful article to wear. A light or medium-weight undershirt should be worn beneath it.

The coat should be a fairly loose sack, not too short, with rolling collar. The general tendency is to make them too short, and this should be guarded against. The knee-breeches should be moderately full, and of ordinary size at the waist. A strap or belt may be worn, but should never be pulled very tight, or suspenders may be used if preferred. Below the knee the breeches may be fastened by a buckle, elastic, or strings; this being entirely a matter of taste.

Stockings of dark gray or some plaid look best in the long run; black ones are more dressy, but show dust badly. Some persons can make them stay in place by folding over the tops, but generally a support is required, and supporters that run over the shoulders are the best. Any low shoes that are not too tight-fitting will answer, but should have fairly heavy soles, and when rat-trap pedals are used, they should have indentations made to fit the pedal-pots. These are the main features that can not well be departed from, but modifications may be made to meet individual tastes.

The much debated question of the wheeling woman's garb Mr. Porter approaches without fear, for he speaks, as he confesses in the following extract, on the authority of his wife. He says:

It is entirely possible to make the ordinary skirt in such form that it will be free from all the objections commonly urged against it, with the single exception of the resistance it presents to the wind. This is accomplished by making it of ordinary walking length, not too full, and of fairly heavy material, even for summer use. The difficulties and dangers that have beset women's skirts have always been due to one or more of the following errors in construction, viz: too great length, too much fullness, or too light material. The writer's wife has established these facts pretty thoroughly to an experience of

ten years, with all kinds of cycles. By conforming to the suggestions above made, she has never met with an accident, while those who neglect them are frequently subjected to more or less serious difficulties.

Next to the skirt of walking length is the short skirt that comes down to the tops of the boots. The material, as before, should be moderately heavy, and not too full. Long leggings or gaiters, preferably to match the skirt, should be worn. For riders who prefer to retain the ordinary skirts, this arrangement is hard to surpass. The advantage of this form, however, can be combined with that of ordinary walking length by making the skirt of walking length, and providing it with four straps, arranged to look like ornaments, and hanging at equal intervals from the waist. A short distance below each strap is a button, to which it can be attached, and so shorten the dress about six inches.

The skirt is also frequently worn with knickerbockers beneath it, which are made of the same material as the costume itself, and must be carefully fitted and well cut. They should be full over the knee and gathered just below it with an elastic band. They are fastened at either side of the waist, and often have several gores over the hips. The black satin ones are fastened with a strap and buckle, and look very much like the satin and velvet knee-breeches that used to be in fashion years ago for men's wear.

Long leggings or gaiters are always worn with knickerbockers in bicycling. These leggings are very difficult to get well fitting. As yet, no one, bootmaker or tailor, has attained the acme of perfection in them. Many of these are made of the same cloth as the knickerbockers, and are buttoned to the hand below the knee. When so well clothed there is less danger of catching cold and less danger from falling than when many skirts are worn. Low shoes under the leggings are most comfortable; but there must be no undue pressure about the ankles, for if one would ride properly it is there the greatest strain must come. Some women think they ride better without corsets, and certainly tight lacing is out of the question. But corsets quite short and not laced too tight do not interfere in the least with riding very comfortably, and are a decided improvement to almost every figure. The women who can go without corsets under any circumstances are women who, from their youth up, have never worn them, and to start off on a long bicycle trip without them would be quite as injurious as to wear even too tight ones. Riding-corsets are quite as good for bicycling as for horseback, and can be bought at a comparatively trifling expense.

A simple modification of the regular skirt is the divided skirt, which is practically an ordinary skirt cut part way up the centre, front and back, and then so fastened that it hangs in the form and shape of a regular skirt, but is really so divided as to facilitate the movement of the rider's limbs.

The regular woman's skirt can be made safe and convenient for bicycle use in any of the ways just described, but there are two advantages that can be obtained by doing away with the skirt altogether. They are the reduction of wind resistance and the saving of weight in the bicycle, owing to the practicability of using a diamond-frame machine. The gain in the first of these cases can not, of course, be appreciated until one has actually removed the skirt and ridden without it; in the second case, the advantage is less than formerly, because of the marked improvements lately made in ladies' drop-frame machines and the reduction in their weights, though they are still, of necessity, heavier than diamond-frame machines.

When the skirts are discarded entirely, the garment which replaces them is made like exceedingly full and loose knickerbockers, held in place just below the knee, and of the same material. They give a most excellent effect, when properly fitted and tastefully made, and do not interfere in the least with feminine dignity and modesty. The advantages of bloomers are considerable; they offer less resistance than skirts to the wind; there is more freedom in the use of the limbs; there is nothing to catch in the machine in mounting, dismounting, or in riding; chain and wheel-guards can be removed from the machine altogether, or a diamond frame wheel can be used if desired, or a drop frame can have its upper tube placed high enough to brace it more thoroughly. . . . Some prefer to adopt knickerbockers almost exactly like those worn by men, to be worn either with a waist or a sack-coat. In France, and especially in Paris, the ladies wear knickerbockers, either with or without leggings, and very short skirts over them not reaching as far as the knee. Such dress must, of course, be exceedingly comfortable.

The waists worn are many and various, and can be suited to the season and personal taste. Sweaters are exceedingly comfortable, and are the easiest and most suitable thing for long rides and touring, and, with short jackets to wear over them, are quite the thing. Heavy gloves are necessary, as light ones are of no use.

There is a final chapter on "Practical Points," in which there are notes on a variety of topics, entered alphabetically under such heads as "Ball Bearings," "Brakes," "Care of Cycles," "Coasting," "Drink while Riding," "Legal Rights of Cyclists," "Lending Machines"—Mr. Porter's advice is almost as brief as *Punch's*: "Never do it"—"Oiling," "Rules of the Road," "Weight of Cycles," and so on; and as an appendix Dr. Græme M. Hammond's address on "The Influence of the Bicycle in Health and Disease" is reproduced. It should be added that the text is accompanied by diagrams wherever they can make it clearer.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, price, \$1.00.

Colonel Francis Vinton Greene recently delivered an address on the subject of good roads in the Butterfield Practical Course at Union College. In the course of his remarks, he showed that while Massachusetts annually expends sixty-six dollars a mile on roads outside of cities, New Jersey forty-three dollars, and New York thirty dollars, the average expenditure in the other States is much less. If it is only eighteen dollars a mile, this means a total annual expenditure throughout the country of twenty millions of dollars, and much the larger part of this vast sum is literally thrown away on roads that are not only the cause of vexation and discomfort to those who drive over them, but that entail actual loss upon those who are compelled to carry their goods over them to the market or to the railway station. Colonel Greene said:

"It has been proved, not only by mechanical experiment but by actual test, that the same force which draws one ton on a muddy earth road will draw four tons on a hard macadam road. On the improved roads of New Jersey loads of four to five tons are habitually drawn by a two-horse team. This effects a saving of fully three-fourths of the cost of hauling to the station, and reduces the cost of road transportation from thirty cents to seven and one-half cents per ton per mile. What this saving amounts to may be imagined when it is known that the New York Central Railroad carries nearly twenty million tons of way freight in a year. If this is hauled only two miles by road, to or from the station, and a saving of twenty-two and one-half cents per ton per mile could be effected, it would mean a total saving of nine millions of dollars."

In other words (says *Harper's Weekly*), the question of roads in many of our agricultural communities is a question of farming at a loss or at a profit. And there is not a community or town in the thickly settled parts of the country that can not provide itself with thoroughly good highways by anticipating its road taxes for fifteen or twenty years. Money horrowed on fifteen or twenty-year bonds, to be paid off from the annual road taxes, would be sufficient for the work in each locality, while the expenditure would involve little, if any, increased taxation.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The great frieze for the Boston Public Library, painted by Edwin A. Abbey, is now in place. The pictures are to be reproduced in a small volume of popular character, giving an account of the work, its meaning and origin, to be written by Mr. and Mrs. Abbey, with the assistance of Henry James.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' announcements include "William the Silent," by Ruth Putnam, in the Heroes of the Nations Series; "Wild Flowers of the North-Eastern States," by Margaret C. Whiting and Ellen Miller; "A Gender in Satin," by "Rita," and "Every Day's News," by a new writer, in the Incognito Library; "Natural Taxation," by Thomas G. Shearman; and "Water Tramps; or, the Cruise of the *Sea-Bird*," by George H. Bartlett.

Charles Dickens the younger has succeeded the late James Sime as a literary adviser to the house of Macmillan & Co., in London.

From the *Athenaeum* we learn the following particulars concerning the writings of R. L. Stevenson that remain to be published posthumously:

1. A volume of "Fables," composed during the author's residence in the Adirondacks in the winter of 1888, for the publication of which arrangements were completed at the time with Messrs. Longman, but which the author kept back for further revision and had still by him at the time of his death. 2. "St. Ives," being a romance of the adventures of a French prisoner escaping from Edinburgh Castle in 1813; on this the writer had been engaged at intervals during the last two years of his life, and it is completed all but the two or three concluding chapters. 3. "Weir of Hermiston; or, The Lord Justice Clerk," a tragic story of Scottish provincial life, also laid in the year 1813, the principal character of which is partly modeled on the historical figure of Lord Braxfield; this was unfortunately left half finished. 4. "The Northern Lights; or, A Family of Engineers," intended to be a full biographical history of his own family, but carried down, at the time of his death, only as far as the period of the building of the Bell Rock Light-house.

It is said that the demand for Hall Caine's "Manxman" shows no signs of abating. In the United States the novel reached a tenth edition some time since.

A forgotten and practically unknown poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes was printed recently in the *New York Sun*. It is "A College Sketch," a dialogue in blank verse between two college students, and after reading it one is not surprised that it has been omitted from Dr. Holmes's works. It was published in a *New York* newspaper called the *New World* in 1840.

Anthony Hope has written a series of four story-telling dialogues which he calls "Bad Matches." They are said to be particularly witty.

Henry B. Fuller's new novel, "With the Procession," is described as a realistic novel of Chicago life, on the lines of the same author's "Cliff Dwellers." His theme is the upheaval of a sober Chicago commercial family, rich and fossilized, by the ambitions of the younger son and daughter.

D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements for May include the following books:

"An Aide-de-Camp of Napoleon," memoirs of General Count de Ségur; "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," by Frank M. Chapman; "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden," by F. Schuyler Mathews; "The Art of Newspaper Making," by Charles A. Dana; "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd; "European and American Cuisine," by Mrs. Gesine Lemcke; "The Zeit-Geist," by L. Dougall; "Master and Man," by Count Leo Tolstoy; "In the Fire of the Forge," by Georg Ehlers; "The Cat," by R. S. Huidekoper, M. D.; "Into the Highways and Hedges," by F. F. Montrosier; and "The Vengeance of James Vansittart," by Mrs. J. H. Needell.

Paul Bourget has turned again from recording impressions to writing novels. His next book will be called "En Marche."

It was when Henry Harland, editor of "The Yellow Book," was a young lawyer, that he made his first attempts at literature. In order to gain time for this work, he fell into the curious habit of going to bed immediately after dinner and rising at two o'clock in the morning. Then, fortified by a cup of black coffee, he would work assiduously with his pen until office time. In that way he wrote his first novel, "As It Was Written."

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson arrived in this city last week, accompanied by her son and daughter, Lloyd Osbourne, with whom the novelist wrote several tales in collaboration, and Mrs. Isabel Strong, who latterly served Mr. Stevenson as amanuensis. They purpose remaining in San Francisco for some months.

Mr. W. D. Howells has written an introduction for Count Tolstoy's new work of fiction, "Master and Man," which is published by D. Appleton & Co.

The mantle of the *Pall Mall Budget* has (according to the *New York World*) fallen upon the shoulders of *Black and White*. James N. Dunn, the new editor of *Black and White*, has taken many of the old staff of the *Budget* with him.

New York publisher announces "The Company Doctor," a novel by Henry Edward Rood, who for nearly three years lived among Poles, Magyars, Italians, Sicilians, and Slovaks, in the coal regions, along lines of railroads, etc., working

with them, attending their dances and funerals, taking part in strikes, and thoroughly familiarizing himself with their ideas as to citizenship, education, socialism, superstitions, and so forth.

"The Story of Primitive Man" is the next volume in the Library of Useful Stories published by D. Appleton & Co.

A new book by Robert Bridges ("Droch"), the author of "Overheard in Arcady," will be called "Suppressed Chapters," and contains informal criticism, comment, and satire on Anthony Hope, Du Maurier, Hall Caine, Barrie, Crockett, Crawford, J. K. Bangs, and C. D. Gibson (the artist), "Trilby," "Lord Ormont," "Tess," "David Balfour," and "The Jungle Book."

Apocryph of the common requests for a written opinion on a manuscript novel, to which editors are often subjected, James Payn writes:

"When one has complied with such a request, the applicant generally writes back to say that your criticism is not what he had expected, and regrets that there is so much jealousy in the profession of letters. A truly philanthropic institution, the Society of Authors, has of late been supposed to mitigate this persecution by offering to supply criticisms, written by a competent person, for one guinea—not an extravagant sum for such a work of time and trouble. Accordingly, the last time I was asked to undertake this job, 'in the absence of any other possible adviser,' I returned the manuscript (eightpence it cost me by the parcel post), with a polite letter, stating that there was such an adviser, and giving his terms and his address. By the next post I received this letter: 'HONORED SIR: I take advantage at once of your kind recommendation, and my manuscript is now in the hands of the society. I hope you will not think it a liberty if I ask you to supply them with the sum required, as I have not a guinea (nor anything like it) of my own.'"

Thomas Hardy, it is said, is dramatizing "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" for Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was talking with a friend one day (says a writer in the *Interior*, of Chicago), when the conversation turned upon his classmates who were living. "Now, there's Smith," he said; "his name will be honored by every school-child in the land when I have been forgotten a hundred years. He wrote 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' If he had said 'Our Country,' the hymn would not have been immortal; but that 'my' was a master-stroke. Every one who sings the hymn at once feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country."

The Art of Translation.

The past few years have brought before our eyes, in bewildering succession, an array of contemporary writers from all parts of the civilized world. Novelists and dramatists, essayists and poets, of the most diverse nationalities and ideals, compete for our attention. Not only do the new works of the older literatures crowd upon us, but the new literatures of Canada, Australia, Greece, Portugal, and Spanish America as well. Now most of these new claimants for attention require conversion into our vernacular before we may become acquainted with them. And this fact leads the *Chicago Dial* to remark that the art of translation, so far from keeping pace with its practice, lags painfully behind. The more translations we get, the worse they seem to be. Time was when a translation was at least apt to be a labor of love, conscientiously and sympathetically performed. At present, it seems a sort of scramble to be first in the field. A novel by a popular foreign author is almost sure to get before our public in a translation so wooden, so unidiomatic, so essentially ignorant, as to be a mere travesty of the original. One who has occasion to examine many of these productions is only too often reminded of the sort of translation that was suffered by Bottom, and is surprised beyond measure when he comes upon a version which is not an utter perversion. We do not here speak of the ethical question, so often ignored by those who deliberately alter or curtail the text of their originals, but merely of the lack of intelligence and capacity nearly always displayed by translators of contemporary literature.

The simple fact is that the qualifications of a translator are set far too low, both by his employer and the public. The long-suffering public, of course, has to take what it can get, is too apathetic to demand better workmanship, and easily grows accustomed to the hack-work that dulls the taste and deadens the literary sensibility. As for the employer, the publisher, he finds a ready sale for the cheap product, and hence does not offer the compensation that good work ought to bring. Of course he has a moral responsibility in the matter, but he is not likely to care for that when his pocket is concerned. Any young person with a smattering of French or German and a dictionary to help him out, feels competent to become a translator, it never occurring to him that the cultivation of an English style is the first requisite of all; while the average publisher shows that he accepts this view by refusing to pay for translations any sum that a competent workman, the real master of two languages, can possibly accept. Of course, honorable exceptions to this rule may be found here and there, and, equally, of course, good translations will now and then come from persons actuated, not by self-interest, but by a delight in good workmanship for its own sake. But the conditions that fix the existing standard of translation are still mainly of the hard commercial kind, and, until they are in some way modified, the standard will remain low.

INTAGLIOS.

Haunted.

When candle-flames burn blue,
Between the night and morning,
I know that it is you,
My love, that was so true,
And that I killed with scorning.

The watch-dogs howl and hay;
I pale, and leave off smiling.
Only the other day
I held your heart in play,
Intent upon beguiling.

A little while ago
I wrung your soul with sighing;
Or brought a sudden glow
Into your cheek by low,
Soft answers, in replying.

My life was all disguise,
A mask of feints and fancies;
I used to lift my eyes
And take you by surprise
With smiles and upward glances.

And now, where'er I go,
Your sad ghost follows after;
And blue the flame burns low,
And doors creak to and fro,
And silent grows the laughter.

The Poet Turns.

No more a beggar at your door,
I wait the dote of your disdain;
I court your tardy crusts no more,
But take the open road again.

No more a lackey in your train
Your fickle pleasure I pursue;
I spur to draw a jingling rein
In hard ambition's retinue.

No more a slave of your caprice,
I labor on in sun and rain;
The longest servitude must cease
At snapping of the rusty chain.
Yet golden chances sometimes fall
At heggars' feet; and lackeys pose
As lords anon; and slaves in thrall
Nurse hopes no freeman ever knows.

My Lovers Twain.

My lovers twain—my lovers twain,
I pray you let me be!
To wed you both I would be fain,
Only that may not be.
One lover is like music sweet,
That steals my heart away;
And one is like the trumpet blast,
Which calls me to the fray.
One is of gentle, courteous mind,
To low and high degree;
And one is stern and harsh of mood,
And melteth hot to me.
One is so strangely lovable,
That hot to touch his hand
Do women kneel—before the one
Do men uncovered stand.
And if I this one do not wed,
He never wife will seek;
And if that one I do not wed,
He sorroweth a week.
My lovers twain—my lovers twain,
Ye should have let me be;
I love the one with all my heart—
The other loveth me.

Carmen.

Carmen est maigre—un trait de histre
Cerne son œil de gitana.
Ses cheveux sont d'un noir sinistre,
Sa peau, le diable l'a tanna.

Les femmes disent qu'elle est laide,
Mais tous les hommes en sont fous;
Et l'archevêque de Tolède
Chante la messe à ses genoux;

Elle a, dans sa laideur piquante,
Un grain de sel de cette mer
D'où jaillit, nue et provocante,
L'acré Vénus du gouffre amer.

—Théophile Gautier.

Mnments.

Oh, there are moments in man's mortal years
When for an instant that which long has lain
Beyond our reach, is on a sudden found
In things of smallest compass, and we hold
The unbounded shut in one small minute's space,
And worlds within the hollow of our hand;
A world of music in one word of love,
A world of love in one quick wordless look.
A world of thought in one translucent phrase,
A world of memory in one mournful chord,
A world of sorrow in one little song.
Such moments are man's holiest; the divine
And first-born seeds of love's eternity.

The perishable nature of the paper modern books are printed on is not an unmixed evil, as a correspondent of the *Nation* points out:

"The prospect of the utter annihilation of nine out of every ten current novels, poems, and magazine articles, and of many of the ordinary text-books for schools and colleges, is hardly one to make the judicious grove. But paper varies in quality even as the stars differ in lustre, and fortunately the best books are, as a rule (alas for the exceptions!), printed on the best paper—which in these degenerate days is, it must be confessed, none too good. While some of the good books must perish, it is the worthless that will first decay, from being printed on equally worthless paper. Behold an example of the great law of the survival of the fittest, and let us hope that it will clear the way for a generation of writers of higher ideals and of a less mercenary spirit."

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton's Californian novel, "Los Cerritos," has been re-issued in paper covers by Luvell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"In the Old Chateau," by Colonel Richard Henry Savage, a story of Russian Poland, has been published in the familiar yellow-paper covers by F. Teonyon Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

A new edition of "The Abbé Constantine," by Ludovic Halévy, tastefully printed and bound and profusely illustrated with full-page pictures by Madeleine Lemaire, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"A Wheel Within a Wheel: How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle; With Some Reflections by the Way," by Frances E. Willard, illustrated from photographs, has been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

"Where to Stop: A Guide to the Best Hotels in the World" contains a list of three thousand leading hotels, throughout the world, arranged alphabetically by post-office addresses. Published by Moses King, Boston; price, 25 cents.

"The Ways of Yale," by Professor Henry A. Beers, is an entertaining little book of reminiscences of the author's student days, with occasional outcroppings of verse here and there. The names of some men now famous figure in its anecdotes, which are wittily told and full of humor. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"A Handbook on Tuberculosis among Cattle," by Henry L. Shumway, is an outgrowth of the author's work as a reporter "covering" the work of the Massachusetts Cattle Commission in its attempt to control bovine tuberculosis. The book is not intended for professional men; its aim is to inform the general public concerning the relation of the disease to the health and life of the human family and to describe the use of tuberculin as a diagnostic test. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price \$1.00.

The *Biblot* for May is devoted to "Fragments from Sappho." The editor has chosen the more coherent fragments from H. T. Wharton's scholarly volume, "Sappho: Memoir, Text, Select Renderings, and a Literal Translation," from which also are taken some illustrative head-notes. Among the translators here quoted are J. Addington Symonds, W. E. Gladstone, Sir Edwin Arnold, J. H. Merivale, and Swinburne. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 5 cents.

A new edition has just been brought out of "Silver and Gold and Their Relation to the Problem of Resumption, to which is added Sir Isaac Newton and England's Prohibitive Tariff upon Silver Money." This work is considered a remarkably comprehensive discussion of the subject, and its author was one of the most learned and accomplished of American bimetallicists. A brief sketch of the author's life, by H. P. Boyden, distinguishes this new edition. Published by the Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati; price, \$1.50.

A new and revised edition of "How to Know the Wild Flowers," by Mrs. William Starr Dana, has been issued. It is a guide to the names, haunts, and habits of the common wild flowers to be found east of Chicago, and comprises descriptions of flowers, arranged according to color, explanations of terms, some account of notable plant families, and indexes to Latin names, English names, and technical terms. The illustrations by Marjann Satterlee add much to the usefulness of the book. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

"Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney," by James A. Weston, is a bulky volume of three hundred pages in which the author seeks to prove that the famous French general was not executed, but escaped, through the connivance of the soldiers detailed to shoot him, and, coming to the United States, lived in Rowan County, N. C., under the name of Peter Stuart Ney, and died there in 1846. Mr. Weston produces a formidable array of facts, and presents them in telling fashion. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, \$3.00.

A new edition has been published of two little books of travel by Clinton Scollard. They are "On Sunny Shores" and "Under Summer Skies," and in them the young poet has inscribed his impressions of travel. In the first-named volume, rural England, the Alps, the Italian cities, bits of Greece, and Syrian scenes are described; and in the second, the author ranges from Cairo to Tombstone, Arizona. Both books are illustrated by Margaret Landers Randolph. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.00 each.

"The Mystery of Cloomber," by A. Conan Doyle, is as full of mystery and shivers as an egg is of meat. The scene of the story is on the bleak Scottish coast, where a retired Anglo-Indian

general lives in morose seclusion with his wife and their two children. The general is haunted by an astral bell, and at the end of the story its ghostly tinkle may be heard over the pit in which four mysterious Bengalese have incarcerated the general, in accordance with a prophecy which has been hanging over him all through the book. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Tryphena in Love" is a charming little story by Walter Raymond, the author of "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter." Tryphena is an English country lass who, when a little girl, had been the cause of an accident that made her playmate, John Pettigrew, an invalid for many years; she teods him and reads to him, but it is not till the young lady from the manor house arouses a hopeless passion in the poor lad's breast that Tryphena discovers that she herself loves her charge. The story is a simple one, but it is very prettily told. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Under the Man-Fig" is a new novel by M. E. M. Davis, whose "In War Times at La Rose Blanche" will be pleasantly remembered. It is a story of Texas, not of cowboys and border ruffians, but of a quaint old Southern village and the pathetic tragedy of a villager's life. Its hero is Vanbrungh Herring, whose martyrdom consists in having to endure in silence his neighbors' suspicion that he stole a box of jewels from his cousin, Miss Elinor Thornham; even when his wife and two little girls died, the mutters saw in it "the hand of God." The story is well developed, and it is full of clever sketches of character. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Origins of Inventions," by Dr. Otis T. Mason, is the latest volume of the Contemporary Science Series. It is an extended study of industry among primitive peoples, and abounds in curious and interesting information. Its scope is shown by the list of chapters, which is as follows: "Introductory," "Tools and Mechanical Devices," "Invention and Uses of Fire," "Stone-Working," "The Potter's Art," "Primitive Uses of Plants," "The Textile Industry," "War on the Animal Kingdom," "Capture and Domestication of Animals," "Travel and Transportation," and "The Art of War," with a supplemental chapter in which the author presents his conclusions. The text is accompanied by many illustrations, some of which are from photographs. Two indexes—of authors quoted and of subjects—conclude the volume. Imparted by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The "authorized" royalty edition of Rudyard Kipling's works, complete in seven volumes, proves to be a rebinding, in uniform red cloth covers, of six books of Kipling's short stories and one volume of his poems. The books are "Soldiers Three," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "Mice Own People," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Light that Failed," and "Departmental Ditties and Barrack-Room Ballads." These seven volumes are alike only in their biog, there being almost as many styles of type used as there are volumes. But the printing is clear, the paper is heavy, if coarse, and the edition will serve for a few years, when, it is to be hoped, a really complete to date and uniform edition of the clever young Englishman's writings may be procurable. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 each.

"The Black Riders and Other Lines," by Stephen Crane, is a very curious little book. Even the black flower, done in the Beardsley manner, on the cover, does not prepare one for the strange things set down within. In form they are not poems, nor "pastels in prose," they are simply "lines"; here is the first of them:

"Black riders came from the sea.
There was clang and clang of spear and shield,
And clash and clash of hoof and heel,
Wild shouts and the wave of hair
In the rush upon the wind:
Thus the ride of sin."

It is impressionistic, perhaps. Here is another:

"I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped,
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
'It is futile,' I said,
'You can never—'
'You lie,' he cried,
And ran on."

A third is yet more strange:

"On the horizon the peaks assembled;
And as I looked,
The march of the mountains began.
As they marched, they sang,
'Aye! we come! we come!'"

Each of these thoughts or word-pictures—and there are sixty-eight of them—is printed at the top of a page, the book being most luxuriously made. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.00.

Henry T. Finck is of opinion that "the Japanese have as much to teach us as we have to teach them, and that what they can offer us is, on the whole, of a higher and nobler order than what we can offer them," and so, to give us "a convenient bird's-eye view of the principal points in which Japanese civilization is superior to our own," he has written a

book to which he has given the title "Lotos-Time in Japan." Lotos-time, be it known, is July and August, a period which has its advantages and disadvantages as a time for sight-seeing in the land of the Mikado—among the former being that the summer heat compels the natives to remove the fronts of their flimsy houses, so that the tourist can see every detail of family life, in countless interiors. It takes more than three hundred pages for Mr. Finck to describe all the strange and beautiful sights and customs that impressed him, and he does it in such glowing colors that one wishes he had filled three hundred pages more. "Lotos-Time in Japan" is plentifully illustrated with reproductions of photographs—as all books of travel seem to be nowadays—which add no little to the reader's pleasure. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

The Sorrows of Short-Story Writers.

There is a great demand for short stories (writes Andrew Lang in the *Illustrated London News*), but the supply of ideas and situations falls far below the demand. The story-teller, left to himself, says: "Now, let me see, there's treasure—always a safe road, treasure." But in practice a treasure story is not an easy thing to write. The clew to the treasure is hard to find, if it is to be at all original. There are difficulties to be interposed; Poe managed this and the whole affair excellently. Then who put down the treasure, in what circumstances at once plausible and picturesque? These matters demand invention, the usual lies are now so hackneyed.

The last treasure story which I have read is recommended by its extreme simplicity. A starving astrologer, in gratitude for a breakfast, bids a singular Hindoo, of the probable height of six feet three and the likely name of Meer Aleo, to dig in an inclosure of two acres. He and his English friend dig, and treasure is all over the place. Just under an old temple floor is a large assortment of loose pearls. There is an Oriental coin, with the date 1400, and an inscription in an Eastern language. How in the world should Orientals of 1400 A. D. be using the date of the Christian era, whether in Arabic, or Roman, or any other numerals? I protest that a treasure story should be a trifle more plausible than this. I don't believe in 1400, in "Orient pearls at random strung"—or not strung at all—under a pavement, in a paddock as full of pelf as a field is full of turpids; or oo oo oo put faith in a starving astrologer who does not tickle with a hoe so rich a soil, which, when tickled, laughs with harvest.

There is another kind of tale which may easily be overdone. Poe began it, as usual—Poe, the grandmother of all who write startling tales. You revivify a dead or dying man. Poe mesmerized him; the results were gruesome. Mr. Graot Allen takes a colonel who is like a watch that has run down; he gives him a jog, by scientific means, and then the gallant officer ticks for a few moments, as it were, tells where he has hidden his will, and steps again—for good this time. In another magazine of the same date, in a tale by Mrs. Meade, the officer who runs down is a general. Mrs. Meade gives him a jog (he is only dying, not dead), and he says that it was *he*, not his daughter's young man, who killed the bad squire. Theo he stops for good; it was "time for him to go." The next narrator may try a field-marshal; but, to be frank, I fear that this particular stratagem must be laid aside for a while.

The ghost, for purposes of fiction, is becoming impossible. He used to be an able-bodied spectre, with a thrilling history, and a keen, if playful, intelligence. Now we know too much about him: he is mainly automatic, his effects are limited and stereotyped, his intentions are vague, while he never has any history in particular. One ghost, indeed, imprints three cold kisses on the cheek of any lady who sleeps in the haunted room, and perhaps a story-teller might make something out of this: I mention it in charity to the destitute narrator. But there was a rampaging spectre in *Blackwood* lately who was quite out of date, and in whom no student of the natural history of ghosts could possibly believe.

The poor inventor now turns sadly to detective stories. But they, also, are stereotyped. What Voltaire began, what Poe excelled in, all the arts of Zadig, and Dupin, and M. Lecoq are familiar, and the practical reader spies the secret from the first. I myself am very dull at guessing these riddles, and no doubt the general public shares this disability. I have a sketch for a murder with a lasso, and a new dodge for salting a gold mine, which are at the service of the destitute. A nice series might be written by turning M. Lecoq or Sherlock Holmes into a Black Tracker in Australia.

Mere sketches of flirtation seem to be unpopular except when Mr. Hope is the flirt; and "Ouida" says that all humorous short stories are odious, so no self-respecting person will venture on them. Thus the field is very restricted, while the laborers are many. Pathos is still cheap—you can always ill-treat a dog or misunderstand a child. Were we in France, I could recommend the Improper; but our most daring writers only venture to be improper in squalid and tragic circumstances. Gay impropriety is still tabooed—no outlet in that direction.

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It is just about a century since the boy Paganini, the son of a Genoese street-porter, began to be spoken of about Genoa as a musical wonder. He was a violinist, and he played the instrument with such a startling development of its possibilities that Rolla, the master of music at Parma, hearing him playing outside in an anteroom, started from his bed to ask what great violinist was outside. When the attendant answered that it was a boy—a half-starved, half-clad child of the streets—who had come to be taught, the master fell back on his pillows, exclaiming: "Tell him to go elsewhere; I can teach him nothing."

The violin in Italy had long stood as a symbol of art in its richest, deepest, most mysterious form. Centuries before, when the worker in woods and metals was more an artist than an artisan, this hollowed instrument, whose delicately curved forms might have seemed to take their curious undulations from a tight-knit muscular system beneath, had had its great creators. In the central square of Cremona, under the shadow of the Church of St. Dominic, lived the old violin-makers, those cunning artificers who, in the sun-steeped heat of their quiet workshops, lived laborious days perfecting the sweep of the violio's rich curves, the uplifts and indentations of its echoing form, the contractions, the expansions where the dreaming spirit of music lay mute, setting in with choice selectness the delicate purflings in its rounding sides, combining the tight, fibrous wood with the soft, porous wood for the making of diviner tones. Every dip and ripple in its shallow, harmonious shape was conned over with the solicitude of the artist for the work that his soul is centered in. And over all, embellishing it lustrously with a luteous, golden glow, was laid the amber-like varnish, which coameled the gracious, graceful body with a glaze, thick and translucent as honey, clear as sunlight.

Since the times of the Cremona violin-makers many hands had drawn the bow across the strings of these flawless creations of an enduring art. Music had been written for this greatest of instruments. Baillot, Spohr, and Rode were thought to have gauged it to its deepest and widest capacity. But the master destined to wake all the spirits that slumbered in its hollow shell did not rise till oar upon the opening of this century. Then in Genoa, the street-porter's son, starved and beaten and overworked into life-disgust, and despair, and the art-rage, laid his long fingers—claw-like, bony fingers of a prodigious length and compass-like stretch—upon the bow and strings and let loose the cries that had slumbered in the violin's heart since Stradivarius, and the Amati, and the Guarneri, in their sunny work-rooms near the Church of St. Dominic, had fashioned it with such deft and loving skill.

Paganini's exploiting of the capacities of the violin is an old story. Many of his most wonderful discoveries and singularities of method have died with him, as did those compositions of his he so jealously guarded that he took them from the orchestra after each performance. Many others have been seized upon, snatched up, to become stock effects in the repertoire of laborious mediocrity. But "the fiend-like power with which he ruled the strings," the unearthliness, the tingling and weird demonic quality which characterized his playing in the electric moments of inspiration, and swept his audience upward in a riotous madness of enthusiasm, were his own, part of a personality as strange and fantastically terrible as that of Poe or Edmund Keane.

Between the great Italian in his prime and the violinists of to-day stretches nearly three-quarters of a century. To Paganini has come no rival. Like Malibran, he has left behind him a tradition of glory that the actuality of genius, modern and present, can not dim. Such a tradition as perhaps of our time Salvini, the incomparable tragedian, and Adeline Paté, the last of the Italian prima donnas, may leave behind them when they and their epoch become "portions and parcels of the dreadful past."

The successors of Malibran were many and some great. Those, however, who trod in the footprints of the Italian violinist, were few and scattered. Their occasional figures pass lonely across the splendor of this great century, jostled by crowding composers, swept to one side by surging waves of impetuous prima donnas, elbowed by hurrying pianists. From Paganini to Ysaye and Caesar Thomson, they come in scanty Indian file—now the leonine head of Wilhelm catching the light; now the dark Spanish face and poet's eyes of Sarasate looming up for a second, like some recur-

rent memory of a head seen once in an old fresco; Joachim, with his rich, Oriental look of the Jew; and the gypsy, Sauret, Musin, and here and there a woman's face, with the fine, ugly, artistic look that is such a good thing to see.

Ysaye is the last of the modern violinists to visit us. We have all his illustrious compeers to measure him by. We can say that he has not the solemn, sepulchral grandeur of tone, the fierce, almost animal breadth and vigor of Wilhelmj. He has not the sensitive and romantic delicacy of Sarasate, the prince, the poet, the seer of visions, the dreamer of dreams among modern violinists, the player whose playing is like that of some beautiful and romantic woman's, passionate yet delicately restrained, deep with feeling yet not largely sympathetic, intense but restricted; showing life looked upon through a small rift in the surrounding environment, not viewed from the mountain-top whence all the veils and mists have been torn away. He has not either the dash, the splendor of *diablerie* and reckless, mocking gaiety that characterized Musin in his *beaux jours*—that strange, exhilarating combination of the *bizarre* brilliance of the gypsy and the *joie de vivre* of the Bohemian.

But Ysaye, in his own line, is a great artist, a master of technique, a calm performer of wonderful feats, a player of ease and breadth, calmness and fineness, tranquil and broad, like the sea. His playing suggests a personality of extreme placidity, of almost bovine indifference, of a breadth which is not impassioned but has an untrodden serenity like that of land-locked lakes. With this imperturbable phlegm tranquillizing oot only the turbulence of the artistic temperament, but the ardor and *elan* of his playing, it is not singular that his performance lacks the exciting quality, the fever, and glow, and tremulousness that seizes upon audiences and shakes them into vibrating life and enthusiasm with the electric force of its wild appeal. He is emphatically a player of peace, of serenity, of deep-toned softness, and soothing sonorities. From his fine intelligence he has extracted the very best it had to give; the instrument has been played to give forth its most perfect and melodious harmonies; the talent has been taken to the market-place and hartered with, and increased fivefold.

From his violin M. Ysaye extracts a tone of a singularly mysterious quality. That strange humanness of sound that the violin, of all instruments, can give forth, becomes in his hands veiled with a sort of whispering spiritual mystery. The instrument does not often utter those cries of yearning and pain, or those peevish sounds of petulance and weariness, that under the touch of other virtuosi break from it with illimitable suggestions of life-sickness. M. Ysaye's tone has never that crystalline, open clearness, that thin, open-air sound of a jubilant freshness. It is slightly hollow, deep, and replete with suggestions of brooding melancholy and unfathomed mysteries. It is spiritual rather than human. And it may be this lack of humanness which robs his playing of the power to thrill and exhilarate, and makes it exert over the audience a stealthy, creeping, sphinx-like charm.

M. Ysaye's support was not what may be termed brilliant, but it acquitted itself with fair success under the dwarfing shadow of genius. M. Lachaume was decidedly handicapped in the display of his talents by having to play on the worst possible kind of a piano, with tin-pan resonances in the treble that made it sound as if generations of school-girls had practiced the scales upon it. It was an awful piano. M. Lachaume did the best he could with it, and pounded like a good man and true; the poor, old piano under his vigorous onslaught giving forth cracked and jangling notes full of glassy echoes.

The programmes given by Mr. Ysaye at his concerts at the Baldwin Theatre have been as follows:

Monday evening, May 13th:

Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber; concerto, No. 3, B minor, op. 61, (1) allegro non troppo, (2) andantino quasi allegretto, (3) molto moderato e maestoso, (4) allegro non troppo, Saint-Saëns, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; "Concert Stucke," Weber, M. Lachaume and Orchestra; concerto, (1) allegro molto appassionato, (2) andante, (3) allegro molto vivace, Mendelssohn, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; reverie, "Au bord de la Mer," Dunkler, Orchestra; ballade, B minor, Chopin, M. Lachaume; "Faust" Fantaisie, Wieniawski, M. Ysaye; Matro seu Chorus, "Der Fliegende Holländer," Wagner, Orchestra.

Wednesday evening, May 15th:

Overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart; second concerto in D minor, (a) adagio ma non troppo, (b) recitativo, (c) finale allegro molto, Max Bruch, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; fantasia ballet, Pierre, M. Lachaume and Orchestra; "Farsifal" and "Meistersinger," Wagner, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; intermezzo, "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, Orchestra; scherzo (for piano alone), Chopin, M. Lachaume; rondo capriccioso, Saint-Saëns, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; "Toreador et Andalouse," Rubinstein, Orchestra.

Friday evening, May 17th:

Overture, "Feierklänge," Meyer-Olshausen; concerto, No. 4, D minor, (1) introduction et cadenza, (2) adagio religioso, (3) scherzo vivace, (4) finale con brio, Vieuxtemps, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; sonata, op. 27, (piano alone), L. V. Beethoven, M. Lachaume; Scotch fantasia, op. 45, (1) introduction adagio, (2) allegro (scherzo), (3) andante sostenuto, (4) allegro guerriero, Max Bruch, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; intermezzo, "Wonne-träum," Meyer-Helmond, Orchestra; (a) barcarolle, Rubinstein, (b) czardas (piano alone), Wormser, M. Lachaume; airs Russes, Wieniawski, M. Ysaye and Or-

chestra; Torchlight Dance, No. 3, Meyerbeer, Orchestra.

The programme for this afternoon will be:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; concerto D major, op. 61, (1) allegro ma non troppo, (11.) larghetto, rondo (cadenza by M. Ysaye), Beethoven, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; (a) "Au Soir," Schumann, (b) "Eleventh Rhapsodie" (for piano alone), Liszt, M. Lachaume; (a) "Chaconne" (for violin alone), Bach, (b) prelude from "Meistersinger," Wagner, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; intermezzo, "Forget Me Not," Allen Macheth, Orchestra; (a) herceuse, (b) valse caprice (piano alone), A. Lachaume, M. Lachaume; andante and finale, from first concerto in E major, Vieuxtemps, M. Ysaye and Orchestra; grand étude, op. 26, Rubinstein, Orchestra.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"All the Comforts of Home" will be revived at the Columbia Theatre after "Captain Swift."

Beerbohm Tree will probably produce Paul M. Potter's dramatization of "Trilby" at the Haymarket in London before he returns to this country in the autumn.

McKee Rankin has brought out a dramatization of "Trilby" in Denver, and Messrs. Harper & Brothers and A. M. Palmer are invoking the powers of the courts to crush him.

Henry Arthur Jones's latest play holds the record for length of title. It is "The Triumph of the Philistines, and How Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury Under Very Trying Circumstances."

An elaborate souvenir of the opening of the Columbia Theatre was presented to the ladies attending on Monday night. It contains a number of photographic views of the new theatre and portraits and brief sketches of the managers and the members of Mr. Frawley's stock company.

A. W. Pinero has discovered that a playwright must be very careful in the choice of names for his characters. He doubtless thought he had gone far enough afield when he christened his latest heroine "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," but that he had not was shockingly proved, not long ago, by the suicide of an estimable but super-sensitive lady of that name, who could not bear the notoriety Mr. Pinero's play brought her.

The Circus Royal and Venetian Water Carnival continues to enjoy generous patronage, attracted by a really meritorious entertainment. In the circus part, the Zanfarellas, aerial artists, and Arnold and Caswell, grotesque acrobats, are leading features on the programme, and the mythological, Japanese, and American floats in the water carnival elicit hearty applause. There will be several new features on the programme next week, including living bronze statues on the water.

When the Lilliputians were playing in Kentucky, one of the men in the company vastly pleased a lovely Maysville girl. He stopped at the hotel where she was visiting, and when she met him just after the matinee in the hall, she stepped up to him, patted him on the cheek, and then imprinted one of those kisses that only a Kentucky girl can dispense. "You dear, cute little thing!" she exclaimed, as she lifted him for another smack; "how old are you?" "Twenty-nine," he replied; "do it again."

Halévy's opera, "La Juive," will be given by a company of amateurs at the Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, next Wednesday evening, May 22d. Mrs. Evelyn Winant Dickey will sustain the titular rôle. Dr. Walter Hodghead will have the leading tenor part, and Professor Louis Eisenbach will sing one of the rôles in addition to managing the performance. The entertainment will be given for the benefit of the Oakland Free Clinic, a most deserving charity, and a large audience is confidently expected.

Alfred Cellier's pretty opera, "Dorothy," is to be revived at the Tivoli next week. It was last given in this city a year ago, when John Raffael made his first appearance at the Tivoli. The cast then was but little different from that arranged for next week, which is as follows:

Dorothy, Tillie Sallinger; Lydia, Alice Nielson; Phyllis, Gracie Plaisted; Mrs. Privett, Fanny Young; Lady Betty, Irene Mull; Squire Bantam, George Olmi; Wilder, Arthur Messmer; Sherwood, John J. Raffael; Tappitt, Philip Branson; Tom Strutt, Ed. Torpi; Lurcher, Ferris Hartman.

The Lilliputians will re-open the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday night, May 19th, with their extravaganza, "Humpty Dumpty Up to Date." As usual the little people will be supported by a company of exceptionally tall men and women, one of whom, Kaleb, is a veritable giant. Franz Ebert is still the foremost of the Lilliputians, and the others comprise Bertha Jaeger, Ludwig Merkel, Adolf Zink, Ida Mahr, Toni Miester, Elise Lau, Selma Goerner, and Herman Ring. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

A very clever original farce-comedy entitled "The Congresswoman," the joint creation of Mr. T. D. Beasley and Dr. F. H. Mead, of San Diego, was presented at the Fisher Opera House of that place on May 6th. The play itself—more genteel comedy than farce—is, according to a correspondent, well worthy of production by professionals upon the metropolitan boards; it teems with bright ideas and dialogue, and abounds in good situations. The scene is laid in Washington in 1909, when the advancement of the progressive woman is supposed to have reached its climax. It is fun from beginning to end, but not of that kind called "fast and furious."

Reilly and Wood's Vandeville Company has been the attraction of the week at the Orpheum, and the programme has been a long and varied one. In the company are two native Californians, Meyer Cohen, the baritone, and Lillian Perry, and George H. Wood is well known to local theatre-goers, though he has been away for five years. Will H.

Fox is a clever pianist, and his parody of Paderewski is quite amusing. Next week there will be several new people in the bill, including Jules Levy, the famous cornetist; Rogers Brothers, German comedians; Maud Raymond, a singing soubrette; Nazarras and Aimée, the Spanish ring athletes; and Richmond and Glenroy, comedy sketch artists.

Buffalo is enjoying a new and original dramatization of "Trilby," which escapes the ire of Mr. Palmer and the Harpers by being called "Fribly" and introducing other changes. The *Evening Sun* says of it:

"This Buffalonian dramatization of Du Maurier's novel is the first to do justice to the man who gave the hook one of its highest preliminary booms. Between the acts of 'Trilby' Mr. Whistler appears before the curtain armed with an axe, and remarks: 'I ought to be in this thing somewhere.' He then tries to hack his way through the drop-curtain, and is carried off by three Buffalonian police to answer to a charge of play-breaking. Another innovation is the elaboration of Trilby's mother, Mrs. O'Ferrall. In the opening scene this good woman becomes quite garrulous, and sings a topical song all by herself. One verse of it seems to throw a good deal of light on Trilby's past: 'When Trilby came to Paris she was just a simple maid, Of artist men and soldiers she was mortally afraid, She never talked no naughty, and she always said her prayers. She sat upon the mashers and rebuked their saucy stares, And told them 'Mind your business' when she met them anywhere, And her golden hair was hanging down her back.'"

The new Columbia Theatre had a very auspicious opening under the management of Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob on Monday night. The auditorium was more than filled with the prominent theatre-goers of the city, and they seemed to appreciate and enjoy the results of the management's pains to make the new theatre one of the most artistic and convenient in the United States. The play was Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," and Mr. Frawley's company presented it very well, the performance comparing very favorably with that of the Lyceum Company in the same play. Haddon Chambers's romantic drama, "Captain Swift," is to be given at the Columbia next week.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A large audience listened to the presentation of the following programme:

Organ, overture, "Rienzi," Wagner, Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "Star of My Heart," Denza, Mr. J. H. Desmond; quintet, (a) Moorish gavotte, "Zulema," Lomhardero, (b) mazurka, "Selika," Logheder, Professors Lomhardero and Stantisteban, Messrs. Manzano, Kuss, and Cruells; ballata, "Il Guarany," Gomez, Miss Helen M. Swayne; (a) solo, handurria, Spanish airs, (b) solo, guitar, American airs, Professors J. Lomhardero and G. Stantisteban; song, "Mona," Adams, Mr. J. H. Desmond; quintet, overture, "Spring Blossoms," Berstein, Professors Lomhardero and Stantisteban, Messrs. Manzano, Kuss, and Cruells; song, "Manola," Bourgeois, Miss Helen M. Swayne; organ, march, "Aida," Verdi, Mr. Emilio Cruells.

The famous Hawaiian National Band, consisting of forty musicians under Señor José S. Libornio, is giving a series of vocal and instrumental concerts at Metropolitan Hall. The first took place last (Friday) evening, and they will be continued every evening until and including Sunday, May 26th. There are a number of soloists in the band, and their repertoire includes a variety of native songs, duets, and quartets, and choruses from the most popular Italian operas.

The Loring Club has elected the following officers: President, Mr. William Alvord; vice-president, Colonel C. F. Crocker; treasurer, Mr. W. A. Murison; secretary, Mr. C. W. Platt; musical director, Mr. D. P. Hughes; music committee, Mr. Charles Van Orden, Mr. B. G. Somers, and Mr. J. C. Fife; voice committee, Mr. Frank Coffin, Mr. Benjamin Romaine, Dr. J. G. Humphrey, and Mr. S. E. Tucker.

One of the notable features on the programme of the Ysaye concert on Friday night was the performance of Professor Meyer-Obersleben's "Feierklänge" overture by the orchestra under the direction of August Hinrichs. The composer is a professor of harmony and counterpoint at the royal music school at Würzburg, and Mr. Hinrichs spent some time with him during his visit abroad last summer.

Mr. Elmer de Pue will give a concert on Tuesday evening, May 28th, at Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Donald de V. Graham will make his first appearance since his return from abroad. Mrs. Charles Dickman, Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart are also to appear in an excellent programme.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give a ballad concert next Friday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. He will be assisted by Mrs. Birmingham and Herr Franz Hell, the flugelhorn player. The operetta "Widows Bewitched" will also be presented. Miss Florence Dwyer, Miss Cressy, and others will appear in the cast.

ART NOTES.

The Society of Local Art Patrons is the title of a new society that has been organized here under the auspices of the directors of the Art Association. Its objects are to be the same as those of La Société des Amis des Arts, in Paris, which enables its members to acquire good pictures and at the same time encourage art. Members of the Art Association who subscribe five dollars as a minimum and non-members who subscribe ten dollars shall for each subscription, which shall be regarded as the unit, be entitled to one chance in the drawing to be made on the closing night of the exhibition. If, for instance, one thousand dollars be thus subscribed, the committee will select pictures for that amount from the exhibition for that year, and they will be distributed to the members by lot on the closing night. By this plan the artists will find a sale for their pictures and it will be a means of stimulating art. The committee on selection comprises Mr. Emile Pissis, Mr. Arthur F. Matthews, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. A. Page Brown, and Mr. Frederick W. Zeile.

The twenty-first annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design will open at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art next Tuesday evening. It will be open daily free to the public until next Saturday. On Tuesday evening the medals will be awarded by President Martin Kellogg, of the University of California.

There will be a musical and artistic entertainment at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art next Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the members of the Art Association.

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VANITY FAIR.

Compared with the fevered ravings of reporters over the "living pictures," the following cold professional judgment, from the *Gynecological and Obstetrical Journal*, is both interesting and amusing: "This is the first opportunity that the general lay public has had of viewing the adult female form in great numbers and variety, and in a condition, as regards concealment, of practical and entire nakedness. Nor has the opportunity of the medical man, so far, at least, as the exercise of the critical faculty is concerned, been much greater. Certainly the general male opinion among laymen hitherto was that the average female figure was beautiful in its proportions and graceful in its poses, or would be so *in puris naturalibus*, and, although doctors have been aware that many women were knock-kneed and bow-legged, and that their lung capacity was frequently too small, we have paid very little attention to these matters until they have become pathological. Our real knowledge of the general physical development of the modern woman has, indeed, been practically nil. Women themselves have undoubtedly known all about it, but they have generally maintained an attitude of discreet loyalty. The facts are these: In four of the largest and best-equipped exhibitions of 'living pictures' in New York city during last summer there were but three women representing the nude at whom an anatomist could gaze without a shudder. And, moreover, of these exceptions two approached the male type; they were exceptions because their limbs presented a proper proportion to each other and to the head and trunk. Of the others, the physical malformation was pitiful and disgusting. Large head and small trunk, immense thighs and small feet and ankles, rotund thighs and small arms, long arms and short legs and large feet, narrow hips and broad shoulders and protruding abdomens, broad and full hips and narrow shoulders, small hips and narrow chests—these were the combinations, more or less marked, in all of them."

It has occurred to London *Truth* to compile a "Guide to Girls," for the use of young men who are beginners in society. To give some idea of the scope of that work, it submits the following extracts:

"Not Exactly Pretty, but Such a Good Daughter."—Plain beyond description, and as tenacious as a hamlet. To be scrupulously avoided.

"Knows Every One and Goes Everywhere."—Middle-aged and unprepossessing; has been hawked about for years. Not only knows everybody, but knows more about them than they do themselves.

"So Clever."—Clear eyes, high forehead, masterful. Talks pretentiously upon pretentious subjects.

"Very Artistic."—Untidy, unwholesome, unkempt; voice which sounds as if it came from her hoofs. Too much "soul" and too little "body." To be well shaken before taken.

"So Good-Natured."—Chatters unceasingly; agrees with everybody. Looks stupid and amiable, but is shrewd and selfish.

"An Heiress."—Imperious and supercilious; forehead generally shiny. Needs the fortune and more to make her not only presentable, but hearable.

"Writes."—Affects a far-away, preoccupied air; dresses curiously, and talks riskily. Depreciates the work of others, and by inference magnifies the excellence of her own. Has nothing more original in her than original sin.

"Sings Beautifully."—Bursting with trills and trills; with the slightest encouragement would set to singing even in the middle of dinner. Hovers hungrily around the piano. To be taken in homeopathic doses.

"A white terrier belonging to the Comtesse de Breteuil bad on white doeskin leggings the other morning in the Bois when it was muddy, and," writes *Vogue's* Paris correspondent, "I counted five different coats, all being embroidered with heraldry, on one fat pug in one day during a stay at Biarritz last summer. Another sight there was a small, elegant perambulator, wheeled by a page, in which was a black poodle with two squeaking puppies, all three curled, herihoned, and bangled in the very latest mode. Incredible as it may seem, some have complete wardrobes, with flannel night-shirts and other underclothing. Countess Mensdorff, a well-known Austrian *grande dame*, was in the habit of serving the meals of her four *dachshunds* in the daintiest silver and china on a low table, around which the four little black-and-tan creatures sat like babies in cushioned chairs. Napkins were tied around their necks and two maids, with white aprons and caps, whose sole duty it was to look after the quartet, fed them on chicken, sweetbreads, game, *consommé*, and custards. The countess had visiting-cards for her dogs, on which were inscribed the following names: Count Aleck Mensdorff, Countess Mabel Mensdorff, Count Boh Mensdorff, and Countess Tiny Mensdorff."

"There are few of our society novels that a Japanese student can really comprehend," writes Lafcadio Hearn, in "Out of the East," "and the reason is, simply, that English society is something of which he is quite unable to form a correct idea. Indeed, Western life is a mystery to him. Any social system of which filial piety is not the moral cement; any social system in which children leave their parents in order to establish families of their own; any social system in which it is considered not only natural but right to love wife and child more than the authors of one's being; any social

system in which marriage can be decided independently of the will of parents, by the mutual inclination of the young people themselves; any social system in which the mother-in-law is not entitled to the obedient service of the daughter-in-law, appears to him of necessity a state of life scarcely better than that of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, or at best a sort of moral chaos. And all this existence, as reflected in our popular fiction, presents him with provoking enigmas. Our ideas about love and our solicitude about marriage furnish some of these enigmas. To the young Japanese, marriage appears a simple, natural duty, for the due performance of which his parents will make all necessary arrangements at the proper time. That foreigners should have so much trouble about getting married is puzzling enough to him; but that distinguished authors should write novels and poems about such matters, and that those novels and poems should be vastly admired, puzzles him infinitely more—seems to him 'very, very strange.'"

The United States has added its special quota of words adopted into modern French, according to the authority whom we quoted from *Leslie's Weekly* last week. For instance, they speak of "le sleeping-car," and of going "sans snow-boots." The crowds who join the police in chasing the bomb-throwers invariably cry "Lynchez-le, lynchez-le." The expression, "le struggle for life," which they are so fond of using, bears the American stamp. But they are never quite so pleased as when they bring out with great gusto, "Times is money." They refer to us humorously as "L'Oncle Sam," their usual attitude toward us, for though they are amiably inclined, they do not as yet take us seriously. Often their reason for adopting English words is that the sound amuses them, sending them into gales of laughter; as, for instance, the word picnic, which they spell "pique-nique," thereby adding a new charm, a kind of French style to its uncountness. "C'est très shocking," they laughingly say, in derision of their English-speaking visitors, who must so often use that word in Paris. "High life" is a favorite expression of theirs, but they pronounce it to rhyme with fig-leaf. Often they quote us where there are equivalent French words, simply because it sounds piquant, as when the students in the Latin quarter call their sweethearts "darling." Or in this sentence in a story, "En Angleterre il y a beaucoup de little children dans les nursery." They are beginning to prefer our word gentleman almost to their own, but use it not so much in its original fine meaning, but rather to indicate a showily dressed man. It seems strange that they should not adopt our word home, but they sometimes make a wild dash at originality and speak of "les homesicks." It seems like an indication of provincialism that, with English-speaking people so accessible, these quotations should so often be incorrect. The spelling is almost never right. Music is spelled "mousie," and stout and whisky rendered "stout en witsky." They form the plurals, too, in their own way, and say "ices cream" and "leaders writers." In reporting the strike they dubbed Debs, Dihhs, and talked about the "Pan Hantle" road and "cing ans de hart labor." A very eloquent funeral notice of Goumond in a leading French paper ended as follows, being translated: "I can not better conclude than in the words which Byron addressed to the memory of another great Frenchman: 'Posteriority will ne'er survey A berno grave than this.'"

This suggests "Cblde Harold"; but what Byron enthusiasts will lay claim to it?

When "The Black Crook" was produced at Niblo's on the American stage (says the *New York Sun*), women first appeared in public in silk tights and without skirts. From that time, the struggle for the emancipation of woman's legs from the thralldom of skirts has been going on, but it was not until about a year ago that old-fashioned prejudice was overcome to such an extent that to-day on the stages of reputable theatres, and even on the public highways, the public is treated to exhibitions of feminine curves which would have been impossible a decade ago. The stage and the bicycle are responsible for this, and now women of social position are not afraid to show themselves in Central Park with their lower limbs incased in close-fitting knickerbockers and stockings. The period between the old-time displays and the new-fangled skirt-dancing was bridged over by Lotta, who, for some unaccountable reason, had so won the confidence and fancy of the public that she was allowed to hop about on chairs and tables in such a way as to display about an inch and a half of the white ruffles which are attached to all respectable underclothes. Silk tights the public have been accustomed to, but if any other actress had attempted to show as much as Lotta did, she would have been frowned down by the respectable members of her own sex. But Lotta would never have dared to do what Mme. Réjane did this winter in "Ma Cousine" or what Cissy Fitzgerald's doing every night. Nor, to tell the truth, would the exhibitions given by them be permitted if the skirt and serpentine dances and the "living pictures" had not paved the way. Miss Georgie Parker, a popular entertainer in the vaudeville theatres, recently said to a *Sun* reporter:

"The people have had so much shown them that they don't pay any more attention to what used to be considered very *risqué* and naughty a dozen years ago; and, do you know, I think the bicycling women are responsible for a good deal of this jaded popular taste. When a man can go out in Central Park and see a dozen pairs of well-shaped legs in tight-fitting knickerbockers for nothing, he won't pay to go to the theatre unless he can see a great deal more." This statement is absurd, of course, but it is amusing.

Apropos of the article in our last week's issue on "Woman's Happiest Hour," a woman reader of the *Argonaut* sends in the following by Rose Terry Cooke:

"There are so few happy hours in any life, especially a woman's, that it seems easy to designate that which is happiest. And yet there are various and opposite opinions on the subject. Literature repeatedly celebrates the joy of

"The Mother when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath."

"Yet can that be real, satisfying, pure happiness? Must not any rational woman feel even in that time of tender welcome that she had given a living soul over to the relentless grasp, the certain anguish of human existence?"

"I believe the happiest hour of a woman's life is her last: the hour when she knows that her toils and troubles are over; that the bitter berbs of dead love and out-worn friendship will no longer be offered to her hungry heart; that at last she will be appreciated and regretted, though her ear will not hear the kind and tender words she has longed for all her days. Then, in that latest hour, she must be deeply glad in the consciousness that her time of tears is over; her mortal weariness will be changed for 'eternal rest'; her discouraged soul cease to be daunted and dismayed by the terrors and obstacles of living; that her meek faith will be merged in full light; her tremulous hope dawn in the glory of fruition; her longing he satisfied forever. Life will exhaust and tantalize her no more; ingratitude, deceit, neglect are not dwellers in that country whither she hastens. There she will lay down her heavy burdens, her daily anxieties; there she will never more be overworked, disheartened, disgusted with the failure of Love and Trust. Why should not the last hour of a woman's life be its happiest?"

Speaking of Rose Terry Cooke, our correspondent says: "Her happiest hour came a few months ago, and her opinions are shared by nine women out of every ten." We hope not.

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PROF. TOTTEN'S OPINION.

Professor Totten, of Yale College, is one of the most advanced thinkers, reasoners, and Bible students of the age, and all of his scientific works are of the highest standard. On page 228, volume 7, of his work entitled "Our Race," he writes as follows:

"But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electro-poise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know of its value. We are neither agents nor are in any way financially interested in the matter."

STORVETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Gambetta once offered a prefecture, with a salary of six thousand francs, to an incorrigible Bohemian, who, however, declined with thanks, saying: "I can make more than that by borrowing."

In Chinese social life there is no woman's world. When a certain American Minister at Pekin insisted on congratulating the grandees of the foreign office upon the marriage of an honored Chinese envoy to an American lady, the only result was a silence that reminded one of the North Pole. Then, after prolonged terror and stupor, Prince Kung remarked: "It is very hot to-day."

When Mrs. S. C. Hall was at least seventy years old, she met at a reception a young clergyman, who was apparently delighted to see her. "Mrs. Hall," said he, "I remember reading your books when I was a child, and that I was especially charmed by the Irish stories." "Then, sir," flashed Mrs. Hall, "if you read my books when you were a child, you ought to know better than to say so!"

"Prince John" Van Buren was once before a jury as opponent to Daniel Lord Junior—as his name was invariably spoken and written. In the course of his address, Mr. Lord told the jury that "only a miracle or divine interposition could prevent on the facts a verdict for my client." "Divine interposition! forsooth," ironically exclaimed Mr. Van Buren in reply; "does the gentleman use the Junior after his name boastfully as being closely related to the Senior Lord of the universe?"

In the bonanza days, drinking or even having the odor of liquor about him was enough to insure the dismissal of a nine station-tender, engineer, or other employee in a responsible position. One day "Uncle John Mackay," as the miners called him, was riding down in the great three-decker cage with some friends, when he began to sniff the air suspiciously. "I smell w-whisky," he said at last, with his well-known stutter. "There," exclaimed the station-tender to one of his miner companions, "I told that d-d barber not to put so much bay rum on my hair."

In North Carolina lately a case was tried in which the defendant's character having been impeached, it was sought to bolster it up by showing he had reformed and joined the church. The witness, who belonged to the same church, insisted that as the defendant was now a Christian man, of course his character was better. Counsel asked him, "Doesn't he drink just as much as he ever did?" The witness, who was colored, and evidently embarrassed by the inquiry, slowly raised his eyes and said with much deliberation: "I think he do, but he carries it more better."

Sergeant Sayer once went the circuit for some judge who was prevented by indisposition going in his turn. He was afterward imprudent enough to move, as counsel, for a new trial in one of the causes heard by himself, on the ground of his misdirecting the jury as judge. Lord Mansfield said: "Brother Sayer, there is an Act of Parliament which, in such a matter as was before you, gave you discretion to act as you thought right." "No, my lord," said the sergeant, "that is just it; I had no discretion in the matter." "Very true, you may be quite right as to that," said Lord Mansfield, "for I am afraid even an Act of Parliament could not give you discretion."

Baron Prokesch, the Austrian plenipotentiary and president of the Diet, in the early days at Frankfurt, was much in the habit of bullying. One evening, when at a large social gathering, Bismarck and Prokesch, surrounded by a brilliant group of diplomats, were discussing a protocol based on certain equivocations, Prokesch said, looking straight at Bismarck: "If that were not true, then I, in the name of my imperial master, should have been guilty of lying!" Returning his gaze without a symptom of faltering, "Precisely so, your excellency," slowly said Bismarck. The group, thunder-struck and embarrassed, scarcely knew which way to turn. Prokesch moved away; but later, at the supper-table, he came over to Bismarck with a glass of champagne and "Well, let us make peace." "Assuredly," said Bismarck, "but the protocol must be altered." And it was.

An old lawyer who practiced before Chief Justice Parsons, falling ill, handed over his cases to a young lawyer, Mr. Miles, advising the latter to engage senior counsel, and also giving him a letter of introduction to the Chief Justice. The judge being asked by Mr. Miles as to the merits of the different seniors, with a view to retain one, said: "I think, upon the whole, that you had better not employ any one. You and I can do the business as well as any of them." This hint being acted on, Mr. Miles turned out to be very successful, and at the close of the sittings called on the judge to pay his respects. A senior lawyer

then leaving the judge, on recognizing the caller, and suspecting the bond of union between him and the judge, delivered this Partisan shot on retiring: "I'm not sure, judge, of attending court at all next term. I think of sending my office-boy with my papers. You and he together will do the business fully as well as I can."

Mark Twain once expressed a desire to attend the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club of correspondents in Washington; but when an invitation was sent him, his regrets were received by return mail. Meeting a member of the club later, he complained that he had been neglected. When informed that an invitation had been sent him and his regrets received, Mr. Clemens scratched his head, as though in perplexity for a moment, and then said: "Those were Isaac's regrets." "Who is Isaac?" "He's my keeper. He's the man my wife hired to prevent me having any more fun." Mark then explained that Isaac opened all his letters and invitations, wrote answers, which in the case of invitations always consisted of regrets, and then burned them. When asked what is Isaac's other name, the humorist replied sadly: "I don't know. My wife bired him, and she told me what his name is, but I have forgotten. I call him Isaac, as he is doomed to the fate that nearly befell the favorite son of Abraham. When I get well I intend to cut him up in chunks and burn him on the altar, and I don't care if the angels holler till they get diphtheria." "Doesn't he ever consult you about the answers to your invitations?" "Never. He always sends my regrets and says I'm sick, and that's going to get me into trouble. I told him so the other day. Said I: 'Isaac, when I die and go to heaven, St. Peter is likely to take me up some morning and remind me about those polite falsehoods you're telling in my name, and then I'll have to look all over Tophet for you to prove an alibi.'"

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— IN VIEW OF THE WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT the use of opiates is rapidly increasing, and that their use once acquired the victim is powerless to free himself, the letter of Dr. Fall, printed elsewhere, would seem to be worthy of consideration by the medical profession.

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FITSCURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)
Prof. W. H. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, P. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

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H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 13, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
* 7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
7.00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 8.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Eakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mohe and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8.45 P.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.		
6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.06 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.20 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.25 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.10 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.38 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Thursdays only, § Mondays only.

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SOCIETY.

The Tubbs-Hagar Wedding.

At the residence of Colonel George Hagar, in Colusa, there was a pretty wedding at noon last Thursday, when his daughter, Miss Alice Hagar, was united in marriage to Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, of this city.

The groom chartered a special train and left here Thursday morning for Colusa, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. J. W. Byrne, and a small party of other friends. They were cordially received at the residence, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. Mr. J. W. Byrne acted as best man. An elaborate breakfast was served, and late in the afternoon the bridal party and their friends from here returned to San Francisco on the special train. The newly married couple left on Friday for the country seat of the groom's parents near Calistoga, where they will pass the honeymoon. The wedding presents were numerous and costly.

Festivities at Mare Island.

At the invitation of the captain and officers of the *Bennington* about three hundred of their friends assembled in the sail-loft at Mare Island last Monday evening to witness a production of the comedy "Love on Crutches," which was given in an admirable manner by a company of amateurs comprising Mrs. Louis F. Auzerais, Miss Jessie Allen, Miss Marian Ruth Benson, Miss Bessie L. Rodda, Dr. G. H. Redding, Mr. A. B. Wilberforce, Mr. Henry Hall, and Mr. Holbrook Blinn.

After the performance there was dancing until one o'clock. On Tuesday the players were entertained at luncheon on the *Bennington*, and passed the afternoon very pleasantly.

Honors to Ysaye.

Ysaye, the violinist, has been the recipient of many social courtesies since his arrival here. Mr. Henry Heyman entertained Mr. Ysaye, Mr. Lachaupe, and a small party of other friends at dinner at the Bohemian Club on Saturday evening. On Tuesday evening Mr. Ysaye was tendered a reception at the Bohemian Club, which was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. An interesting musical programme was presented under the direction of Mr. Heyman.

Prior to the reception an elaborate dinner was given to Mr. Ysaye in the Red Room. President Horace G. Platt presided. Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Henry Heyman sat at his right and Mr. Lachaupe at his left. Among the others present were Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. W. B. Chapman, Colonel Maddox, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Albert Gerberding, Mr. W. S. Curtis, Mr. R. E. Johnston, Mr. Joseph D. Strong, Mr. Rabbael Weill, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. W. Greer Harrison, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, and Mr. Northrup Cowles. A clever cartoon was made by Mr. J. D. Strong, the artist. After dinner, both Mr. Ysaye and Mr. Lachaupe played several solos on the violin and piano.

The members of the Press Club gave a reception to Mr. Ysaye on Thursday evening. It was very largely attended and pleasurable in every way.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. William J. Younger will give a matinee tea next Monday at her residence, 1414 California Street, to the members of the Sorosis Club.

The board of lady managers of the Old People's Home gave a reception on Friday afternoon at the home on Pierce Street, in honor of the president, Mrs. Metha Nelson. From three until five o'clock there were a great many callers, and the hours were very pleasantly passed.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club celebrated their opening day last Saturday afternoon

and evening. The attendance was large and the affair was enjoyable throughout.

The commencement exercises of Irving Institute will be held at Trinity Presbyterian Church next Thursday evening. The class of '95 comprises Miss Fannie Mercier Agar, Miss Elizabeth Curry, Miss Estelle May Davis, Miss Eleanor Dill, Miss Juliet Louise Greninger, Miss Miriam Hall, Miss Cornelia Dear Lott, Miss Ethelwynne Marrack, Miss Mabel Frances Meany, Miss Helen Louise Ruthrauff, and Miss Agnes Margaret Stewart.

The graduating exercises of the Van Ness Seminary will be held next Tuesday evening at Beethoven Hall.

The graduating exercises of Snell Seminary were held last Thursday evening at the First Congregational Church in Oakland. An interesting programme was presented before a large audience. The graduates were: Miss Horton Barter, Miss Melita Bennett, Miss Nellie Mae Cressler, Miss Beatrice Cecelia Curtiss, Miss Adeline Elizabeth Henry, Miss Maud Ernestine Root, Miss Margaret Sophronia Smith, Miss Irene Corinne Ulp, Miss Anne Marie von Ahnen, Miss Milcent Frances Wheaton, Miss Florence White, and Miss Evelyn Irene Wilbur.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth does not wear the real tiara on solemn occasions, but a *papier-mache* imitation, as the tiara itself is much too heavy.

Edward Burne-Jones, the famous British artist, is of Welsh extraction. He is Rudyard Kipling's uncle. Burne-Jones is almost entirely self-taught.

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, Lord Elgin and Mr. Rhodes—the four men who between them guide and govern the British Empire—are all under fifty years of age.

Professor Max Müller knows eighteen different languages to the extent of being able to speak or write in any one of them, and a considerable number in addition less perfectly.

Cheret, who started the artistic poster fad, has grown to dislike that style of art. He is overwhelmed with orders for posters, but makes every possible excuse to decline them.

By the death of Count Leopold Hugo, son of Victor Hugo's elder brother, the other day in Paris, the title passes to the poet's grandson Georges, who is now the head of the family.

Eugen d'Albert, the pianist, has been appointed Court Kapellmeister at Weimar, the position once held by Liszt. He is the first musician of British birth to hold such an appointment in Germany.

M. Martin, the engineer of *La Gascogne*, who repaired the steamer's machinery in its long voyage last winter, has been rewarded by the French Government with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

President Faure of France, when on his travels, is accompanied by two valets, one of whom has the single duty of looking after the president's wardrobe. This, however, is no light task, as the number of suits and costumes which the president is obliged to carry about is considerable.

General George S. Greene, who completed his ninety-fourth year last month, is not the oldest officer in our army. Lieutenant Michael Moore surpasses him in age, having, in fact, been born in 1799. These two officers both surpass in age the oldest British officer, General Caraye, who completed his ninety-third year last month.

There was a row recently in the German imperial nursery, Friedrich Wilhelm insisting on flogging his brothers because he was crown prince. In the middle of it Kaiser Wilhelm appeared, and, picking up his successor, remarked: "Now that you have shown your brothers who is crown prince, I will show you who is emperor." He used a birch rod.

Annie Londonderry, the American woman who is essaying to make the tour of the world on a bicycle without any capital, and who is now in Santa Barbara, California, left Paris some time ago, en route for Marseilles. During her halt in Paris, Miss Londonderry made four hundred and ninety francs by the sale of pins and other souvenirs, which sum she at once remitted to her New York bankers as part of twenty-five thousand francs she proposes to gain during her long journey.

A rejection at the Salon des Champs-Elysées has raised a storm in Paris. The Duchesse d'Uzès, who supplied General Boulanger with funds, is also a sculptor. She made a statue of Emile Augier, which his native town, Valence, selected from among a dozen other competing models as the best, and which will be set up there. This statue she sent, under an assumed name, to the Salon, where it was almost unanimously rejected. She has applied to the Prefect of the Seine for permission to set up her work at the entrance to the exhibition, and will probably get it.

The late Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, once received a well-preserved section of one of the pillars of the Pantheon at Rome from a friend, who

expected, on his return to America, to find the broken column standing upon the lawn of the Vaux residence, perhaps covered with ivy and looking down the ages rather scornfully at the degenerate civilization of the nineteenth century. He was horrified to hear, however, that Mr. Vaux, not being in need of a broken pillar just then, had turned it into a lawn-roller. It did duty in that capacity for a long time, and is still in possession of the family.

Not the least interesting of the various facts connected with the recent celebration of Prince Bismarck's birthday were the birthday gifts. Among them were the following articles:

Cheeses varying in weight from half a dozen ounces to two hundred pounds, a hundred and forty dozen of them of different sizes and sorts; sausages of all dimensions, one twenty-three yards long and proportionally thick that required a crate to itself, and one that came in a letter. There were over a dozen immense salmon, piles of *pâté de foie gras*, cases of apples, barrels of oysters, pots of honey, a tank of live carp, tarts, eggs, barrels of wine, cider, beer, liquor, and cognac, more than five thousand cigars, pipes of every shape and quality, and five thousand matches, not to speak of confectionery, and a model of the Niederwald monument in macaroni biscuit. There were mantels, clocks, rugs, hot-water bottles, helmets, slippers, and swords. Thirty authors sent copies of their complete works, while others sent selections. There were pen-holders and inkstands by the dozen; a supply of Bibles, and one old lady sent a funeral wreath she had intended for her own grave; photographs, too, by the score, and letters and telegrams by the thousands. It was calculated that if the prince spent three minutes on a letter and worked at them ten hours a day, it would take about three years to read the correspondence.

"A Gaiety Girl" is back at Daly's Theatre in New York, but it is not presented by the same actors, and the non-success of the new company shows pretty plainly that it was the people and not the play that made it a success before. Maud Hobson and Blanche Massey were sadly missed, and the comedians were poor; but Ethel Sidney was voted an improvement on Decima Moore, and the minor beauties were far and away more sightly than those of the earlier troupe.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan have arrived in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powning and Mr. W. A. Powning, of Oakland, arrived in Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Heller are at the Continental Hotel in Paris, where they will remain several weeks. Baron and Baroness von Schröder are expected to return from Germany next month, and will pass the season at San Rafael.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, nee Crocker, in New York city, was brightened last Sunday by the advent of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire will pass the month of June at the Arcadia Hotel, in Santa Monica.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams left last Wednesday for Tacoma to visit their daughter. Mrs. Williams will remain there until next fall, but the doctor will return in about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton will leave on June 21st to pass a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina is at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. C. J. Wilder and her sister, Miss F. E. Bert, who have been visiting Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Bernardino for a couple of weeks, are now at Menlo Park, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott are at the Santa Catalina Island.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell are at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss McNutt left last Wednesday to visit friends at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent are at Menlo Park, where they will pass the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will occupy the Bosqui cottage in Ross Valley during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks and Mrs. J. I. Case will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Chevalier and Mme. de Koutski left the city last Tuesday for Europe. They are returning to Berlin, where the chevalier will resume his position as court pianist to the Emperor of Germany.

Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. W. B. Wilshire, and Mr. William Hood returned from Los Angeles last Tuesday after a week's visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman and Miss Sherwood have returned from a brief visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will pass the summer months at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellicott and Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will go to San Mateo on June 1st, to remain throughout the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Pickering will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and the Misses Fanny and Julia Crocker will go to Castle Crags on June 15th, to remain a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerritt L. Lansing will leave on June 1st for San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne visited San José early in the week.

Mr. W. K. Vickery sailed from New York on the *Umbria* last Saturday for Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder will go to San Rafael on June 1st for the season.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Antoinette and Josephine Delmas left New York city last Saturday on the steamer *Normania* for Havre, France.

Mrs. Charles G. Lyman will leave on the first of next month to pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Sherman arrived in New York city last Tuesday, and are at the Holland House.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries will pass the season at San Rafael.

Miss Leila Ellis, having finished her studies in New York, is visiting Mrs. General Ordway in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean will pass June and July at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, the Misses Alice and Bella Gerstle, and Miss Clara Joseph will leave next Saturday for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry are at their ranch in Napa County.

Mrs. Pedar Sather returned from the Hawaiian Islands last Wednesday.

Mrs. Adam Grant will pass June and July at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Helen, Ethel, and Bertha Smith have gone to Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mrs. Charles Simpkins is at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins and Mrs. J. B. Crockett left for New York last Monday. They will be joined there by their daughters and then sail for Europe, where they will travel about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ferree Timlow, nee Carolan, have gone to New York.

Miss Mattie Pope returned to her home in Boston last Monday after a five months' visit to her aunt, Mrs. A. J. Pope.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin have gone to Burlingame to pass the summer.

Mrs. Duke F. Baxter, of Santa Barbara, is in town, visiting her parents at their home on Scott Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Thomas Lincoln Casey, Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., was retired from active service on May 10th, on account of age.

Major William M. Maynard, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Major-General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., has been assigned to the command of the Department of Missouri.

Major Frederick M. Crandall, Third Infantry, U. S. A., who has been on duty at the San Diego Barracks, has been placed on the retired list.

Chief-Engineer Henry Herring, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Mohican*.

Chief-Engineer J. K. Barton, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican* and ordered to the *Bennington*.

Chief-Engineer A. B. Bates, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Bennington* and ordered to the *Mare Island Naval Hospital*.

Passed Assistant Engineer E. W. Auzal, U. S. N., resigned from active service on May 1st.

Captain Charles Wilcox, Medical Department, U. S. A., has reported for duty at West Point.

Lieutenant William P. Duvall, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.,

who is on leave of absence, is visiting friends in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Charles A. Clarke, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered as executive officer of the *Thetis*.

Lieutenant J. H. Moore, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the Washington Navy Yard.

Lieutenant G. W. Gatchell, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at the Vermont Academy, Saxton's River, Vt., on September 1st, and will then join his battery.

Lieutenant N. P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been undergoing examination for promotion at Fort Leavenworth.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Stargis, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed one of the aids-de-camp to Brigadier-General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., in the Department of Dakota.

Mrs. Carl W. Jungen, wife of Lieutenant Jungen, U. S. N., of the *Constellation*, is visiting friends in New York city.

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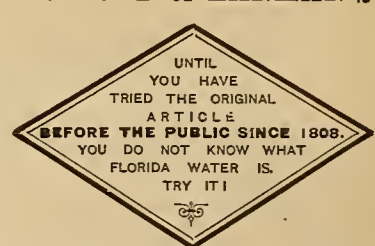
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Grump—"Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?" Waiter—"We hain't anxious about de religion of our customers, boss."—*Boston Post.*

Mrs. Norris—"In this book I have written down most of the little incidents of our married life." Old Border—"Ah! Sort of family scrap-book, eh?"—*Ex.*

Sunday-school teacher—"Johnnie, what do you understand by the future state?" Johnnie—"Please, ma'am, I guess it's a territory."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Colloquial inanities: She—"Mr. Gray promised to be here at five. Hasn't he come yet?" He—"No." She—"That's funny." He—"Is it? Ah! hut you read *Punch*, don't you?"—*Puck.*

Dashaway—"Jagway has just invented a new cocktail. I saw him yesterday, and I guess it's going to be a success." Cleverton—"What did he say about it?" Dashaway—"He couldn't talk."—*Life.*

Student—"Several of my friends are coming to dine here, so I want a big table." Mine host—"Just look at this one, sir. Fifteen persons could sleep quite comfortably under it."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Fogg thinks it a remarkable instance of the superior intelligence of the house-fly that it can remember, after lying dormant all winter, which member of the family is possessed of a bald head. —*Boston Transcript.*

Smythe—"She wasn't sure which she liked better, Jones or me; but she gave me the benefit of the doubt." Bliffs—"And made you happy?" Smythe—"Yes; they have been married more than a year now."—*Puck.*

"Look," twittered the New Man, "isn't this just a lovely waistcoat? I made it myself out of one of her old sleeves. Ain't I saving?" And the other New Man gazed at the garment in voluble admiration. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

Rambler—"Our minister has received a call from somewhere else at more money, and I understand he has been at home two days praying for guidance." Castleton—"What does his wife think about it?" Rambler—"Oh, she's packing up."—*Judge.*

There before Crusoe's eyes was the print of a human foot. "Suffering Christopher!" he exclaimed; "neighbors!" His brow clouded with anxiety. "I wonder," he mused. Hastening to his home, he changed the combination of the lock on the coal-bin. —*Puck.*

Assistant—"I think we could use that play. There is a horse-race on the stage in the last act—" Manager—"That isn't new." Assistant—"No; but the playwright suggests that we change the winning horse every night and sell pools on the result."—*Puck.*

"Have you heard from your daughter since she started on her wedding-tour? Is she happy?" "Very much so. Only think, in Venice she commenced to have her own way in everything, and ever since they left Rome she has carried the purse!"—*Tagliche Rundschau.*

Simmons—"I would give a whole lot to have the sanguine disposition that Timmons has." Smallwort—"Yes?" Simmons—"I would indeed. He sold a poem for four dollars last week, and since then he has done nothing but talk about the iniquity of the income tax."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

"Do you appreciate," the old man asked of the youth who sought the hand of his daughter, "that marriage is attended with greater difficulties and discouragements than it ever was before?" The youth would have spoken had not the patriarch waved him to silence. "Do you realize" (he threw his whitened locks back from his brow) "that the lodge gag is worn so thin that a blind woman can see through it, and that as yet nothing has appeared to take its place?"—*Detroit Tribune.*

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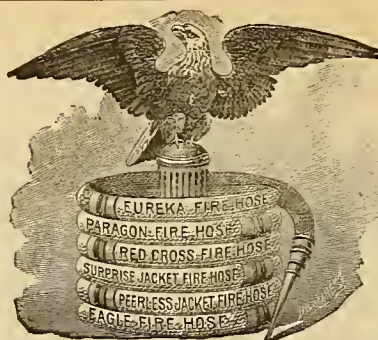
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The iniquitous Democratic income tax has at last been killed by the Supreme Court. After a decision in which the court stood evenly divided, the case has been re-argued before a full bench, Mr. Justice Jackson sitting on the second hearing. The result has been that the court stands five to four against the constitutionality of the law.

In delivering the opinion of the court, Chief-Justice Fuller said:

"While our former conclusions remain unchanged, their scope must be enlarged by the acceptance of their logical consequences. . . . Our previous decision was confined to the consideration of the validity of the tax on income from real estate and on income from municipal bonds. . . . We are now permitted to broaden the field of inquiry, and the conclusions of the court are:

"1. We adhere to the opinion already announced, that taxes on

real estate being indisputably direct taxes, taxes on rents and on income from real estate are equally direct taxes. . . .

"2. We are of the opinion that taxes on personal property or on income from personal property are likewise direct taxes. . . .

"3. The income tax of 1894, being a direct tax, is unconstitutional and void."

The country is to be congratulated upon this decision of the Supreme Court. Even the Democrats are to be congratulated, for the better class of them have been ashamed of the alliance into which they were drawn by the socialistic and populistic factions in their party. The desire of the populistic Democratic alliance was, of course, to attack the rich: the desire of the more decent Democrats in Congress was to make up the deficit which they foresaw was inevitable from the passage of the Wilson bill. But neither of them deserve much sympathy, the first none at all. As for the second, their attitude was disingenuous and hypocritical. They were robbing Peter to pay Paul. They knew perfectly well that the returns from the system of revenue devised by the Republican party were fairly adequate to pay the expenses of the government. Therefore, when they, through a demagogic desire to catch votes, attempted to reduce custom duties, they knew that the money must be raised somehow, and they therefore consented to the prayer of their socialistic allies to steal it from the well-to-do. Hence the passage of this income tax, leveled at all people having incomes over four thousand dollars a year. But the first blow of the Supreme Court demoralized the greater part of this nefarious scheme by holding that the income taxes on rents, on incomes from real estate, and on incomes from State, city, and county bonds were unconstitutional. This left the burden of the tax to rest almost entirely upon the professional and mercantile classes, letting the millionaires and capitalists go scot free, the very class at whom the socialistic alliance had aimed the tax. Therefore, when the bill came up on rehearing, it is probable that even the decent Democrats secretly rejoiced at the failure of the iniquitous bill.

But there are some dyed-in-the-wool Democrats who do not so rejoice. Among them, we regret to say, are some of the justices who are numbered in the minority. They delivered themselves of dissenting opinions which read like Democratic stump-speeches. Mr. Justice Harlan, for example, says, as telegraphed in his opinion: "This decision strikes at the very foundation of national authority, in denying to the general government power to levy and collect, through its own agents, taxes sufficient to pay the debts and defray the expenses of the government." Mr. Justice Brown said in his opinion, as telegraphed: "The decision involves nothing less than the surrender of the taxing power to the money class. I hope it may not prove the first step toward the submergence of the liberties of the people in a sordid despotism of wealth." Permit us to point out to Mr. Justice Brown that if this iniquitous law had been held constitutional, it would have proved the first step toward the submergence of the liberties of the people in a despotism of demagoguery. Mr. Justice White, another of the minority, said in his opinion, as telegraphed: "This decision is a blow struck at the American people. The power of levying an income tax now left could only be exercised with such injustice that no legislative body would dare attempt to exercise it, for such an attempt would bring about a bloody revolution." This is probably true. But, if it is true, and if the power of levying an income tax is now practically null, we do not think that the American people will be displeased.

It is probable that all these gentlemen whom we have just been quoting are free-traders, and they are irritated at seeing the failure of a tax which was irrevocably bound up with the success of the Democratic free-trade plan. It requires money to run this government. If it is not raised by custom duties, it must be raised either by internal revenue or by income taxes. The last is an odious and iniquitous form of tax, to which the people of this country will never submit in time of peace. Nothing but the sore straits to which the government was reduced during the Civil War impelled the people to pay the income tax at that time. If the court had

decided the tax to be constitutional, we think that the United States Constitution would have been amended.

It is the anger of baffled free-traders which colors the utterances of these minority justices. The San Francisco *Examiner*, which is another heated free-trade organ, speaks in a similar strain. That journal talks of the "trivial two-per-cent. tax," and bitterly sneers at those people "who have been led to wreck the government for the sake of saving to their own pockets two cents on a dollar of their surplus incomes," and again speaks of the "petty little income tax that has given the New York millionaires an opportunity to put their large minds on exhibition." We may remark to the *Examiner* that whether a tax is small or large is not the question. The question is, whether it is right or wrong. When the American colonists objected to the British taxes on tea, they were told by the British Government, as we are now told by the *Examiner*, that it was "only a little tax"; but the size of it did not deter them from lifting the tax by force.

The *Examiner* practically threatens that this defeat of the income tax may result in something which will shock the class who have brought about this defeat. This appears to be the *Examiner's* plan of revenge: "An income tax apportioned in proportion to population would unquestionably be constitutional. If Congress should order \$30,000,000 to be collected from the different States, the quota of each State to be raised by a tax on incomes exceeding \$10,000 each, the millionaires who have killed the old law might then find they had not won such a famous victory after all." We are sorry to have to say that the *Examiner*, in this passage, reverses the opinion of Mr. Justice Harlan, who said: "Under the decision of the court, incomes can not be taxed otherwise than by apportionment among the States on the basis simply of population. No such apportionment can possibly be made without doing wicked injustice to the many for the benefit of a very few in large cities. Any attempt on the part of Congress to apportion the taxation of incomes among the States upon the basis of their population, would, and probably ought to, arouse such indignation among the freemen of America that it would never be repeated."

We fear, after this opinion from a dissenting justice of the Supreme Court, the *Examiner* will have to revise its remedy. It would be doubtful, in any event, whether the Republican Congress, when it convenes this year, would follow the *Examiner's* plan in order to pull the Democratic party out of a hole. We do not think it would. In fact, it is our opinion that the Republican Congress is not going to do very much in the way of patching up the incongruous jumble of Democratic legislation in order to save that party from the ruin in which it has involved itself. The Republican party, when it takes charge of the country, will run it in its own way, and will not take any second-hand Democratic ideas for conducting the country's affairs.

The whole history of this income-tax feature of the Democratic tariff bill is one of which that party ought to be ashamed. The genesis of the bill was primarily a desire to propitiate the Populists and socialists, and "cinch the rich"; secondarily, it was a hypocritical and double-dealing attempt to fool the people into believing that the Republican tariff was too high, and that sufficient revenue could be raised by reducing duties. It was hoped that the deficit caused by the reductions in the tariff would be met by the income tax. The attempt has ignominiously failed. Then, when the income tax came up before the Supreme Court, the position of the Democratic Attorney-General was not an honorable one. He contended that as the court had once before held an income tax to be constitutional, and as many millions had been collected under that law, the government might be held in equity bound to return those millions; hence, that it was inexpedient to declare the law of 1895 unconstitutional. This is equivalent to saying that because the government committed a wrong thirty years ago it ought to repeat that wrong, and make it perpetual. On similar logic, some of the Democratic justices, under the doctrine of *stare decisis*, the previous judgment of

the court should stand, whether right or wrong. Perhaps Mr. Olney and these justices can reconcile such reasoning with their consciences, but we do not see how they can reconcile it with their oaths of office.

To sum up, it is not easy to see anything good or anything honest in this attempted Democratic law. It was conceived in demagoguery, it was brought forth in hypocrisy, it has been buried in ignominy and dishonor.

It seems that the device which the Roman Catholic Church in the United States invented to avert the possible confiscation of its real estate is not so infallible as was supposed. It consisted of a transfer of the real property of the church to the name of the bishops and archbishops, who held it nominally as their own, but really in trust for the church. The only danger which this covert trust appeared to involve was a betrayal of trust by the bishop or archbishop, and this, it is due to the prelates to say, has never occurred and is not likely to occur. Each bishop or archbishop, when he enters upon the duties of his diocese, receives from his predecessor a deed in fee, testamentary or *inter vivos*, of all the churches, chapels, convents, cemeteries, and asylums belonging to the church in that diocese, and he holds them as his own individual property so long as he remains bishop or archbishop. When he lays aside his office, he bequeaths them to his successor, who is usually his coadjutor. For the protection of the church, the will of a bishop in favor of his successor is generally executed as soon as the property passes into his hands. Thus if the State should at any time feel disposed to confiscate church property, as has been done in Spain, France, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, and the states of Central and South America, it would be found that, on the record-books, the church in the United States owns nothing, and that every parcel of real estate was the individual property of some priest, and, under the constitution, could not be touched without due compensation.

Every contingency was provided for save one—that was recalcitrance or aberration of intellect in the prelate in whose name the property was placed. That is precisely what has happened. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of the St. Louis Archdiocese, is eighty-nine years of age, and is becoming infirm in intellect. Every square foot of the enormous possessions of the church in that archdiocese stands in his name, and, according to ecclesiastical custom, has been willed by him to his coadjutor, Archbishop Kain. But Archbishop Kenrick's reasoning powers have become so clouded that doubts have arisen in his mind as to the validity of the will he made long ago; he is said to have revoked it lately, and have substituted another will or other wills in its place. Of the last of these it is said that it is confused and incapable of interpretation, so that if it were offered for probate the court might decide that the deceased died intestate. Lawyers, foreseeing the complications which might result, have communicated with the Irish relatives of the archbishop, and they stand ready to put in a claim for the vast property belonging to the church in St. Louis.

On this, Coadjutor Archbishop Kain and other Roman Catholics have applied to the United States District Court at St. Louis for an order divesting Archbishop Kenrick of the property which he holds nominally in fee, but really in trust. It is difficult to see how they can take anything by their motion. Courts can not transfer property from one holder to another except for value received. So far as the records show, Archbishop Kenrick is the absolute owner in fee of the church property in St. Louis. If he is not the real owner, but only the owner in trust, the courts can not compel him to execute his trust, unless its existence appears from documents of record. The church has practiced a fraud, and must bear the consequences. It is quite impossible for a judge to go behind the title as it stands on the real-estate register.

Should the Irish relatives of Archbishop Kenrick succeed in breaking his will, on the ground that he was not of sound disposing mind when he made it, they must take the property. The law defines the way in which trusts may be created, and is careful to provide that they can not be assumed or inferred. The church will probably lose its property through its cunning trick; the judgment of the court will be that it has overreached itself and must pay the penalty. Such a decision will probably lead to a revision of the policy of the church.

No confiscation of church property has ever taken place anywhere, until the aggrandizement of the church had become a menace to the public interest. But in every country where the Papal Church has flourished, it has acted on the maxim that political power goes with land, and it has acquired land by donation, bequest, or devise, and kept it by *main morte*, so that, sooner or later, its landed possessions have become a menace to public liberty. This happened in Spain, where, in the reign of Charles the Third, the church owned one-third of the arable area of the kingdom; it occurred in all the Spanish colonies in the two Americas,

where the possessions of the church, at the time of the severing of the colonial tie, were equally menacing; it is witnessed to-day in the Kingdom of Belgium and in the Province of Quebec. In Spain, and in her colonies, the church was stripped by ruthless acts of monarchs and legislatures; the same fate awaits it in Belgium and Quebec when the time comes.

In this country the church has concealed the magnitude of its real-estate holdings in order not to provoke assault; and for its further protection it has placed them, as above stated, in the names of its prelates. But it owns an enormous quantity of property, far more than it should.

The landed possessions of the church in England were at one time almost as large as the same possessions were in Spain. Their existence was one of the secrets of the success of the Reformation. Noblemen turned Protestant in order to obtain grants of abbey, monastery, nunnery, and cathedral lands. Thus confiscation was effected without resort to the name. The historical student may smile when he reads of the devotion of the English to the Protestant succession; but, after all, the church had no business with the lands, and it matters little how or by whom it was despoiled.

Mr. Dana's very unfavorable opinion of the wines of California has been questioned by no less an authority than Hermann Oelrichs. Mr. Oelrichs bears a reputation as one having a taste for the good things of this life, and he has placed the stamp of his approval upon Californian wines in the most effective manner. As agent of the North German Lloyds Steamship Company, a company having world-wide reputation for the excellence of its table and its wines, he has ordered that Californian wines be placed upon the wine-lists of all the steamships of the line. This will go far toward taking the sting out of Mr. Dana's criticism, for it will enable Europeans coming to this country and Eastern people going abroad to judge for themselves as to the quality, the flavor, and the bouquet of the wines. It is significant that the judgment of Mr. Dana, who has not visited this State for many years, and may possibly have been deceived into drinking some cheap substitute under the impression that it was Californian wine, is disputed by those who have spent much time in the State and have tasted the better quality of wine grown here. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, is using it upon his table; ex-Senator Stephen B. Elkins; R. E. Kerens, of St. Louis; W. R. Bert and W. C. McClure, millionaire lumbermen of Michigan; Joseph Harris, of New York; T. S. Kirkwood, a prominent New York clubman; L. Fiest, of Cincinnati; and W. T. Mustin, a Pittsburg stock-broker, are among those who have recently visited here and been converted into drinkers of Californian wines.

The same story is told in the figures showing the amount of wine annually shipped from this State to the markets of the East. Ten years ago, the export trade amounted to 4,000,000 gallons a year. From this figure the trade has been steadily increasing year by year, until in 1894 it was 12,000,000 gallons, and, should the present rate of shipment be continued, which is altogether probable, it will reach 16,000,000 gallons this year. The New York market consumes 5,000,000 gallons each year, and New Orleans, with its extensive French population, takes 3,000,000 gallons more. That the domestic wine is steadily taking the place of the foreign article is shown by the fact that, in 1883, this country imported over 8,000,000 gallons of wine and consumed 17,000,000 of domestic production. Ten years later, the imports had dropped almost to 5,000,000, while the consumption of domestic wines had increased to more than 26,000,000.

As to quality, it is undoubtedly true that the average wine produced in this State is fully equal to the average produced in France. It is also true that the best wines of France are far superior to the best brands of Californian wines. But these best wines form but an infinitesimal part of the total output of France; they are the product of a dozen cellars whose reputation has been established and maintained for generations. It is the cheaper average grade of wines for which there is the greatest demand, and it is upon this demand that the wine-growers and wine-makers must depend.

The wine industry in California has heretofore suffered from two causes—overproduction and lack of organization and coöperation. The overproduction, which has lasted for eight or nine years and is now happily at an end, resulted from the production of wine being pushed forward more rapidly than the market for it was created. As the wines have become better known, however, the demand has increased, and the future problem will be how to increase the production sufficiently to keep pace with it.

The lack of any effective coöperation among the growers and shippers of wine did much toward retarding the growth of a market for it. United effort was required in order to secure a certain degree of uniformity in prices and in grading, while the necessary publicity to attract general attention

could only be secured when all were working together. Until last year, however, all attempts at organization met with failure. The California Wine Association, organized in July of last year, has thus far been successful, though it has been considered desirable to organize another and competing association this year. The California Wine Association includes seven of the leading wine-shipping firms in the State, and they proposed to purchase the grapes from the various growers, convert them into wine in their own wineries, and thus handle practically the entire output. This arrangement was not considered satisfactory by the growers, however, and the California Wine-Makers Corporation was formed. This association is to take the wine produced by the members, which is then to be handled by the association, and the amount received is divided among the members in proportion to the quantity and quality of the wine turned in by them.

These associations have already done much for the wines of California, and should they continue in existence, they will do more. They have offered a premium for improved grades of wine, and they will continue to reward those makers who adopt the most scientific methods and exercise the most care in making their wines. It can not be denied that heretofore there have been large quantities of inferior and worthless wines shipped to the Eastern States, and this has done much toward creating an unfavorable impression there, and has justified such criticism as that of Mr. Dana. But with care this unfavorable impression can be removed, for, while California can not as yet produce wines to compete with the finer grades of French wines, it can produce a better table claret at a lower price than can be produced in France, and a better white wine for a lower price than the table grades of Rhine wines. When this is done, and when the wine is of a uniformly good grade, the growers in this State need worry no more about the price or about the opinions of Eastern editors.

The world is growing smaller. Ten years ago it would scarcely have been deemed possible that a war between two Oriental countries could threaten to embroil the powers of Europe. Yet such is the curious fact to-day.

When Japan imposed on her ancient and now conquered enemy, China, the terms of peace which have been proclaimed to the world, there was silence in the European heavens for the space of half an hour. Then a clamor arose. Germany was the first to speak. The German Minister at Tokio was instructed to recommend to the Japanese Government "moderation in drawing up the terms of peace," and to say that "the demand for a cession of territory on the continent would, in the eyes of Germany, be particularly calculated to provoke an intervention of the European powers." Japan paid no attention to this "friendly advice." After a lapse of some weeks, Germany took counsel with Russia. The advisers of the Czar modestly suggested that they had a friend they would like to see brought into the consultation. The friend was France. The three powers then informed Japan that they could not listen to any suggestion of a Japanese protectorate over Corea. Further than that, the Russian official organ declared that "if one single fort of Port Arthur remain in possession of Japan, Russia will suffer severely in her material interests and in her prestige as a great power." France then informed Japan that she "could not leave Russia isolated in the Far East." The result of this was the recession of Japan from her first stand, and her announcement that she would, at the "request" of the powers, abandon her claim to the Liao Tung peninsula, to Port Arthur, to the Pescadores, and her contemplated protectorate over Corea.

It was a bitter dose for Japan to swallow. After a war waged with a determination, an organization, and a resultant triumph which amazed the world, to be deprived of the fruits of that war in the hour of triumph, and to have nothing left but an almost barren victory, was humiliating for a warlike nation such as Japan has shown herself to be.

But that was one of the results of the European intervention. There are others yet to come. Japan is threatened with revolution. Daily the Mikado is suppressing the fiery Japanese newspapers which denounce this abject relinquishment of the prizes Japan has won as the result of a hard-fought war. It is difficult to tell what a day may bring forth. But when a warlike nation like the Japanese, full armed and equipped in all the panoply of war and flushed with victory, finds its ruler hearkening to murmured menaces from European governments, it is doubtful whether that ruler may maintain his throne.

It is, of course, folly for Japan to think of declaring war on the three great powers, Germany, Russia, and France. But it is much to be doubted whether Germany would lend more than sentimental aid to Russia. It is our belief that her move in this matter has been made through a shrewd hope that England would intervene. If England did so, the French and Russian cruisers would prey upon English com-

merce, and four or five hundred million pounds' worth of trade would go to Germany. Hence the benevolent eye which Germany casts upon distressed China. But England has not intervened, and will not do so. If Russia's defiance to Japan should lead to war, she would find herself either with France as her ally, or alone. France has no occasion to be proud of her Oriental wars, as shown by her experience in Cochin China. She might draw back. She might be all the more inclined to do so, knowing that Germany was watching—and waiting—for her. But if she did not draw back, and if she joined Russia, there could be little doubt of the result. Russia and France combined could sweep the Japanese fleet from the seas. True, the Japanese could hold Port Arthur. But the allied fleets of France and Russia could bombard the Japanese ports and ravage the Japanese coasts. France has a base of supplies and abundance of coaling stations in Tonquin. Still the war would be long and enormously costly for the two European powers operating at such a distance from home ports. France has found that out in Tonquin, which has already cost her hundreds of millions of francs and is not yet completely conquered. She knows that she would be weakened after such a war. She knows that Germany is watching and waiting for weakness on her part. She would probably pause before entering on such a war.

With Russia alone, matters would be different. She has a large fleet in Japanese and Chinese waters, and, oddly enough, this fleet is now between the bulk of the Japanese army on the mainland and the Island of Japan. This may or may not have had its effect on the Japanese Government in its recent reply. But Russia's fleet in Oriental waters, although large, is not formidable. Many of her best vessels are not fitted for long sea-voyages, and are practically coast-defense vessels. They are hardly suited for carrying on an offensive war at long range. As for land operations, the Russians are even more badly off. They have been hastening troops forward for the last two months, but they could not assemble to-day more than fifty thousand troops in Manchuria, and the Japanese could bring up against them four times that number of veterans, flushed with a triumphant war. On the whole, considering the danger of consequent revolution, it seems extraordinary that the Mikado's government should have submitted to the implied menace of the three European powers. It would seem to be better for him to use his victorious army in fighting a European foe rather than in suppressing a Japanese revolution.

All of this entanglement has brought about a most curious somersault in England. When the war broke out, England's sympathies were all with China. Having waged a successful war with China to sell her opium, and having worked up a trade with her which is worth forty-two million pounds a year, England naturally looked upon China with a friendly eye. But as the war progressed, as its termination was foreshadowed, England began to change. When the three powers began to threaten Japan, and threaten her in a way which seemed inimical to England's commercial interests, that country suddenly flopped. She ceased to be the friend of China, and became the friend of Japan. So sudden was this *volte-face*, that the English journals in Chinese and Japanese ports had not yet been informed of it when the last Asiatic mail arrived in San Francisco. They were breathing fire and sword against Japan. By the time the next steamer comes from Yokohama, they will doubtless be better informed, and we shall see them revising and amending their recent editorial utterances, and coming out as ancient allies of Japan.

If there is anything more remarkable than the brilliant and decisive victories won by the Japanese, it is the manner in which they won them. The way their army has been organized and financed has astonished the world. Last October the Japanese War Office called for 150,000,000 yen, or dollars; of this sum, 26,000,000 were in the treasury, and 124,000,000 were to be secured on bonds. But of this, only 80,000,000 have been called for. Not a single dollar of this was secured from abroad—the vast sum was raised at home.

It is not alone in war that Japan is astonishing the world. In the arts of peace she is no less remarkable. Twenty-five years ago, in 1870, there was not a mile of railway in Japan; to-day there are 1,750 miles in operation, and 850 miles more about to be constructed. These railways carried in 1894, 26,000,000 passengers. There was no post-office in 1870, but in 1893 the Japanese post banded 277,000,000 letters and newspapers. In 1870, there were no Japanese steamships; to-day there are 700. As we stated some weeks ago, Japan has now many kinds of manufactures, and Japanese cloths, clocks, hoots, shoes, and hardware are now sold throughout the Orient in competition with European and American goods, while cotton and woolen-mills and machine-shops are going up on every hand.

We said in the beginning of this article that the world

was growing smaller, when a war between two Oriental nations could threaten entanglement to European powers. It will do more than that. It threatens their industries. And it threatens ours. For not only has Japan already begun to supplant goods from Europe and the United States in the Asiatic market, but she has scarcely begun. She has opened up China to the world. Under "the most favored nation" clause, all countries having treaties with China will be entitled to the same privileges as Japan. They will speedily avail themselves of these privileges. Manufacturers from Birmingham and Manchester, manufacturers from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, will erect plants on the Asiatic shore of the Pacific. They can obtain labor there at an average of ten cents a day. At Osaka, one Japanese city, a cotton-mill was started a few years ago with three hundred and fifty spindles; there are now seven hundred and fifty thousand spindles there. At this place, male spinners get fifteen cents a day; female spinners, six cents. They have forty minutes for dinner, which costs one and one-half cents. The day is divided into two shifts of eleven hours each, one shift working all night by the electric light. It will be not many years before hundreds of millions of Chinese and Japanese laborers at ten to fifteen cents a day will be competing with the workmen of our own race who receive wages measured in dollars instead of in cents.

Will the Democratic doctrinaires continue to follow their free-trade folly then? And will American workmen continue to follow them in their folly?

In the French legislative chamber, an advanced deputy, M. Girault, has just introduced a bill imposing a tax on titles. Although France is a republic, there are still many persons who bear titles of nobility, some of them dating from the old régime, some from the First Empire, some from the restoration of the Bourbons, some from the days of Louis Philippe, and some from the Third Empire. M. Girault's idea is designed to make the rich bear a large share of the burden of taxation by taxing an article which is distinctly an article of luxury, and no one can contend that a title is an article of necessity.

This affords a straw at which the struggling Democratic administration in this country can clutch. Its income tax has proved to be a failure. Under its curious tariff the country is running behind at the rate of about \$6,000,000 a month, \$1,500,000 a week, or \$250,000 a day—not counting Sundays, when Mr. Cleveland goes fishing. It is seriously proposed to double the tax on beer, and thus to relieve the Democratic administration from the financial straits into which it has been plunged.

Let us make a suggestion to Mr. Cleveland. Why can he not tell Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury, to construe titles as taxable articles of luxury? There are a great many American citizens—all of them feminine, with the exception of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts—who have married titles. These feminine American citizens who bear titles number several hundred. All of them have their property here, so that it is taxable. If they had their real estate in Europe—where most of them live and where they keep their personal property, including their titled husbands—it would be difficult to get at them. But inasmuch as their taxable property is here, and as the husbands, being articles of consumption omitted from the Democratic tariff bill, are not taxable, the government has an air-tight cinch on these feminine citizens. We advise Mr. Cleveland, therefore, to have Mr. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, write to M. Girault and get a copy of his tax bill. We understand that it is graduated according to rank, no account being taken of the fortune of the bearer. Thus a prince comes highest on the list, a duke next, a marquis next, and so on down until it reaches the lowest title, which we presume in this country would be the German title of "freiherr," or the English courtesy title when it means the younger son of a peer. Let not Mr. Cleveland think that this means of revenue would be limited. We assure him that there are several hundred such female American citizens with taxable titles. For example, why not heavily tax the Princess de Scey-Montbeliard, who was Miss Winaretta Singer, daughter of the late Isaac Singer, of Boston, whose sewing-machines made him wealthy? The Princess de Scey-Montbeliard draws her revenues largely from American property, growing out of the old man's sales of sewing-machines. She ought to pay for being a princess, and she ought to help out the Democratic administration. Among the duchesses we have the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, who, it is true, has only a life interest in her estate, which will eventually return to an American heir. But she is enjoying the usufruct of this estate, and as she has a most imposing and historic title, it is no more than meet that she should be taxed for it. There is all the more reason for this, as it is evident that she values her title very highly, for although she has just married Lord William

Beresford, she is not content to be known as "Lady William Beresford," but prefers still to be known as "Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough." Under the circumstances, we think that even her husband would not hesitate in saying that the lady ought to be taxed. Another duchess of American birth is the Duchess de Cazes, who was Miss Isabella Singer, another daughter of the sewing-machine maker, Isaac Singer. The late Isaac left a number of millions behind him, which all of his feminine belongings invested in titles. If we are not mistaken, his widow also bought a title, which is justly taxable, but what it is we can not now recall. She was a few years ago the Duchess of Campeselle, but she divorced her duke and married a prince. In this case, Mr. Carlisle might possibly let the lady off with the tax due from a duke rather than a prince. This, however, is a question of detail, which might be left entirely to him.

But it is useless for us to continue. The list will be too long. While the Treasury Department would soon run out of princesses and duchesses, the number of countesses and baronesses seems to be almost unlimited. Some of them have lived so long abroad that their names are almost forgotten; but they do not forget to draw their revenues from here, and therefore a paternal government should not forget them. By all means let Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle look into this matter. They have been suspected of undue leanings toward the effete monarchies of the Old World. A vigorous campaign against the shekels of those daughters of America who have taken titled foreigners to their bosoms, and made them, so to speak, Uncle Sam's sons-in-law, would do much to rehabilitate Mr. Cleveland in the minds of the masses.

The article which we printed some weeks ago, on "the sham Americanism of those daily newspapers which are attempting to embroil the United States in the dispute between Great Britain and Nicaragua," has not pleased the Jingo portion of the press to which we referred. This is quite gratifying—almost as much so as the fact that it has met with the approval of sensible and conservative journals in various parts of the country. While the article was reproduced approvingly by the New York *Evening Post* of May 10th, it was by a curious coincidence condemned by the Salt Lake *Tribune* of May 10th. The latter journal, in commenting on our remark that "the Monroe doctrine does not make this country the wet-nurse of all the mewling and puking Spanish-American infants in the lands to the south of us," says: "The United States Government ought to be a quasi-protector of the countries to the south, go to their aid when they are in trouble, and guarantee their absolute indebtedness when contracted with European powers." Begging the *Tribune's* pardon, the United States Government should do nothing of the kind. Uncle Sam has a large family of his own, with racial and religious troubles of their own, and he has quite enough to do to look after them. As for "guaranteeing the indebtedness of the Spanish-American states when contracted with European powers," that is the largest contract ever suggested to Uncle Sam. It gives an idea of the hopeless confusion existing in the editorial mind over the Monroe doctrine. If such a plan were carried out, all of us would want to go and live in Nicaragua or Guatemala, as all we would need to do would be to vote for borrowing money in England, divide the money, and then let the United States declare war on England when she attempted to collect. Seriously, the editor of the Salt Lake *Tribune* would give greater rights and privileges to Spanish-American states under Uncle Sam's "protectorate" than the States of our own Union enjoy. The United States Government could not very well "guarantee the indebtedness" of foreign states when it does not guarantee the indebtedness of its own. Did the editor of the *Tribune* ever hear of the States of Mississippi and Minnesota repudiating their indebtedness, most of it contracted in Europe? And did he ever hear of our Federal Government guaranteeing the indebtedness of these or any other of the United States?

Professor John Bach McMaster, probably the ablest living American historian and publicist, discussed the Monroe doctrine in a recent letter to the New York *Herald*, in the course of which he said:

"The doctrine does not contemplate forcible intervention by the United States in any legitimate contest, but it will not permit any such contest to result in the increase of European power or influence on this continent, nor in the overthrow of an existing government, nor in the establishment of a protectorate over them, nor in the exercise of any direct control over their policy or institutions. Further than this the doctrine does not go. It does not commit us to take part in wars between a South American republic and a European sovereign, when the object of the latter is not the founding of a monarchy under a European prince in place of an overthrown republic. In the present instance, therefore, the doctrine does not, so long as England does not hold the ports of Nicaragua long enough to necessitate the payment of the sum she is determined to extort. Should she attempt to hold Nicaragua forever, the doctrine would apply, and our duty and policy would be resolutely

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

The Sudden End of a Fair Divorce Colonist's Suit in New Mexico.

Little Dick stopped short, executed a sort of pigeon-wing, snorted, humped his back a little as though about to buck; then he stood still, puffing nervously, and, with head high in air and his tawny ears cocked forward, indicated "danger" as plainly as a well-trained bird-dog shows the near presence of game in the covert.

A sharp thrill shot through "Boston's" frame as, for a fleeting second, he thought "Indians!" But very brief reflection told him that that, under present circumstances—the reds having been very recently thrashed and sent back to their reservation as children are spanked and sent to bed—was impossible; yet he pulled his Winchester from its scabbard with some celerity, and his voice was not quite clear as he asked:

"What is it, Dick?"

The *cayuse* snorted again and trembled slightly, and then his rider saw what alarmed him. A big black bear was just coming from behind a sharp turn in the cañon, at a place known as "The Elbow," some fifty yards from where Dick had halted. He was not such a *very* big bear, comparatively speaking; but there are circumstances under which even a small bear assumes alarming proportions, and this one, appearing suddenly as he did, seemed about as big as an ox. He was about as much surprised, however, as "Boston" was; so much so that in his astonishment he forgot all discretion, and, rearing up on his hind feet, ambled toward the horseman with the obvious intention of hugging him.

"Boston" was a bit "rattled," for he had never before encountered a bear alone; but his nerve did not desert him. "Steady, Dicky boy, steady!" he said, gently, as he sprang from the saddle and rested his rifle across its pommel. In a trice he had Bruin covered where he wanted him, just under the left shoulder, and then he began pumping lead. At the first shot the bear saw his error and came down on all-fours for the sake of speed, but he was too late. "Boston" had his range, and at the third shot Mr. Bear fell into the road in a heap and began kicking the dust and biting himself in his death-struggle.

Presently, as his slayer leaned over him and congratulated himself on his marksmanship, there came a fresh surprise that caused "Boston" to whirl on his heel and stand panting, peering all about to see whence had come that trembling, unmistakably feminine voice in the query:

"Oh, sir, are you sure he's quite dead?"

"Boston" rubbed his eyes and looked again. There she was, the owner of the voice, standing with clasped hands on the highest point of The Elbow and looking down at him appealingly.

"Tenderfoot—pretty, too, by Jove!" thought "Boston." But he said, very sharply, for he did not like sudden shocks:

"What on earth are you doing up there?"

"Are you sure he's quite dead?" the fair tenderfoot responded, irrelevantly.

"To be sure he is," was the short reply, as the bear-slayer gave his fallen foe a vicious kick.

The stranger disappeared, coming again into view just where Bruin had first shown himself to "Boston's" startled eyes. The latter had somewhat recovered himself and repented his seeming rudeness, and as he advanced to meet her, his handsome head uncovered, the lady could not help noting what a romantic appearance he had.

"I—I'm so glad you came," she faltered, as he came up to where she had stopped and was leaning against the rock. "I've been up here ever since about eleven o'clock, and it must be quite five by now."

"But—er—how—"

"Oh, I went up there to sketch, and when I started to come down, there was that horrid bear, right at the bottom of the rock! Ugh!"

"Did he see you?"

"No; if he had just *looked* at me, I should have *died*, I know. I shan't dare go out again in that way, all alone."

"You don't seem to have lost your nerve very badly," said "Boston," looking at her admiringly. (How pretty she was, and what a figure, to be sure!) "Er—pardon me, but where are you stopping?" he queried.

"Over at Mr. Wheatley's. I am Mrs. Harlan," answered the fair rescuer.

"Yes? I am—or was, back in the 'States'—Mr. Bendixon; out here, and he smiled grimly, "I am 'Boston'—because, probably, I do *not* come from there. By the way, where is your horse? I am going to Mr. Wheatley's to get a wagon to bring in Mr. Bear with, and I will see you safely home—although there's probably not another bear within fifty miles of here."

But Mrs. Harlan had come out afoot, the Wheatley ranch-house being only about a mile distant, so they walked over together, Dick ambling along in the rear with his usual meekness.

When they returned for the bear, Mrs. Harlan mounted a horse, and, nothing daunted, rode back to the scene of her scare, despite the protestations of Mrs. Wheatley, who had been worrying about her ever since she had failed to appear at the luncheon-hour. If she was charming on foot, she was doubly so on horseback, "Boston" thought, as he compared this tenderfoot with the Gila girls, who all rode splendidly in their way, but were not, as a rule, particularly graceful in the saddle—or out of it, for that matter.

Fred Bendixon was still thinking of the charming tenderfoot as, after taking dinner with the Wheatleys, he rode slowly homeward through the gathering darkness. He had been in New Mexico three years now, and she was "the only civilized being," as he told himself, that he had talked with in all that time. She was really delightful, he decided. Were it not for her vivacity, she would be much like—

"Bah!" said Bendixon, so viciously that Dick gave a little jump. "I wish she weren't."

For the last year he had given less and less thought to her—that proud, stately girl who had ruined his life—that creature with the Madonna face and the deep, serious eyes that gazed steadily into his and protested passionate devotion while their owner's lips lied straightforwardly and solemnly declared her love for him. That was before his father's failure and the loss of most of his fortune.

Then—
"Bah! Damn her!" said her self-exiled victim, as he dug a spur into poor Dick and turned the unwilling little beast off the home trail and on to the one that led to the little mining-camp three miles away. "We'll forget her, Dick," he added gently, feeling a pang of remorse for hurting his pet.

He entered the camp saloon quietly, merely nodding to two or three miners and a couple of his own cowboys, who spoke to him. Fred Bendixon was not a "sociable" chap, according to the South-Western acceptance of the term, until he had had a few drinks and forgot what had brought him where he was.

One of the "3-Line" outfit's men was talking to the bartender, and "Boston" listened to him, carelessly at first, but presently with interest.

"Seen that tendahfoot heifer th't's stayin' ovah t' Wheatley's t' day, Dan—an' say, boy, she's a sho' rampageous beaut', she is. I was ridin' along through Wind Cañon, an' jes' comin' out intuh th' valley, w'en all of a suddint I meets up with 'er, an' her afoot. She says 'Good-mornin', sir,' by gad, an' smiled 's sweet 's ef I was th' Dook o' Bilgewater—an' I was that rattled I mist f'rgot I had m' hat on, an' c'd hadly say 'Mornin'; an', say, my heart beat fast f'r a hour."

"Who is she, Pete?" asked the bar-boy, with languid interest.

"Cousin 'r somethin' o' Mis' Wheatley. Come out yere f'r t' git a *de-voice* f'r 'er o' man. Wheatley tol' Pel Hynes an' Pel tol' me. Guess Mis' Wheatley 'd ruin Wheat's face ef she knowed he piped it."

So this fresh-faced girl, hardly more than twenty, had had her sorrows, too! From that moment Fred Bendixon felt drawn to her. She was braver than he, he reflected, for she concealed her griefs under the cloak of well-assumed cheerfulness, while he—well, every one knew that, as one citizen phrased it, "'Boston' had a sho'-nough kick comin', ef 'e nevah *does* le' go o' it—likely some heifer done kicked *him*."

Bendixon called upon his new acquaintance the next day, and they had a long ride together on the Silver City trail, "Boston" showing her the points of interest—that is, where this or that person had been murdered by Indians or Mexicans, or where Jones or Smith had been held up once upon a time. There was little else, beyond an occasional view at a distance of some spot made historical by the Jesuits, with whom the history of the country began. It was late when they returned to the ranch.

"Let me thank you for a very, very pleasant day," said Mrs. Harlan softly, as Bendixon, declining her invitation to join the group in the gallery, bade her "good-night" at the gate. "It is so pleasant to meet some one—that is—"

"The obligation is on my side, Mrs. Harlan," answered Bendixon, with the glamour of the southern moon (if he had only known it) hovering about his uncovered head. "Do you know what three years without the pale of civilization mean to one who—Good-night, Mrs. Harlan."

"Good-night." And she stood watching his retreating figure, noting how superbly he sat his horse, but forgetful of the abruptness of his departure.

"Divinely handsome," she thought, complacently, "and delightful company. Since he has so little to do, I don't think it will be *such* a dull time, after all."

"Harlan must be a brute," thought the one-time susceptible Bendixon, as Dick galloped up the trail, "or else he's a fool. Probably he's both, for an intelligent brute couldn't fail to come under the influence of a woman like that."

She had asked him to call the next day, and he had promised to do so—gladly, at the time. As he rode home, however, he asked himself, "Why? To what end?" But his hungry soul answered, "For the sake of intelligent companionship—while you may have it"; and of course he went, not only that day, but the next, and thereafter there were few days during the next two months that they did not see each other.

The rains had been very light that season, and hardly a cattleman—or, for that matter, any one else—but was well-nigh in despair. Cattle by scores lay dead on the plains and in the valleys—dead for want of food and water. Not so many of Bendixon's; his were unusually well provided for; but hardly an outfit in the county but counted its loss by hundreds, and even thousands.

"It'll come heavily, though, when it does come," said "Boston" to Mrs. Harlan, as together they rode, one hot afternoon, through Wind Cañon on their way to call upon a sick man at the Two-bar-X Ranch. "You never saw a storm in this country, did you? Well, it is something worth seeing—and keeping out of the way of. It comes up suddenly—very—and the rain falls in *chunks* for a little while; then it suddenly ceases, and one thinks that's the end of it—but it isn't. Presently the cañons and ravines become flooded with water, and each one becomes the bed of a torrent. And the water-ways on the lower levels—I have seen rocks weighing tons carried down through them by the wall of water. As a matter of fact—by Jove!" he interrupted himself suddenly, "that storm we noticed over in the Burro Mountains awhile ago is coming this way."

He was right. Inside of five minutes the storm had broken over them, and they had to seek what shelter was afforded by the lee of a rock that partially overhung the trail. The storm was over presently, the clouds, apparently without any impelling breeze, passing over quickly and

leaving the clarified atmosphere and a dim rainbow as reminders of their visitation.

"Come," said Bendixon, "we must hurry and get back to where we can strike the hills. Hurry!"

Mrs. Harlan looked at him quizzically. "The idea!" she said; "I do believe you're guying me." And, unassisted, she mounted her horse and was off up the cañon before her companion could protest.

In a moment he was after her. She saw him coming as she glanced behind her, but she only laughed merrily and urged her horse the faster. But little Dick had other accomplishments besides docility and intelligence—he could run, and he ran now, so that presently he was alongside Mrs. Harlan's mount.

"Come!" cried Bendixon, hoarsely. "There is no time. Turn your horse!" Mrs. Harlan, seeing the look in his eyes, tried to obey, but her horse had his head and she could not stop him. She turned a white, scared face toward Bendixon—and he, nudging Dick a bit closer to the gray, reached out his arm, grasped the slight form firmly, then—
"Back, Dicky, back!"—and Dick, wheeling like lightning, was running like an antelope, despite his double load, down the cañon.

"How silly we are!" ejaculated Mrs. Harlan, as they reached the top of one of the hills back near the cañon's mouth, and Bendixon released her. "I think you're trying to frighten me. Really—"

"Hush!" said her companion, solemnly. "Do you hear that?"

The rocks of the cañon echoed a low, terrible roar, now loud, now more subdued, as the great body of water found a narrow or a wide passage. It came rapidly nearer. Mrs. Harlan, alive now to the possible danger she had escaped, sat with ears and eyes alert, wondering how long—

Just then her horse came in sight, turning a bend a quarter of a mile above, racing for his life; and behind him, not a hundred yards, came a rolling, tumbling wall of water forty feet high. Tensely they watched the unequal race, but not for long. In a few seconds the flood overtook the poor animal, and presently, a shapeless mass, he was rolled by them in the torrent, along with all the rocks and débris at the forefront of the watery avalanche.

"Now," began Bendixon, you see—"

But his companion did *not* see. She was crying.

It was too much for Bendixon. In a second he was beside her, his arms were about her, and she finished her cry on his shoulder. . . . And that afternoon they told their stories to each other—just enough for each to know that the other had suffered—as, the woman awkwardly sitting sideways on Dick, and the man walking beside, they went back to the Wheatley place together.

"Some duck gives it out t' me," said Dan, the bar-tender, to one of Bendixon's men who dropped in one quiet evening, "th't 'Boston's' got a rivl' over t' Wheatley's."

"Boston's" men were loyal, and this one merely gave the bar-tender an inquisitive look.

"Ya-as," continued Dan, setting up the whisky-hottle, "I gits it straight th't this bloke is th' same one th't her an' 'er ol' man splits up on, an' th't she's go'n' t' marry 'im soon's she gits er *de-voice*."

Mr. Bendixon's cowhand merely vouchersafed, non-committally, "Th' hell!" and went out to where his *cayuse* was tied, mentally resolving, however, to learn more about the matter.

"Boston" had met the distinguished-looking stranger two or three times, but to-night he noticed, or thought he noticed, for the first time, a certain constraint in the manner of his sweetheart toward himself; and a vague, wondering jealousy took possession of him. Who was this fellow Bement, anyway?—this gray-haired, *blasé* man of the world? What was he doing at the Wheatleys? He had not thought to ask—rather, he had had no opportunity.

It was late when he started homeward and began wondering over these things; and there came a sudden pang as he remembered that he had not had a chance to say his lover's good-night to Bertha.

"She might have made an opportunity," he said to himself. Then, suddenly halting Dick, "Poor little girl! she has to be careful, of course. That fellow may be her—that is, Harlan's lawyer." And wondering why he had not thought of this before, he wheeled Dick and rode quietly back toward the ranch. He would see the light in her window at least. . . .

. . . He saw *his* arm about her—that man Bement's. He could see them plainly as they walked slowly toward him—him, her dupe, who was supposed to be nearly home by now. They came directly on. They would pass close by the clump of hush where he and his horse were concealed. . . . He heard the woman say:

"How shocked Cousin Mattie and Horace will be, when they find we're gone! And Bendixon—poor fellow, he'll be awfully cut up! He's tried to make it so pleasant for me this summer."

A rush of horse's hoofs—a whirling, sinuous something that clasped them both—and a frightened, frantic pony, with a frenzied rider, dashed across the valley and up a rocky cañon, dragging at the end of a lariat a squirming, screaming mass, whose cries were soon stilled.

"Let 'em go," said old man Wheatley, who rode over to camp next morning to see if he could get any trace of the supposed fugitives. "Good riddance, I says, when we fin's her note this mornin'; but why'n' thunder didn't they take no baggage, an' wh'y'd they go afoot? I wouldn't 'a' keered f'r a couple o' hosses."

In a little mining-camp in New Mexico, the landlord of the hotel pointed out to me a dirty, dejected-looking specimen

of the genus bum. "That there feller's got a bist'ry. Few years back 'e had a good ranch up country a-piece an' was well fixed. Well, he got stuck on a grass-widder th't was stayin' with one o' th' neighbors, an' I reckon they had it all fixed up when along comes a sho' star-lookin' jay fr'm back East, an' bim 'n' th' grass-widder turns up missin'. Ever'body thought they'd skipped, but the'r bodies—what was left of 'em—was found in a ol' d'serted shaft a few months later. An' 'Boston,' he hain't never be'n right sence. He's tried ranchin', an' minin', an' gamblin', but it don't do no good. Poor ol' 'Boston.' He's a sho'-nough all-time loser."

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1895. LESTER KETCHUM.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Theatre.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamp-lighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phoebus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beams the beams of Drury Lane;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing-room*.

Hark! the check-taker moodily silence breaks,
And hawling, "Put fill!" gives the checks he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contenting crowds though the frequent damn,
And all is hush, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See, to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the resin o'er the horse's hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hauthoy, growls the coarse hassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, fingering in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hush'd—but, no, one fiddle will
Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foil'd in his clash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the ditory man:
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his how,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry "Hats off!"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, 'reft of pin, her play-hill from above:
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;
Who from his powdered pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Bahel strains from Bahel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,
With pence twice five—they want but twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.

Critics we hoast who ne'er their malice hark,
But talk their minds: we wish they'd mind their talk:
Big-worded hullies, who hy quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary's Axe, for josh so wary
That for old clothes they'd even ax St. Mary;
And hucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tipping tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer,
Was footman to Justinian Stuhls, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stuhls's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest hoy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was hred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head:
He would have hound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongue in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cries Wilson; and cries Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' how, down darts the painted clew,
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Half calico, torn silk and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the heaver's hand—
Up soars the prize! The youth with joy unfeigned,
Regain'd the felt, and felt the prize regain'd;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low how, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

—James Smith.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS.

The Pictures Our Compatriots have Sent to the Champ de Mars
Salon—Puis de Chavannes's Decorative Piece for the Boston
Public Library—A Good Showing for America.

How the Americans in Paris will flock to the Champ de Mars this year! They will feel they have a vested interest in the show, and so they have. Has not Puis de Chavannes washed in one of his biggest panels for the express decoration of the Public Library at Boston, and does not this same work now hang in the place of honor at the top of one of the staircases, exhibited for the first time to the eyes of an admiring public?

It will be a proud day for Boston when the hundred and odd square yards of canvas come home, and all the most advanced art critics in the city will vie with each other in singing its praises. I am not quite prepared to say that it deserves all the panegyrics that will be sure to be lavished upon it, but as a piece of decorative work it is certainly very fine, one of its many merits being its simplicity and the complete absence of striving after dramatic effect. This is what you will see when you next visit Boston, reader mine: A vast expanse of undulating grassy sward enameled with flowers, painted in the low tones of old tapestry, surmounted by a broad band of sea of deepest blue—pure, unadulterated blue—and this in its turn again by a hazy, golden sky; and athwart this trio of elements, earth, air, and water, pale figures in milk-white robes playing on milk-white lyres—too ethereal to be of the earth, and yet not wholly divine—are poised, their faces turned toward the upper part of the picture, where, on a platform of clouds, Genius stands confessed. The pale females are the Nine Muses, the inspirers of Genius, proclaiming him the Messenger of Light. So runs the legend.

Low-voiced Bostonian girls, clad in filmy raiment, looking unutterable things out of pale-blue eyes, will float in thought mid earth and heaven, as those Muses float, and sing peans to every rising Boston genius—but I must not be cynical.

This year's exhibition at the Champ de Mars owes something to American dollars (that jingle so merrily in Puis de Chavannes's pocket) and a good deal also to American talent. Numerous, indeed, are the contributions made by your countrymen and countrywomen. One of the first pictures that attracted my attention was a striking composition by Julius Stewart—the luncheon hour on board a yacht, or, more properly speaking, the hour of cigarettes and *petits verres*; the midday sun is tempered to the occupants of the deck by a broad white awning, below which one catches a glimpse of gray mountains rising abruptly from the water, which tells us they are floating on the blue depths of a Norwegian fiord. Small talk accompanies the cigarettes, and two of the ladies are playing with their dogs; a third, disdainful of small talk and canine cajoleries, leans against the bulwarks, her finger looped in the netting of the awning. It is needless to say the women are pretty and that they are gown'd to perfection. Stewart has also painted the portrait of a lady in gray, reclining gracefully on a Louis the Sixteenth sofa, and he has contributed two to the many studies of nude figures that, as usual, adorn the walls of the galleries.

Spain continues to have charms for Dannat. In "Sol y Sombre," he shows us a bit of the shady side of the arena, where warm-blooded beauties, with pomegranate-blossoms in their plastered black hair, form a brilliant group of color, with its touch of shadow in the shape of an evil-looking duenna who is whispering something to the most modest-looking of the girls—something that seems to have to do with the fellow in a sombrero at the back. I suppose Dannat has a partiality for red. He has painted two men in red lounging-jackets—one of whom is Mr. Bisbing—and, as a set-off to these two portraits, a study in white—a pale woman, in a white dress hemmed with swan's-down.

Howard Gardiner Cushing, of Boston, is not a follower of Puis de Chavannes. He revels in harsh colors, like Blanche or Bisnard—this reminds me that the latter has brought home from Africa some brilliant sketches of Moorish women and Moorish landscapes that actually bring the water to your eyes. Like Blanche, too, and unlike Puis de Chavannes, he is not generous of canvas, and his single heads or groups have hardly room to breathe in the small spaces assigned them. John H. Johnston is not sparing in this way; his models are chosen, it would seem, principally for their fine heads of hair. The lady in the pink domino has a wealth of golden-brown tresses arranged in the loose, floppy fashion of the times, while the picture entitled "Tête de Rousse" is a study of auburn coils and snowy shoulders.

To this rather fleshy school belongs that dainty little New Yorker, Miss Lucy Lee-Robbins, who manages very creditably what so many female artists fail in, namely, to paint the nude. "Le Miroir" shows us a young woman who has divested herself of every particle of clothing, and is standing as God made her, surveying her comely form in a looking-glass; while "Le Repos" is represented by another young woman, equally undressed, coiled up in a high-backed chair.

Whatever the *gros du public*—the rank and file—may think of John Alexander's work, that brilliant and original disciple of Whistler has scored an undoubted Varnishing Day success. A small crowd was certainly to be seen criticising his exhibits, and visitors were to be heard pointing out to each other from the other end of the room his figure of a woman in a yellow-green gown. This is, perhaps, the most striking of his exhibits. His model has flung herself—all Mr. Alexander's models fling themselves in this way—half in a pet, half out of weariness, on a sofa, and her long, flowing dress has wound itself around her supple limbs. Her face, surrounded by a mass of tumbled dark hair, is turned toward the spectator, and is very beautiful. Another of this artist's models, and dressed this time in a loose and apparently endless robe of pale peacock blue, has also flung

herself upon a sofa—or bed—whereon, one white arm being thrown back in a somewhat affected attitude, she is half seated, reading a book. A smaller figure, in a pale brick-colored robe, soft and clinging, again reclining on a sofa, is very effective, while a life-size portrait of a girl, in a buff-colored dress, standing in outline against a sunlit spring landscape, is also very artistic, and, moreover, a variety and—the ungenerous would say—a relief.

J. J. Shannon is also something of a Whistlerite, with leanings toward Boldini and Gandara. His portrait of Miss J. J. Shannon has so many good qualities, is so sober in color, so natural and unstudied in attitude, that there is no peg whereon to hang a criticism. Julius Rolshoven has more individuality; his "Rive au Fond Jaune," of Whistlerian suggestion as to name, is a dream of fair flesh as well as a color-harmony; moreover, he varies his contributions by including therein an exquisite view of Florence by night, which he entitles "Le Pays de Dante." The principal peculiarity about R. Wilton Lockwood's portraits and figures—of which he shows quite a large selection—is that they are repulsively ugly; either he is very unfortunate in his choice of sitters or fate has served him very ill.

Alexander Harrison is well to the fore again this year with several sea pieces in his best style. "Solitude" is a magnificent study of mid-ocean on a calm evening, when the swell of the sea is lazy and slow, and the heavy masses of water heave sluggishly but profoundly, forming deep valleys, each side of which is a mountain of wave resplendent with a hundred hues. "Lever de Lune" shows the moon rising over a wide expanse of sea, calm as a "painted ocean," which slowly spreads in far-extending wavelets over the flat, shiny sand. "Les Lutins" are the gnomes of the sea in another of Mr. Harrison's exhibits which is not quite in his usual manner. In a rocky bay, by night, two fantastic imps, half ghost-like, are playing with the waves, while further off a third is standing in the black shade of an overhanging cliff, beckoning to them with outstretched arms. The scene is fraught with weird impressiveness, and nothing could be better in its way than the elfish figures the artist has drawn and the pale, transparent colors in which he has painted these elemental sprites of the sea wave.

Cincinnati has reason to be proud of Elizabeth Nourse. Nothing can be more satisfactory than to say of an artist that the present productions are a distinct advance on all previous exhibits; but I can safely say this of at least two out of the six pictures now hanging in the Champ de Mars. The group of little "Fileuses Russes," sitting spinning in their quaint head-dresses, is charming, and the larger work, "Première Communion," will bear comparison with some of the best of Breton's pictures. Excellently well has she managed the opaque white of the girl's dresses, and so worked in half-hidden touches of color here and there in the background and the folds of the nun's black woollen garb that the effect is rich and mellow—so simple, too, is the attitude of the kindly *seur* in her solicitude for the set of the veil of the child she has decked for the important solemnity, and so innocent and confiding the upturned faces of the little neophytes. Seldom has such a subject been treated so successfully; it should certainly earn for Miss Nourse her spurs—namely, her inscription as an associate of the society.

Four more American lady artists have had pictures received at the Salon of the Champ de Mars; they are Miss Abbot, Miss Kirke Keller, Miss MacMonnies, and the great lady who chooses to hide her personality under her maiden name of Winnaretta Singer. But I shall weary you if I continue this string of descriptions; yet, looking back at what I have written, I find I have said nothing of Carl Melcher's fine pictures containing homely Dutch figures, of Everett Bryant's "Idylle," of Bryson Burroughs's "Lady of Shalott," of W. H. Hart's bits of *genre*, of Albert Horton's portraits, of Ch. Hopkinson's "Woman with a Monkey," of Albert Lucas's "Brunhilde," of Addison Millar's seaside view, of Edward Rook's "Red Landscape," of Alden Weir's portrait of Captain Zalinski, or of many others—and they deserved better at my hands, for each one of them adds something to this splendid manifestation of American art.

PARIS, April 24, 1895.

Colonel Gillon has sent to every French soldier embarking for Madagascar a circular containing the following instructions: "In Madagascar you will have to defend yourself against three enemies, besides the Hovas, namely, the sun, the fevers, and dysentery. For your defense you have your tropical helmet, boiled water, and a flannel belt. You must never go out without your casque, as even the clouded sun is deadly. You must never lie down on the ground, which is hotter than the air and will poison you by its miasmas. You must sleep sitting upon your *sac*. You must never go out before you have breakfasted, and must drink bot water with your tea and coffee. To prevent shivering fits always keep your flannel belt on. You must do all these things; but what you must not do is to drink spirits, eat fruits, for, though they resemble other fruits in appearance, they often contain violent poisons." The soldier's idea on reading these instructions will, naturally, be that such a country is not worth conquering.

An excellent bullet-proof shield can, it seems, be manipulated by wearing silk floss underneath the uniform. A correspondent writing from Yokohama says that the Japanese, to keep out the cold, wore a quantity of this material under their clothes, with the result that in many cases it acted as a bullet-proof vest. Many must have remarked and wondered why it was that although the fights in Manchuria were said to have been so severe, the Japanese losses were invariably very few, and those of the Chinese extremely heavy. Much of the disparity in the losses of the two combatants was due to bad marksmanship on the part of the Chinese; but a large part of the immunity of the Japanese from the harm of their antagonists was due to their wearing floss silk.

THE CHINAMAN AT HOME.

Extracts from "The Real Chinaman," by Chester Holcombe—
Sordid Life of the Poor—The Language—How
Women are Treated.

The war in the Orient has aroused a wide-spread interest in China and Japan, and those writers who are fortunate enough to know anything about either country are making all speed to get their books written and published. One of the best of these is "The Real Chinaman," by Chester Holcombe. The author has been for years interpreter, secretary of legation, and Acting Minister of the United States at Peking, and his knowledge of China and the Chinese is probably more intimate and varied than that of any other English writer. His book is not a defense, an apology, a criticism, or a panegyric of the Chinese; it may, he says, be an explanation.

Prefatory to the few extracts we purpose giving here, we reproduce portions of a newspaper article in which Mr. Holcombe drew a very graphic picture of country life in China; he said:

Rural life, as it is in our country, can hardly be said to exist in the Chinese Empire, where one sees hamlets, villages, and cities everywhere. In a land where, by climbing some eight or ten feet, one may count from fifty to a hundred villages within easy reach, there is no space left for the solitary farm-house. China is one-third less in area than the United States, and contains six times as many people. There, eighteen persons must occupy the space given to one in our land. There, twenty acres make a very large farm; no land is wasted in fences, and every inch of space is utilized. In China, one never sees sheep and cattle feeding on the grass or lying under the trees. They are reared in comparatively small numbers, as few Chinese can afford to eat meat, and they are either "stall-fed" or are allowed to graze on hill-slopes too steep to be cultivated in their natural state or by terracing. Cattle are usually reared solely for service in cultivating the soil. The animal oftenest put to this use is the donkey. But one frequently sees a donkey, a mule, a horse, an ox, and a cow all hitched together to one farm-wagon. These, with chickens, dogs, cats, and ducks and geese where there is water, complete the list of the domestic animals of the Chinese.

During the busy season, the entire population—men, women, and children of all ages—come forth from the villages and spread over the fields for the work of the day. Every one has his task. Young mothers stagger about on their bound feet with fat, bounding babies on their backs, till this becomes too wearisome, when the little fellows are laid naked on their backs on the cool, moist earth, where they grow and kick until they fall asleep. No time is wasted from the labors of the day in going to dinner. Some old crone brings out the food, which commonly is nothing more than a lump of corn-meal dough, steamed, and is eaten cold, with tea, or what is called tea, in unlimited quantities. This is soon hastily eaten, and the laborer goes on again. From the earliest dawn until dark, work is kept up every day during the farming season. No Sunday breaks the deadly monotony of labor, for everybody must work all the time in the race for life.

Pass through a Chinese farm village at midday and you imagine it deserted. No one is to be seen or heard unless it may be some old, helpless person sitting in the sun. Pass again in the evening, and you wonder where so small a hamlet finds room for so many people. The air rings with their jests and laughter. Examine their homes and you wonder how they live at all, let alone alone under such misery. The houses are mud-floored, unplastered shells, one story high; the walls built of mud, sometimes with a tiled roof, and usually without a pane of glass. There is a wooden lattice where windows should be. In cold weather paper is pasted over this, but in summer there is no need for such extravagance. Across one end of the inclosure is a raised platform of mud. On this is spread a mat of reeds, generally densely populated. This mat forms the only bed of all. Two carpenter's "horses" for chairs, perhaps a small table, a half-dozen earthen cups and bowls, and a large supply of chop-sticks complete the furniture. Several such rooms, each for a family, are built around a court-yard, filled at night with carts, plows, farming implements, and all the domestic animals of the establishment. The entire hamlet is composed of such premises, with perhaps a small store with ten dollars' worth in stock, and the inevitable village temple, where a mud Buddha, covered with paint and tinsel, sits in solitary state.

In spite of the wretchedness, which one notices only on a close inspection, a Chinese landscape possesses a quiet and very marked beauty. There are no unsightly fences; farm boundaries are marked by stone pillars sunk in the ground at the corners, and there are no untiled fields. The cultivation is perfectly clean. In a level part of the country, the spectator may look out as far as the eye can reach upon a vast sheet of vivid green, enlivened with clumps of trees, gray houses, and pagoda pinnacles pricking the deep blue of the sky.

The extravagant foreigner is impressed by the Chinese economy. Here, absolutely nothing is wasted. The grain is cut by hand with the sickle. Then the roots are pulled out of the soil and laid away to dry for fuel. Every inch of cultivated soil is gone over in the autumn, and a supply of grain and grass-roots gathered to burn in winter. When this is done, old women and children go along the roads and paths, and carefully rake the border, perhaps two feet wide, between the wagon track and the plowed land, to gather every stray leaf and flower-stem for fuel. Millions of families have no other fuel, in a winter like that of the Ohio River Valley. During winter, the men and boys search the roads in every direction for all sorts of garbage which may fertilize the soil. I have seen fifty men and boys in a rough-and-tumble fight for the ownership of a handful of offal dropped in a village. Their winter is a dreary alternation between this sort of labor and shivering in cheerless homes.

A series of markets or fairs are held at certain centres on fixed days, and to these the farmer takes his scant surplus of grain for sale. Here he purchases the few coarse articles and luxuries, such as tobacco and tea, that he needs. Beyond these market towns the wildest vagrant among all the farmers seldom or never roams. Once I inquired of an old man, who cowered under the lee of a temple wall to escape the bitter wind of a December afternoon, how far it was to a city which he named and where I hoped to pass the night. "I don't know," was the response. "But don't you live here?" I asked. "Yes; I've lived just yonder all my life." "How old are you?" "Seventy-four." "Then how can it be that you don't know the distance to Huailai?" "How should I know? I have never been there." The distance was eight miles.

One of the best chapters in "The Real Chinaman" is that on the Chinese language, in the course of which Mr. Holcombe tells several amusing anecdotes. Here is one of them:

In the whole range of English scientific language, for example, there are no equivalent terms and phrases to be found in Chinese. I once addressed a dispatch to the Chinese Foreign Office, requesting certain facilities for certain naval officers who had been instructed to take observations in order to determine a magnetic secondary meridian of longitude. No reply was received to the request for a week, and then came a note saying that the prince regent and the cabinet would call the next afternoon to inquire after the author's health. They arrived at the appointed hour, and, after evincing anxious solicitude for my physical welfare—for ten years I had not been ill a day—they disclosed the real object of their visit. They had not, it seems, the most remote idea of what the dispatch could mean. They could gather, they said, that it made a request, but they did not know what it was. They said, "It is a request, but they failed to give them any clear idea of the nature of a secondary meridian of longitude, showed them that the request involved nothing dangerous or that would be unwise to grant. They admitted that the cabinet had been for a week divided regarding the

contents of the dispatch, one faction, headed by the secretary of the treasury, insisting that it referred to a quarantine, since it contained one character used in connection with cholera, while the others followed the lead of the prince regent, who held that it had something to say about a dynamite gun.

Appropos of the tone used in speaking, which is so important a factor in the language, Mr. Holcombe says:

In Chinese, for example, a man ceases to be a man the instant you change the tone of your voice in uttering the word. He may be a disease, a nightingale, or a carrot, but he can be a man in only one tone of voice. Another sound in the standard or Mandarin dialect, which might be represented by our word "one," would, if used in the first tone, mean warm; if used in the second, educated; if in the third, steady; and, if in the fourth, it would mean to ask. The four tones or inflections of the voice used in the Mandarin dialect are, first, a high-keyed, explosive tone; second, a rising tone, such as we should employ in asking a question; third, a curving inflection; and fourth, a falling inflection. It seems that no rule of English speech is responsible for so many blunders in Chinese as that which requires the rising inflection to be given to the final word of a question which can be answered by yes or no.

There is, indeed, no end to the blunders which the extreme difficulty of using the four tones correctly causes even the most painstaking foreign student of the language to commit. A missionary once informed his audience that the Saviour when on earth "went about eating cake." He intended to say "healing the sick"; but an aspirate wrongly placed changed healing into eating, while an error in tone made cake out of those who were ill. Once at my dinner-table, I called the attention of my Chinese huter to some little item that was lacking from the table, and directed him to supply it. The huter appeared puzzled, asked if the article named was desired, and, on being assured that it was, disappeared, and presently returned bringing upon a tray the kitchen poker, an iron rod some three feet in length, knobbed at one end and sharpened to a point at the other. Apparently he believed that I was about to brain one of my guests; but that was none of his business, and the poker was gravely presented to me. I had simply placed an aspirate where it did not belong.

On another occasion my cook was ordered to arrange for a large evening reception, and, to lighten his labors, was told that he might buy a hundred "lady's fingers" at the confectioner's. Two hours after the order was given, the cook entered the legation riding on the shaft of a Chinese cart, dismounted, entered the office, and reported that he had searched that section of Peking, but had been able to secure only sixty-four "lady's fingers." He was informed that the number bought would answer, and then asked why he had hired a cart. "To bring them home," he replied. "But could you not carry them in?" was the next question. To this he replied, "Of course not; they weigh from five to six pounds each." An inspection of the cart showed that I had become the disgusted owner not of sixty-four tiny strips of sponge-cake, but of sixty-four fresh ox-tongues. A wrong tone of voice had done the mischief.

The author's discussion of this subject is completed by a reference to what is known as "pidgin English." "Pidgin" is the outcome of the strenuous native attempt to pronounce the word "business." Hence, the proper name of the jargon would be "business English." Mr. Holcombe cites some incidents to exemplify the peculiarities of this gibberish, in which is transacted nine-tenths of the enormous business done between foreigners and natives in China. One of these is as follows:

When King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands was in Shanghai, in April, 1881, he occupied a suite of rooms up one flight of stairs at the Astor House. Two American gentlemen, desiring to pay their respects to his majesty, went to the hotel one morning, and, making known their errand, inquired if the king was in. "I will see," replied the landlord, and shouted to a Chinese servant at the head of the stairs: "Boy! That piecey king top side hab got?" "Hah got," responded the servant. "Gentlemen," said the landlord, "his majesty is in." They walked up.

Writing of the government of China, Mr. Holcombe admits that theoretically it may be proper to classify it as an "absolute despotism," but he says:

In its practical operations such a description of it not only fails to describe, but is misleading and unjust. It is paternalism, pure and simple. Not the man, but the home, the family, is the unit of Chinese life. And paternalism, based upon the ancient patriarchal idea of the position and authority of the head of the family, is the theory upon which the form of government is based. The central figure of this system is, of course, the emperor. He is the sire, the father of all the Sons of Han, as the Chinese are proud to call themselves. He receives his authority direct from heaven. He is the source of law and the fountain-head of authority, the owner by divine right of every foot of land and every dollar's worth of property in the empire. China has no domestic debt, and under the system can have none, for when the emperor needs what is his and is still nominally in the possession of his subjects, he does not borrow, he simply takes it. All the forces and wealth of the empire are his, and he may claim the services of all male subjects between the ages of sixteen and sixty.

There is, however, a good deal of democracy in the government. There is no titled nobility. There are no families who by right get places. Titles are given, but they are only nominal honors. If there be something akin to heredity in a title, it decreases one grade with every generation. Even those of the imperial clan form no exception. Mr. Holcombe mentions the fact that he had in his employ a laborer whose services were worth six cents a day, who was a blood relative of the emperor, and on that account was entitled to wear a yellow girdle. The emperor stands alone. His is at least a case of heredity, "the accident of an accident." But there is no man, no matter how low down his family, who may not aspire to the highest condition. There was Wen Hsiang, the leading statesman, whose father was a small ten-acre farmer, and there is Wen Hsiang's successor, Shen Kuei Fen, who is the son of a street-peddler.

Mr. Holcombe devotes an interesting chapter to Chinese home life. A newly married pair do not always go to a home of their own. On the contrary, the unhappy bride usually spends her honeymoon under the roof of her mother-in-law. Mr. Holcombe writes:

The lot of the young married woman in China is hard and unenviable in the extreme. She has no voice in the selection of the man to whom she is to be joined, but, theoretically at least, marries one whom she has never seen and to whom she has never spoken. Upon the day appointed for the ceremony she is carried and delivered to him literally like "a cat in a bag," for her head and body to the waist are thus enveloped.

He, upon his part, has never seen her, has had no share in making the selection, and has not the least reason to be other than wholly indifferent to her. Hence, while mutual affection may come after marriage, it never precedes it, and has no share in the bond which binds the two together. In her new home she simply becomes a convenient under-servant. The most menial tasks, the heaviest burdens are laid upon her. Her only justification for continuing to live is found in child-bearing.

Prior to that event she is not ordinarily given the title of a married woman, but is still spoken of or addressed as a girl. In China, not marriage but motherhood changes a woman's title from Miss to Mrs. When she becomes a mother, and especially if she hears a son, then at last she is entitled to a certain amount of respect and recognition as something higher than a beast of burden. But before this event occurs, young wives not infrequently commit, or attempt, suicide as the only escape from the intolerable cruelties of the mother-in-law.

There is no public intercourse between men and women. A Chinese gentleman very rarely appears upon the street with his wife, and, when he does, never walks beside, but

follows her. And under no circumstances could he be induced to ride in the same carriage with her. It would irretrievably ruin his reputation to do so. And no woman is ever allowed to enter the grounds of the Temple of Heaven, apropos of which Mr. Holcombe relates the following:

When General Grant, in the spring of 1889, visited Peking, this temple, for the first time in its history, was officially thrown open, and some foreign ladies, taking advantage of the fact, made their way into the inclosure, rightly conjecturing that the timid and ignorant guards would imagine that they belonged to the general's party, and hence would not dare to harry the way. The author of this book felt himself bound to take an early opportunity to explain the facts to Prince Kung, and to express regret at the intrusion. He replied at once: "I know all about it. But don't mention the subject, even in a whisper. If it came to be generally known, there would be serious trouble."

In the chapter on education, Mr. Holcombe writes:

A commentator on the writings of Confucius prepared nearly eight hundred years ago a volume adapted to primary instruction which, unrevised, is still used in every school-room in the land. Among the counsels given in this text-book are the following: Boys, when they are able to talk, should be instructed to answer in a quick, bold tone, and girls in a low, gentle voice; at seven, the boys should be taught to count and name the cardinal points, but should not be allowed to sit on the same mat or eat at the same table with their elders; at ten, they must be sent abroad to private tutors, and there remain day and night studying writing and arithmetic, wearing plain apparel, learning to demean themselves in a manner becoming their age, and acting with sincerity of purpose; at the age of twenty they are to be admitted to the rank of manhood in due form. But modern college undergraduates would do well to heed the further injunction that they "must not affect to teach others, though possessed of extensive knowledge." There are other admonitions given in this text-book which are well worth quoting: "Let children always be taught to speak the simple truth and to listen with respectful attention." "Every morning the pupil must learn something new and rehearse the same every evening." "A Chinese proverb much more ancient than this book declares that 'three days without study render a man's conversation insipid.' If one has any doubt concerning the ethical value of the teachings of Confucius, Mencius, and their earlier disciples, he is advised to consider the following sayings: 'The poor are happy, the rich have many cares.' 'If your children are wise, money will corrupt them; if foolish, it will magnify their vices.' 'Keep down the temper of the moment, and you will save a hundred days' anxiety.' 'To the man who cares not for the future, troubles are nigh at hand.' 'Consider the past, and you will know the future.' 'Riches spring from small beginnings, and poverty is the result of unthriftiness.' 'Nine women in ten are jealous.' 'Backbiting goes on from morning until night, but be deaf and it will die.' 'Be friends with an official and you will get poor; with a merchant, and you will get rich; with a priest, and you will get a subscription-book.' 'The wise man is not talkative, nor the talker a sage.' 'Study is the highest pursuit a man can follow.' 'If your fields lie fallow, your granaries will be empty; if your hocks are not studied, your children will be fools.'

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The latest charge brought against the corset is that it predisposes its wearer to consumption. When the waist is constricted by a corset, abdominal respiration is impossible, and without deep breathing the lower portions of the lungs become atrophied and afford a nidus for the bacillus tuberculosis. A physician, writing to the *Medical Bulletin*, declares:

"I learned, from extensive correspondence with eminent singers, that there is not a well-authenticated case of a vocalist of note whose method was *correct* dying from consumption. Elucationists also added their testimony to the beneficial effect of correct breathing and vocal exercises in developing and strengthening the throat and the lungs, thus affording to these organs sufficient powers of resistance to overcome the destructive influence of the bacillus tuberculosis. This view was also corroborated by those physicians who had examined this interesting question. The opinion of all was that abdominal respiration should be employed by both sexes at all ages; that this is the only physiological method. François Wartel, the teacher of Christine Nilsson, Trebelli, and other singers of renown, instructed all their pupils to breathe thus. Mme. Julie Rosewald says: 'Breathe naturally like a man or an infant whose ribs have never been compressed by stays.' Dr. Thomas J. Mays, in an able article in the *Century Magazine* of August, 1893, proved conclusively that women, as well as men, should breathe throughout the whole extent of the lungs. His statements were based upon the results of a series of investigations that he had conducted at the Lincoln Institute of Philadelphia. Surely this is a strong array of talent in favor of diaphragmatic respiration for both men and women. Of course, this fact is a potent argument against the wearing of the corset. It will be readily seen that by deep breathing the air is made to penetrate every portion of the lungs, by which means these organs are strengthened and developed; that more oxygen will be absorbed by the blood; and that, in consequence, the whole system will be invigorated. Thus the chances of the bacillus tuberculosis finding a nidus will be materially lessened. Then, too, the vocal exercises, which both elucationists and singers must practice, will greatly help in accomplishing this desirable object."

That stocking of the French peasant is spoken of with wonder at its money-yielding capacity, but it must be the millionaires of France who have the productive stocking, else how is it possible that an offer of nearly two hundred millions of dollars was received in Paris by the Credit Foncier, which wanted only fifty millions? Not doubting for a moment the thorough solvency of the bidders for the loan, the Credit Foncier accepted bills from the subscribers. As a consequence, the loan passed into an established fact without having made the slightest disturbance in the money-market, which, it is said, might have inconvenienced the bank and the Bourse.

Experiments on the feasibility of using bombing pigeons for vessels in distress at long distances from land will soon be made on a large scale. The British Admiralty has sent one hundred English pigeons to the West Indies, where they will be taken on board the cruiser *Blake*, now about to return home, and let loose, with exact indications of the time and place, at intervals on the passage. At the same time the Paris *Petit Journal*, which has taken up the matter since the accident to *La Gascogne* last winter, will send out a number of French pigeons on a steamer sailing from St. Nazaire, to be set free at different times as the vessel draws away from land.

A club steward in London was recently convicted and fined for putting labels of a standard brand on bottles of inferior champagne. The waiters had genuine corks in their pockets to satisfy suspicious club members, while for those who could tell the wine by the taste, the real article was first applied, and as they drank the inferior wine was substituted. None of the club members detected the fraud.

GOTHAM IN SUMMER.

New York Theatricals during the Dog Days—Closing of the Theatres—Opening of the Roof-Gardens—The City a Summer Resort for Actors.

The dramatic season of the spring of 1895 is drawing to a close. Few new pieces are being placed on the boards, and every week some piece is being withdrawn. This is the last week of "The Foundling" at Hoyt's, "Aladdin, Jr." at the Broadway, and "Captain Paul" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Next week will be the last of "Pud'nhead Wilson" at the Herald Square Theatre, "Little Christopher" at Palmer's, and "Sowing the Wind" at the Empire. Sadie Martinot is still playing "The Passport" at the Bijou, but it is not doing very well, and the theatre will probably soon close. Mansfield is keeping open the Garrick still, but to slim houses. Crane is closing his engagement in "His Wife's Father" at the Fifth Avenue, and the only thing that seems destined to run through the summer is "Trilby" at the Garden, and heaven only knows when that will stop. But it is evident that in a few weeks the leading theatres will all close, and we shall be thrown back on the music-halls and the roof-gardens.

The roof-gardens! What dreadful shows they do give at the roof-gardens. They are worse than those extraordinary things known as all-day theatres, which open at ten o'clock in the morning and which run until eleven o'clock at night; where country people go and watch stage Irishmen knock each other over the chops with venerable silk hats; where archaic negro minstrels bang each other around the stage; where you hear those venerable jokes from the decayed tragedian who tells how, when he played Hamlet, first the audience went out and then the gas went out; where the imitation strong man comes out with enormous cannon-balls, which he lifts with great difficulty and subsequently kicks into the audience; where there are dreadful tableaux representing American soldiers dying to slow music from an untuned piano such as "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming," "Alice, Where art Thou?" or "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer." This sort of all-day performance, which runs at some theatres in New York and which is largely attended by country people, is at least amusing, but the roof-garden shows are not only vulgar but stupid, yet that is all that New York has to offer for theatrical pabulum during the summer. The only hope is that the new law passed by the legislature at the last session, forbidding liquors to be sold where there are dancers, jugglers, or acrobats, may result in rendering it unprofitable to run the roof-gardens. Then in addition to the large number of disengaged actors and actresses to be found in New York during the summer, we would have in the street parade the fine artists who now favor us at the roof-gardens.

New York is indeed a great summer resort for the theatrical profession. The season generally closes about the end of May and opens about the middle of September, so that for three months of the year the professionals are disengaged. Some of them make up companies for the Far West. Indeed, I believe that in San Francisco the summer is the best time in the dramatic year, as many New York companies go West at that season who would not leave the great city in winter. But, as a rule, the majority of the profession are disengaged during the summer, and they seem to gravitate naturally toward New York.

There is a good deal said in the papers about the shabby tragedians to be found upon the Rialto, which is the name now given to that part of Broadway above Madison Square. The old dramatic Rialto used to be down on Union Square. A few years ago, the Rialto began at Union Square and ended at Thirty-Fourth Street, but it now begins at the Fifth Avenue Theatre and ends at Forty-Second Street. As to the shabby fellows whom the comic papers, and for that matter the dramatic papers, delight in depicting as floating along the Rialto, very few of them are actors, but many pretend to be. There are, of course, a certain number of variety performers among them, including many from the continuous performances, music-halls, and variety shows of which I spoke but now. But the generality of the actors are well-dressed, comfortable-looking individuals, and look as if they had all they wanted to eat, drink, and wear.

As for the actresses, many of them remain in New York during the summer, and give to that deserted village in June, July, and August a brilliancy of color which it very much needs at that time. In fact, a stranger in New York who walks up and down Broadway at the hours affected by the professional ladies, will have a very much higher opinion of the average of feminine beauty in this burg than he would entertain at other seasons of the year when there are not so many histrionic ladies to be seen on the streets. Possibly the prosperous appearance of the histrions this year may be due to the fact that the hard times of the last two years have sent hundreds of professionals into other callings. A great many companies came to grief, and the stranded actors and actresses went to work at anything they could get all over the United States. It was a case of survival of the fittest, and the overcrowded ranks of the profession were thinned out by disaster. Therefore to-day, as business was very good last year and promises to be much better next season, both actors and managers are prosperous looking.

One of the results of New York being a summer resort for actors is the fact that the actors' club, the Lambs, is at the apogee of its jollity during the summer months. During eight or nine months in the year, the Lambs is comparatively quiet, inasmuch as during that time many of its members are "out on the road"; but during the summer months the club is found crowded every afternoon and evening, and many of the actors meet their friends again there for the first time in the year. The club first started in 1874, and had apartments in the Union Square Hotel. In 1876 they moved to 848 Broadway; in 1879, to East Sixteenth Street; in 1880, to 34 West Twenty-Sixth Street; in 1892, to 8 West

Twenty-Ninth Street; and in 1893 they secured a long lease of the house at 26 West Thirty-First Street, where they have at present their home. In Thirty-First Street, which is still a quiet, semi-residence street, there are a number of prosaic persons, such as doctors, lawyers, and others, who objected seriously to the jollity of the Lambs at the time they moved into their new quarters two years ago. As I said, it is in summer that the club is fullest, and at that time all the doors and windows were wide open, and as the Lambs sometimes kept up their singing and music until five o'clock in the morning, the sounds were audible throughout the entire block. This resulted in protests from their indignant neighbors and domiciliary visits from the police. How it was settled I do not know; but it is probable that compromises were made by both parties, and the Lambs were allowed to sing and play the piano up to a reasonable hour, if their neighbors would make no further unreasonable requirements. The president of the Lambs is known as "the Shepherd." His immediate subordinate is called "the Boy." A "shepherd" and a "shepherd's boy" require a "dog"; but inasmuch as the name is not pleasant when applied to a man, the Lambs got around the difficulty by calling that functionary "the Collie," and his duty is to round up all the Lambs and take general charge of them when an entertainment is on the tapis. The oldest sheep in the fold is always treated with much deference, and the latest elected member is known as "the Lamhkin."

Among the Shepherds of the Lambs, Lester Wallack was Shepherd in 1878, Mr. Becket in 1879, William J. Florence in 1882, Lester Wallack in 1884, John R. Brady in 1888, and Edmund N. Holland in 1889. He was succeeded by Clay M. Greene, who has borne the shepherd's crook ever since. Mr. Greene has made an admirable Shepherd, and is much loved by his flock. In fact, much is due to him, for he has had a great deal to do with keeping the club together and securing its present comfortable quarters. John Drew was "Boy" in 1884, and Henry E. Dixey in 1885. There are two honorary members, Henry Irving and Arthur Wallack. Among the list of actors who have belonged to the club, but are now dead, are: John Brougham, William J. Florence, John Gilbert, E. A. Sothern, and Lester Wallack. In addition to actors, there are a number of other well-known New Yorkers who belong to the club, and many of them say they get more fun out of their connection with the Lambs than with all the other clubs put together. Wright Sanford, who belonged to so many clubs, and who died a few years ago, was one of the officers of the Lambs. Among other well-known clubmen who have belonged to the Lambs are Belmont Purdy, Vanderhilt Allen, John Gilsey, Samuel Bancroft, Jr., O. H. P. Belmont, Edwin du Vivier, M. W. Livingston, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, and Reginald de Koven. Among the actors who take a prominent place in the club are: Paul Arthur, Maurice Barrymore, Digby Bell, Eugene Cowles, Henry E. Dixey, Nat Goodwin, Edwin Hoff, Joseph Holland, De Wolf Hopper, Joseph Jefferson, Jr., Wilton Lackaye, Stuart Rohson, Edwin Stevens, Hubert Wilke, and Augustus Thomas.

The entertainments of the Lambs take place three or four times during the summer season, and are unique. They are said to be the nearest, from an artistic point of view, to the famous "jinks" of the Bohemian Club of your city. Once a year, in the winter season, the Lambs have given "public gamhols" for a single night at one of the theatres, the tickets of admission being distributed among the members of the club. Another of their ceremonies is the annual "washing of the fold," which takes place in the country. The washing is purely symbolical, however, as the Lambs devote themselves principally to the washing of their interiors. This year the "midsummer gamhol" will probably take place at the country residence of the Shepherd, Clay Greene, who has a sheepfold of his own somewhere on Long Island Sound. The Lambs are looking forward to it with much anticipation, and their hospitable shepherd will have his hands and his house full.

While it is true, as I said, that many actors spend the summer in New York, it is also true that the nabobs among them are in the habit of crossing the water, while those who have country-places spend their vacations there. Of course the number of those who can indulge in these luxuries, such as country-places and European trips, is not large. But there are some. This year, for example, Fanny Davenport spends the summer at her country-place at South Duxerry, Mass. Her husband, Melbourne McDowell, is commodore of the Duxerry Yachting Club, to which she has presented this summer a "Fanny Davenport challenge cup." Thomas W. Kean will go to his Staten Island home. Charles H. Hoyt and his handsome wife go to their New Hampshire residence. Della Fox will summer in New York and Long Branch. Mrs. Potter and Kyrie Bellew will spend the summer in Europe. Francis Wilson sails for London to see the new opera he has purchased, "The Chieftain," and on his return spends the summer at his New Rochelle villa. Marie Wainwright, Odette Tyler, and May Rohson go to Europe. Lewis Morrison goes to his Peekskill home. W. H. Crane will spend the summer yachting on his steam-yacht, the *Senator*, making his headquarters at Cohasset, Mass., where his country-place is. Stuart Robson also has a place at Cohasset. Joseph Jefferson's country-place is near that of President Cleveland at Buzzards Bay. Jessie Bartlett Davis goes to her chicken-ranch in Indiana. Barnaby and McDonald, of the Bostonians, are going fishing in Maine. James O'Neil spends the summer at Monte Cristo Villa, New London, Conn. Herrmann, the magician, will summer at his beautiful place at Whitestone, on Long Island Sound. Mme. Modjeska, who is now in Europe, opens on October 14th in this country, but will spend the summer at her ranch in Santa Ana, Cal. Pauline Hall will make a bicycle tour of Europe. Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly will be in London for the summer. Nat Goodwin will make his annual trip to Europe, returning to open in New York on September 15th. Richard Mansfield will spend the summer yachting. Denman Thompson will go to the old home-

stead at Swanzy, N. H. The big managers, Henry E. Ahhey, Charles Frohman, Daniel Frohman, Maurice Grau, Marcus Mayer, and others, will go to Europe for new attractions, while Maggie Kline, the Adelina Patti of the Bowery, will go to London to see what the music-halls there are like. I wonder what kind of a sensation Miss Kline would create at the Empire, if she were to sing to the amazed Londoners her favorite ballad, "Trow Him Down, McClosky"?
NEW YORK, May 19, 1895. FLANEUR.

KICKING WHEELMEN.

Last week the *Argonaut* remarked of the wheelmen of San Francisco that "it is claimed that they can individually and by their influence control some twenty-five thousand votes. With this mass of votes, they can accomplish anything in reason." It is no more than fitting to add that they must confine themselves to reasonable things. They can not assemble any number of votes which would be sufficient to bring about unreasonable things against the wishes of the rest of the community. For example, in the three cities of Oakland, Sacramento, and San Francisco, the wheelmen are showing themselves to be most unreasonable. In Oakland there is a law forbidding the riding of bicycles upon the sidewalks. This is a just and sensible law. The wheelmen have been given the rights of a vehicle, and they are entitled to those rights, but no more. If they are entitled to the right of the roadway, they have no right upon the footway. None the less, they have strenuously resisted this just ordinance, and the Oakland police, after having attempted in every way to keep the sidewalks clear of wheelmen, are now making wholesale arrests. The result is that the wheelmen are splitting the heavens with their cries, but they are being arrested and fined all the same. We hope that the police of Oakland will continue to arrest and fine them so long as the ordinance remains upon the books. They have no business on the sidewalks, and they know that as well as any one else.

In Sacramento, there is an ordinance requiring the carrying of lamps and bells on bicycles in the night-time. It has not been strictly enforced, as the number of wheelmen has not, up to recent months, been large enough to cause any particular danger upon the streets. But the bicycling boom of the last six months has so vastly increased the numbers of wheelmen that it has become dangerous after night-fall to walk or drive about Sacramento, owing to the numbers of bicycles which silently shoot along the streets. This very reasonable ordinance the Sacramento wheelmen are contesting. In token of their rebellion some three hundred of them last week had a mock parade carrying stable lanterns, railroad lanterns, and locomotive headlights affixed to their machines, while numbers of others had cow-hells, gongs, and all sorts of large and noisy bells, which they rang as they went through the streets. A number of them were arrested by the police, and much had feeling has been caused by the wheelmen threatening to bring the matter before the courts. There need be no contest about it. The only way in which the wheelmen can contest it is by having the ordinance repealed. It is an eminently just law, and it prevails in nearly every large city in the East, as also does a law restricting the speed of bicycles in cities to ten miles an hour. But we warn the wheelmen that if they attempt to repeal the ordinance they will find that this is one of the instances where their action is not reasonable, and they will find the community against them.

In San Francisco the wheelmen have taken an even more absurd stand. The cable company sprinkles Market Street several times daily, and as the wheelmen are in the habit of riding upon the cable-slot, they find that the continued sprinkling does not suit them. When the slot is wet, their tires are apt to slip, and hence their riding is rather dangerous. They have gone so far as to demand that an ordinance be passed forbidding the watering of streets before nine in the morning, after eleven until three, and after five o'clock in the evening. The reason given is that large numbers of them use the cable-slot for riding about eight in the morning, twelve at noon, and six in the evening. This is going rather too far. If there is any place in the world where the streets require continued sprinkling, it is San Francisco, a city with a sandy soil and where strong trade winds blow six months in the year. In Golden Gate Park, even with continual sprinkling, the roads dry up almost as rapidly as they are watered. If the cable company is in the habit of sprinkling Market Street several times a day, so much the better. No one would suspect that fact, however, judging from the amount of dust that prevails on Market Street during the afternoon. But if the company does so sprinkle, it is preposterous for the scores of thousands who use that street every day to be caused discomfort because a number of wheelmen want to ride on the cable-slot and want it dry.

At the German University of Göttingen there are fifteen women students, eleven of them American, three English, and one German. The *Sun* wonders how the American young women can endure their treatment and the restrictions put upon them. Some of the professors hungrily refuse to allow them to attend their lectures; others unwillingly tolerate their presence, and the rest will accept only those whom they regard as "suitable" after the Prussian Ministry of Education has passed upon their applications and examined their testimonials. There are plenty of universities in the United States at which young women can get as much knowledge as they could ever get at Göttingen, and be most courteously and kindly treated by every professor belonging to the faculty.

"Bull-dog" Douglass, one of the best-known men in Washington, has earned his title in a novel way. His business is to rent bull-dogs to house-owners who go away for the summer. The watch-dog is chained up in the back-yard with a long chain, and when Mr. Burglar comes about in the night, there is a scene. "Bull-dog" Douglass rounds every day, feeding and watering the sentinel dog of dog, three dollars a month.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The volume of "Miscellaneous Studies," by the late Mr. Pater, which is now in the press, will include his well-known essays on "Romanticism" and on "The Child in the House," which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and also papers on Prosper Mérimée, on Raphael, on Apollo in Picardy, on Notre Dame d'Amiens, and on Pascal. The volume is being edited by Mr. Shadwell.

Florence Montgomery has issued a new novel, "Coloel Nortoo," through Loogmans, Greeo & Co. She will be remembered as the author of "Misunderstood."

The English reading public is to have its illustrated "Trilby" in one volume in June. Hitherto the three-volume edition has alone been in circulation, and that without the illustrations. There are to be one hundred and twenty sketches to all, and arrangements are also in progress for a large-paper edition of two hundred and fifty copies, with six fac-simile reproductions of original drawings, unbound.

The New York *Critic* declares that "Mr. Astor has too distinction as the first man to discontinue the publication of a successful paper." This view of the decrease of the *Pall Mall Budget* is merely a reflection of what has been stated in certain English journals, and is entirely erroneous. The *Argonaut's* London correspondent took the facts about Mr. Astor's weekly some weeks ago, and now in the *Illustrated London News*, C. K. Shorter says:

"The *Pall Mall Budget* never approached within sight of success under its late proprietor; its circulation was only about seventeen thousand, and I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Astor lost ten thousand a year over it. Why a capitalist may not discontinue the luxury of losing ten thousand a year without exciting unfriendly comment, it is not easy to understand."

The Messrs. Appleton issue this month "The Memoirs of General Couet de Ségur," who was an aid-de-camp to Napoleon. Among the subjects with which the book deals are Hohenlieden, missions to Denmark and Spain, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, preparations for the invasion of Eogladd, Austerlitz, Ulm, Jena, Berlin, Spain, and the intrigues of Fouché and Bernadotte.

Imbert de Saint Amaud, the author of an endless series of semi-historical books on the queens of France, is writing a sensational book on the history of the Second Empire on information furnished by the Empress Eugénie.

"The American Congress" is being published in London by Loogmans, Green & Co. simultaneously with its appearance here.

While in England, Alphonse Daudet will be in charge of Henry James, who has made all the arrangements for his stay. Daudet intends to study London, as it is to part the scene of his new story, "Soutieo de Famille." By the way, Alphonse Daudet relates two remarkable anecdotes in proof of the high opinion entertained of him in Spain:

At the time of the Chicago Exhibition, he received a letter from a Spanish gentleman, who offered to take him and his family across the Atlantic in a yacht, fitted up with every comfort and even luxury. The novelist was to visit the exhibition and to stay in America free of all expense, and would then return in the yacht to France. The offer was a tempting one, but was courteously refused. The exhibition took place, M. Daudet remained at home, and thought no more about the magnificent Spaniard until the book "Petite Paroisse" was published. Then came a letter from the *hidalgos*, who proposed to give the author one hundred and fifty thousand francs if the book were dedicated to him. After some hesitation, the offer was refused.

Macmillan & Co. will publish at once, under the title "Picture Posters," a hand-book on the history of the illustrated placard, with numerous reproductions of the most artistic examples of all countries. It is written by C. T. J. Hiatt, and will be uniform with the work on "Book Plates" published recently by the same firm.

Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" is in its twelfth edition in London, which means that the twentieth thousand is now on sale.

Among G. P. Putnam's Sons' announcements of new fiction are "An Idyllic Romance," by Miss Tompkins, in the Hudson Library; "Every Day's News," "A Gender in Satio," by Rita—a cynical story dealing with marriage without love; and "The Countess Bettina," a "realistic romance."

Mr. Howells has written an introduction to "Master and Man," Tolstoi's new work of fiction, which the Appletons expect to issue at an early day.

A novel of adventure that is steadily growing in popularity is "The Jewel of Ynys Galoo," by Owen Rhoscomyl. It is a "pirate" story, and has many thrilling scenes. Longmans, Green & Co. are the publishers.

Lord Dudley's new house, No. 22 St. James's Place, overlooking the Green Park, is one of the most interesting in London, from the point of view of those who treasure literary associations:

In, for nearly half a century of his long life, lived Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker, cramming its rooms with pictures, books, gems, coins, and books of value. Taddy enough, it was an ancestor of Lord Dudley who made the joke about Rogers' cadaverous appearance, in which he was asked why, being so rich, he did not "set

up his bears." The author of "The Pleasures of Memory" has been described as being as "lean as if he had been fed on hank-notes and drunk ink; sallow, as if he had breathed no air that was not imbued with the taint of gold." It was here Rogers enjoyed the most cultivated society of his day, and, in his rooms, hung with beautiful paintings and stored with innumerable literary and artistic treasures, he gave the famous breakfasts, at which Byron, Moore, Sheridan, Alexander Dyce, Sir James Mackintosh, Sharp, Macaulay, and all the *fine fleur* of the intellectual aristocracy of the day were guests.

In their Iris Series, Macmillan & Co. publish oest "A Lost Endeavor," a story of the Pacific, by Guy Boothby. "Typhena in Love," by Walter Raymond, which formed the first volume of the series, has gone into its second edition.

Paul Bourget's "Ostre Mer" has gone to a second edition.

A volume of verse by Frederick Teonyson, the surviving brother of the poet laureate, will be issued soon, with the title "Poems of the Day and Year."

Lady Gwendoleo Cecil, daughter of Lord Salisbury, is said to be the author of that strange oovel, "The Curse of Intellect." The lady has heretofore written tales for *Blackwood's*, one of which, a ghost story, was reprinted in the *Argonaut*.

D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements include "European and American Cuisine," by Mrs. Gesine Lemcke, and "The Zeitgeist," a novel, by L. Dougall. The latter is being much discussed in England.

Eugene Field lately expressed in print the opinion that C. D. Gibson was much more caricaturist than illustrator, and cited the artist's drawings for a recently published society oovel as evidence.

A new oovel by H. Rider Haggard has just been issued by Longmans, Green & Co. It is entitled "Heart of the World."

Macmillan & Co. have just published an exceedingly original and dramatic story by a new writer, Joseph Conrad. It is called "Almayer's Folly," and the scene is laid in the Malayan archipelago, with Malays, Arabs, Dutch traders, and half-breeds for its *dramatis persona*.

What Mr. George Meredith thinks of himself is admirably shown by the following letter, lately sold at auction in London:

"I must thank you for the compliment implied in your letter to me. But it must be a predisposition of yours in my favor that ranks me among celebrities, for I am not one; and let me add, I entertain a dread of the honor befalling same. They, however, have the consciousness of worth, which enables them to support their head. In my case there would not be such sustenance. Believe me that I do appreciate your kind intentions."

Albert D. Vaodam, the unfailing chronicler of considered trifles, has collated another volume of reminiscences, to be called "French Men and Manners."

The Messrs. Appleton will add to their Library of Useful Stories a volume entitled "The Story of Primitive Man."

A recent dinner of the New Vagabond Club, in London, was presided over by Mr. Douglas Sladen, who paid a glowing tribute to the story-telling powers of Mr. Hall Caioe. Mr. Hall Caioe afterward spoke most enthusiastically of Mr. Douglas Sladen's fairness as a literary critic, and the atmosphere of the dining-room was charged with great contentment.

Among the new books recently issued by Loogmans, Green & Co. are:

"The Jewel of Ynys Galoo," by Owen Rhoscomyl; "The Evolution of Whist," by W. Pole, F.R.S.; "A Primer of Evolution," by Edward Clodd; "Studies in American Education" and "Practical Essays on American Government," by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D.; "Persecution and Tolerance: Being the Hulsean Lectures Preached Before the University of Cambridge in 1893-4," by M. Creighton, D.D.; Lord Bishop of Peterborough; "A Popular Treatise on the Physiology of Plants," by Dr. Paul Soranor; "Cellulose," an outline of the chemistry of the structural elements of plants, by Cross and Bevan (C. F. Cross, E. J. Bevan, and C. Beadle); "The Foundations of Belief," by the Right Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, M. P.; "The Defense of Plevna, 1877," written by one who took part in it, by William V. Herbert; "A Modern Priestess of Isis (Madame Blavatsky)," from the Russian of Vsevolod Sergievich Solovyoff, by Walter Leaf, Litt. D.; "The Teaching of the Vedas," by Maurice Phillips; and "A History of Spain," by Ulrick Ralph Barker.

Macmillan & Co. expect to have Mrs. Humphry Ward's new work, "The Story of Bessie Costrell," ready for publication in June.

The oovel which S. R. Crockett is writing has for hero a Highlander exiled in Holland, and is to be called "Lochinar."

Anne Thackeray Ritchie, we are told, has said of Mrs. Burton Harrison's story, "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," that it is the best representation of English manners that has been made by an alien.

The success of "The Manxman" and the interest it has aroused in its author have led D. Appleton & Co., of New York, to publish a portrait of Hall Caioe, reproduced from a recent photograph. It is a photograph measuring nine by twelve inches, and shows the author seated with pencil and paper in hand; beneath is a reproduction of Mr. Caioe's bold autograph. It is sold, tastefully framed in oak, for \$1.50.

LITERARY VERSE.

Three Good Things.

Three good things I've thanked the gods for—
Play, and love, and wine.
So by Tiber sang my poet;
Would the song were mine!

Yet methinks I would not turn it
Just the Roman way,
But for Indium say read *libros*,
Books are more than play!

Through the togaed Latin trembles
Laughter half divine;
Flash the dice beside the column;
Rosy flagons shine.

I, for gleams of yellow Tiber,
Down my garden way,
See a water blue and heaving
In the northern day;

Ovid, Meleager, Omar,
In the orchard shade,
With a jug that gurgles gently,
And a white-armed maid.

Three good things I thank the gods for—
Books, and love, and wine!
So, my Poet, singing later,
Would have run your line!

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

Literary Log-rolling in Ancient Rome.

*Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor, ut alter
Alterius sermonem meros audiret honores.*
—HDR. EPIST. II. 2, 87 FOLL.

Two Romans, counselor and pleader, went
Through life on terms of mutual compliment;
One called the other Gracchus, he supposed
His brother Mucius; so they praised and prosed.

Our bards to-day the self-same madness goads:
My friend writes elegies, and I write odes.
Oh, how we puff each other! "Tis divine!
The Muses had a hand in every line!"
Remark our swagger as we pass the dome
Built to receive the future hards of Rome;
Then follow us and see the same we make,
How each by turn awards and takes the cake.
Like Samnite fencers with elaborate art,
We hit in tierce to be hit back in quart.
I'm dubbed Alcaeus, and retire in force:
And who is he? Callimachus, of course!
If this seem feeble, then I hid him rise
Mimmermus, and be swells to twice his size.
Writing myself, I'm tortured to appease
Those wasp-like creatures, our poetic bees;
But when my pen's laid down, my sense restored,
I rest from boring and from being bored.

—Quintus Horatius Flaccus.
—The Bookman for May.

An unknown work by Charles Baudelaire, author of "Fleurs du Mal" and the model praised by the new poets of France and England, has been discovered, and is to be published soon. It is a bitter satire on the manners and customs of the Belgians.

READY MAY 15th.

A NEW NOVEL BY MR. HAGGARD.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

A Story of Mexican Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "Sbe," "Mootezuma's Daughter," "The People of the Mist," etc., etc. With 13 full-page illustrations by AMY SAWYER. 12mo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25. A descriptive circular sent upon request.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISUNDERSTOOD."

COLONEL NORTON.

A Novel.

By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.

Author of "Misunderstood," "Throw Together," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, buckram, \$1.50.

JUST PUBLISHED—A NEW ROMANCE OF ADVENTURE.

THE JEWEL OF YNYS GALON.

Being a hitherto unprinted chapter in the History of the Sea Rovers.

By OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

With 12 full-page illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED. 12mo, lineo cloth, ornamental, \$1.25.

"The style of this thrilling story is intensely vivid and dramatic, but there is nothing in it of the cheap sensational order."—ADVERTISER, BOSTON.

"A work of genius—of the romantic-realistic school. The story is so well done that it fascinates the reader, putting him under an hypnotic spell, lasting long after the book has been laid aside. 'The Jewel of Ynys Galon' is one of the great books of 1895, and will live long."—THE WORLD, NEW YORK.

"The present school of romantic adventure has produced no more strikingly imaginative story than this weird tale of Welsh pirates in the eighteenth century. . . . A most enthralling tale, . . . told with great artistic finish and with intense spirit. It may be recommended

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"Joanna Traill, Spinster," by Annie E. Holdsworth; and "The Scallywag," by Grant Allen, have been reprinted in paper covers by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Story of the Innumerable Company," by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford Junior University, an allegory of religious growth, has been published at the University Press, Stanford University, Cal.; price, 25 cents.

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babes. Published by E. A. Weeks & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Royal Natural History," edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F. Z. S., is to be issued in thirty-six fortnightly parts, of nearly one hundred pages each, and each part supplied with two full-page colored plates, in addition to the black-and-white illustrations in the text, which will amount to some sixteen hundred in all. Among the latter will be reproductions of photographs of wild beasts taken from life by Gambier Bolton, an enthusiastic amateur who visited this city, some months ago, while on a photographing tour of the world. The first part of the work opens with an introductory chapter on mammals, and includes the second, third, and a portion of the fourth chapters, which treat of the primates. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Making of the Nation," by General Francis A. Walker, is the third volume of the American History Series. Its predecessors were "The Colonial Era," by Dr. George P. Fisher, and "The French War and the Revolution," by Professor William M. Sloane. "The Making of the Nation" covers the period from 1783 to 1817, its chapters being "The Confederation, 1783-87," "The Constitutional Convention of 1787," "The Constitution as Submitted to the People," "Ratification and the Inauguration of the Government," "Washington's First Term" (two chapters), "Washington's Second Term," "The Administration of John Adams," "Jefferson's First Term," "Jefferson's Second Term," "The Controversy with England," "The War of 1812-15," and "The Civil Events of Madison's Administration." To these are added various appendixes, a bibliography, an index, and two maps, showing the population in 1790 and in 1820. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

A work of great value to public men, libraries, and those who have occasion to consult the documents that issue from the Government Printing-Office at Washington, is the "Comprehensive Index of the Publications of the United States, 1889-1893," which has been prepared by John G. Ames, Superintendent of Documents, Department of the Interior. It contains four hundred and sixty-four pages of index printed in three columns, giving the name of the author of the document, its subject, and the title of the publication in which it is to be found; the arrangement of the entries is alphabetical by subjects. To this is appended seventeen double-column pages of supplementary index to the authors of documents. This index is in the nature of an experiment, not as regards the manner in which it is done, for it would not be easy to imagine how the plan or its execution could be improved, but as regards the advisability of such a publication. Its wide utility will be apparent at once to all who have had occasion to refer to public documents, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the work be extended without delay to all publications of the Government Printing-Office.

Henry M. Stanley's new work, "My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia," consists of a reprint of his letters as a young newspaper correspondent before he set out to find Dr. Livingstone in Central Africa; the matter is not taken, however, from the letters as printed, for some were lost in transit and others were abridged under the pressure of "news," but were taken from Mr. Stanley's original drafts, revised and abbreviated. The first volume—the work fills two volumes of about three hundred pages each—contains letters from the Indian country, written in 1867, when the young correspondent, then in his twenty-fifth year, was commissioned by a Missouri and a New York paper to inform the reading public regarding all matters of general interest affecting the Indians and the great Western plains; they relate to General Hancock's and General Sherman's expeditions and the doings of the Peace Commission at that time. The second volume begins in 1869, when the success of Mr. Stanley's Indian letters led to his employment by Gordon Bennett as special correspondent of the New York Herald; he then wrote on a roving commission about the Suez Canal, the Nile, Jerusalem, the Caspian, and Persia. Portraits of Mr. Stanley in 1869 and in 1890 serve as frontispieces for the two volumes; each volume is indexed. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, for the two volumes, \$3.00.

A correspondent who read Théophile Gautier's "Carmen" in the Argonaut of last week sends us this translation:

CARMEN.

Carmen is slender—a dull, dusk ring
Surrounds the eyes of the gypsy girl—
Her hair is as dark as the Nameless Thing
That tanned her skin and bronzed each curl.

The women say "she is awfully plain!"
But the men are all wild as wild can be;
Toledo's archbishop—the girl to gain—
Canted a mass at the gypsy's knee!

She owns—that's why she's so caressed—
A grain of salt from the fabled sea,
Whence Venus arose, somewhat undressed—
Presenting herself Fair, Fresh, and Free.

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Some weeks ago, in a New York paper, the husband of Mme. Réjane gave his opinion of the flaws and weak points of the American stage. After saying many agreeable things of the actors and their ability, the observant foreigner said that the main defect of the American companies was their obvious lack of managers.

There was an immense amount of good material in the players; there was a tremendous outlay of money in the setting and staging of the plays; but almost every American company suffered from the want of a competent manager—a strong guiding and governing intelligence to direct and lead. In France, the manager was omnipotent. He was the great wheel without which the machine could not go. He knew and understood the capabilities of his company as a mother knows the tempers of her children. He ruled, an absolute monarch, in his own theatre, encouraging talent, suppressing faults, seeing that the scenery was in keeping and the costuming of historical pieces correct. No servant came on his stage who was not attired in fitting garb. The lords and dukes who people stageland, became, under his refining influence, as elegant and splendid as their rôles required. Vulgarism of manner was as quickly suppressed as had elocution and common pronunciation.

The American companies, with two or three exceptions, have all—as M. Réjane, or whatever his name is, says—been suffering from the want of managers. Fine talent has been going to waste for the need of guidance and training. Hundreds of embryo Miss Fotheringays have come to nothing, because there were no old Bows to teach them. How can the average actor, who generally comes from the poorer classes, know how to personate a haughty patrician? It was Julia Arthur who once honestly told an acquaintance that it was almost impossible for her to act Lady Windermere, as she had never met or even seen people of that rank, and had not the least idea how they moved, spoke, or acted. Into such hands as Blanche Walsh's, the handsome, uncultured daughter of an Irish ward politician, is given with indifferent rashness a Shakespearian heroine or an American millionaire, and she is permitted to treat them according to her own untrammelled fancy.

For inexperienced ignorance such as this the American company has no manager ready and waiting to teach and train. It is only within the last few years that there has been any attention paid to the ordinary details of stage-setting. A servant was rarely properly dressed. Butlers, coachmen, footmen, and valets, who are so thickly scattered through the aristocratic realms of the stage, were costumed with a gay disregard for correctness and convention that amused and puzzled the foreigner. Worse than this, *jeunes premiers*, selected from the throngs along the Rialto, had no one to say them when they entered the heroine's drawing-room with their hats on, or took five-o'clock tea with the princess and puffed cigar smoke into her patrician face. The actor, if he came from the blood-and-thunder purlieus of the Bowery or the gayeties of the comic-opera stage, was allowed in the treatment of a character to follow his own errant fancy, and if he had chosen to emulate Macready's example and do Hamlet in a bag-wig, no one would have opposed his wishes.

The Frawley company shows this need of a manager. Mr. Frawley can not both act, manage, and supervise, and do each of these things well. A manager—a real manager, not a mere name—is particularly necessary in the case of the people at the Columbia, because the company is full of good material. There is any amount of talent, undeveloped or running anywhere according to its own erratic fancy, in this organization. There are four or five really clever people in the company, and there are as many more who could be trained and rubbed down into steady-going, reliable, and satisfactory players, if some one who knew would only sit in front of the stage and thunder directions at them throughout rehearsals. With a poor company one does not feel that it matters much whether they are trained or are left to run like wild horses on the pampas, wherever their fancy listeth. But with a company where there is talent and ability, one longs for the autocrat, the rigid martinet, who will train the puppets in the way they should go.

Such a person, sitting in the dusk of the empty theatre at the rehearsal, would have a good deal to say. In the first place, he would insist upon everybody, except, perhaps, Mr. Frawley himself, talking more slowly. Do actors realize how wretched it is for the auditor to hear only one-half of what

is being said? It gets on your nerves after a little while and becomes painful. Nearly everybody in "Captain Swift" talked as if they were to be highly paid if they got through their lines before a given time. The two men, Gardiner and Harry, simply galloped. The women, mainly because of the better carrying quality of their high voices, were more intelligible; but a slackening of the pace of speaking would be an incalculable advantage in their acting also.

American actors do not seem to have grasped yet the value of pure and melodious elocution. The French and English companies who come here have not, so far, taught us the secret of their beautiful tones and inflections. How necessary it is in the make-up of an actor was shown in the case of Terriss, who was here with Henry Irving. Terriss was not a fine actor; he was a stiff, cold, unemotional sort of man, with good looks and a superb voice and delivery as sole recommendations to Thespian laurels. Yet, any one who heard him repeat the lines in "The Merchant of Venice," beginning "At Belmont lives a lady richly left, and she is fair," will never again underrate the importance of fine elocution. The exquisite lines, delivered with a resonant fullness of tone and grave smoothness of voice, seemed to gain an harmoniousness that was rich and melodious as organ music.

Another point upon which the manager would be insistently severe is the extraordinary restlessness which seems to have attacked the whole company. They are as restless as dancing dervishes. "Captain Swift" shows us the inner life of English people of the wealthy upper class. They are all very well-bred and well pleased and well satisfied with the world generally. Yet looking at them in their stately home-life, they seem to be possessed by some devil of uneasiness which prevents them from keeping quiet for three minutes together. They pace the stage like caged wild beasts. They sink into chairs for conversations full of dramatic disclosures and then spring up again and trail their silken skirts to the fire-place. They all change places, two to the front, two go back to the centre, and four retire toward the side-wings as if they were engaged in treading the measure of some old and stately dance. The young people retire to the piano or go sauntering up toward the back, but it won't be five seconds before they are on the march again, taking a constitutional around the chairs.

This perpetual moving about and the too rapid speaking are their most serious defects. The others are more insignificant and easily overcome. The action goes too quickly; there should be more hy-play. That stern manager, sitting in the dimness looking on, would be severe with Mr. Frawley in the scene with the butler. This is a good scene, and is done too rapidly to make the point it ought. Captain Swift's onslaught on the butler, after the applying of the unseemly epithet, is like an exhibition of sleight-of-hand—Mr. Frawley emerging from a frenzied grapple with his opponent still smoking his cigarette, which he has never dropped during the fray. The insult is worked up to, and the sudden assault upon the butler, though rapid as lightning, should be too vigorous and deadly earnest to permit of the retaining of a cigarette.

Cigarettes have always been on the stage a sign of the completest depravity. Whenever any one begins to smoke them, the widow, the orphan, and the unsuspecting maid had better look out for squalls. Mr. Frawley invests Captain Swift with the cigarette habit in its most desperate form, and languidly saunters through the play, smoking as only an adventuress or a stage villain can smoke. The character of the highwayman, as Mr. Frawley depicts him, is marked less by the wild and devil-may-care recklessness of the bravo run to earth than by a sort of phlegmatic and careless indifference, as of one who believes himself the sport of Fate. Mr. Frawley is, perhaps, a trifle too unruffled in his lazy nonchalance, but the view of the character is interesting and probable.

As a play, "Captain Swift" is one of the most attractive of its kind. It comes from England, and is the work of one of the newer playwrights; yet the devastating epigram habit has not seized upon its author or disfigured the dialogue with an irruption of cheap wit. The people all talk naturally—the lightly interesting and amusing conversation that one, who is not too much of an optimist, expects to hear in the drawing-rooms of modern civilization.

They all have one bad habit which, it is to be hoped, is not found in the upper circles of Great Britain—that of interrupting conversations of much tragic or amorous import. The mother is about to reveal herself to her son, when in bounces somebody from the right. The lover is just putting the momentous question to his girl, when in dashes somebody else from the left. Two men have just arrived at the intensest moment of a pending quarrel, when in stroll half a dozen people from the back. It is rather exasperating, because, from the first moment, one realizes that there is some grewsome secret here, and is on the *qui vive* to find out about it. Then, always at the moment when the skeleton is about to be taken out of the closet and aired in the eyes of men, to have it invariably hustled back again is extremely

disappointing. The tragic mother—from whose air of fateful gloom the inveterate play-goer immediately suspects an early attachment, if not an infant cast out upon the cold world in a basket—has to go through three acts trying desperately to reveal her secret, and always being stopped by some blundering creature who comes tramping in just at the moment when the tale of woe is beginning.

The Frawley company is to be congratulated on its admirable choice of plays. After the horrors of "Bathing Girls" and "Aladdin, Jr.," it is good once again to see some decent plays well done. The list they advertise includes some old favorites, now old enough to be once more new, and several of the dramas of the last few years—excellent pieces, such as "Captain Swift" and "All the Comforts of Home." It is a pleasing thought that in San Francisco such a company should organize for the production of such a class of dramas. A little more of this sort of enterprise, and we shall not be so very "jay" after all.

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Prices, 50 cts., \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.50. Matinée, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 50 cts. Seats ready May 27th at Sherman & Clay's.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLÖB & Co. LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Commencing Monday, May 27th. Every Evening, including Sunday. Matinees Saturday and Decoration Day. The Comedy of Comedies, Wm. Gillette's
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By the Most Perfect Organization in America, Frawley Dramatic Company.

June 3d.....ARABIAN NIGHTS

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THE GREAT ZANFRELLAS, Flying Meteors.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

At the Odéon Theatre in Paris, six hundred manuscript plays are received and read every year.

Molly Fuller has introduced a "Trilby" dance in "The Twentieth Century Girl." The "Trilby" part consists in her dancing without slippers or stockings.

Mary Anderson (Mrs. de Navarro), who has been in poor health for several years, is now said to be looking stronger, and, if possible, more beautiful than ever.

Gillette's funny comedy, "All the Comforts of Home," will be presented at the Columbia Theatre next week by the Frawley company. Three new people from the East will be in the cast.

Marcel Prévost's startling novel, "Demi-Vierges," which one of our Paris correspondents discussed in a letter printed in the *Argonaut* several months ago, has been dramatized, and is now being rehearsed for production at the Paris Gymnase.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest production is "La Princesse Lointaine," a four-act play in verse, founded on the story of the troubadour, Geoffrey Rudel, who fell in love with the Princess of Tripoli from the fame of her beauty and died on coming into her presence.

The Liliputians commence their second week in "Humpty Dumpty up to Date" at the Baldwin on Monday night. The little comedians are roundly applauded, and the giant, Kaleh, is an object of great curiosity when he appears in the auditorium after the third act.

The California Theatre will re-open, after the supplemental Ysaye concerts, on June 24th, when "The Old Homestead" will be elaborately produced. After it come Otis Harlan in the new Hoyt farce, "A Black Sheep," Robert Downing, May Irwin as a star, Louis James, and a long list of popular plays and players.

The production of Henry Arthur Jones's new play with the unspeakable name was the occasion of a new leading lady's déhüt. The principal female rôle was done by Juliette Neville, who thus made a sudden leap from a Gaiety Girl souhrette to leading lady of the St. James's, one of the first comedy theatres in London.

Franz von Suppé, the "German Offenbach," died last Monday in Vienna, where he has conducted the orchestra of the Leopoldstadt Theatre for some years past. He composed one pretentious opera, founded on Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," but he is best known by his light operas. Of these "Fatinitza" and "Boccaccio" are the most popular in America.

Julius Levy, said to be the greatest cornet-player in the world, has drawn a great many people to the Orpheum during the past week, and the success of his engagement is assured. Next week, in addition to M. Levy, the notable people on the programme will include Amann, an impersonator who is very clever at making up as famous men; McIntyre and Heath, who do plantation sketches; Falke and Simon, musical comedians; and Rogers Brothers, Maud Raymond, and others already known here.

Not all Carmencita's Spanish fire is kept for her dancing, if one may credit the story that comes from London. It seems that an adverse criticism angered her and her husband, and they demanded of her manager, Mr. Jordan, that he forthwith inflict dire punishment on the unappreciative journalist. This Mr. Jordan refused to do, whereupon the fair dancer and her spouse set upon the unhappy manager and presented their views so forcibly that he had to remain indoors for some days after the rencontre.

Alfred Cellier's pretty opera, "Dorothy," has been very creditably presented at the Tivoli during the past week. But it is to be withdrawn after tomorrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday the company will revive "The May Queen," a comic opera by Gaston Serpette, which has not been heard here in eight years. The cast will be as follows:

Denissette, Gracie Plaisted; Eglantine, Tillie Salinger; Margot, Alice Nielsen; Bolivot, Phil Branson; Bardoulet, Ferris Hartman; Narcisse Leloup, Arthur Messmer; Macassar, John J. Raffael; Moulard, H. A. Barkelew; Gridoie, Fred Kavanagh; Grosmenu, George Harris.

The regular fall and winter season at the Baldwin will begin on July 15th, when the Lyceum Theatre Company will give us a chance to see "The Amazons," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "An Ideal Husband," and some of their earlier successes. Gillette will follow in "Too Much Johnson," and, among the other notable engagements to come, are John Drew in "The Bauble Shop," A. M. Palmer's company in "Trilby," Lederer and Canary's curious review, "The Passing Show," De Wolf Hopper, and Stuart Robson.

Of the three great British playwrights of the present time—Pinero, Sydney Grundy, and Henry Arthur Jones—it seems generally agreed that Jones, with his "Bauble Shop," "Masqueraders," and "Dancing Girl," is first. His recent success, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," has not diminished

his reputation. Mr. Jones lives in London, in a house formerly occupied by Alma-Tadema, and elaborately decorated. He was a country boy when he went up to the city, and is forty-three years old. He wrote his first play, "Leah," when eighteen, but it was not until twelve years later that he scored a genuine success in "The Silver King." Mr. Jones says that it takes him about nine months to write a play—six months to think it out and three to write it.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The King of Siam in his state attire is worth more than one million dollars.

Bismarck thinks he might live to be one hundred if he should devote himself to that purpose, but he does not see why he should.

China's emperor gets up at four o'clock to study English and Manchu before breakfast, which is at five. He makes up for it by going to bed at sundown.

Miss Rose Cleveland, sister of the President, is gray-haired and has a pleasant face. She is rather stout, but her taste in dress is excellent, and she is invariably attired according to the latest fashions.

M. Eugène de Rohespierre, grandnephew of the famous revolutionist, was summoned before a Paris tribunal a few days ago, charged with selling coal under weight, De Rohespierre being a coal merchant. He was acquitted.

Mr. Gladstone's appearance on a warm day is "as cooling as an iced drink." The "Grand Old Man" welcomes the advent of spring with all the jauntness of a gallant a quarter as old, and appears in jaunty gray clothes, white hat and waistcoat, and adorns himself with the most spring-like of *boutonnieres*.

The summer home of Professor Bell, the telephone inventor and millionaire, is on an estate of fifteen thousand acres in Cape Breton, on the Bras D'Or. On one of the neighboring lakes he has a house-boat, propelled by a steam-launch, with a trap-door cut in the floor of his dining-room so that he can fish, if the fancy strikes him, while at table.

Henry A. Dupont, the new United States Senator from Delaware, will add one more to the number of millionaires in that body, and will be the first really rich man to sit for Delaware. He is not an idle or a luxurious man, as it has been the way of the Duponts for a century to learn the powder-making business and to work at it, at first with their hands and later in the executive department of the office.

One of the many widows of public men living in Washington is Mrs. Robert Anderson, widow of the "hero of Sumter." She possesses what may be called the most typical relic of the war, the flag that was flying over the fort when it was fired on by the insurgent Carolina battery. After the war the flag came into the possession of General Anderson, and when he died, it was draped about his casket.

Queen Victoria, on her recent trip to the Riviera, had her rooms in the Hôtel de Cimiez redecked, so that they should resemble those she occupies at Balmoral or Osborne, while the furniture for her apartments was all brought from Windsor Castle. Even the little basket-carriages or "chairs" in which she took her daily airings, as well as the pony and the white donkey Jacko, which draw the chairs, were brought out from England.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the expert in mental and nervous diseases, intends to live and practice in London hereafter during May, June, July, and August, the London season. He will practice in New York the other part of the year, arriving home when his patients begin to return from their summer outings. The precedent of American physicians practicing part of the year in London was established by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

The aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts is said to be remarkable for the youthfulness of her attire, her taste leaning toward delicate stuffs in pink and rose colors. She is likewise youthful in her manner, her marriage having, according to a gossip, given her a new lease of life and brightened her spirits. Lady Burdett-Coutts is accounted the richest woman in England, and she is reputed to have had more offers of marriage from titled suitors than any other woman in Europe.

Two illustrious Englishwomen who celebrate this year the seventy-fifth anniversary of their birth are Florence Nightingale and Jean Ingelow. The heroine of the Crimea is a tall, gray-haired woman, with a fine, open face that has a nun-like serenity. She is inclined to be stout, while Miss Ingelow is smaller and less robust of physique. Each of these ladies lives in London—Miss Ingelow in Kensington, Miss Nightingale in the West End of the city—where each is the object of much attention, though, from the nature of her career, Miss Nightingale has been the recipient of more public honors. Perhaps the most remarkable event of her life, from a worldly point of view, was her refusal of the testimonial of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars offered her after the Crimean War.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

An interesting concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Organ, "Tannhauser March," Wagner, Mr. Louis Schmidt; song, "For All Eternity" (violin obligato by Mr. Henry Heyman), Mascheroni, Miss Lilian Lewison; song, "My Little Woman," Osgood, Mr. Walter C. Campbell; violoncello, andante from concerto, op. 7, Svendsen, Mr. Harry Strelitz; song, "Spring's Awakening," Buck, Mrs. Mary Mann Brown; organ, selections "Lohengrin," Wagner, Mr. Louis Schmidt; a recital, "Il Fandango" (bandurria obligato by Professor J. Lombardero), Miss Lilian O'Connell; song, "Eclogue," Delibes, Miss Lilian Lewison; song, "The Bedouin Love Song," Pease, Mr. Walter C. Campbell; violoncello, "Love Scene," op. 12, No. 3, Herbert, Mr. Harry Strelitz; song, "My True Love Hath My Heart," Randecker, Mrs. Mary Mann Brown; organ, overture "Maritana," Wallace, Mr. Louis Schmidt.

Ysaye has been induced to give two more concerts before he leaves San Francisco. They are to take place at the California Theatre on Friday evening, May 31st, and Saturday afternoon, June 1st, the first being an orchestral concert and the second a recital. At the first M. Ysaye will play a Mendelssohn concerto; a Scotch fantasia by Bruch, with the orchestra, this being its first time here; and Ernst's "Otello" fantasia. For the second concert his selections will be the "Kreutzer Sonata," Vieuxtemps's concerto No. 5 (in one movement), a romance by Kés and a Wieniawski polonaise, and "Airs Hongroises," by Ernst.

Mr. Elmer de Pue will give a concert at the Young Men's Christian Association Auditorium next Wednesday evening, in which he will be assisted by Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr., and Mr. Donald de V. Graham.

The Hawaiian National Band of forty musicians, under the leadership of Señor José S. Libornio, who have been playing a successful series of concerts at Metropolitan Hall during the past week, will give their final concerts there to-night and tomorrow night. The programmes will be of much interest to all lovers of music.

The Philharmonic Society will give its fourth concert of the sixteenth season next Wednesday evening at Odd Fellow's Hall. The society will be assisted by Miss Lillian Morey, mezzo-soprano, Mr. S. Martinez, accompanist, and Mr. Henry Bettman, concert-master. Mr. Fritz Scheel will act as director.

DCCLVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, May 26, 1895.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Fried Brook Trout. Potato Croquettes.
Breaded Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
Summer Squash. Young Beets.
Roast Pork.
Cress.
Strawberries, Whipped Cream.
Delicate Cake.
Cherries, Apricots.
Coffee.

DELICATE CAKE.—Half a pound of flour (light weight), quarter of a pound of butter (heavy weight), the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth; beat butter and sugar to a cream, and add the flour and eggs alternately until all are used; flavor to taste. Bake in a moderately quick oven.

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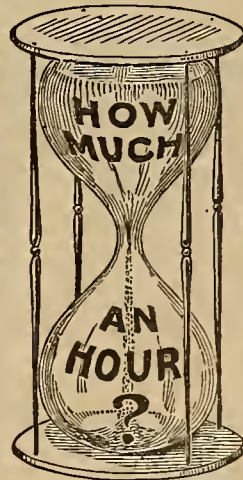
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VANITY FAIR.

The questions of the day among women in the shops, in the cars, in the street, at their homes, in fact everywhere that there are women at all, are: "What is the coolest way to dress for cycling?" "Are bicycle skirts growing shorter as summer advances?" "Which will be more comfortable to ride in during hot weather, leggings or golf stockings?" and so on without limit. The initiated women who have wheeled away several happy summers recommend a lisle or silk gauze vest, very thin equestrian tights, lisle thread stockings, if leggings are to be worn, but, if not, golf stockings, the regular bicycle corset, if any is used, and a cotton shirt waist. The subject of corsets is vital. The dress-reform women say that they must go. The women who can afford to go to a swell tailor and have a costume made, with one of those close-fitting, natty coats, and the stout women say that stays are a necessity. A special cycling corset has recently been put on the market. One or two dry-goods shops advertise bicycling corsets, which in reality are riding corsets, being short on the hips. The genuine article stops at the waist line above the hips, and is very short over the abdomen and in the back. It merely amounts to a support for the hyst and backbone, and is said to be very comfortable by those who wear it. Corset waists are worn by many, and are comfortable, as they are without steels and whalebone. Redfern, who is bitterly opposed to very short skirts and bloomers, says that they are growing shorter, and he really believes that in time all women will come to wear bloomers. The skirts of the latest ready-made suits in the shops are decidedly shorter; in fact, some of them do not look like skirts at all. The other day a girl, dressed in a handsome brown tweed suit, walked into one of the academies leading her wheel (says a New York reporter). The other women all began an examination of the new costume. "Knickerbockers or bloomers?" asked one. "Knicks," was the laconic reply; "want to see them? Look! They are of brown tweed to match the skirt, and have a band of black satin three inches deep at the knee. My leggings are of fawn box-cloth. Oh, it's too swell for anything, this suit is, and it didn't cost but seventy-five dollars." Woolen and leather leggings are both uncomfortably warm, and many women are adopting golf stockings in preference to either. They are great things for those of slight build, but they certainly destroy the shape of the ankle and calf, and for this very reason are not taken to kindly by women of symmetrical limbs. Though looking hot and thick, they are decidedly cool, being very loosely woven; in fact, so loosely as to be somewhat objectionable. Jerseys come in cluh colors, such as cream with pale-blue stripes, black with orange, and so on. They are too hot to be popular during the summer, however. Fashionable tailors say that most women in ordering a bicycle-suit order a street-skirt of the same material, as the jacket will outwear two skirts. The woman who rides in trousers without a skirt is even braver than the one who wears bloomers, for she is subjected to more comments and amazed looks.

Stirred by the existing propensity of women's sleeves to take up all the spare room in the world, antiquarians begin to exhume old statutes framed to regulate the same tendency in former periods of its manifestation. A Boston contemporary produces a municipal statute of the town of Dedham, enacted, "for the present reformation of immoderate great sleeves," that "hereafter no person whatsoever shall make a garment for women, or any other sex, with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part, and so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons." Allowing forty-five inches to the ell, any curious person can determine by measurement on the arm of the nearest available woman, by how large a share the stuff in a modern sleeve exceeds the Dedham limit. Guessing roughly, one would say the modern sleeves, inflated to the limits of their greatest dimensions, would measure at least five feet in circumference, giving a full yard of exuberance in excess of what the Dedham ordinance permitted.

"Parentage is the most altruistic of rôles," *Vogue* declares, "and if married couples would only frankly accept the disquieting, but none the less true, theory that children are, as a rule, selfish, expensive, and generally unsatisfactory, and are comforts only incidentally and occasionally, the sum total of misery in the world would be very materially lessened. Being a parent is becoming more and more difficult as a profession. The conscientious mother will tell you that since her first-born drew breath she has never known a care-free moment, and in these days she is apt to add, if addressing a childless woman, 'as you value your peace of mind, never pray for children.' The child is a terrible handicap to the man or woman of ability who is ambitious to pursue a profession or calling with a view to achieving distinction in his chosen work. The attention which should be concentrated on study or work is distracted. The child is ill, or he develops vicious tendencies, or he falls a victim to a villain of either sex—a child's liabilities in the way of making a nuisance of

himself are limitless. Parentage is an arduous and thankless profession, and those who undertake it ought to divest their minds of all the silly talk of the sentimentalists about the bliss of parenthood, and be prepared at great inconvenience and sure suffering of one kind and another—to say nothing of the heavy money expenditure—to begot and train children for the sake of the race, for perpetuation of the species is what it practically amounts to. As for a return at all commensurate with the outlay of parental love, care, and anxiety, it is chimerical to hope for anything of the kind from children."

It was a good service to honest business which Mrs. Cooper Hewitt rendered (says the *Sun*) when she refused to pay a milliner's bill for two hats that were not made according to order. When sued to recover the amount of the bill, she appeared in court and defended the action, not for the sake of the money, but on account of the principle involved. The complainants have withdrawn the suit and made a proper settlement with the defendant. Women often have cause of complaint similar to that of Mrs. Hewitt in their dealings with milliners, dressmakers, gaiter-makers, and others. But hardly any of them would be willing to take the trouble that she has taken in resistance to a wrong. She deserves the thanks of womankind.

The *Bazar* gives this description of a costume worn at an evening ride at the Michaux Club a short time since: "The gentleman is well known in fashionable circles, and when he advocates a mode, it is supposed to be with the best authority. He wore a black Tuxedo coat with rolling silk collar, white waistcoat, white tie, and black knickers of the same material as his coat—unfinished worsted. Black silk hose were also worn, and low-quartered shoes or pumps. The hose were kept in place by black garters with a jeweled clasp, and there were paste or diamond—the excited spectators had not time to tell which—buckles on his shoes. Under his arm—he was a skilled rider—he carried a crush opera-hat, which he sometimes fixed into position and wore, and his hands were incased in white kid gloves with black stitching. This is a Paris fashion, which prescribes a mode of dress for morning, evening, boulevard, and Bois de Boulogne wheeling."

The complaint to-day is general (writes James Payn) that it is difficult to distinguish by their attire the sex of our young ladies: even when they lay aside their ulsters, their round hats, their jackets, and their waistcoats, and now and then, even their knickerbockers, may have been borrowed from their brothers. Their mothers and their aunts say, "Girls did not dress so in our day," which is quite true, but they did a hundred years ago. In the *Times* of January, 1796, sarcastic reference is made to it. Earl Spencer had made a bet that he would cut off the tail of his coat and appear in public in it, and that this petty-coat would in a week be the fashion. He did so and won his bet. The *Times* comments:

"When men in Petty-Coat appear
No wonder girls the breeches wear:
But happier far would be the case,
Were each to keep their proper place—
The fair ones wear the female dress,
And men adorn their persons less;
For such the fashion of the day,
They make it difficult to say
Whether the pretty things we meet
Parading through their favorite street,
A male or female we may call,
Their shapes are so equivocal."

When a lad enters the Naval Academy, say at seventeen years of age, he knows that, should he remain in the service, he will be earning at thirty fourteen hundred dollars a year, with a trifle in the way of commutation for rations, and at forty, hardly above two thousand eight hundred dollars a year, sea pay. The lad of seventeen, if rich, or with prospects of private fortune, does not greatly concern himself about his future pay, and if poor, the cadet thinks fourteen hundred dollars a year a munificent salary. By the time a cadet is through his course at the academy, he realizes that the pay he is to receive is not large in proportion to the state he must maintain as an officer of the navy. When the young ensign is on his pay of twelve hundred dollars a year, during the first five years he looks upon matrimony as a thing beyond him. The problem presented is how to maintain himself, a wife, and a hypothetical family of children for the next fifteen years on an average of about fourteen hundred dollars a year—to maintain a neat appearance in several kinds of uniform, besides citizen's clothes, and keep up two establishments, so to speak, one ashore for their wives and children and one at sea for themselves. Nevertheless, there are a considerable number of naval officers not above the rank of ensign or junior lieutenant who are maintaining themselves and families of varying sizes upon their pay alone. The taking on of such responsibilities means that the officer must be ready to go to sea at all times, and must, if possible, avoid shore duty, since that brings a reduction of pay, as quarters are furnished in theory sufficient for the officer and his family, though in reality the acceptance of such quarters sometimes involves a serious sacrifice.

The officer at sea can calculate almost to a penny his personal expenses. He knows that his stock of clothing will probably outlast the cruise, and that mess expenses need not be more than thirty-five or forty dollars a month, including tobacco and an occasional glass of cheering liquor. So he arranges in advance that a considerable part of his pay shall go each month directly from the department to those left behind at home, and manfully faces the necessity of living on what remains. The officer who is tempted to ease his financial straits by running into debt, speedily finds his last case worse than his first, for the Secretary of the Navy exercises a paternal supervision over the debts of his young men, and long-suffering tradesmen can bring naval debtors to book by an appeal to the head of the department. It is always possible to draw two months' pay in advance before going upon a cruise, and this helps to make things pleasant for those left ashore, though the bachelors of the navy take advantage of the privilege perhaps as often as the married men.

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Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Strictly to the point was the evidence of a woman in Maine who was striving to prove an alibi for a hoy in a horse-stealing case. A witness testified that he had seen the hoy at the village on that day, when the woman sprang from her seat and cried: "He wa'n't out, nuther! His pants was hangin' on the clo'es-line all day!"

The Rev. James Gallagher, at one time chaplain of the United States House of Representatives, began his ministry in Tennessee. He was a strong champion of the Presbyterian faith, but he possessed a great deal of tact in avoiding controversy when wisdom so directed him. On one of his horseback rounds, a good Arminian family entertained him most hospitably, and as he was mounting his horse to depart, his host said to him: "Now, Mr. Gallagher, tell me what you really think about falling from grace." "I suppose you want to know my real opinion candidly told?" said the minister, thoughtfully. "Yes," was the reply, as his questioner traced himself for argument. "Well, then," said the minister, "I will tell you in a few words—I'd hate mightily to try it."

After the battle of Sharpsburg, General Jackson, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some executing dance steps, some crying, others singing gay songs or psalm-tunes. Early had tried to reduce the ranks to their usual orderly condition, but had not succeeded. Finally an orderly rode up and handed him a dispatch from General Jackson:

HEAD-QUARTERS, LEFT WING.
SIR: General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division to-day.

A. S. PENDLETON.
After reading this communication, the grim old soldier got a piece of paper and wrote the following reply:

HEAD-QUARTERS, EARLY'S DIVISION.
CAPTAIN: In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers to-day is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully,
J. A. EARLY.

General Jackson let the investigation drop.

The English painter, Hawkins, at twenty years of age was the centre of acclamation. But at the close of his life he is described as having lived in a fool's paradise, content with himself and fattening on the empty praise he had won. The mischief lay in the fact that he was an excellent hoon companion. On one occasion he was asked by a Mr. Ackers, a member of Parliament, to accompany him and one or two others to Paris, the host promising to give him a holiday and pay all his expenses. Hawkins objected. "I'm busy on a picture," said he, "and I want to finish it for exhibition." "Never mind that," returned Ackers; "bring it with you and paint it there." Hawkins yielded, as he always did in the end, and the picture was put into the carriage. As they were driving along, Mr. Ackers asked to be allowed to look at it, and when it was uncovered, he said: "What do you want for it?" "I shall want fifty pounds for it when it's finished," answered Hawkins. "Very well," returned the member of Parliament, "I'll give it to you, and I'll finish the picture for you, too!" With that he kicked a hole through the canvas, and the artist was thus set free for an undisturbed jollification.

A New Yorker went to Washington not long ago to help a friend get married. It was agreed, when they went to the City Hall for the license (says the Washington Post), that the New Yorker should do the talking. The clerk asked the names of the contracting parties, their place of residence, and other questions. Then he said to the New Yorker: "Is the groom light or dark?" "Light," returned the young man, wondering what complexion had to do with the matter. "Lady light also?" asked the clerk, writing husily. "No; she's dark," was the reply. "Dark?" said the clerk, inquiringly, "and the groom light? Is that right?" "Certainly," replied the New Yorker, with dignity, wondering still more. "Marriage between So-and-So, white, and So-and-So, colored," read the clerk. "What's that?" shouted the groom; "what the devil do you mean by calling her colored?" "Why, this gentleman said so," said the clerk. "I didn't," protested the New Yorker; "I said she was dark. She's a brunette." "Oh, brunette," observed the clerk; "I see. You're from the North, aren't you? Down here, when we say light we mean white, and dark means colored. Here's the license. One dollar, please." "Cheap enough, too, with the information thrown in," said the groom to the New Yorker as they took the license and went away; "I wonder if they'd call a mulatto striped?"

Theatrical people in London are repeating this story: There was a big breakfast given in London a number of Sundays ago, and Mrs. Kendal and her husband were among the invited guests. Mrs. Kendal was taken in to breakfast by a distinguished looking middle-aged man whose name she did not happen to catch. No sooner were they seated at

the table than Mrs. Kendal turned the conversation upon the stage and its immoralities. Her companion did not seem to be particularly interested in the subject. Mrs. Kendal, raising her voice slightly, addressed her remarks to the table at large. "It's all trash and nonsense to say that simply because a woman is a genius she may be forgiven, while an ordinary woman, for the same thing, would be driven just outside the pale. A loose life is inexcusable under any circumstances. Women of exceptional ability have taken refuge behind the plea of genius from time immemorial. It's time it was stopped. It isn't only the actresses who do it. Look at George Eliot, for instance. What was George Eliot hut—" A half-suppressed groan of dismay spread around the table. At mention of George Eliot's name, the hostess began to make imploring telegraphic messages to Mrs. Kendal. But Mrs. Kendal, strong in the sense of her own veracity, went headlong to her doom. "Now, what was George Eliot hut—" "Stop, madam!" rang out the voice of the man sitting next to her; "that lady was my wife." The man was J. W. Cross.

The following remarkable tale is told in the New York Evening Sun: "When measles once ran riot in a girls' boarding-school, the physician in charge had great difficulty in persuading his skittish patients to remain in bed, and so induce the perspiration absolutely necessary to recovery. Every means was tried, but to no avail. The girls found it impossible not to just hop out from the blankets in order to run in and tell their next door neighbors that it was decided to trim the new hat with heliotrope, or that it was true that Cousin Fred was actually engaged. All of which seriously retarded recovery. It looked for a time, indeed, as though funerals might become epidemic as well as measles. Finally the psychology teacher hit upon a scheme that seemed likely to work. It consisted in the few well girls stationing themselves in turn at the head of each invalid and criticising her most unmercifully. The success of the plan was simply phenomenal. After only a few brief moments of such treatment, the patient broke out into a profuse and violent perspiration. Recovery soon followed, the doctors were overwhelmed at this fresh proof of the influence of mind over matter, and the psychology teacher was a proud and happy pedagogue."

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The successes achieved by men and things are not always based upon merit. But a success well merited and unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicine, should these ever come to be written, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a hotanic medicine, discovered nearly half a century ago, and the leading remedy for and preventive of malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, and hiliouness.

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The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days. Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change in Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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Father (to young man)—"Sir, I saw you kiss my youngest daughter. You must marry my oldest."
—Fliegende Blätter.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.:
FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
City of Peking. (via Honolulu). Sat., May 25, at 3 p. m.
China.....Tuesday, June 4, at 3 p. m.
Peru.....Monday, June 24, at 3 p. m.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, July 13, at 3 p. m.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From May 19, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
* 7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
7.00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
* 7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles.....	1.45 P.
12.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 8.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	Europe Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 6.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8.45 P.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.05 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	† 7.40 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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Germanic.....June 26	Majestic.....July 24

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SOCIETY.

Reception to the Sorosis Club.

Mrs. William J. Younger gave a reception to the members of the Sorosis Club last Monday afternoon at her residence, 1414 California Street, and the attendance was a large and fashionable one. The club now has a membership of eighty-six ladies, and there are fifty on the waiting list. The officers are: President, Mrs. Irving M. Scott; vice-presidents, Mrs. W. B. Carr and Mrs. George J. Bucknall; recording secretary, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Josephine A. de Greayer; treasurer, Mrs. George Law Smith.

The guests were received in the handsomely decorated parlors by Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. Younger, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, who comprised the reception committee. The principal feature of the afternoon was the presentation of a musical programme, in which the participants were Mr. Donald de V. Graham, M. Crepeaux, the Treble Clef Quartet (consisting of Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Berningham, Miss Wilcox, and Miss Priest), and the Hungarian Orchestra. The selections rendered were all heartily appreciated. Light refreshments were served as desired. As tokens of appreciation by members of the club, two presentations were made during the afternoon; one, an elegant cut-glass vase, to Mrs. Irving M. Scott, and the other, a beautiful jardiniere, to Mrs. W. J. Younger. The reception ended at six o'clock, and was enjoyable in every particular.

"The Artist's Dream."

The California Theatre was crowded last Thursday evening, when "The Artist's Dream" was produced for the benefit of the Ladies Protection and Relief Society. The play is an adaptation of the romantic story of "Ginevra." It was presented by amateurs, and was very well given. The cast was as follows:

Characters who Really Exist—Miles Lovell, Edward Marschütz; Young Lovell, H. A. Melvin; Simple Simon, A. V. Snowgrass; Singing Master, J. F. Fleming; Dame Lovell, Miss Nell Couch; Sister Ruth, Miss Fannie L. Graham; the Lovell Children, Members of the Singing School and Surprise Party, Misses Coffin, De Lyons, Prindle, Couch, Carman, Herrick, Macklin, Talcott, Armstrong, Schoettler, Berg, Graham, Schutts, Rea, Lacy, Rowen, Tarrant, Bumeschein, Spencer, Redmond, Nolan, O'Neill, Carroll, and Graff, Mmes. Willets, Smith, and Couch, Messrs. Bertaud, Fleming, Cowen, Cone, Croden, Boyce, Snowgrass, De Lyons, Hufschmidt, Noble, Rogers, Reynolds, Croden, Knoche, Bokee, Holland, McLellan, Warde, Phippen, and Gussander.

Characters who Figure in Lovell's Dream—The Baron, S. Homer Henley; Young Lovell, H. A. Melvin; Lillian, Miss Mahel Love; the Baroness, Miss Katherine Black; the Wedding Guests, Misses Earle, Black, Wolf, Hutching, Norman, Monasters, De Lyons, Lacy, Rowen, Reynolds, McLellan, Croden, Cone, Rice, Ward, and Parent; the Sunbeams of Charity, Misses Forbes, Patterson, Clark, Eoff, Blakiston, Harris, Coulie, and Fenton; pages, footmen, etc.

The special features introduced were as follows:

Roman scarf dance, Miss Birdie Alderman; Polish dance, Miss Lola O'Brien; lover's quarrel, Ethel Schwaner and Clara White; Irish jig, Miss Lilian Rhodes; the minuet, "The Sunbeams"; "The Mistle-toe Bough," Miss Nettie Black; California Quartet, Messrs. Wendell, Smith, Gage, and Machaine; character song, Mr. R. R. Rogers; grand chorus, the Balfean Operatic Association.

The performance was repeated on Friday evening most successfully. The charity was benefited to a considerable extent by the two entertainments.

Notes and Gossip.

A reception was held at the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies Home, on Golden Gate Avenue near Lott Street, last Saturday afternoon and evening. It was well attended and was productive of much pleasure to all present. The home is greatly in need of financial aid, and desires to secure additions to its monthly and yearly subscribers. It has heretofore received three thousand four hundred dollars annually from the State, but this income was cut off by the action of the last legislature.

The Metronome Club, of which Mr. Louis Lissier

is president and Mr. J. H. Rosewald secretary, gave a reception last Saturday evening to M. Ysaye. Speeches were made by M. Ysaye and M. Lacbaume, who expressed their pleasure at being the guests of their colleagues.

The annual outing of the Occidental Kindergarten took place on Wednesday, May 15th, at the Children's Playground in Golden Gate Park. Owing to illness and the inclemency of the weather, only forty-nine of the hundred little ones who attend the kindergarten were able to participate in the pleasures of the day and enjoy the kind hospitality of Mr. Murphy, the lessee of the grounds.

The class of '95 of Mme. B. Ziska's Institute, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, received their friends on Friday afternoon from three until five o'clock, and entertained them in a most hospitable manner. The young ladies of the class are Miss Mercy Stevenson, Miss Elsa Wolfe, Miss Jennie Samuels, and Miss Rose Berwin.

The closing exercises of Trinity School were held last Wednesday evening in the school building, 3300 Washington Street, and were quite interesting. An excellent literary and musical programme was presented, and the prizes, medals, and diplomas were awarded.

The class of '95 of Irving Institute held its commencement exercises last Thursday evening in Trinity Presbyterian Church. An entertaining programme was enjoyed by a large audience. The members of the graduating class were presented with their diplomas by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols.

The class of '95 of the Girls' High School will hold its class-day exercises next Wednesday evening in the auditorium of the school, corner of Geary and Scott Streets.

ART NOTES.

An Artists' Reception.

The artists of San Francisco have been given the use of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art for next Tuesday evening, when they propose to give a reception to the members of the San Francisco Art Association. They have just issued cards inviting the members to attend, and they wish it understood that such invitations carry with them the same privileges as the member's season ticket, namely, entitling the gentleman to whom it is addressed to bring with him a lady, and the lady's ticket to admit the person to whom it is addressed and an escort, either a gentleman or a lady. Besides music and refreshments, there are to be tableaux of celebrated statues and groups, to which a novel bronze effect will be given. On the same evening the Society of Local Art Patrons will close their list and have a drawing for the pictures which have been purchased. Among the members of the society who have recently joined and subscribed are the following ladies and gentlemen:

Mr. William Alvord, Mr. E. Gallois, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. Max Heilbronner, Mrs. Amanda Austin, Mr. George C. Perkins, Mr. Oliver Eldridge, Mr. C. W. Kellogg, Mr. Hermann Shainwald, Mr. Charles F. Lutgen, Mr. B. R. Swan, Mr. F. S. Dooty, Miss Ethel M. Havens, Mr. James D. Pheasant, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Arthur Rodgers, Mr. Emile Pissis, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. A. K. Coney, Mrs. B. C. Samuels, Mrs. B. S. Lee, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Annie Donahue, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. E. J. Coleman, Mrs. E. S. Howard, Mrs. S. E. Bender, Mr. A. Gerherding, Mr. F. J. Sullivan, Mr. Albert Pissis, Mr. H. G. Platt, Mr. F. W. Zelle, Mr. A. Page Brown, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. F. M. Pkley, Mr. A. B. Forbes, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Mr. A. G. Hawes, Mr. W. L. Dickinson, Mr. C. W. Carmany, Mrs. David Bixler, Mr. J. O'B. Gunn, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. T. Hopkins, Dr. Taylor, Mr. W. D. Clark, Mr. L. Sloss, Jr., Mr. H. J. Crocker, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

The fund amounts to about fifteen hundred dollars, and that value in selected pictures has been chosen from the walls of the association's spring exhibition. This society has been very successful in making selections of pictures, which are now marked as they hang in their places at the exhibition, and, as a result, its members will acquire some excellent canvases, for the pictures were chosen on merit, and the artists will have found a more extensive sale for their pictures than at any previous exhibition. There promises to be a very fashionable gathering at the Hopkins Institute next Tuesday night. Among the pictures selected are those of:

Miss Helen Hyde, Mr. A. Joulfin, Mr. A. Nordgren, Mr. H. Raschen, Mr. J. A. Stanton, Mr. C. C. Judson, Mr. L. M. Carpenter, Mr. R. D. Yelland, Mr. R. L. Partington, Mr. C. Jorgensen, Mr. M. Uruuela, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. C. Graham, Miss Lou Wall, Mr. William Keith, and others.

California School of Design.

The twenty-first annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design commenced last Tuesday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and will close to-day. The reception on Tuesday evening was largely attended. The exercises were commenced by the reading of the reports of the committee on awards and the committee of the school by Mr. James D. Pheasant, president of the Art Association. The judges of awards comprised Mr. Emile Pissis, Mrs. A. B. Chittenden, Miss Helen Hyde, Mr. J. H. E. Partington, and Mr. W. A. Reaser. They awarded the Avery gold medal for excellence in oil painting to Mr. J. T. Martinez, and highly commended the work of Miss Pauline Schuenmacker and Miss E. F. Van Winkle. Honorable mention was given to Mrs.

J. R. McElroy and Mr. Joseph Cleary for figure and still-life painting. Mr. H. C. Schussler won the Alvord gold medal for excellence in drawing from the antique, and Mr. Henry Warren received special mention. The W. E. Brown medal for drawing from life was awarded to Miss Florence E. Lundborg. Miss Nellie E. McCormick and Mr. J. T. Martinez received honorable mention. Mr. Charles Burnett received special mention for general excellence in oil landscapes, Mr. Emanuel Urenuela special mention for water-color landscapes, and Miss Nellie McCormick honorable mention for modeling. The medals were presented by President Martin Kellogg, of the University of California.

After the exercises a string orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, gave some pleasing selections, and a series of tableaux were given on the stage. The subjects and participants were as follows: "Phedre," Misses Kate Hall, Nellie McCormick, and C. Vivian; "Madonna," Misses Laura Adams and Florence Lundborg; "Christina Greeting," Miss Laura Adams; "Salome," Miss C. Vivian; "Vestal Virgins," Misses Townsend, Immel, Sparks, Brannan, and Easterday; "Witches," Misses C. Vivian, Tautfraust, and Scoville.

No more delightful Sunday outing is to be had anywhere in the world than the trip to Haywards affords. You take the broad-gauge Oakland road to Fruitvale, and then have a pleasant ride on the O. S. L., & H. Electric Railway through a country dotted with pretty farms; and at Haywards an excellent meal may be had at the club-house, after which one can hear an enjoyable concert of classical and popular music.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Sir Roderick Cameron and his daughters arrived in New York city last Wednesday from London, and were accompanied by Mme. di Dominguez, formerly Miss Hélène Murphy, of this city, whose husband was formerly secretary of the Argentine Legation at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Henry W. Reddington has returned from Europe, and was at the Hotel Gerlach in New York city several days ago.

Mrs. John W. Mackay left New York for England last Wednesday after a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair are at their cottage in Newport, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger left for New York last Saturday. Mr. Donald de V. Graham will remain here about two months.

Miss Genevieve Goad has returned from a visit to Miss Hattie Belle Goad, at Colusa.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Mrs. Stanley Matthews will leave Washington, D. C., on June 1st for this city, and will pass a couple of months here. Justice Field recently completed his thirty-second year on the Supreme Bench.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington will soon leave New York on a trip to Europe.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. Frederick W. Sharon arrived in New York from Europe on May 16th. Colonel Crocker is expected here about June 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell, who have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., will leave there soon to pass the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city. They will return here early in June.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood has leased the residence of Mrs. F. F. Low, corner of Gough and Sutter Streets, for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels left last Monday for the East and Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi have departed on a four months' visit to Europe.

Mrs. Austin D. Moore and the Misses Miriam and Frances Moore are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Mr. C. F. Kohl are passing several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly will pass part of the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Folis and family are occupying a cottage at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, the Misses Alice and Bella Gerstle, and Miss Clara Joseph will leave to-day for New York, en route to Europe, and will be away several months.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Antoinette and Josephine Delmas arrived in Paris a week ago.

Mr. W. W. Farish, of New York, is here on a pleasure trip, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Drexler have returned from a short visit to the Blue Lakes in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green have returned from a visit to Mrs. Henry J. Crocker at her villa near Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wright intend to pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are passing several weeks at San Rafael.

Misses Laura and Blythe McDonald are visiting friends in Salt Lake City for a few weeks.

Mr. H. Henry Veue arrived in Paris on May 10th, and afterward went to Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Miss Helen Hecht are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham at "Buckingham Park" on the shores of Clear Lake.

Dr. A. E. Regensburger is visiting New York city.

Mr. J. J. Valentine is at the Everett House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth were at the Hotel Windsor in New York city early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dickson and Miss Ethel Dickson sailed from New York on May 18th for Liverpool on the steamer *Lucania*.

Dr. R. E. Williams will return from Tacoma Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness will pass the summer at Coronado and Santa Monica.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll and Miss Lizzie Carroll will make a trip to Alaska during the summer.

Among those who will pass the summer at the Tavern of Castle Crag are Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Davis, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Miss Sophia Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinbart, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler, Misses Schussler, Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lienthal, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, Miss Helen Woolworth, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. M. P. Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Therese Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute, and Mr. Arthur Brown.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

The retirement of Rear-Admiral Meade promotes Commodore Lester A. Beardsley to be rear-admiral; Captain John A. Howell, commodore; Commander Nicoll Ludlow, captain; Lieutenant-Commander Chapman C. Todd, commander; Lieutenant Godfried Lockinger, lieutenant-commander; Lieutenant (junior grade) Leroy M. Garrett, lieutenant; Ensign Wilfred B. Hoggatt, lieutenant (junior grade). Lieutenant-Commander Harry Knox, U. S. N., has been ordered to command the *Thetis* on June 15th. Major Michael Cooney, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Boise Barracks, Idaho, to Fort Walla Walla, Wash. Captain Wilbur E. Wilder, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and his family are visiting relatives in Auburn, N. Y., where they will remain until September 1st, when Captain Wilder will report for duty at West Point as adjutant of the Military Academy. Lieutenant Albert S. McLemore, U. S. M. C., has been detached from Norfolk Barracks and ordered to duty on the *Philadelphia* at Honolulu. Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., who was recently relieved from duty as aid-de-camp to Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., left Wash-

ington, D. C., last Monday for his station at Angel Island, stopping en route for a few days in Chicago.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, Medical Department, U. S. N., who has been on duty for several months on the training-ship *Constitution* at Newport, R. I., will soon be placed on sea duty on the Asiatic Station.

Lieutenant William H. Bertsch, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived here from Fort Sheridan, and will soon be married to Miss Tripler, daughter of the late Captain Tripler, U. S. A., and niece of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles M. Bailey, Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A.

Colonel and Mrs. Clermont L. Best, U. S. A. (retired), are occupying their cottage on Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I., where they will remain during the summer.

Lieutenant Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N., who was so severely injured on the *Monterey* a few weeks ago, is at his home in Georgetown, D. C., where he is recovering rapidly.

— MRS. DR. WELCH, 2115 BUSH STREET, REMOVES superfluous hair permanently by Electrolysis. Hours 2 to 3, except Thursdays and Saturdays, then from 9 to 10.

— IN VIEW OF THE WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT the use of opiates is rapidly increasing, and that their use once acquired the victim is powerless to free himself, the letter of Dr. Fall, printed elsewhere, would seem to be worthy of consideration by the medical profession.

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"Speaking of the Voice of Lahn," said Brown, "I never realized how much it was out of tune until I heard our new cunk singing at her work."—*Vogue*.

Divine assistance: *Ethel*—"George, love, after we're married you won't be out nights, will you?" *George* (poker hand)—"I hope not. Pray for me."—*Judge*.

The wife—"I'm afraid there's no hope for you, John." *John*—"Why?" The wife—"The doctor says he has a handsome young brother he'd like me to meet."—*Life*.

"Blessed if I ain't a regular Trilby," muttered the man in the crowd, after being stepped on half a dozen times; "everybody gets on in my feet."—*Boston Transcript*.

Takitin—"Artley had a perfect picture at the academy last night." *Gadabout*—"I didn't see it. Where did it hang?" *Takitin*—"Oh, on his arm, principally."—*Truth*.

Smith—"Old Hardfist will never forgive you for saying he made his money by blind luck." *Robinson*—"Well, that's what a man gets for trying to be charitable."—*Puck*.

Friend—"And you are very happy?" *Bride*—"Very. Almost every day I hear of some other girl who would have jumped at the chance to marry my husband."—*Detroit Tribune*.

"Your little brother is better I hope?" "Yes; but the wetting he got gave him a severe cold. Some more boys and he were playing at who could walk nearest the edge of the canal with their eyes shut, and he won."—*Truth*.

Dukane—"What is the Order of Cincinnati, Gaswell?" *Gaswell*—"I was never in the town more than twice or three times, but then I gathered the impression that the usual order was 'beer and bolingna.'"—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

His life-work: "Oh, papa! what makes old Mr. Grahenheimer walk so stump-shuldered? He looks like a horse-shoe." "I have heard, my son, that many years ago, when he was a very little boy, no bigger than you are now, he found a cent."—*Puck*.

Parke—"Saw a remarkable thing at a séance, recently. I was on the committee, and we fastened the medium securely in the cabinet—bound him hand and foot—there was no collusion of any kind—" *Clarke*—"How can you tell there wasn't?" *Parke*—"Because he couldn't get out."—*Puck*.

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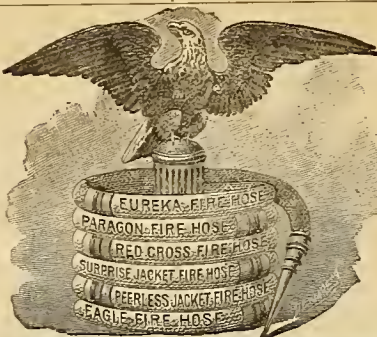
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The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *habeas corpus* case of E. V. Debs has settled Mr. Debs. But it has settled much more than the disposition of the body of Debs. It has established the principle that the Federal Government is a government in fact as well as in name. Socialistic demagogues like Altgeld, unfortunately governor of Illinois, may now take warning, and learn that when trains carrying the United States mails, or under the charge of United States court receivers, run across the States of this Union, they are going to run without let or hindrance from mobs, and that the United States Govern-

ment will not hesitate in future to protect them with its courts, its men, and its guns.

This was the status of the Debs case when it was presented to the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. On the second of July, 1894, when the great railway strike was threatened, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road was in the hands of receivers appointed by the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois. The receivers applied to Judge Woods of that court for an injunction against the officers of the American Railway Union, which was inciting the employees of the road to strike. Judge Woods enjoined the officers of that union from interfering with the mails or with interstate commerce, from destroying property, or from compelling or inducing, by violence or intimidation, any of the employees of the road to strike. The American Railway Union at once responded by ordering a strike.

With the events that followed, our readers are familiar. Every point in the injunction of the court was disregarded. The American Railway Union interfered with the United States mails, stopped interstate commerce, compelled by violence employees of the road to strike, destroyed property, took human life, and defied the writs of the United States courts and the authority of the United States Government.

Last December, the officers of the American Railway Union were brought before Judge Woods, of the Circuit Court, for contempt. E. V. Debs, the president, was sentenced to six months in jail, and seven other officers of the union were sentenced to three months each. An application was made to the Supreme Court of the United States for a release of these eight men on *habeas corpus*, and they were released on bonds pending the decision. Their attorneys' arguments were based on various technical points, such as that there had not been personal service of the injunction on all of the men; that their sentence without indictment and trial was in violation of the fifth and sixth amendments of the constitution; that the information on which they were convicted did not show any violation of the injunction; and that the injunction was void because the bill asking for it stated no case of which the court could take cognizance—and so forth. But the Supreme Court paid little attention to these minor technical points, and decided the case on broad constitutional grounds. It did not even rely on the sections in the Revised Statutes under which the President considered himself empowered to send troops into the riotous districts. The Supreme Court finds unanimously that the Federal Government, among other rights of sovereignty, has the right of protecting its property and its mails.

The clear and cogent manner in which the court lays down the law would, we think, be calculated to carry conviction even to the minds of a trades-union convention. In its opinion, the court says:

"If the inhabitants of a single State or a great body of them should combine to obstruct interstate commerce or the transportation of the mails, prosecutions of such offenses in such a community would be doomed in advance to failure. And if the certainty of such failure was known and the national government had no other way to enforce the freedom of interstate commerce and the transportation of mails than by prosecution and punishment for interference therewith, the whole interests of the nation in these respects would be at the absolute mercy of a portion of the inhabitants of a single State.

"But there is no such impotency in the national government. The entire strength of the nation may be used to enforce in any part of the land the full and free exercise of all national powers and the security of all rights entrusted by the constitution to its care. The strong administration of the national government may be put forth to brush away all obstructions to the freedom of interstate commerce or the transportation of the mails. If emergency arises, the army of the nation and all its militia are at the service of the nation to compel obedience to the laws."

The clap-trap which has been talked and written about the "rights" of the mob of strikers disappear when viewed in the light of these calm words: "It surely can not be seriously contended that the court has jurisdiction to enjoin the obstruction of a highway by one person, but that its jurisdiction ceases when the obstruction is by a hundred per-

sons." That is sound logic. If the United States courts can take cognizance of the acts of a single outlaw impeding its mails, why not of one hundred outlaws? Or one thousand?

The court goes on to discuss in some detail the action of the court below, which it upholds in every way. It says that the complaint showed there was an obstruction to the transmission of the mails: that under such complaint the Circuit Court had power to issue its process of injunction; that when it found its order disobeyed, it had power to punish, by fine or imprisonment; and finally that as the Circuit Court had full jurisdiction, its findings are not open to review.

But it is in the general principles laid down by the court in summing up its conclusions that every loyal American citizen will take the most satisfaction. Here they are, in the language of the court, and in large type:

"We hold that the Government of the United States is 'one having jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory and acting directly upon each citizen; that while 'it is a government of enumerated powers, it has witbio 'the limits of those powers all the attributes of sovereignty; 'that to it is committed power over interstate commerce 'and the transmission of the mails; that the powers thus 'conferred upon the national government are not dormant, 'but have been assumed and put into practical exercise by 'legislation of Congress; that in the exercise of those 'powers it is competent for the nation to remove all obstruc- 'tions upon highways, natural or artificial, to the passage of 'interstate commerce or the carrying of the mail."

It is needless to say that this plain statement of the law of the land has carried terror to the hearts of the labor leaders. Debs and his fellow-demagogues are not so much alarmed at the prospect of some months in jail as they are at the probability of losing their jaw jobs when they get out. They will have to go to work. There will be no money in being president of the American Railway Union now that the courts have decided that such institutions can not stop United States mail trains. The decision of the courts has not interfered in the slightest degree with the liberty of the men. They have a perfect right to quit work, at any time, on any pretext, on any railroad. But they have no right to force other men to quit; they have no right to attack those men who want to work; they have no right to ditch trains and destroy property; they have no right to interfere with the rights of the traveling public; and, above all, they have no right to stop the mail trains of the United States, or to interfere with the orderly conduct of commerce between the States of the Union.

It is now settled judicially that the Federal Government is a government, and that as such it can protect its mails and its property when in transit through the States. This decision has been brought about through the *habeas corpus* case of Debs. Every thing has its uses in this world. The lower forms of animal life all serve some end. Earth-worms, according to Darwin, turn stone-dust into soil. So even Debs has his uses. And in years to come, there will be associated with one of the most important decisions ever rendered in the United States the name of one of the most unimportant persons in the United States—to wit, Debs.

There was held last week in San Francisco the second annual session of the Woman's Congress. The interest which it excited was remarkable. The daily papers gave to it a great deal of space, the *Call* sometimes two pages a day. Whether the papers gave this space to the congress because they looked upon it as being a matter of extreme interest, or whether they did so because other news was short, we can not say. But there is no doubt that the proceedings of the congress were followed with keen and unusual interest. This probably was partly due to the presence of Susan B. Anthony, whose appearance attracted much attention, and partly to the fact that a very clever speaker, Miss Anna H. Shaw, enlivened the deliberations of the gathering.

The papers took a wide range. Miss Susan B. Anthony talked interestingly of the history of her life, and of the gradual change in the attitude of man toward woman.

ing out that forty years ago it was with great difficulty that she succeeded, although a teacher, in being permitted to speak in a teachers' convention. The male teachers considered it preposterous for a woman to address them. Among other papers were these:

Miss Lydia Bell, "The Evolution of the Home"; Mrs. Francis Fuller Victor, "Our Errors of Ignorance"; Mrs. Sarah Platt Carr, "The New Home"; Professor Le Conte, "The Psychological Relations of Man to the Animals"; Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, "The Standard of the Home"; Mrs. Helen Guthrie Miller, "Food as We Get It"; Mrs. Marion Thrasher, "Ventilation"; Dr. Harriet Maxon, "Preventible Diseases"; Dr. Sarah I. Shuey, "The Physical Development and Its Relation to Health"; Dr. Kellogg Lane, "City Mothers"; Mrs. Alice Moore McComus, "Is the Family the Unit of the State?"; Mrs. Sarah M. Severance, "Suffrage as a Safeguard"; Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, "The Home as a Political Influence"; Miss Anna H. Shaw, "The City and the Home"; Mrs. Milla Tupper Maynard, "The Citizen Maker"; Rev. Ada C. Bowles, "Home Industries"; Mrs. Sturtevant Peet, "Household Limitations"; Mrs. Helen Campbell, "Skilled Labor for Domestic Service"; Mrs. E. O. Smith, "Cooks and Cookery"; Miss Ina Griffin, "The Social Value of Music in the Home"; Miss Katherine Ball, "Home-Made Art"; Mrs. Milcent Shinn, "Early Home Environment"; Rev. Ada C. Bowles, "Moral Education of the Young"; Miss Tessa Kelso, "Serious Reading for Women."

There were other papers, and after each paper there was, as a rule, a lively debate, in which Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw took an active part. It is pleasing to note that in this congress the women devoted themselves to topics which belong peculiarly in their province: the sanitation of houses, the rearing and training of children, cookery, domestic service, hygiene, and the beautifying of the home. There was an undercurrent in favor of woman's suffrage which developed toward the end, but it was by no means the dominant feature in the congress. We are of the opinion that those ladies whose papers betrayed such careful attention to their homes, their husbands, their children, and the hygiene of their houses, have very little time left for politics, and we are glad that it is so.

Among the humors of the convention there may be mentioned an interruption by a mere man. The topic before the congress was that of "domestic service," and after papers had been read by Mrs. Helen Campbell and others, an animated debate began, which showed that the servant question was as far from solution as it was decades ago. All of the ladies had their ideas in regard to the successful management of servants, but very few of them seemed to be able to say that their management had been successful. In the course of the debate, an unknown man arose in the audience, and suggested that, inasmuch as the ladies admitted failure in the management of their household servants, and inasmuch as all of their husbands, or nearly all, were successful in the management of their employees in factories, counting-houses, and shops, that perhaps it might be well for the men to take up the subject, study it, and lay the results of their studies before the ladies, and that then, and not till then, he thought, the domestic service question might be solved. This daring man was "turned down" by Miss Anthony with a witticism; and the ladies laughed. But the witticism did not settle the servant problem. Grave questions can not thus be whistled down the wind.

Miss Anthony, at one point in the deliberations, spoke about "the wrongs of woman." She said that every married woman, the moment she married, was legally robbed of her right to the custody of her own person; that she was robbed of the right to the ownership of the services of her own hands; and that she was robbed of the right to the ownership of her children. These remarks caused a sensation, but it was doubtful whether they voiced the views of a majority of the women in the audience. In the United States the law is more generous to women than in any other country in the civilized world. In California the law is more generous to women than in any other State in the United States. Such has been the chivalry of our legislators that in many respects the position of women before the law is better than that of men. As regards community property, custody of children in case of divorce, payment of debts incurred by one of the spouses, and in many other points, the California law is more than just to women, if it is not unjust to men. Miss Anthony's remarks were controverted by one lady, Miss Tessa Kelso. Miss Kelso was right. The inherent weakness of Miss Anthony's argument is, that marriage is not obligatory. There is no law in California, or in any civilized country, forcing women to marry. Therefore if they marry, and assume these dreadful burdens and penalties which Miss Anthony paints in such dark colors, they do it of their own free will; there is little sympathy to be wasted on any free human being who willingly assumes such a yoke of slavery. Miss Kelso said that she did not believe that Miss Anthony could discourage young women from marriage by "all this talk about the frightful lack of freedom." We agree with Miss Kelso. The young women of our race may show a most deplorable lack of foresight when they fall in love and fly to all sorts of ills

that they know not of rather than endure spinsterhood, yet that they do so can not be denied. But when Miss Kelso went further and said, "I believe a girl can marry any man she chooses," we can not follow her. If it were possible for any young woman to marry any young man, it would be necessary for a man's congress to be at once convened for the purpose of taking measures to defend the unwary hachelor against the wiles of the spinsters. Even as it is, he is in danger, but, we trust, not in such danger as Miss Kelso's language would imply.

The director of the mint at Washington has announced his estimate of the production of the precious metals in this country during the year 1894. From this statement it appears that he places the output of gold at \$39,500,000, an increase of \$3,545,000, and the output of silver at 49,000,000 ounces, a decrease of 10,000,000 ounces.

It is evident that this estimate of the gold output, while it shows a considerable increase over the figures for 1893, falls short of the estimates of other authorities. The statement of Mr. John J. Valentine, of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, which covers only the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, places the output for these States alone at \$45,892,668, an amount more than six million dollars in excess of the estimate of the director of the mint for the whole country. And while the Wells-Fargo estimate for 1894 is thus in excess of that of the mint, the estimates for 1893 and 1892 show a discrepancy on the other side. The estimate of Wells, Fargo & Co. for 1892 was \$30,119,636; that of the mint was \$33,000,000. In 1893, the figures were \$31,550,000 and \$35,955,000, respectively. The estimates of the express company are made up from the value of the gold-dust and bullion shipped by express, the estimated value of that shipped by other conveyance, and the estimated value of the ores and base bullion shipped by freight. It is evident that in the latter two items there is room for error, but the report shows that in these Western States \$38,231,553 worth of gold-dust and bullion was actually handled by the express company.

The statement of the director of the mint gives the output for only two States separately; but these are the States of largest production, and are therefore those to which most interest attaches. For Colorado the output is placed at \$9,491,000, and this is the lowest estimate that has yet been published for that State. Early in January the *Denver Republican*, after a careful investigation among the mining camps, placed the amount at \$11,235,000; Wells, Fargo & Co.'s report stated that the amount actually carried by it was \$12,175,000, and gave no estimate of any gold being carried by other conveyances; the director of the mint at Denver, basing his estimate on reports of the smelters, gave it as \$10,616,000. Here is a difference of more than twenty-two per cent. between the highest and the lowest estimates, and the highest is the amount that the express company claims to have actually handled. The discrepancy may, perhaps, be explained by the fact that large amounts of gold produced in other States are shipped to the smelters at Denver. The director of the mint at Washington, having reports from these other States of the amounts so shipped, has deducted them from the reported output of Colorado and placed them where they properly belong. It is probable that the express company did not so distinguish them.

California is credited by the mint with an output of \$13,570,000, an amount \$4,079,000 in excess of the Colorado output. Wells, Fargo & Co. report an output of \$10,690,000 as having been handled by them, an estimate of \$1,850,000 handled by other conveyance, and \$1,464,000 in ores and base bullion shipped by freight. This last item includes both gold and silver, but as the silver product of California is comparatively small, it is probable that the greater part of this one and a half million of base bullion and ores is to be placed in the gold column. The express company therefore reports \$12,540,000 in gold-dust and bullion, with something over one million more to be added for ores and base bullion. This approaches so closely to the \$13,570,000 reported by the director of the mint that it may be taken to be nearly accurate. It shows an increase of \$1,490,000 over 1893, and \$1,570,000 over 1892.

Accepting the figures of the mint as generally correct, it is apparent that the production of gold throughout the world last year was considerably greater than had ever been known before. In this country, while not so large as the average of forty years ago, it was greater than it has been for a number of years. During the last fifteen years, the highest points reached were \$36,000,000 in 1880 and \$35,955,000 in 1893. Last year showed an increase of \$3,545,000—nearly ten per cent. of the total production. Even during the years when the golden harvest that had been growing and ripening for countless ages was poured into the markets of the world, when every river and stream in California teemed with its hazy population of miners and furnished its share to the world's store of golden wealth, this country pro-

duced annually only about fifty per cent. more than it is producing at present.

It may be true that the annual output of gold in California will never again reach the figures of the early fifties, when this State averaged \$59,000,000 a year in gold. But this will be because of the natural limitations in working the gold, and not because of the limitation of the supply. In those early days of gold mining in California the miners found that nature had done the work for them. The grains of precious dust and the more valuable nuggets had been extracted from the reluctant quartz, and had been accumulated in the beds of rivers and streams, awaiting only the coming of the miners who should reap the harvest. That day has passed. The placers that yielded so bountifully in the early days are now passed over to the Chinese, while the white miner devotes himself to the slower but more profitable work of exploiting the original deposits of gold instead of the mere overflows and washings from this store. The supply is far greater, but it yields far more slowly.

While the output of gold in this country is not so great as it was forty years ago, other gold-fields have been developed, and the total product of the world is far greater than it has ever been before. The output of 1893—\$155,520,000—was greater than had ever been known in a single year before. This was made up of \$35,955,000 from the United States, \$35,688,600 from Australia, \$29,805,800 from South Africa, and \$54,070,600 from other countries. In 1894 the output of the United States was increased \$3,545,000, and that of South Africa, according to the *London Mining Journal*, \$17,052,040. The figures for Australia are not yet at hand; but assuming that the output in Australia and in the other countries outside of the United States and South Africa remained the same as in 1893, the total product of the world for 1894 amounted to \$176,117,000. This is in excess of the annual average production of both gold and silver thirty years ago, and more than \$6,000,000 in excess of the estimate of the director of the mint made in his report of 1893.

On July 10, 1895, the "Second American National Pilgrimage to European Shrines" will sail from New York, "under the direction of the Fathers of Mercy." The Very Reverend Victor Saillat, provincial of the Fathers of Mercy, has gone on ahead to make arrangements in the various towns, cities, and shrines visited—a sort of sacerdotal advance agent, as it were. The Rev. William Smith remains here to run this end of the snap.

The success of last year's pilgrimage was so great that this year the itinerary has been extended. The "American pilgrims" will go to Padua, Loretto, Lourdes, Paray-le-Monial, and Rome—that is, for miraculous and religious purposes—but they will also take in some plain, ordinary towns, like Milan, Paris, and London, where there are no miracle fakes in operation at present.

One of the famous shrines to be visited is that of Loretto, which is near Ancona, on the Adriatic. The church at Loretto contains the house in which, according to priestly tradition, the Virgin Mary received the tidings that she should become the mother of the Saviour. No one has yet been found who can disprove this statement. It is generally believed that this house is straight goods. So sacred is the shrine that "the basilica is thronged constantly by pilgrims, who enter it on hared knees."

The pilgrimage will also include Lourdes, Padua, and Paray-le-Monial. Padua has a shrine to St. Anthony, but we have never heard what St. Anthony does. Lourdes, as all the world knows, is an all-round miracle proposition, curing anything from paresis to paralysis. Paray-le-Monial is as yet unclassified—it may be a sort of specialist shrine, devoted, possibly, to functional disorders resulting from the uric acid diathesis.

We are glad to hear that the party will be received on the other side in the handsomest manner. We learn (from Father Smith) that "the pilgrimage is undertaken at the especial request of the Pope, who at the private audience with the pilgrims last year said: 'Bring me more of these good Americans.'" It is also encouraged by Mgr. Satolli, who says: "Pilgrimage devoutly made to distant shrines is a sublime act of faith." No wonder the Pope says, "Bring me more of these good Americans," for the national vice is not meanness; in addition to paying liberally for maintaining their churches at home, and contributing freely to the "Peters' pence" which is collected in this country and forwarded to Rome, these pilgrims will drop liberal contributions into the coffers of the "shrines," and into the rattling cash-boxes which are so persistently thrust into your face in nearly every Roman Catholic church or cathedral in Southern Europe—and notably in Rome.

There is one point in the procedure of the "Second American National Pilgrimage to European Shrines" which rather jars upon us. It is this: The pilgrims are going to take with them two banners—one bearing the coat-of-arms

of New York State and the other an American flag. These they intend "to deposit in the shrine at Paray-le-Monial." This is a free country, and every man in it may make a fool of himself if he so desires. But the folly should be individual, not national. Therefore we protest against an American flag being placed in the "shrine" of Paray-le-Monial. The flag of this great country, which is youthful, enlightened, vigorous, and free, is not a votive tribute to place in one of the moldy "shrines" of a religion which stands for mediæval superstition, intellectual decrepitude, and mental slavery.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court has aroused general interest in the personnel of that tribunal. Once in a generation there is a decision, like that sweeping away the income-tax law, which affects the life of the people so deeply as to arrest and fix public attention.

The veteran member of the Supreme Court is Justice Field, who has served continuously in that position for thirty-two years. He is also better known to the people of this State than any of the other justices, having been prominent in the early political life of California. He was the first *alcalde* of Marysville and a member of the first State legislature, doing important work in reorganizing the judiciary, codifying the laws, and adjusting the customs that had grown up in the mining-camps into a system of mining laws. In 1857, he was elected to the supreme bench in this State, and, in 1859, became chief-justice. His appointment to the Supreme Bench, in 1863, was largely on account of his familiarity with the troublesome questions of land titles in this State; but his most important work on the bench has been in connection with the political questions that came up as an aftermath of the Civil War. He has always been jealously devoted to State's rights, and has opposed any encroachments by the Federal Government.

The next justice in point of seniority, as well as in picturesque interest, is Justice Harlan, who has created so much discussion by reason of the bitterness exhibited in the delivery of his dissenting opinion on the income tax. According to a private Washington letter, "He raised his voice until it could be heard beyond the court-room and in the corridors of the Capitol, he grew red in the face, gesticulated violently, and even went so far as to shake his finger violently almost in the faces of the chief-justice and the majority associate-justices." Justice Harlan is also the only one of the justices who took an active part in politics before his appointment to the Supreme Bench. Five years after he was admitted to the bar, he was elected county judge, the next year he was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, the next year—1860—he was an elector on the Bell and Everett ticket. In 1863, he became the attorney-general of the State of Kentucky; in 1871, he was a candidate for governor, and again in 1875, being defeated on both occasions. In 1877, he was a member of the Louisiana commission, and later in the same year was appointed to the Supreme Bench by President Hayes. His legal education was received at Transylvania College, where he enjoyed the instruction of Marshall, and his opinions have been as strongly marked by a devotion to the Federal Government as are Field's by the opposite view. He dissented from the views of the court in its interpretations of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments, and in the civil rights cases, and has the reputation of filing more dissenting opinions than any other justice on the bench.

Justice Gray was chief-justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts at the time he was appointed to a position on the Supreme Bench in 1881. Prior to his appointment by the governor to the State supreme bench in 1864, he had devoted himself solely to the practice of his profession, though he was a Republican in politics, and on the bench had been a supporter of the national authority.

Chief-Justice Fuller was comparatively little known at the time when he was appointed to the position made vacant by the death of Chief-Justice Waite. He had had no experience on the bench, but had extensive practice before the bench upon which he was about to sit.

Justice Brewer, who was appointed in 1889, has the distinction of being a nephew of Justice Field, and the further distinction of having been born outside of the United States. His father, who was a missionary, was residing in Smyrna at the time of his birth, and here his early years were passed. He came to this country for his education, however, graduated from Yale College, and studied law in the office of his uncle, David Dudley Field. Shortly after being admitted to practice, he removed to Kansas, where he was United States Commissioner in 1861, was elected probate judge in 1862, county attorney in 1868, was elected as justice of the supreme court of Kansas for three successive terms, and in 1884 he resigned to accept an appointment as circuit judge, which position he resigned to go on the Supreme Bench.

On the death of Associate-Justice Miller, Henry B. Brown was appointed in 1890. He had been a classmate of Justice Brewer at Yale, and was judge of the district

court of Michigan at the time of his appointment. His experience has been largely in admiralty cases, and on this branch of the law he is an authority.

Justices Shiras and Jackson were appointed by President Harrison. It is generally conceded that the dissenting opinion read by the latter in the income-tax case will probably be his last opinion on the bench. It was with difficulty that he read the opinion, on account of his weakness, and his death has been not unexpected for several months. Although appointed by a Republican President, he is the only justice on the bench who was a Confederate, having held a civil position under the Confederate Government.

The appointment of Justice White and the exciting conflict between Senator Hill and the President are too recent to be commented upon here. Justice White distinguished himself in delivering his dissenting opinion with a violence that was second only to that of Justice Harlan.

Apropos of the latter, the enemies of Justice Harlan have asserted for years that he was appointed to the bench by President Hayes as a reward for services rendered in overturning the Packard government in Louisiana; they say now that in his heated and dramatic advocacy of the income-tax law he is "playing to the Populist gallery," and that he has the Presidential bee huzzing in his judicial bonnet.

After many months, the vast mass of "syndicate wheat" said to belong to the estate of James G. Fair has been sold. The amount was about one hundred and eighty thousand tons, and the purchasers were George W. McNear, Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Eppinger and Co., and Girvin, Baldwin & Eyre. These merchants have twenty-six ships in San Francisco harbor to transport a portion of this wheat, and have also under charter nearly all the grain-ships due to arrive here for the next sixty days. They are said to have paid from eighty to eighty-two and one-half cents per cental, while Fair paid for the wheat all the way from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents. It is extraordinary that a man of Fair's shrewdness should have thus hurned his fingers in wheat after he had seen how nearly it had dragged to ruin his former partners, Flood and Mackay. But there seems to be a fascination about attempting to "corner" wheat. One of the Rothschilds tried it once, but unsuspected streams of wheat trickled in upon him from every quarter of the globe. At last his fortune was swallowed up, and still his maturing obligations were not met. The magnates of the family assembled from various parts of Europe, and held a conference. It is the custom of the Rothschilds to stand by each other, and to keep the family's financial honor untarnished. But it was unanimously decided that the wheat pit into which their relative was throwing his money was a bottomless pit, and that there was no use in throwing more good money after bad. So they let the wheat plunger fail, and after he had secured a clean bill of health from the courts, they made up a purse for him to pay for his board and clothes—a trifle of ten million francs. This is more than Fair's losses, for men on change estimate that the total loss to the estate is about one million five hundred thousand dollars. But that is a very tidy sum, and the Fair estate, unlike the Rothschild plunger, has no rich uncles.

The "age of consent" according to the Penal Code of California is ten years. At the recent Woman's Congress in San Francisco, Miss Susan B. Anthony made an impassioned appeal to her hearers, urging them to strain every nerve and to leave no stone unturned to have the "age of consent" raised at the next session of the legislature of California.

There is no doubt that fixing the "age of consent" at ten years is too low. In most States it is fourteen. In some it is sixteen. And in the State of New York the "age of consent" has just been raised to eighteen years. But this would seem to go to the other extreme. In California it is perhaps too low; but in New York it is certainly too high. The act was passed through the New York legislature by the exertions of social purity leagues and woman's reformatory associations. It met with no opposition. Its sponsors have now announced that at the next session of the New York legislature they will endeavor to have the "age of consent" raised to twenty-one years.

But they will meet with opposition where they least expect it. They will meet it from the women, and from the young women most of all. Already the workings of the new law, fixing the "age of consent" at eighteen years, have alarmed the young women of New York. Under its provisions, no girl in that State is free to marry before she has reached the age of eighteen years. Any clergyman or magistrate who officiates at such a marriage, without the consent of the girl's parents or guardian, is guilty of a criminal offense. As for the rash bridegroom, he is liable to fine and imprisonment. The young men of New York under present conditions are not hastening to the altar in battalions; what they will do when so many dangers surround the silken noose of

matrimony may readily be imagined. The time when the vast mass of girls in the middle, lower middle, and lower walks of life make the most matches is certainly under twenty-one years of age. Therefore, if the social-purity leagues should succeed in raising the "age of consent" to twenty-one years at the next legislative session, we shall be very much surprised. On the other hand, we are inclined to think that before that time arrives, the women of New York will be so dissatisfied with the workings of the present law that they will demand its repeal. The years when girls are huddling into womanhood are too valuable, from a match-making standpoint, to be wasted through any ideas of enthusiastic purity leaguers. We think even the present New York law is surely doomed.

Therefore, while it may be well for the women of California to heed Miss Anthony's appeal, it will also be well for them not to ask the legislature to fix the "age of consent" too high. Ten years is certainly too low, but sixteen years would seem to be not too low in California, where girls develop rapidly, and—alas!—rapidly mature. The result in New York of fixing the "age of consent" too high may readily bring about a similar condition of things in California. And while both men and women should do all that is possible to protect young girls, and to terrify libertines, it is well not to terrify intending husbands.

The speech on the money question by Senator John Sherman at the Ohio Republican Convention, on May 27th, may be considered in the light of an authoritative statement of the views entertained by conservative Republicans. He said:

"The Republican party is in favor of a sound national currency, always redeemable in coin." "All forms of money should be of equal purchasing power." "Both gold and silver are indispensable." "The enormous increase in the production of silver has disturbed the ratio between the two metals." "A ratio can only be fixed by a concert of action among commercial nations. Until this can be accomplished, the only logical way is for each nation to coin both metals and maintain the coinage of the cheaper metal at par by limitation of the amount and redemption when in excess of the demand for it. Such is now the policy of the United States and of every great commercial nation, including every country in Europe."

This is sound doctrine; it is in consonance with the Constitution of the United States, which declares that gold and silver shall be the money of the country, and it is in consonance with successive platforms of national Republican conventions. President Cleveland, Secretary Carlisle, and the Democratic administration generally, are avowedly hostile to silver, and in favor of a single-gold standard; the free-silver advocates are avowedly hostile to gold, and in favor of a single-silver standard—which is what free silver means. The Republican party, as a whole, is in favor of gold and silver, the money of the constitution. As to the ratio between them, that, as Senator Sherman says, must be fixed by agreement between the commercial countries of the world. This is a pretty big country, but it is not big enough to run everything alone. We think that the coming international conference will fix a ratio which will be agreed upon by all the great powers of the world except England—and if England stays out, so much the worse for her. England would then stand alone against the rest of the commercial world—which is exactly the position the United States would occupy if we were to adopt free silver without an international agreement.

Stanford University has graduated its "pioneer class," and has conferred the degree of bachelor of arts on one hundred and sixty-eight young men and women who began with the beginning of the university in 1891. The best of feeling prevails between Stanford and Berkeley, as one of the faculty of the University of California took prominent part in the commencement exercises at Palo Alto. As for the students, the rise of the new university has brought about a spirit of emulation which redounds to the advantage of both institutions of learning. The University of California was never so pulsating with life and vigor as now. The number of students upon its rolls is so large that the faculty are seriously considering educational fees for the coming year—although the University of California has a large revenue. Stanford, on the other hand, is in financial difficulties. The suit of the United States Government against Senator Stanford's estate has tied up its revenues, and the running expenses of the university—a thousand dollars a day—are being paid from Mrs. Stanford's private purse. If the case is not soon decided, her fortune will be exhausted, and the university will be closed. It would be a misfortune to the State.

By the dispatches, we note that Mr. E. V. Debs declares that "in view of the decision of the court, he is willing to serve out his sentence." This is really very good of him. We were under the impression that he would appeal the matter from the United States Supreme Court to the American Railway Union.

MEN'S WAYS IN MEXICO.

An American Engineer's Ride for Life that Followed a Fiesta.

Refugio was in an uproar. The two engineering corps had met just outside the town, thus completing the survey from Mexico to El Paso, and giving promise of that wonder, the *ferro-carriil*, of which much in a vague way was known, yet nothing definite. It was to carry men and goods at a speed much greater than Don Pepe's new *caballo de pura sangre*, which all knew must be the fastest horse in the world. Juan *el panadero* averred it had feet of iron, in number like the centipede, but immeasurably more powerful. Others rejected Juan the baker's story, and gave preference to wings as a mode of propulsion, but all agreed that so strange, so powerful, and so mysterious a device must necessarily be of origin diabolic. This idea logically developed into the further one—that those engaged in such work must have exceedingly close relations with the devil, and at the usual price. To express detestation of one who would part with so precious a possession as his immortal soul, was not only a praiseworthy act, but a Christian duty.

This last phase had been reached when Jack Wilson, engineer in charge, walked into the plaza, unconscious of impending trouble. He was made aware of the fact that he was an object of more than ordinary curiosity by a stone hurtling past his head and cries of "Muerte a los gringos!" He had had a previous acquaintance with Mexican mobs, and promptly drew his pistol and flourished it at arm's length. The crowd fell away, and he was enabled to get his back to a stone *kiosk* near at hand. Those in the rear of the crowd waved their *machetes*, and urged the immediate extermination of so unholy a being as the *Americano*; those in the front rank, while heartily agreeing, in the abstract, with their fellows, yet hesitated at carrying out so good a work in the face of a six-shooter.

Suddenly a silence fell upon the mob as it divided, and a friar, clad in his priestly robes, moved to Jack's side and motioned him to put up his pistol. He asked a question or two of those nearest, smiled at the answers, and in a two-minute lecture dissipated the ideas which had recently threatened serious consequences. He proclaimed not only Jack, but all the engineers as his friends, and promised penance now and pains eternal to any who failed in proper respect to them. Bidding them receive his blessing and depart, he took Jack by the arm, and on the way to head-quarters he explained the cause of the difficulty. There they found Juan Gomez, captain of the Fourth Cavalry, just ready to clatter out with a file of soldiers, having beard that a row of some sort was on, and concluding at once that his especial charge, the engineers, were in it as usual. He was a trifle disappointed that peaceful measures had prevailed.

The ensuing day was the sixteenth of September, *dia de la Independencia*, and the town was *en fiesta*. Such green shrubs as an arid region could furnish put themselves in sickly evidence; an occasional bunch of flowers gave odorless proof of the glorious delights of freedom; the Mexican tri-color waved faltering defiance to all tyranny in the uncertain breeze, and aroused an enthusiasm to which *tequila*, sold cheaply at the corners, materially added. Groups of *peones* crowded around the monte lay-outs on the kerb, wagering *llacos* and *cuartillas*, gleefully rejoicing when fortune favored them; when reverses came and the final wager of his own shirt or his sweetheart's *rebozo* proved disastrous, there always remained a small margin of credit at the *cantina*, where *tequila* furnished a few hours' oblivion.

In the afternoon came the bull-fight. True the bulls were not killed, nor was the general performance up to a professional standard, yet for amateurs the work was creditable. Don Vicente, who, as *loco*, was excruciatingly funny, failed to perceive the entrance of the bull, being engaged at the time singing a humorous song; the bull cut the song short, and Don Vicente will go on crutches for a while. Don Carlos essayed the rôle of *picador*, confident that in the mind of Lolita Sanchez his skill would amply offset the wit and humor of Vicente; when the latter was carried from the ring, he regretted the occurrence, but was resigned when he thought of the free field it would give him. But alas for human hopes! He did not receive the bull properly on his lance; he and his horse parted company for a moment, but were promptly rolled together again by the bull. A broken collar-bone and various bruises will prevent Don Carlos from basking in Lolita's smiles.

The affair of the evening was the dinner given by the *alcalde*, to which the officers of the regiment and the engineers had been invited. By the time coffee and cigarettes were reached, the company was in a mellow mood; speech followed speech, in which the country's glories were touched upon and good-fellowship deepened, until the *alcalde* assured himself that he had given a most successful entertainment. With the increasing mellowness, the colonel had dropped into a reminiscent mood. Leaning across the table toward Juan Gomez, he said:

"Mi capitán! rememberest Conchita Perez?"

The blood mounted to Juan's face, and into his eyes came a look which would have warned a soberer man.

"But dost thou remember her?" repeated the mellow colonel.

Juan still stared silently at the colonel, who turned to his neighbor and said: "Conchita Perez—perhaps you know her? No? Such eyes, such hair, such teeth; ah! an angel on earth! But such a flirt; she was somewhat enamored of a certain captain, but preferred the colonel, even without the *padre's* blessing."

With a cry of "Liar!" Juan sprang to his feet, seized a glass of water, and dashed it full in the colonel's face. Immediately all was confusion. Jack Wilson grasped Juan's arm and hurried him into the street and thence to his quarters. They were immediately joined by Andres Rejon and the friar. The former's round, jolly face wore a look of concern rarely seen there. The priest, usually impassive, showed an anxiety he did not try to conceal.

"You've done it this time," said Jack. "Nothing short of a duel will settle this little unpleasantness."

Before an answer could be made, a corporal appeared in the doorway, and said he had orders to accompany Captain Gomez to the barracks. As the door closed, Jack said:

"Juan is in for a court-martial instead of a duel."

"If it were either, I'd be satisfied," returned Andres, "and so would Juan; but the arrest means that at sunset to-morrow Juan will be sent under escort to Chihuahua; the escort will be carefully selected, and no doubt Valdes will be in command, for he has a little love for Juan as the colonel. By noon of the following day they will all be back here, and report that Juan was shot while attempting to escape. It seems necessary, for some reason, to get Juan out of the colonel's way, and this is the way it will be done unless you can prevent it. For God's sake, Jack, think of some way out of this, for I'm under the colonel's orders, and can't move."

"I have it," said Jack; "I'll round up the escort with half a dozen of my own men, and run Juan off over the border."

The friar shook his head as this scheme was propounded. "I fear it would not do. Valdes's first move would be to blow Juan's brains out and cut back to town. I see but one way—that is an order from General Lopez, instructing the colonel to send Juan to Chihuahua under Andres's escort. It means a ride of a hundred and fifty miles in sixteen hours. A line from me will procure the order, but the time is too short and the distance too great."

"Write your note," said Jack, "and I'll go the distance. There are but two horses in Northern Mexico good for the trip—one is mine, and Andres owns the other, now in Chihuahua, by good luck."

A few minutes later, Jack trotted down the *calle principal* and past the Garita. Once outside the town, he touched Ben with his heel and stood up in his stirrups. With a hand as light as a feather he steadied the horse into a gait that had carried him to the front in many a day's bunt. He felt the smooth play of the muscles under the velvet skin, and knew they would not fail him. At fifteen miles out he passed the *nido*, a little nest of rocks that rose from the plains. He looked at his watch, and found he had been but an hour on the road. Ben's breathing was as regular as if he had done the distance in a lope, nevertheless Jack pulled him in a bit.

At the end of five hours the sun rose and the white tower of the Chihuahua cathedral showed dimly in the distance. Half an hour later, covered with lather and breathing hard, Ben was turned over to a *mozo*, and Jack made his way to the department head-quarters. The general read the priest's note, looked hard at Jack for a moment, wrote a line in reply, and gave it to him.

"You are going back at once?" he asked.

"At once," said Jack.

"I presume you know the Apaches are out?"

"So I heard before I left Refugio."

"Do you expect to get through alive?"

"*Quien sabe?* but I'll try. I've a good horse and a six-shooter; five shots for the Indians, and one for myself if the worst comes."

"Well, *adios*," said the general; "dine with me if you ever get back here." As the door closed he said: "Most extraordinary people, these Americans. I wouldn't be with him to-day for all the gold in Mexico."

Jack found his remount at the door and rode slowly down the street. He looked longingly at a restaurant as he passed, but knew breakfast then meant trouble two hours later, and he had no wish to drop out of the saddle with his ride half done. His horse begged for a free rein, and Jack humored him for awhile. The heat increased, until at noon the sun's rays beat sullenly down from a brassy sky; the brown earth threw back the heat until the dwarf cactus seemed to dance in the air. A slight breeze, hot as furnace blast, filled mouth and nostrils with dust. Pulling his horse down to a walk, they struggled through three hours of heat. At last, far beyond him, he saw the *nido*.

As he drew nearer, he thought the rocks moved. Had the sun affected his eyes? He looked again. Good God—the Apaches! Half a dozen figures on horseback rode out to encircle him, leaving two to guard the road. Useless to go back, seemingly hopeless to advance, he drew his revolver and rode on without quickening his gait until within fifty yards of the two in front, when he drove his spurs into his horse and fired twice, but without effect. His sudden dash carried him past the Indians before they could recover from their surprise. They immediately wheeled and followed him, firing their rifles as they rode. He turned in his saddle, and with better luck dismounted one Indian and gained a lead of a hundred yards; a shot at his pursuer was ineffective, as was also another.

If anything could save him now it was his horse; he easily distanced all but the Indian at whom he had vainly fired four shots. This Indian's mount was a good American horse, fresh, and going two yards to Jack's one. Finding Jack made no attempt to fire again, he concluded his revolver was empty. Riding up alongside, he patted Jack on the back and said, "Good boy!" Then, slapping him in the face as he rode ahead, he said, "No good—no good." Twice did he do this, and then Jack forgot his idea of a last shot for himself, and blew the Indian off his horse.

The pace was telling, and the Indians were nearly within range again. He flung away his useless revolver and wondered, as he dashed blindly along, whether it would not have been better if he had used that last shot on himself.

A sudden volley from the Indians startled him, for he knew they would not ordinarily waste shots at that range, and looking back, he saw them wheel and gallop back on the trail. Wondering, he glanced ahead, and there, rising over the ridge beyond the *nido*, came at a smart gallop half a dozen cavalrymen, with Andres Rejon at their head.

EDWIN HALL WARNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1895.

OLD FAVORITES.

Decoration Day.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubting heat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered heath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Decoration.

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

'Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand,
Bearing lilies in my hand.
Comrades! in what soldier-grave
Sleeps the bravest of the brave?
Is it he who sank to rest
With his colors round his breast?
Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,
Garlands veil it; ask not mine.
One lone grave, yon trees beneath,
Bears no roses, wears no wreath;
Yet no heart more high and warm
Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye
In the front of victory:
Never foot had firmer tread
On the field where hope lay dead,
Than are hid within this tomb,
Where the untended grasses bloom;
And no stone, with feigned distress,
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfill,
Here lie buried—here in peace
Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,
Kneeling where a woman lies,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave.
—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind:
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

THE NEW WOMAN.

How She Strikes her Contemporaries—Nora of "The Doll's House" and the Modern Woman with a Latch-Key—A Torch-Bearer for her Sex.

The New Woman is a creature mysterious as the Sphinx. According to the different opinions one hears of her, she can assume more forms than Proteus. She appears to Jill in one light, to Jack in another. People say they have made a study of her; but they always find her what, according to their preconceived idea, she ought to be. Some would have it that she is an angel come to regenerate and save; others that she is the deadliest menace to the peace and prosperity of modern civilization. Smith, on one side, thinks her the crowning jewel of her kind. Jones, on the other, says she is the first downward step in a general decadence. Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, may thoroughly approve of her; while Pelagia, the dancer, thinks her a very bold, assuming person, who ought to be suppressed.

The writers have taken her up and had their say about her. This one wants every one to think that she is a pernicious creature who smokes and drinks, belongs to clubs, and likes every other woman's husband better than her own. That one has it that she is an immaculate spinster of advanced views, who scouts individualism, desires to live only for the advancement of the mass, gets on admirably without husband, home, or ties, and has no more of the *besoin d'être aimé* than she has the need of curling-tongs. One lady is of the opinion that she is a splendid creature, uplifted by a humanitarian love of her fellows, burning with a noble rage to extend the hand of help, the comforting touch, to all "who eat their bread in pain." A gentleman, on the other side, lifts up his voice and says that she is altogether the finest thing in the way of a woman the sun ever shone upon, that she is done with worn-out moralities and conventional lies, and is going to return to a state where the primitive instincts are the only law to follow.

She has been described as cold, correct, and self-denying by one of her historians. The next one will tell you, as the last word about her, that she is unconventional to a startling degree, and prepared to follow her errant fancies to lengths where fools would not step in and angels would fear to tread. Sometimes she comes forward as a young, daring, and dowdy advocate of woman's suffrage, a self-supporting, self-sufficing woman, who speaks eloquently at conventions and is very well able to take care of herself; and sometimes she is a young, girlish thing, who goes through three volumes with two lovers and a pair of cruel parents who do not understand her, and crush out her high aspirations by refusing to give her a latch-key.

But the novelists, as a whole, stand by her. They live enough in their own time to know that the era of the short-haired, shouting, unlovely woman, who did not know whether she wanted most to wear trousers, bear herself talk, or vote, is long past. The average writer, even of the lightest kind of fiction, does not live in the bottom of the well, though, on the other hand, he may not stand on the top of the mountain. But there are great numbers of people who live serenely and comfortably in the bottom of the well, and these, like the fishes in the eternal darkness of the Mammoth Cave, have eyes that from want of use are gradually growing blind.

Quantities of people live in the bottom of the well. The rallying cry of the New Women rouses them to memories of matters they heard talked about long ago. They remembered having heard that women who wanted to vote were loud-voiced, masculine creatures, who wore men's clothes, shrieked at conventions, and had a great deal of scornful comment to cast at the tyrant man, but were only too happy to marry one of the tyrants when they had the chance. Women who wanted any of the outside distractions that art and literature offer to relieve the dreary monotony of the plodding, domestic *régime*, they heard denounced as servants unfaithful to their trust, shirkers, drones in the hive, dangerous to the peace of home and the sanctity of the Family Idea. Women who dared to say that there were members of their sex who, by character and temperament, were better fitted for an artistic or professional than for a domestic career, were spoken of as dangerous backsliders, menacing to all that is sacred and established.

In the bottom of the well there is but one life for a woman, and if she rejects that it is thought that it were better for her that a millstone were hung about her neck and she were cast into the sea. Each must live in the old place on the old lines. All the buttons there must be cast in the same mold; all the pegs, round and square, must be forced into the same holes. Liberty of choice in the selection of the congenial career is not to be, and women must all tread together the beaten pathway in which their mothers and grandmothers went in the assured placidity of a peace which had not been disturbed by a rightful question and permissible discontent.

But "the old order changes, giving place to the new." Whether the change is for better or worse, it must be; it is the universal law of progress and reconstruction. The pioneer and reformer, torch-bearers in the darkness, are the advance guard; behind them come the great army, moving on with their era; in the dimness of the rear, immovable, uncertain, hanging back in the pallid dread of the unusual and the unknown, stand that timorous band who cling to the comfort of custom and tradition. They know what have been its perils and dangers; it can not take them by surprise, frighten and challenge them with its unexpected developments. But the great army marches on and leaves them behind in their reluctant loneliness. Like the hand-weavers of Scotland, who slowly starved to death at their looms, because they refused to learn the new trade of machine-weaving, they cling, to their own destruction, to an era that is past, upon which the sun has set.

The New Woman has moved with her epoch. She is on

the summit of the crest of the forward wave. It may be that in the mere sense of material ease and freedom from care, she is not so placidly content as was her grandmother, whose vision was bounded by her own nursery, garden, and kitchen. We are always being told by indignant Southerners that the negroes before the war were the happiest people on earth. Probably they were; but a happiness which rises from an entire absence of the sense of responsibility, from a lazy shifting of cares and liabilities to other shoulders, is not the happiness for a thinking, responsible human being.

The New Woman wants none of such happiness. She prefers, if it must be, the storm and stress of the battle. She wants to do her share, to live her life really, not to peer out fearfully from an upper window at the world below. A woman such as Nora, in "The Doll's House," is the ideal woman of that old type, of whose feminine charm and trusting confidence we hear so many praises. This, to the dwellers in the well, is the perfect woman, living shut away from the harshness of the outside world in an environment of sheltered ease and luxury, knowing no life beyond that of her own "Queen's Garden," where she walks among the lilies and the roses, oblivious of the anguish and distress outside its high walls.

The New Woman has no "Queen's Garden" in which to hide herself from the claims of the rest of her race. She believes in her duty to her fellows. She has no right to shut the gates of the garden and build the walls up high because there are ugly sounds and sights outside. It is to this absolutely sheltered and selfish existence for women—this existence that Ruskin, years ago, prayed of them to break loose from—that the New Women are so violently opposed. They have lived the guarded and sheltered lives of rare plants, of prize animals, long enough. They have been the presiding doll of the doll's house long enough. Some time ago they passed out of the "chattel" stage, and it is only in France that they are still in the stage where they go with a present, as in certain shops one gets a pound of tea or a chromo for buying so much money's worth; but they want to emerge from the doll's house stage, too. The Nora woman of Ibsen's play is a type not highly thought of by her advanced sisters.

The view taken of the New Woman by members of her own sex who are not of her manner of thought are singular and diverting. It is largely among women that one hears and sees the New Woman assailed with all the old venom and pelted with all the old stones. She is masculine; she is neglectful of her domestic duties; she likes to hear herself talk on a platform; she dresses badly. Sometimes she is derided because she is not married; sometimes she is derided because she is married. We hear when she wants to have the suffrage that she is preparing to leave her home desolate and let her husband do the mending and cook the dinner. Altogether she appears to be a desperate failure.

To the New Woman herself these accustomed strictures carry no annoyance or fear. It will be through her that her detractors will eventually be benefited. As the short-haired, spectacled, unlovely, emancipated woman of the past made the New Woman of to-day a possibility, so the New Woman is opening the way to a life of broadened humanity and deeper experience to the members of her own sex who now jeer at her endeavors and scorn her ambitions.

Their narrowed domesticity, of which they boast so proudly, will be broadened by her effort. She will strive to raise them in other ways than by merely planting a deeper interest in humanity in hearts tutored by long custom to look for the husband only in the man who has most money, to care for the home only as a place of warmth and comfort, as a cat cares for the soft cushion by the parlor fire.

It is by her efforts to open the paths of work and labor in the world to women that she will relieve them from the necessity of marrying for support and a home. The Unadvanced Woman, with all the complacency of her applauded domesticity, never seems to think there is anything ignominious in her admitted hunt for a husband. The best and most high-minded of Unadvanced Mothers will help her along in this laudable pursuit, and if the game which is successfully bagged is something above the ordinary, the two simple, domestic hearts of parent and child will beat high with deep content. To the New Woman, self-supporting, frugal in taste, not extravagant in dress, having her own life to lead, the necessity of instituting this sort of degrading hunt for some one to buy her food and pay for her clothes and furnish her with a roof over her head, does not exist. She is free to wait for the Prince Charming of her ideals, and if he does not come, to go on cheerfully without him.

As for the Old Woman's constant tirade about women having only enough time to do what they have to do now, without crowding their life still further with talk of suffrage, and charity, and reform—how much time does this Old Woman spend adding to her wardrobe and attending to what she would call her social duties? A fashionably dressed woman spends time at a dressmaker's and milliner's that, summed up into so many hours a week, makes no mean showing at the end of a year. Add to this the time devoted to social life, calling, and going to entertainments, and how many hours of the day are there left for those crushing and absorbing domestic duties that make it impossible for the Old Woman to know anything, or to do anything, or to be anything but Nora in the doll's house? There is an enormous amount of time wasted by such women in the mere talking and expatiating on how much they have to do, much of this absorbing occupation being the pursuit of useless and unnecessary things. Once in the Woman's Club in Chicago, an advocate of woman's suffrage was talking. A little woman, very pretty and stylishly dressed, got up and asked with glib complacency: "And while the woman was down-town voting, who would take care of the baby?" To which the speaker responded: "The same person who takes care of it while the woman is down-town buying a new bonnet."

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1895.

NOBLE PRUSSIAN PAUPERS.

The Poverty of Prussia—The Prevalence of Usury—How it Sucks the Life Blood of the Country—Why Impoverished Officers Seek American Heiresses.

All Berlin sighs under the despotism of—usury. The government, at least the pillars of the government, sigh and suffer the most. For the past six months one huge trial for usury has followed another, and the end is not yet. In one of these trials last fall, there were no less than one hundred and twenty-seven defendants, and the number of witnesses amounted to nearly four hundred. A number of the worst usurers have been found guilty and sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from six months upward to seven years, besides heavy fines in money. Quite a number of the shrewdest and most dangerous had to be acquitted for lack of proof. Just now two trials en masse for usury are proceeding, and some additional trials are to come; but all that will not much change the complexion of affairs in Berlin. The young capital of the new German empire will remain the most usury-ridden city in the world, where the vampirism of a legion of Shylocks steadily sucks the life blood of the higher as well as lower classes, and drives annually hundreds and thousands into ruin or into exile.

This chapter of Berlin life is of abiding interest. The present emperor, while still Prince William, was commander of one of the regiments of the guard, and took his duties as such, as he takes everything in life, seriously to heart. As colonel of this regiment he gained a deep and lasting insight into the infernal machinations and the far-reaching influence for evil of the Berlin usurers, and he did his best at that time to break their power, in his own regiment at least, coming on one occasion into conflict with his more easy-going grandfather, the old emperor, because of the very reforms he inaugurated in pursuance of his programme. For he had forbidden gambling for high stakes among the officers of his regiment, knowing the custom was in large part responsible for the debts of these officers and for the deep hold which the money-lending fraternity subsequently gained over them. But, despite the old emperor's remonstrances, Prince William was firm, and when he ascended the throne he made it one of his ideals to rid the army and the whole government hierarchy from those clinging curses, the usurers. To his instance was traceable the great gamblers' trial in Hanover, so redolent with scandal in high circles, and to his personal order is again due the endless succession of usury trials now going on in Berlin. But, as I said, all his efforts will avail nothing, for the enormous prevalence of usury here is due to causes over which the emperor has no control. The most potent of these causes, in fact, the emperor himself would be the last to remove.

That cause is expressed by the untranslatable German word of "Standesrücksichten," by which are meant the thousand and one considerations which Germans deem due to their rank or station in life. Prussia is a poor country, even to-day, after amalgamating into its domain large districts of more fertile and wealthier regions, such as Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, districts in Hanover and by the Rhine. The Prussian nobility is the poorest of any civilized country, with the single exception of the Italian. But the Prussian nobility, nevertheless, is as proud as the Spanish, vastly prouder than the British. Their poverty now, and their claims to consideration, their station in life, their prominent position in the state, lead to a never-ceasing conflict. Their peculiar code of honor forbids them to engage in money-making pursuits, least of all in trade or commerce, and nothing is left them to live in accordance with the cast-iron notions of their kind, but either to enter the army as professional soldiers, to enter the government employ, or else to till the meagre paternal acres. The latter occupation—which used to furnish to brothers, cousins, and sons of such agricultural noblemen the secret wherewithal to live *standesgemäss* (i. e., according to their rank) in Berlin or elsewhere—is becoming less and less profitable, owing to cheap American and East Indian wheat, cheap Russian rye, and cheap Australian meat. And the pay of Prussian army officers or government employees is still so wholly inadequate that it does not suffice even the most modest expectations up to the age of forty or so. A "money marriage," therefore, is the sole remedy left them to adjust their affairs under normal conditions; but "money marriages," too are becoming less and less frequent, since the number of claimants to each wealthy girl's hand is yearly becoming larger. The hunt for an American heiress or for some other exotic "gold fish" is hence mentioned in the lexicon of these unenviable young men as the *dernier ressort*. This rapid pen-picture of the actual conditions confronting nine-tenths of the young Prussian nobles on entering life is by no means complete. But it will serve to show why the usurer in Berlin has become a power of the first magnitude.

Each year scores of cases occur in Berlin of young hopefuls ending their brief butterfly existence by a well-directed bullet; of despairing fathers quitting the service of that state to which they had devoted the best years of their life at a personal and financial sacrifice; of middle-aged men disappearing (and often turning up again in miserable guise in some transatlantic country) from their old-time haunts—and all this because the usurer at last had drawn the net close about them. And the number of poor, dowdier girls, of sisters and brides of these same young men, girls who of their own free choice abandon every hope of wifehood and motherhood simply to enable their lords of the other sex, their brothers in most cases, to cut a figure for a time, to live *standesgemäss*, is fairly innumerable. These poor girls, silent, uncomplaining victims of hoary prejudice, are the real heroines in these tragedies of life.

That is why Berlin is honey-combed with usury, and that is why usury is here a regular profession—or, rather, a fine art.

WOLF VON SCH

BERLIN, April 28, 1895.

THE WIVES OF BARAK HAGEB.

A Legend of the Ante-Women's Congress Times.

There were three hundred and sixty-five of them! One for every day in the year.

Nevertheless, Barak was not a Sultan; he was *hageb*—that is, upper chamberlain—at the court of the Sultan Mohammed. He had come to the country as ambassador of the great Mongolian kingdom, and the widow of the late Sultan, yet young and pretty, had given him the management of her household, her son Mohammed being still a child.

Barak's administration was good; the army owed to him, among other reforms, the raising of the pay of the soldiers from three to four aspers. The number three, Hageb claimed, was holy, because there were three prophets.

One day the Grand Vizier, Darfur Ali, visited the upright Hageb, and while the two drank coffee, the guest began:

"Truly, Barak Hageb, it is a folly unworthy of you to keep so many wives. If it was with us as the Franks, the custom to give wives, you might then be as rich as King Sapor; but here you must not only buy your wife, but must pay cash for her. Now you have squandered a great deal of gold for this purpose, and when your money is spent, what have you? For the cost of one wife, you could keep a hundred soldiers."

Barak stroked his beard. "No doubt, but a hundred soldiers would not give me as much pleasure as one pretty wife."

To this Ali inwardly agreed. "But the number."

"One should pick as many flowers as he can from the world's garden," returned Barak.

"True enough, you have blonde and brunette, white and black, blue-eyed and gray-eyed women, yellow Chinese, and brown Malay—yes, and even those women that color their hair red and their teeth black. Now I think that one of each sort should be enough. By Allah! you have so many that you can not remember either their names or their special good qualities."

"Don't you believe it," said Hageb; "I will show you. First, then, there is Jedibah, who can prophesy—we need her to tell the fate of the nation; then Hafitem, the medium, who calls up the spirits of the dead; Zourmahal, who understands the language of the birds better than I do you; Alpaide tells stories that would put a Sultan to sleep; Mahadevi and Assainte are famous for a *pas de deux*. The great thing about Mangora is that she makes a Sultan's bread that is exquisite. Sandabad concocts a wonderful sherbet, after which you wash your beard with regret. Of Bia-Hia, my Chinese better half, I will only say that she translates the expressions of cockscombs, which makes cock-fighting much more amusing. The Indian, Kacka, subdues wild animals, and even hitches lions to her carriage. Roxana is a star-reader, and can foretell to you the day of your death. Aysha understands the culture of flowers. Kaika is ugly, but she rubs the rheumatism out of my joints. My Tartar, Yarko, is an admirable equestrienne, and teaches my other wives to ride; while the learned Abuzaide writes my letters from dictation. Josa reads to me from the Koran, Rachel sings psalms, and is accompanied by Kadagival and Samuza; for one must have a trio. Jakima is a rope-dancer, while Zibella throws a knife so skillfully that she can split a hair at twelve paces. Borassa knows all about the healing art. Aliben embroiders in gold. Aliciel arranges my turban most becomingly. Bagdad Chatum interprets dreams. Mavola plays the harp, Zebia the tom-tom, and Kia the tamhourine, and altogether they make heavenly music. Zul—"

"Good, good," interrupted the Grand Vizier. He had kept count, first on his fingers, and when these gave out, on his toes. When the number exceeded thirty he grew alarmed; he feared his friend would keep on all night.

"I have heard enough, you need every one of them—each has evidently her famous side. Take care, lest some day you discover an infamous one."

Whether the Grand Vizier was right or not, the following story will show.

The Sultan of Kermau, Sidi Achmed, hearing Mohammed's people were discontented, decided to liberate them from their oppression. To alleviate the sufferings of his neighbors has always been a labor of love to Oriental rulers.

Sidi Achmed commanded an immense army. Some Persian historians say he had ten thousand soldiers; others insist that he had one hundred thousand; the truth probably lay somewhere between the two. Certain it is that he had three hundred cavalrymen.

Before declaring war he raised the pay of the troops from four to five aspers. This naturally caused universal enthusiasm.

Sidi Achmed was at the head of the army, himself and his horse loaded with precious stones. The sight of them caused a glow of righteous pride in every bare-footed warrior who turned out. The Sultan took with him the most costly delicacies, and the thought that the Sultan fared sumptuously went far to cheer the hungry soldiers.

Mohammed also had an enormous standing army. As to its exact number history is silent; but it is always given as twice as many as the enemy's force. The Grand Vizier Darfur Ali was appointed commander.

The night before the first battle, one of Barak's wives, the Jedibah of whom we have already heard, prophesied that the neighboring kingdom would be destroyed; and Roxana, who also dabbled in fortune-telling, predicted that on the next day Sidi Achmed would die.

These predictions were made public in the principal city, and there was in consequence universal enthusiasm.

Barak himself was firmly convinced that both would be fulfilled; and he and his entire following of women occupied, the next day, a hill in the neighborhood of the battle-

field, in order to enjoy from that coign of vantage the amusing spectacle of the downfall of the enemy.

The battle began early in the morning, but it did not last long. In describing it the historians again differ widely. The Persian chronicle says the army of Mohammed lost forty-five thousand men, while the enemy lost but three. Another writer states that the army of Mohammed did not lose a man, while the opponent lost thirty-three thousand. Perhaps in this case, also, the real truth lies half-way between the two statements. All agree that the army of Mohammed speedily gave leg-bail and proved that no one could catch them.

The followers of Sidi Achmed, finding themselves victors, made it their first care to plunder the villages in the neighborhood, as being the best way of freeing the people.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" cried Barak Hageb, seeing the flight of his soldiery. "I almost think Jedibah's prophecy is not going to be fulfilled. On the contrary, our own country appears to be lost."

"Have patience," murmured the prophetess, consolingly; "the sun has not yet sunk into the sea."

The observation being just, Barak philosophized no more, but spurred his horse, and with his spouses sought safety in flight.

Sidi Achmed had heard of Barak's wealth and of his wives, and so soon as he was informed of the flight, he hastened in pursuit. Until late in the afternoon two dust-clouds might be seen, one chasing the other; the one heaten up by Barak Hageb and his wives, the other by the troopers of Sidi Achmed.

"By the holy apron of the Prophet's wife," growled Barak, "Roxana's prognostication likewise fails to be fulfilled. I shall be the dead man to-day and not Sidi Achmed."

"The stars are not yet visible," replied the white Roxana. "There near yonder pond we will take rest. You may take your evening bath and pray; let the rest be our care."

In the meantime, the women were not idle. When Barak returned from his evening devotions, he found, instead of his pious family of wives, an army of bearded troopers. Great at first was his fright, for the warriors were of fearful aspect.

The women had cut off the manes and tails of their horses, and had made themselves false beards. From a neighboring grove they had cut bamboo canes, to the ends of which they attached their dainty daggers, making thereby elegant lances.

Yarko, the Tartar, and Zibella, the Indian, commanded the gentle cavalry. The troops were divided into three divisions.

Sidi Achmed came on in wild haste; as soon, however, as he saw these warriors, whose long beards swept down to their stirrups, his heart sank into his wide breeches. At once a portly hero rode up to him, calling him to come forth to single combat.

This was Zibella, so expert with the knife. The very first throw of her lance killed Sidi Achmed.

Under the guidance of the Tartar, Yarko, the other Amazons now pressed upon the enemy. The troopers of Sidi Achmed were but lukewarm. Five pennies is a nice sum; but it hardly pays for a hole in one's hide. Each of these fellows, therefore, took his shield upon his back, and, turning that quarter to the enemy, fled as fast as his feet could carry him; and as they went they roared:

"The Tartars are coming! The barbarians are behind us! Ten thousand—twenty thousand—one hundred thousand horsemen, have come to the relief of Barak Hageb! Save himself who can. The Turks shoot with lightning."

"Now you see the fulfillment of my prediction," said Roxana, turning to Barak Hageb.

"And mine will be fulfilled, too," added Jedibah, "for the kingdom of our enemy will go to pieces. Let us hasten to Kermau."

The head of the Sultan was struck from his body and stuck on the point of a lance. With this token of triumph, the party pressed on to Kermau. Hour by hour their following increased; the runaway soldiers came from their lurking places and joined the expedition, so that at last an immense army passed over the frontier of the country. The city gates were cheerfully opened, for now everybody knew that Sidi Achmed was a tyrant; while Barak Hageb was praised as the liberator of the nation, and was finally asked to be its Sultan.

Barak Hageb assembled his wives and said to them:

"Glorious women, I thank you for my life. Yes, I have more to thank you for: my fame and my kingdom. Name, then, the reward you desire; I swear by Allah to grant it."

Then came forward the smooth Zibella, and spoke:

"O great Sultan, we do, indeed, deserve a reward, for we have fought for you like men. We ask nothing small, therefore: we ask for freedom, and our desire is that all the women in your kingdom shall be as free as men."

Barak Hageb was touched, very much touched; he shed tears. Then he said:

"You ask for something unheard of—something that has never yet been. Yet it must be, for I have sworn. In Kermau, from this time forth, woman is as free as man, and the wives of Barak Hageb may proclaim that they have gained this freedom by their own personal efforts."

And so the new Sultan won the hearts of his people, and even in the neighboring realms his fame increased.

All the Sultans around claimed his friendship and solicited his kinship.

The makers of marriages besieged his house; even the Sultan Mohammed, at whose court Barak had once been ambassador, offered him sisters and cousins.

To him Barak replied: "I choose neither your sisters, nor yet your cousins, for I want not frivolity, but rather wisdom. If you really desire to be kinsman of mine, give me for wife—your mother."

And so it happened.

After having had three hundred and sixty-five wives, he contented himself with one, and found it enough.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the Hungarian of Maurus Jokai by Isabel S. Robinson.*

THE JOSEPHINE LEGEND.

What Barras Says of her in his Long-Awaited "Memoirs"—The Many Liaisons of Napoleon's First Wife—A Hideous Recital of Venality and Lust.

The first two volumes of the long-expected "Memoirs of Barras" have at last been published by the Harpers, after those who in turn possessed the manuscript had for three-score years and more refused to take the responsibility of making them public. Their editor, Georges Duruy, to whose wife the manuscript came from her father, has deemed it his duty no longer to keep from the world such historical revelations as the "Memoirs" make; but he presents the curious spectacle of an editor antagonistic to his subject, and by notes, appendices, and other means, he endeavors to throw all possible discredit on Barras's statements.

Still the "Memoirs" are destined to throw much new light on persons and events of the Napoleonic era, and on none are its revelations more startling than in the case of the Empress Josephine. There have been rumors about this Caesar's first wife, but in the public mind she has been linked with Mary, Queen of Scots: both women being beautiful and unhappy, have been crowned by the sentimental with a halo of martyrdom which eclipses the stories of those who are called their calumniators. But, as the evidence of history comes in, the case against them appears black indeed, especially in Josephine's case, since Barras's testimony has been heard.

It is in the second volume of the "Memoirs" that the story comes to light. Napoleon, it seems, was ambitious of making a wealthy marriage; in fact, Barras says the future emperor was at one time engaged to a wealthy woman twice his age—a septuagenarian actress, Mlle. Montansier, who had more than a million francs in her own right. But the plan was not carried out, and Josephine came on the stage. Here is Barras's pen-picture of her:

Mme. Beauharnais was reputed to have some influence with me—some there were who believed she had been my mistress, others that she still was. What is, however, certain is that she had been the mistress, in the sight and with the knowledge of the whole world, of General Hoche, *et di tutti quanti*. It is not, therefore, to be said that she did not love General Hoche in preference to the others; this is readily to be conceived. He was our best soldier and one of our handsomest men, and in build more like unto Hercules than Apollo.

Whether from motives of ambition rather than love, since she deceived him like the rest, Mme. Beauharnais had pushed her pretensions on Hoche so far as to wish that he should secure a divorce in order that she might marry him; but a feeling of tender esteem toward Hoche to his young and virtuous spouse; he had, perhaps, neglected her connubially, but he had not forsaken and forgotten her for the sake of a passing gallantry, such as the one born of his chance meeting with Mme. Beauharnais in prison. He had consequently repulsed with horror this suggestion of divorce, saying in no uncertain tone to Mme. Beauharnais that "a man might for the time being indulge in having a trull as his mistress, but not for that take her unto himself as his lawful wife."

Finally Hoche discovered that Mme. Beauharnais was untrue to him, not in one case, but in many, and in a private letter to Barras, which the latter has the ineffable meanness to print, he said: "She must cease troubling me henceforth. I relinquish all claims to her in favor of Vanakre, my hostler." This Vanakre, a giant in size and strength, had been the object of Josephine's especial attention. She had even made him secret presents, such as her portrait, incased in a golden medallion, and a chain of the same medallion.

At this time, it appears that Mme. de Beauharnais had been supplanted in Barras's affections by Mme. Tallien. Barras draws a nice distinction between the old love and the new, pointing out wherein the latter was the superior. Mme. Tallien loved for love's sake alone. "Money in her case was not the main object, but the means of obtaining the pleasures she was fond of." He continues:

As for Mme. Beauharnais, it was the general belief that her relations, even with the men whose physical advantages she best appreciated, were not as generous as those of Mme. Tallien. Even although the physical appeared to be with Mme. Beauharnais the origin of her relations, determined by an involuntary impulse, her libertinism sprang merely from the mind, while her heart played no part in the pleasures of her body. In a word, never loving, except from motives of interest, the lewd creature never lost sight of business, although those possessing her might suppose she was conquered by them and had freely given herself. She had sacrificed all to sordid interests, and, as was said of a disreputable woman who had preceded her in this kind of turning matters to account, she would have drunk gold in the skull of her lover.

Now, Napoleon knew the character of both women, and here is the way he acted:

But in consequence of his relation, not to say his frenzy, to reach his goal by all possible means, he had looked upon the two gentlewomen whom I mention as means he should turn to his advantage; and whether it was that Mme. Tallien's hearty had, at the same time, captivated him, or whether he believed, as reputed, that she possessed greater influence than Mme. Beauharnais, it was to Mme. Tallien that he in the first place addressed his vows and respectful attentions. This was soon followed by a declaration of what he called his unconquerable passion. Mme. Tallien replied to the little, enamored Corsican in a contemptuous fashion, which left him no hope. She went so far as to say to him ironically that "she believed she had something better than he."

After such a defeat, Bonaparte considered that, heaten in one direction, he might do better in another, so he conceived the idea of paying his court to Mme. Beauharnais, and as he had some knowledge of her interested character and her cupidity, the prominent features of which he was acquainted with, he bethought himself of opening the door with the key that never finds any closed. He, therefore, began to make to Mme. Beauharnais presents which suited her tastes in matters of dress and her courtesan's jewelry. Not only did he give her shawls and expensive and elegant jewelry, but diamonds of considerable value. This would have constituted an act of madness had it not been one of speculation.

Something of this came to my ears, so censuring the young man, however unamiable a personage he might be, of subjecting himself to the necessity of beginning by paying an old woman, I said to Bonaparte: "It seems that you have taken La Beauharnais for one of the soldiers of the Thirteenth Vendemiaire, whom you would have included in the distribution of money. You would have done better to have sent this money to your family, which needs it, and to whom I have just rendered further assistance."

Bonaparte blushed, but did not deny having made presents of considerable value. As I was bantering him about his generosity, wherein I pretended to see the effects of a boundless passion, he himself began to laugh, and said to me: "I have not made presents to my mistress; I have not sought to seduce a virgin; I am one of those

who prefer love ready made than to make it myself. . . . Well, then, in whichever state Mme. Beauharnais may be, if the relations between us were seriously meant, if the presents which you blame me for having made were wedding-presents, what, then, would you have to find fault with, Citizen Director?"

Barras had no fault to find. Indeed, he had Bonaparte godspeed in his suit.

How Josephine acted in this juncture, Barras tells as follows:

A few days later it was Mme. Beauharnais's turn to come and confide in me. Actuated as she was by motives of interest, she did not display any reserve in confessing them to me at the very outset of her visit. She began by laying down, in most plain terms, that no impulse of the heart was at the bottom of this new bond; that little "puss-in-boots" is assuredly the very last she could have dreamed of loving, as he had no expectations, she says. He belongs to a family of beggars, which has failed to win respect wherever it has dwelt; but he has a brother, who has married well at Marseilles, who promises to help the others, him personally. He seems enterprising, and guarantees he will soon carve his fortune.

Mme. Beauharnais confesses to me that he has made her presents of a magnificence which has led her to believe that he is possessed of greater means than people wot of. "As regards myself," she says to me, "I have not seen fit to inform him of my straitened circumstances; he believes I am now in the enjoyment of a certain fortune, and is under the impression that I have great expectations over in Martinique. Do not impart to him anything you know, my good friend; you would be spoiling everything. Since I do not love him, you can understand my going into the business; 'tis you I will ever love, you may depend on it. I will always be yours, ever at your disposal; you have only to make a sign. But I know full well that you no longer love me," she proceeded, suddenly hursting into a flood of tears, which she had the power of summoning at pleasure.

Bonaparte later forhade her to visit again at Barras's house. But she explained to him that the director could be of invaluable service to them, and here follows one of the most blackguardly passages ever penned by a man:

Shall I confess it? Yes, I will confess it, since I am writing my memoirs, without having given them the ostentatiously modest title of confessions. I have said as much as a Frenchman brought up according to the principles of civility may reveal of such matters, that I had certainly enjoyed certain intimate relations, bygone, it is true, but none the less most real, with Mme. Beauharnais. There is little pride on my part, some would say a great deal of modesty, in this revelation. There, nevertheless, resulted therefrom a situation such as could not escape the notice of persons acquainted with my inner life.

Thus Mme. Beauharnais was generally pointed out as one of my first *faisans*, while Bonaparte, who was a frequent visitor to my house, was one of those who could the least be ignorant as to how matters stood; but it would seem that in the matter which profoundly stirred ordinary men he was deeply indifferent, and rose superior to all such considerations. Thus, at the time he was paving the way for his union with Mme. Beauharnais, when he could not possibly believe that everything was over between us, it was he himself who brought his future wife to me at the Directorate; she was already helping him in business matters, as she had helped him toward his promotion. As he perpetually had something to ask of me, he thought to appear less of a petitioner by getting her to do the soliciting.

Mme. Beauharnais having on several occasions expressed a desire not to speak to me in the presence of others, would make no ceremony about asking me to go into my private office with her alone. Bonaparte would wait for her in the salon, and engage in conversation with those present. One day Mme. Beauharnais wished to speak with me more privately than usual; my interview lasted far longer than suited me. She spoke to me with the effusion of the tender feeling she said she had always experienced toward me, one which her projected union could not make her renounce. Straining me to her bosom, she upbraided me for no longer loving her, again and again saying to me that I was the man whom she had loved more than any other, and that she could not tear herself away from me just as she was about to become the wife of the "little general."

Shall I go further in my confession? All that the most daring men venture toward women, in the decisive moments of their gallantry, she attempted toward me. I was almost in the same position as Joseph when face to face with Mrs. Potiphar. I should, nevertheless, be lying did I pretend to have been so cruel as the young minister of Pharaoh. The consequences of my weakness left no doubt in the minds of those persons who saw me come out of my private office with Mme. Beauharnais, not without some embarrassment on my part. What would have added to it considerably, had not an impression of disgust been paramount at the time, was to see Bonaparte at once come to meet her, and far from complaining of anything, on the contrary, take her hand and kiss that hand with an air of passionate respect.

And thus, we are assured, Napoleon got his appointment.

Of Talleyrand, Barras had even a lower opinion than of Napoleon. He tells an amusing story of how the former bishop utilized Mme. de Staël to procure him an appointment as a minister under the Directory. Mme. de Staël, it appears, tried all the arts of coaxing and flattery. She told Barras that he was the best and greatest man of his day, and that Talleyrand thought so, too. She added, on her own account: "Barras, you are not only great, but beautiful; you are like the Apollo Belvedere from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot." This interview was unsuccessful. But Talleyrand urged the lady to return to the charge. She appeared before Barras in hysterics. She announced that her interesting friend would commit suicide if he could not get an appointment. She threatened to commit suicide herself in the same case. But—listen to Barras:

I fully believe that if I had made Talleyrand's appointment subject to a certain personal and sentimental condition, Mme. de Staël, who offered me what she called her life and everything else in the world, would not have been deaf to my prayers. But I swear that such an idea never entered my head, and that my rôle in that case would rather have been a defensive than an aggressive one, and finally that those who saw Mme. de Staël leave in such a state of distress, and perchance drew any conclusions from her emotion, were entirely mistaken and have grossly calumniated me. Never, in a matter of this kind, have I come out of a similar temptation more innocent or more pure.

In the end Talleyrand got his appointment.

And here we must leave this extraordinary hook. Base as are its revelations, unpleasant as is the flavor it leaves behind it, it is certainly the most important recent addition to our knowledge of Bonaparte and his times.

A late number of the *Westminster Gazette* devotes nearly two columns to the "Foot-Ball Butcher's Bill" in the United Kingdom for the past season, premising that the cases particularly "do not represent one-tenth part of the accidents." Analysis shows that there were twenty deaths, fifty-three fractures of the leg, eleven of the arm, twenty-six of the collar-bone, besides sixty-eight severe injuries of various kinds. "Another distinguishing and peculiarly unpleasant feature of the foot-hall play of this season has been the increasing tendency of players and the public to visit their disappointments upon the referee."

COACHING AND CYCLING.

The Outdoor Amusements of the New Yorkers, as Spring Melts into Summer—The Coaching Parade—The Cycling Craze—An Anti-Bicycle League.

As the beautiful spring days are melting into summer, all the world is turning to outdoor amusement. Nothing is talked of hut coaching and cycling, and there are already several coaches running regularly to different points around New York.

Last Saturday, the Coaching Club started on their annual trip to Tuxedo. Although the weather was threatening, the members all assembled at the Brunswick, clad in mackintoshes, and prepared to defy the weather. They breakfasted at the hotel at an early hour, and those who sat down were Colonel William Jay, Prescott Lawrence, W. Seward Wehh, Frederick Bronson, T. A. Havemeyer, C. F. Havemeyer, J. J. Van Alen, F. K. Sturgis, F. T. Underhill, and W. F. Morgan. The coach was the "Tantivy," belonging to Messrs. Havemeyer and Underhill. The start was made at nine o'clock, and the coach was toled by Colonel Jay. They went down Fifth Avenue in a pouring rain, and, rather to the astonishment of the passers-by, the party appeared to be in excellent humor. They went to Fourteenth Street, then to the Hohenok Ferry, and from there drove by way of Fairview, Hackensack, Arcola, Saddle Creek, Ridgewood, Allendale, and Ramsey's to Mr. Havemeyer's mountain farm, where they lunched and rested for a couple of hours. Then they started again, arriving at Tuxedo, the end of their fifty-mile journey, late in the afternoon. They returned on Monday, leaving Tuxedo at six in the morning and reaching this city at eleven. The party changed whips every time they changed horses, Prescott Lawrence relieving Colonel Jay, W. Seward Wehh following him, and Mr. T. A. Havemeyer taking the coach into Tuxedo.

On the same day the Round About Driving Club left the Plaza Hotel for Tuxedo, driving up the Hudson by way of Tarrytown, crossing over the mountains, and arriving at Tuxedo at about the same time as the Coaching Club. The Round About party included P. Lorillard, Jr., H. C. Derham, Phillip Allen, A. D. Morgan, Reginald W. Rives, H. C. Hone, Isaac Iselin, C. O. Iselin, and J. L. Breese.

Still a third coaching-party set out on Saturday last. This was the trial trip of the coach "Spuyten Duyvil," which the Suhrhan Club is going to run daily between the Plaza Hotel and the club-house at Marble Hill overlooking Kingsbridge. There are three hundred members of the Suhrhan Club, and out of them there are enough to charter the coach daily for a number of weeks. This coach runs daily, leaving the Plaza at half-past two, arriving at the Suhrhan Club-house at four o'clock; returning, it leaves the club-house at half-past six and arrives at the Plaza at a quarter to eight. The route is up Central Park, then up Seventh Avenue, and then across to St. Nicholas Avenue.

On the same day the New York Tandem Club had their annual spring parade starting from the Plaza Hotel. There were a number of teams, but not so many as was expected, owing to the extremely inclement weather.

The coaching season may now be considered to be fairly inaugurated, as to-day was the sixteenth annual parade of the New York Coaching Club. The club met in the drive leading from the Eighth Avenue entrance of Central Park to the Mall. The route was the old one through the park to the One Hundred and Tenth Street entrance, where the line was reviewed by Colonel Jay, president of the club. Among the coaches were those of Colonel William Jay, president, Mr. Frederick Bronson, vice-president, Mr. Frank K. Sturgis, Mr. Theodore F. Havemeyer, Dr. W. Seward Wehh, Mr. Reginald W. Rives, Mr. Prescott Lawrence, Mr. Charles F. Havemeyer, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, Mr. Perry Belmont, Mr. J. J. Van Alen, Mr. Richard Mortimer, Mr. Francis T. Underhill, and Mr. Nelson Brown. After the review the coaches proceeded to Claremont, where luncheon was served. The coaches were covered with ladies wearing their most stunning spring gowns, and the parade was a beautiful one.

The "Pioneer" coach is still running regularly between the Brunswick and the Westchester Country Club. I wrote, some weeks ago, concerning the first trip of the "Pioneer." It goes out every day now with swell parties. A couple of days ago, Mrs. William Sloane chartered the "Pioneer" for a party of young ladies. It was entirely a petticoat party, with the exception of the whip, who was Mr. Frederick Bronson. The party included Miss L. V. Sloane, Miss Bronson, Miss Hoven, Miss Rodgers, Miss Kernochan, Miss Whittaker, Miss Barnes, Miss Iselin, Miss Dodge, and Miss Cutting; the chaperons were Mrs. William Sloane and Mrs. Oliver Harriman. They were entertained by Mrs. William B. Ogden at Villa Boscahel, and the young ladies all vowed and declared that they had just as good a time as if there had been a lot of men along. Perhaps they had. And then, again, perhaps they had not.

Among the coaching items, that which has excited most talk among coaching circles has been the attempt of Mr. Lawson N. Fuller to drive a six-horse team through the park. Mr. Fuller is an aged but vigorous whip, and, although he is seventy-two years old, he is still fond of driving. The other day, he was driving six horses attached to a dog-cart, when one of the park police stopped him and told him that he could not drive a four-in-hand without a permit. Mr. Fuller demurred, saying that a six-in-hand was not a four-in-hand. The policeman wavered, but said that he thought a six-in-hand included a four-in-hand, and hence Mr. Fuller would have to leave the park, which he did. He is now engaged in kicking violently at the park commissioners. Mr. Fuller says that if a driver knows how to manage his horses, there is no more danger in driving a six-in-hand than in driving most of the single horses driven in the park; that horses when going together do not take fright so easily; and that there rarely have been cases of four-in-hands or six-in-hands running away. As if to contradict Mr. Fuller's assertion, on that same evening a four-

in-hand holted at the exhibition of the Riding and Driving Club's Horse Show in Brooklyn. Three four-in-hands were competing, including Dr. W. Seward Wehh's team, Timothy L. Woodruff's second, and Perry Belmont's team third. While the drags were being driven around the ring, Mr. Woodruff's leaders tried to climb up on top of Mr. Belmont's coach, and when the grooms attempted to stop them they holted, and were at last extricated from two of the private boxes outside of the ring. No serious damage was done except to the boxes, but it rather refutes Mr. Fuller's ideas about four-in-hand driving.

That reminds me that some years ago a well-known New Yorker, one of the Livingston family, who had lived for many years in Florence, used to drive six-in-hand there every afternoon. He was a very eccentric individual, and gradually increased the number of his horses, until strangers in Florence would note with amazement every afternoon on the Cascine a white-headed gentleman driving an extraordinary procession of horses harnessed together, two and two, sometimes as many as eighteen. It was one of the sights of Florence. Old Mr. Livingston toled his team safely for a few years, but finally they holted and ran away. Nothing could stop eighteen horses, and the smash-up was something terrific. After that the authorities of Florence forbade Mr. Livingston to drive more than four, and in disgust he shook the dust of Florence from his feet, and never returned.

Next to coaching, bicycling is all the rage, and the dress-makers complain that such is the craze that women are having nothing made hut hicycle-dresses. The newspapers are offering prizes for the handsomest designs for hicycle costumes, and every woman who rides is hard at work trying to devise one for herself. Mrs. Burke Roche, one of the handsomest women in New York, rides in a hicycle costume looking something like a riding-habit. It is of dark-green cloth, with skirt to her hoot-tops, and a tight-fitting hasque, like that of a riding-habit, double-breasted, with gold buttons. She wears with this a small green-cloth toque on her dark-brown hair. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is also an expert rider. She wears a dark navy-blue costume and an Alpine hat. Among other enthusiastic riders are Mrs. Sidney Harris, who was Kitty Brady, youngest daughter of the late Judge Brady and sister to Mrs. Stevens, of Castle Stevens, Stevens Point, Hohoken, who was May Brady, the eldest daughter of the judge, and one of New York's beauties. Another judge's daughter is Miss Fanny Pryor, daughter of Judge Pryor. Miss Pryor is also devoted to the wheel, and she wears a white corduroy suit, with white leggings. Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, the daughter of Frank Work, the millionaire, and Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, the wife of a millionaire, are two other enthusiastic riders.

All sorts of curious points are arising continually about bicycling. Last Sunday, for example, thousands of men and women on wheels came back from the country on Long Island, and nearly all of them were decked with dogwood-hlossoms. The hlossoms were arranged in every conceivable way; some made into bouquets of branches, some hanging from the handle-bars, and others had big branches fastened to the front post and hanging over their heads like canopies. When the riders reached Prospect Park, however, they got into trouble. There is a rule there prohibiting flowers from being carried into the park. There are many dogwood-trees in blossom there, and as the park regulations prohibit plucking flowers, it would have been impossible to tell where the hearers of the dogwood-hlossoms had procured them. Hence all those who reached the park were obliged to cast away their hlossoms, and the heap which was speedily piled up at the entrance made a sort of floral mountain.

Another difficulty that the bicyclists have run against is the acrimony of certain property-owners who do not like hicycles. Thomas de Witt, a wealthy coal-dealer, who lives on Seventy-Eighth Street, near the Boulevard, has started a crusade against the hicycle-riders who wheel up and down that street. He is endeavoring to form an anti-hicycle league, but as yet has met with apparently indifferent success. Not discouraged, however, he has started in alone, and he is a good deal of a league all by himself. Last Wednesday night, for example, he posted himself on the Boulevard and kept the policemen of the West Sixty-Eighth Street station busy arresting bicyclists whom he pointed out as having no lights on their wheels. By midnight, twenty-five wheelmen were arrested and consigned to cells, and the interior of the police-station soon looked like a hicycle academy. The station-house was crowded with friends of the prisoners trying to hail them out, while some of those whose friends did not call were obliged to stay in the cells all night. There was much indignation expressed, as many of the wheelmen were people of means and station. But Mr. de Witt was inexorable, and only in one case did he relent. This was when a very pretty girl, a Miss Ames, the daughter of a well-known merchant, was arrested, her light having gone out hut a few minutes before. The pretty girl sobbed as if her heart would break, and finally Mr. de Witt, overcome by the sight of so much beauty in distress, relented and hailed her out himself. This shows that even a coal-dealer is human.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1895.

FLANEUR.

What every man, who goes to a harrier daily fears may happen has happened at last in England. A school-master was being shaved, when the harrier drew the razor across his throat, nearly cutting off his head. He missed the main arteries, however, and the victim may recover. No cause can be found for the act.

A Russian swindler at Saratov has just been sent to jail for selling tickets to Jupiter to peasants, whom he induced to sell their property to emigrate there, promising them free land and little work. In packing up, they left the images of the saints behind, as they expected to meet them on the face in the planet.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The letters from R. L. Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, written in Samoa and to be published early in the autumn, are described by the *Athenaeum* as "long journal letters, giving an almost daily account of the writer's life and occupations in his island home during the last five years, and taking a place quite apart in his correspondence." The volume will be published under the title of "The Vailima Letters." Mr. Colvin has been requested by the family and executors to undertake the ultimate biography of his friend, and asks for help "in the shape of reminiscences or correspondence from those friends of Mr. Stevenson with whom he may not be in private communication."

The change of the name of *Harper's Young People* to *Harper's Round Table* is one of the most singular moves that has been made in many a day. Harper & Brothers have been noted for their conservatism. Though other magazines have changed the designs of their covers a number of times, yet the venerable *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* has held the word "New" for half a hundred years.

We find the following amusing paragraph in the *Eureka* (Cal.) *Standard* of recent date:

"Apropos of man's fallibility in most things, that excellent weekly journal, the *Argonaut*, carefully written by trained and intelligent writers, whose business it is to know everything and write accurately on all subjects, makes the startling assertion in an editorial article, eulogizing Robert Louis Stevenson and his works, that he is the author of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Rider Haggard would think that thrilling work of unique fiction, and one would hardly expect a paper of the *Argonaut's* literary reputation to appear with such an error in its brilliant columns."

Melville E. Stone, who writes the article on Chicago in the June *Scribner's*, is the general manager of the Associated Press. He was the founder of the *Chicago News*, and is one of the most successful journalists in the West.

There is an Islamic weekly published in Liverpool. It is called the *Crescent*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have recently published another book on the Chinese. It is "Bright Celestials: The Chinaman at Home and Abroad," by A. Lamont.

The new Public Library in Boston is a topic in the *Century* for June, its artistic aspects being treated by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and its ideals and working conditions by Lindsay Swift, of the librarian's department.

Arthur Warren, London correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, cables an account of a dinner given on May 6th, in honor of George W. Smalley, by the London correspondents of the *New York Times*, *Sun*, *World*, *Herald*, and *Boston Herald*:

"Mr. Smalley resigns his position as London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* on May 22d. Harold Frederic, of the *New York Times*, who now becomes dean of the corps, occupied the chair, and in addition to Mr. Smalley there were among the guests the American ambassador, the lord chief justice of England, the president of the admiralty, probate, and divorce divisions of the high court of justice, Arthur Walter, proprietor, and Moberly Bell, manager of the *London Times*, Henry James, Bret Harte, Isaac Henderson, Frank Harris, Paul Villars, of the *Paris Figaro*, Poultney Bigelow, Henry Normao, of the *London Chronicle*, and Clarence McIlvaine, publisher."

Richard Harding Davis, in the June *Harper's*, contributes another chapter of Paris sketches, called "The Grand Prix and Other Prizes." It has to do with elections to the Forty Immortals of the French Academy and the great race at Long-champs.

The *Century* for June will have a notable article on "The Comédie-Française at Orange." It will be remembered that last summer the great company of French actors made a visit to Orange, in the South of France, for the purpose of giving representations from the Greek drama on the stage of the Greek theatre at that place. The "Edipus" and "Antigone" were given with great effect. Thomas A. Janvier writes the article.

Gabriele d'Annunzio and Rudyard Kipling (writes Edmund Gosse) are probably the most gifted persons under the age of thirty now writing verses in any part of the world.

The June *Scribner's* contains four articles on bicycling:

P. G. Hubert, Jr., writes of "The Wheel of To-Day," describing all the latest mechanical features of the best wheels, with suggestions as to long tours in summer. Marguerite Merionnet (author of "Captain Lettarblair") is enthusiastic as a wheelwoman, and writes on "Woman and the Bicycle." James B. Townsend, one of the organizers of the Michaux Club, describes the spread of the sport among society people in New York, Washington, and other cities, with something about the various clubs that they have organized; and Dr. J. West Roosevelt, a high medical authority, gives his warmest approval to the exercise, with certain necessary precautions. The article is illustrated by Frazier, Hassam, and C. D. Gibson.

The *Land of Sunshine*, the admirable monthly published in Los Angeles under the editorial care of Charles F. Lummis, has changed its size with the June number—the first issue of the third volume—and is now a handsome magazine of some sixty pages of the usual magazine size. The number opens with a poem by the editor, and Charles Dwight Willard, also a valued contributor of the

Argonaut, follows with a short story in his best style. A wide range of articles that appeal especially to inhabitants of "the land of sunshine" make up the number, which is an entertaining and instructive one, and is profusely illustrated in black and white.

Mr. Howells' "First Impressions of Literary New York," related in the June *Harper's*, do not seem to have been so favorable as his first impressions of literary Boston, about which he told us last year. He found the New York of 1860 largely given over to Bohemianism.

"Charles Bradlaugh: A Record of his Life and Works," by his daughter, Hypatia B. Bonner, has just been published by the Putnams.

The *Century* is about to publish a number of stories of a novel character by a new writer, Chester Bailey Fernald. Mr. Fernald's first story, "Chan Tow the High Rob," appeared in the *Century* for March, and in the June number will appear another, with the piquant title, "The Gentleman in the Barrel." This will be followed by "The Strange Disappearance of a Front Garden," and by other stories, including a very charming one of a Chinese child. All these stories deal with Chinese character, and, except the first, with the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, with which Mr. Fernald shows a thorough acquaintance.

Moné. Couvreur, better known as the clever novelist "Tasma," has become the Brussels correspondent of the *London Times*. She has succeeded her late husband in that office.

M. Emile Zola has given a Paris reporter some information about his forthcoming book on Rome:

He concluded his plan, or plot, and will finish the narrative part in ten months from the present date. The book will be as big as the "Débâcle," which dealt with the war of 1870. Forty persons will be introduced, Pope Leo the Thirteenth being the most important figure in the work. For the past eight months the novelist has been reading the most reliable books on Rome and on Christian Socialism. When in the City of the Popes he took voluminous notes, interrogated all sorts and conditions of people, from prelates and princes to poor peasants of the Campagna, and he is even now engaged in correspondence with persons in Rome, who are supplying him with details which he had overlooked while there, or which he found that he required after having read over his memoranda. M. Zola further remarked that he has undertaken a vast work, and one which will give him more trouble than anything written by him since the book on the Franco-German War.

A notable article, entitled "The Discovery of Glacier Bay," in the *Century* for June is a record which that magazine has induced John Muir to make of his discovery of the great Alaska glaciers.

George Moore will lay the scene of his next long novel in a nunnery. The *scenario* of this story is now complete; its writing will occupy Mr. Moore at least a couple of years. The central character is to be a prima donna, who, wearied of the garish day, seeks sanctuary in a convent, where, after a while, she takes the veil.

A new book by E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo: A Detail of the Day," is announced for publication in May. It is entitled "The Judgment Books."

"The Madonna of St. Luke: The Story of a Portrait," by Mrs. Henrietta I. Bolton, and "Our Town and Some of its People: Sketches of Fife Folk," by J. Menzies, are the newest fiction from the Putnams' Press.

The fact that the late Professor J. G. Romanes, who began his scientific career as a dogmatic atheist, ended his life in the communion of the Church of England, was made known at his untimely death. Fragments of a contemplated book explaining and defending this change of view were found among his papers, and have been printed under the title "Thoughts on Religion." The *Nation* says of it:

"What the work would have been had Professor Romanes lived to complete it, can not now be said; but it is certain that these disjointed notes have only the artificial value due to the personal reasons mentioned. De Maistre long ago remarked on the futility in general of the arguments of converted skeptics, and it is impossible to imagine the considerations which Romanes thought were efficient with himself proving as strong with other minds."

Beginning with the July number, Poultney Bigelow will give, in a series of detached papers in *Harper's Magazine*, the story of "The German Struggle for Liberty" during the exciting period from 1806 to 1815.

Catulle Mendès, the French writer, recently fought a duel with a Parisian journalist and got pinked in the forearm. The cause was an article stating that Mendès was a familiar friend of Oscar Wilde.

The *Bachelor of Arts*, of which the first number has just been issued, is a handsome monthly publication, devoted to university interests and to general literature. John Seymour Wood is the editor, Walter Camp and Edward S. Martin are associate editors, Henry G. Chapman is the business manager, and there is an advisory board representing the different colleges and including many distinguished names. Among the contributors, Albert Stickney will supply articles on the political and economical questions of the day and W. D. Howells will write literary criticisms.

The June Magazines.

Harper's for June has the following table of contents:

"House-Boating in China," by Julian Ralph; "What the Madre Would Not Have," a story, by Robert C. V. Meyers; "The Grand Prix and Other Prizes," by Richard Harding Davis; "A Miracle," a story, by M. E. M. Davis; "A Frontier Fight," by General G. A. Forsyth, U. S. A.; "First Impressions of Literary New York," by William Dean Howells; "A Familiar Guest," by William Hamilton Gibson; "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"—III., by Louis de Coote; "Rome in Africa," by William Sharp; "Hearts Insurgent," a novel—Part VII., by Thomas Hardy; "The New Czar, and What We May Expect from Him," portrait of Nicholas the Second of Russia (frontispiece), by E. Borges, Ph. D.; "Golf, Old and New," by Andrew Lang; verses by Louise Imogen Guioey, Marion Wilcox, and John Vance Cheney; and the departments.

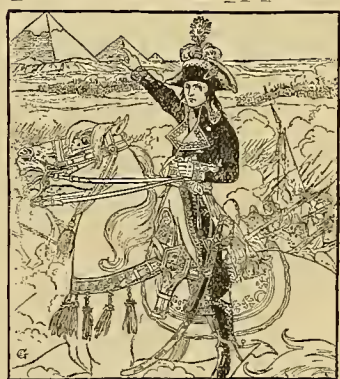
The table of contents of the *Century* for June is as follows:

"The Comédie-Française at Orange," by Thomas A. Janvier; "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver"—Part I., by William Dean Howells; "Casa Braccio"—VIII., by F. Marion Crawford; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (begun in November), by William M. Sloane; "The Discovery of Glacier Bay," by its discoverer, John Muir; "The Princess Sonia, II.," by Julia Magruder; "The New Public Library in Boston": "Its Artistic Aspects," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, and "Its Ideals and Working Conditions," by Lindsay Swift; "On a Side-Track," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "The Lady of Lucerne," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Two Tramps in England," by Josiah Flynt; "The New Old Testament," by Newman Smyth; "The Gentleman in the Barrel," by Chester Bailey Fernald; verses by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, R. W. Gilder, John H. Boner, Elizabeth C. Cardozo, Robert Underwood Johnson, Louise Chandler Moulton, James Jeffrey Roche, Clinton Scollard, and Maurice Thompson; and the departments.

The table of contents of *Scribner's* for June is as follows:

"Chicago—Before the Fire, After the Fire, and To-Day," by Melville E. Stone; "The Story of Bessie Costrell"—Scene IV., by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "American Wood-Engravers—Frank French"; "The Bicycle"; "The Wheel of To-Day," by Philip G. Hubert, Jr.; "Woman and the Bicycle," by Marguerite Merionnet; "The Social Side of Bicycling," by James B. Townsend; and "A Doctor's View of Bicycling," by J. West Roosevelt. M. D.; "The Genius of Boulder Bluff: Stories of Girls' College Life," by Abbe Carter Goodloe; "A History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States—IV.—The Year of a Hundred Years," by E. Benjamin Andrews; "The Gentleman from Huron," by George A. Hibbard; "The Art of Living—The Use of Time," by Robert Grant; "A Cooperative Courtship," by Annie Steger Winston; "The Amazing Marriage"—Chapters XXI., XXIV., by George Meredith; "The Point of View," and verses by John Hay, Mrs. James T. Fields, and Henry Van Dyke.

THE JUNE CENTURY.



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First Impressions of Literary New York, by W. D. Howells.

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"The Romance of the Sword: a Napoleonic Novel," by Georges Duval, has been translated into English by Mary J. Safford, and is issued—in a book of four hundred and sixty-four pages—by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Through the Red-Litten Windows" and "The Old River House," by Theodore Hertz-Garten; "A King's Diary," by Percy White; and "The Beautiful Soul," by Florence Marryat, have been issued in the Unknown Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

"The Lady and her Tree," by Charles Stokes Wayne, is a story of Philadelphia society, its heroine being by birth a Philadelphia woman, but by adoption a New Yorker, who is snubbed by the fashionable leaders of the Quaker City until they discover that her ancestry entitles her to a place among the elect. Published by the Vortex Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

Laura E. Richards, the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, has published a new volume in the series of little stories which was inaugurated with "Captain January" and has attained for its four volumes a sale of one hundred and twenty thousand copies. The new volume is entitled "Jim of Hellas," and contains two tales of New England life, that which figures in the title and "The Troubling of Bethesda Pool." Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"Loyalty to Church and State: The Mind of His Excellency, Francis Archbishop Satolli, Apostolic Delegate" is the title of a book, edited by the Very Reverend J. R. Slattery, in which are printed Mgr. Satolli's addresses and letters on Christian education, the relations of church and state, temperance, the press, the training of youth, and other topics. The book also contains a portrait and a brief biography of Satolli and a preface by Cardinal Gibbons. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

"Pioneers of Prosperity," by David H. Walker, is a little book on the public awakening that is to lead to a commercial revolution on the Pacific Coast. First it gives a general review of the business situation in San Francisco four years ago; and then it takes up in succession and tells all about the Traffic Association of California, the first competing railroad, the North American Navigation Company, the Merchants' Shipping Association, and the California League of Progress, giving lists of members or stockholders of those associations. Published for the author at San Francisco.

"Two Women," by Lida Ostrom Vanomee, is an entertaining novelette in which two young women—girl solitaires, though one of them is a widow of twenty-three—leave their little home in New York, where they have been supporting themselves by singing and teaching, and make a driving tour in England, inspired thereto by Mrs. Dods's account of her similar experience. But, instead of describing English lanes and minsters, the book is taken up with the love-making of a blonde young German who has followed them from New York, and a dark Englishman whom they meet on the voyage across. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Story of Bohemia," by Frances Gregor, is, we believe, the first book in the English language devoted to the chronicles of Bohemian history. It is a popular account rather than an exhaustive study of the authorities, being largely based on Tomek and Palacky. Beginning with the traditions of earliest times and the introduction of Christianity, the history chronicles the events in each reign, the last of the nine chapters narrating the events from the close of the Thirty Years' War up to the present day. One of the most interesting portions of the work is that which details the revolt of John Huss against the license of the Roman Catholic Church and the Hussite Wars. The illustrations consist chiefly of portraits. Published by Hunt & Eaton, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Evolution and Effort and Their Relation to Religion and Politics," by Edmond Kelly, is a book of something less than three hundred pages covering much the same ground as Kidd's "Social Evolution," finding religion to be the great leavening force in the development of the human race. Mr. Kelly opens his subject with a discussion of the conflict of science and religion and passes naturally to the perfectibility of man. Next he takes up determinism, and views it in its relations to love and to courage. Religion he considers first from the historic and then from the scientific standpoint; and in the latter two-thirds of his space he considers "The Church and the State," "Municipal Government," "The Problem of Pauperism," "The Problem of Socialism," "The Problem of Education," and "Party Government," the last chapter being his "Summary and Conclusion." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Arthurian Epic: A Comparative Study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman Ver-

sions of the Story, and Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,'" by S. Humphreys Gurteen, is a very interesting book in itself and an admirable aid to investigation in a most interesting corner of romantic fiction. The impression seems to exist that the romances relating to King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table are the crude growth of an illiterate age, unworthy of serious study except as they reappear in Tennyson's polished verse. But the author of this book aims in it to bring out the true character of the Arthurian Epic and display it, not an inartistic collection of monastic legends, but a grand religious prose-poem of marvelous power and beauty, the production of some of the most learned and gifted *trouvères* of the Plantagenet era and an outgrowth of the political, ecclesiastical, and social conditions of the court of Henry the Second of England. The author's plan is well shown by the list of chapter-headings, which runs: "Historical Sketch," "The Arthurian Epic—Its Place in Literature," "Writers of the Arthurian Epic," "Analysis of the Arthurian Epic—The Bards and the Chroniclers," "Analysis of the Arthurian Epic—The Romancers," "Merlin and Vivienne," "Launcelot, Guinevere, and Elaine," "Galahad and the Quest of the Holy Grail," "King Arthur," and "Geraint and Enid." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

The twenty-seventh volume of the *Century Magazine*, including the issues from November, 1894, to April, 1895, has come from the binders, and makes a handsome book of nearly one thousand pages. The general excellence of the magazine is so widely known, and its contents in these six numbers so varied, that a detailed account is unnecessary; but it is not out of place to mention a few of the articles that catch the eye in looking over the pages. In the way of timely articles there are "Tesla's Oscillator and Other Inventions," by Thomas Commerford Martin; "The Death of Emin Pasha," by R. Dorsey Mohun, United States Agent at the Congo Free State; a discussion of flying-machines by Hiram S. Maxim; "Festivals in American Colleges for Women"; and "Religious Teaching in the Public Schools," by Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. In biography the leading feature is the first six installments of Professor William M. Sloane's monumental "Life of Napoleon," and after it come Noah Brooks's reminiscences of Lincoln, Mrs. Annie Field's "Personal Recollections of Oliver Wendell Holmes," and others of the same kind. In fiction, the opening chapters of Marion Crawford's new novel, "Casa Braccio," takes first place, and another serial is "An Errant Wooing," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; Rudyard Kipling heads the list of short-story writers with "A Walking Delegate," and other contributors are George A. Hibbard, Anna E. King, R. M. Johnston, Sarah Orne Jewett, Kate Chopin, and others of equal note. Similarly the poetry is from the best writers of the day, such as E. C. Stedman, John Hay, Louise Chandler Moulton, John Vance Cheney, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and R. W. Gilder. The letter-press and illustrations are in keeping with the high literary standard of the magazine. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

There are seven short stories of life in Southern California in "Stories of the Foot-Hills," by Margaret Collier Graham. Those who read the *Argonaut* some fifteen years ago will perhaps recall several enjoyable tales contributed to our pages by the same writer, and what they admired in her productions then they will find developed and matured in these "Stories of the Foot-Hills." Their scenes are generally laid in the southern part of this State, but the actors in these little dramas, instead of being the whole-souled rough diamond or the indolent "greaser" supposed to constitute the only available literary material in our population, are immigrants of the last few years—those suffering from "singularity of lung" and attracted by our "glorious climate." They are mostly fanatics, religious or temperance, and their enthusiasms are important factors in the tales. "Idy," for instance, is the story of a girl whose father bought a ranch on the understanding that it was a raisin vineyard, and when he discovered that they were wine, instead of raisin-grapes, his conscience would not permit him even to sell the vineyard, and he grubbed out all the vines, getting a hemorrhage that nearly killed him; the story is built up on his daughter's anger at the real-estate agent who so grossly deceived her father, and he, of course, proves to be the handsome young stranger who has won her heart. "Alex Randall's Conversion" is a pathetic tale: a wife who has stood by her husband for twenty years, after a scandal that drove him from the church, is rejoicing that at last he is to return to the fold, when he casually confesses to her the sin of which she had never believed him guilty, and she leaves him, her faith in him killed at the very moment when her dream of his rehabilitation in the congregation is fulfilled. The most ambitious story in the collection is the first, "The Withrow Water Right," and it is indeed a well-constructed tale and admirable in its delineations of character. The other stories are "The Complicity of Enoch Embody," "Em," "Colonel Boh Jarvis," and "Brice." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

RECENT VERSE.

Strawberries.

Again the year is at the prime,
With flush of rose and cuckoo croon;
Care doffs his wrinkled air, and Time
Foots to a gamesome tune.
So, be! my lads, an' if you will
But follow underoath the hill,
It's strawberries! strawberries!
You shall feast, and have your fill.

The elder clusters promise woe
Where dips the path along the lane;
The early lowing of the kine
Floats in a far refrain:
You will forget to dream indeed
Of fruit that Georgian loam-lands breed
It's strawberries! strawberries!
That wait for us in Martio's mead.

Then haste, before the sun be high,
And, haply, catch the morning star;
For ere the cups of dew be dry
The berries sweetest are.
And if, perchance, a rustic lass
In merriment a-milking pass,
It's strawberries! strawberries!
On her lips as in the grass.

—Clinton Scollard in *June Century*.

Sorrento.

The mirthful gods who ruled o'er Greater Greece
Created this fair land in some high mood
Of frolic joy; the smiling heavens brood
Over a scene soft-whelmed in jocund peace.
Gay clamors, odorous breathings never cease
From basking crag, lime-grove and olive wood;
Swart fishers sling from out the sparkling flood
Where once the sirens sang in luring ease.
The curved beach swarms with brown-skinned boys and girls
Dancing the tarantella oo the sands,
Their limbs alive with music's jollity;
And ever, where the warm wave leaps and swirls
With glad embrace clasping the bowery lands—
Breaks the tumultuous laughter of the sea.

—John Hay in *June Scribner's*.

On the Margin of the Nile.

I had baqueted at Berlin, seen a festival in Rome,
Had a midnight lunch in London, and a heap o' things
at home;
But I never knew what life was till I lingered for awhile,
Where they used to have a harem on the margio of the Nile.

Where the swaying palm and pepper fling their graces
on the air,
And the moaning camel kneels to take the burdeo he
must bear;
And, rising, shakes his silvery bells and shuffles down the
file,
Where they used to have a harem on the margin of the Nile.

Where dreamy, dark-eyed women came to loiter in the
leaves
Tbat begirt Ghézireb Palace. Where, like rain from
dripping eaves,
Runs the endless soog of summer; for the heavens seem
to smile
Where they used to have a harem oo the margio of the Nile.—Cy Warman in the *New York Sun*.

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History of Last Quarter-Century in the United States.

The Centennial—Grant's Second Term—Custer's Defeat—Tilden-Hayes.

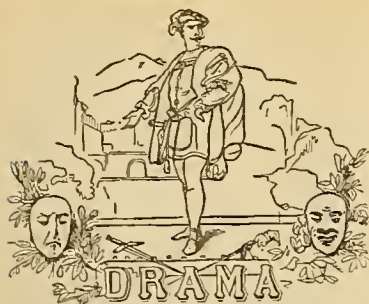
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News-sts



The knighting of Henry Irving is an event in the history of the stage. From the time of Shakespeare to the present day, leading actors have been the object of admiration by kings and princes; but when it came to raising them to the ranks of the nobility, monarchy has held back. It is believed that Irving is the first actor who has appeared on the boards with a handle to his name. It is curious to note how near the great actors of the past got to the celestial spheres.

George the Second was terrified by Macklin's representation of Shylock. When Robert Walpole told the king that he wished he could find a way of frightening the House of Commons, George replied: "Why not send them to see that Irishman play Shylock?" But he did not ask the Irishman to his house. Betterton was the son of an under-cook in the royal household, and, when he became famous, was on intimate terms with Charles the Second, who sent him to Paris to study the theatres there and to see if some improvements might not be imported. David Garrick was idolized by men of letters and nobility both in England and France, but no one thought of offering him a title. Indeed, Horace Walpole, while admitting that he was "an unequalled genius in both tragedy and comedy," adds that he was "no gentleman," and complains of the pomp of his funeral, which confounds "the immense space between pleasing talents and national services." Walpole could not conceive that a player could rise above the rank of a mountebank.

Samuel Foote was in such good society that he went hunting with the Duke of York, the king's brother, and, being thrown from his horse, broke his leg, which had to be amputated. For this he got a patent for the Haymarket. But he remained plain Sam Foote. John Kemble, the brother of Mrs. Siddons, also mixed with the nobility. He was the man who, when Lord Abertorn's carriage was waiting for change at a toll-gate, paralyzed the gate-keeper by declaiming, in his deep bass tones, the lines from *Rolla*: "We seek no change, and least of all the change that he would bring us." He was so vain that he patronized peers of the realm, and was said to be jealous of Mont Blanc, because Swiss people asked when they got up: "How does Mont Blanc look this morning?" But he was never titled.

The comedian Elliston was a favorite of George the Third, who once entered the theatre before the time appointed and fell asleep in his chair. Elliston dared not proceed before a king asleep, and dared not wake him, so he had a fiddler play "God Save the King" under the box, gradually increasing in strepitus till the monarch started up with "Hey! hey! what? what? Oh, yes, I see; Elliston! ha! ha! rain came on—took a seat, took a nap—fast asleep. Eh! Elliston!" But his gracious majesty did not offer his favorite actor a title. Charles Mathews was intimate with the Duke of Richmond and Manvers Sutton, the Speaker of the House; Charles Kemble knew all the nobility, but none of them ever thought of even suggesting that he be knighted.

Poor Macready, who had won fame and fortune on the stage, was so singularly constituted that his life was made miserable by the thought that he was an actor. He used to say, "It is a miserable life, an unhappy profession, a degraded profession. Its drawbacks are ever present to my mind." Yet he had made an ample fortune by it, and enjoyed the friendship and admiration of such men as Charles Dickens, Bulwer, and Turner. What galled him was the thought that while men like himself associated on equal terms with the brightest men of the day, they could not be admitted to what is technically called society, and as to the common riff-raff of actors, that they were regarded as little better than vagabonds. To some extent that is still the case. An actor may be a gentleman as an actress may be a lady, but the onus of proving that he is one rests upon him. Society requires him to do something more than is required of a lawyer, or a merchant, or a soldier, or a man of letters, before it will take him to its bosom. Actresses have passed through a spotless career, have married well, and set an example of propriety and modest behavior; yet the average matron, if she is asked to invite to her house an actress of whom she never heard before, will beg the privilege of making a few inquiries; so actors like Alessandro Salvini or John Drew are rarely met except in literary or artistic circles, though they are more readily welcomed in general society than the ladies of corresponding rank.

We shall now see whether the knighting of

Henry Irving will make a change. There is nothing whatever in the theatrical profession which necessarily involves delinquency in morals. Long ago, when women first began to appear on the stage to play the female parts which had previously been performed by boys, it was difficult to find ladies who could act, and whose private life commanded public respect; to this day, in France, actresses rise above conventional rule, and lead lives which are no secret. As a matter of course, the men who performed with these ladies in the plays of the Restoration were not models for young men to imitate; and the Parisian actor of to-day, unless he has risen to the highest rank in the profession, is not at all "a clubbable person." But this seems to be rather an accidental anomaly than the normal fruit of a life on the boards. And it is not the rule in this country, though the Pharisaic ostracism of the average actor prevails here as elsewhere.

As a general rule, the life of a theatrical artist is so laborious that neither actor nor actress have much time for frolic. There is probably no man in England more hard-worked than this very Henry Irving whom the queen has just knighted; his life and that of Mrs. Kendal are equally laborious. Nor is the lot of the ordinary actor and actress less exacting. To attend rehearsal from eleven A. M. to four P. M., to hurry home, rest for an hour, eat a hasty dinner, and repair to the theatre by seven P. M., to await the stage-manager's call till the close of the performance, between eleven and midnight; then to drag one's weary limbs home to eat a necessary supper, and get into bed any time about one in the morning; such is the ordinary life of the theatrical artist of to-day. There is not much leisure there for anything which ought to forfeit the world's esteem.

The plethoric Pharisee and the rubicund publican who look down on the stage and its votaries as Philistines, no doubt lead a purer and a better life than this. At least they may think they do. But those who can weigh real merit in the scale against pretense may have their doubts on the point. And certainly the distinction now conferred on one of the most worthy of the English artists is calculated to raise the tone of the profession, and to relieve it from the unjust stigma from which it has suffered.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Old Homestead" will be seen at the California in a short time, elaborately staged and presented by a strong company.

The leading new feature on the programme at the Orpheum, next week, will be the Two American Macs, an Irish comedy team. Amann and Jules Levy will also be features of the entertainment, which constitutes an excellent vaudeville show.

The engagement of the Lilliputians at the Baldwin has proved sufficiently popular to induce the managers of the theatre and of the company to continue "Humpty Dumpty up to Date" for another week. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, and the last performance will take place on Sunday night, June 9th.

The living bronze statuary at the Circus Royal has been attracting a good share of amusement-seekers' patronage, and it is to be continued next week, with a number of new features added. Among the latter will be a representation of Toby E. Rosenthal's famous painting, "Elaine," and a nautical picture, entitled "Saved from the Wave," by George L. Clayton. The circus part of the programme includes the popular Rasaire Brothers, who will remain for a week more, and a number of other entertaining features.

H. Grattan Donnelly's nautical farcical opera, "Ship Ahoy," will be revived for a brief season at the Tivoli on Monday night, June 3d. The dialogue has been brightened up and a lot of new songs are introduced from the latest Eastern successes. The cast will be as follows:

Commodore Columbus Cook, Phil Branson; Colonel Mappleton Mulberry, Ferris Hartman; Lieutenant Charles Lollypop, John J. Raffael; Ensign Chauncy Toddles, Arthur Messmer; Barnacle Duff, Thomas C. Leary; Simpson Christy, Fred Kavanagh; Executive Officer U. S. S. *Chicago*, J. P. Wilson; Benedict, Duncan Smith; Captain Woods, Alice Nielson; Mlle. Georgia Carolina, Laura Millard; Mlle. Auhurni Eruani, Louise Royce; Mlle. Lula Lola, Gracie Plaisted; Brunetta, Belle Emmett; Annetta, Irene Mull; Susetta, Vera Werden.

It will be noticed that there are two new names in the cast. Miss Millard comes from the Casino and Duff companies, and has a reputation as a good singer and pretty woman. Miss Royce is well remembered in San Francisco as the leading lady of the American Extravaganza Company. Further additions to the Tivoli stock company will soon be made, negotiations being now in progress for the engagement of a new contralto and a new basso. With this new material an interesting summer season is planned, including revivals of "La Perichole" and "Satanella" and productions of the Casino success, "Nadja," and a new Parisian opera, "The Guiding Star."

Sidney Grundy's funny comedy, "Arabian Nights," in which a young husband, in the absence of his wife and lynx-eyed mother-in-law, attempts to emulate Haroun Al Raschid in his *incognito* ex-

plorations of his capital, and finds that modern London is a very different place from ancient Bagdad, will be presented by the Frawley Company at the Columbia Theatre next week. The cast will include Mr. Blakemore as the young husband, Miss Hope Ross as the trusting wife, Miss Phosa McAllister as the mother-in-law, Miss Archer as Rose Columbine, "the gutta-percha girl," Miss Blanche Bates as the young American girl, Mr. Frawley as the young artist who loves her, Mr. Royce as the English brother, and Mr. Leslie as the dude. The curtain-raiser each evening will be "The Picture," a comedieta based on a war-time incident by Miss Blanche Bates, in which she takes the leading character.

"Soteria" vs. Opium.

DR. J. C. ANTHONY, Chronicle Building, S. F.: "Dear Doctor"—Having watched the course of three cases of the opium habit which were treated with your "Soteria" in San Francisco, and having treated a brother physician with the same "Soteria" successfully, and after an extended observation of four years with hundreds of such cases, I can truly without exaggeration say that "Soteria" is the only antidote and specific for the opium and cocaine habits that removes the desire and cures the patient. All medication as well as the desire being removed or ceasing within a week's treatment, I can truthfully say that it is the most wonderful specific yet discovered. I shall continue to use it in my practice, and wish you much success, and can recommend it in all confidence to my brother physicians in the treatment of the above mentioned habits. Yours truly, W. E. FISHER, M. D., Late A. A. Surgeon, United States Army.

The Lurline Baths,

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Princess Maud of Wales is a bicyclist, but does not rush into bloomers. She wears a neat and modest costume, with a riding-habit skirt.

The Misses Brice, daughters of Senator Brice, will make a bicycle and kodak tour of the rural districts of France during the coming summer.

George Gould is said to have aspirations to enter New Jersey politics, become a State senator, and gradually work his way up to the United States Senate.

Among the French men of letters who ride the bicycle are Emile Zola, Jules Lemaitre, Jean Richepin, Henri de Régnier, Octave Mirabeau, and Arthur Meyer.

The King of Dahomey was educated in France and speaks French fluently. The story goes that he became a savage because of certain disappointments in a love affair.

Foreign papers say that the fastest speaker in the world among public men is Signor Grimaldi, the Italian deputy. He can speak two hundred words a minute with ease.

General Grant's grandson, Algernon Sartoris, is a youth nearly six feet tall and fair of complexion. He was born in England, but is said to prefer his mother's country to his native land.

Gladstone looks forward to the future without fear of death. In declining to do some literary work recently on account of press of other business, he agreed to begin the task in the latter part of 1896.

Miss Winnie Davis, who was invited to participate in the charity tableaux at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, had to decline because of a promise made to her father that she would never appear in tableaux in public.

Mrs. Scott, the widow of Judge Lucien Scott, of Leavenworth, Kas., manages her own ranch in Texas, where she owns two hundred and sixty thousand acres of land, all fenced in, over which six or seven thousand cattle are browsing.

Senator Manderson is said to be one of the best living authorities on prairie antiquities, and his collection of Indian relics is claimed to be one of the finest in the country. His home in Omaha is filled with rare and curious work of the aborigines.

Princess Hélène of Orléans is said to have given as a reason for not being married in England: "I was born at Twickenham, I was christened at Kingston, I buried my father at Weybridge. Is that not enough? Really, one can not have everything happen in England!"

Sir Frederick Leighton, who has been seriously ill in Algiers, has excelled in other ways than with the brush. He is a musician of fine taste, a soldier, orator, and man of fashion. His career as an artist is a long one, it having begun when he was eleven years old, and he is now sixty-five.

Undaunted by her rejection at the Salon, the Duchesse d'Uzès is at work on a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary, fifty-one feet high, which she intends to erect on a high cliff in one of her own estates in the Department of the Aveyron. The statue will be seen for thirty miles around, and the duchess is thinking of lighting up the crown by electricity.

President Cleveland, some time ago, on the advice of his physician, gave up smoking till after dinner, and even then he smokes at most two cigars. Postmaster-General Wilson, who seldom smoked before he was forty, has become an inveterate smoker. Secretary Morton, on the other hand, has given up the habit. The late Secretary Gresham's illness is said to be due in part to excessive smoking.

Major Heros von Bocke, who died recently in Berlin, fought with General J. E. B. Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader, during the Civil War, being one of the most trusted members of his staff. Von Bocke was a giant in stature, and his cavalry sword, which he presented to the State of Virginia at the close of the war, was an immense weapon, which the ordinary man could handle with difficulty.

Sarah Bernhardt drew a large audience to a Paris civil court lately, where she was sued for not paying a horse-dealer's bill. She said that she always destroyed receipts, but that she had paid this one, and being asked if she would swear to it, said "Je le jure," and won her case. Bernhardt expects to pass the summer in an old ruined castle on the Atlantic coast of Brittany, where she hopes to lead the life of a barbarian, with only two servants—a rather luxurious barbarian—and with no more clothes than a peasant woman would need. She comes to America in October.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

American and European Stories.

PODMOK, SHUTTENHOFFEN, BOHEMIA, May 3, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: A friend advised me to ask if you would like to see some of my short stories and sketches about Bohemia. I have never sent any manuscripts to California. I have heard a great deal about your paper, and if you care to see some stories of Bohemia and Austria, would like to send them.

Yours respectfully, F. P. KOPTA,
Care of Professor Václav Kopta,
Podmok, Shuttenhoffen,
Bohemia, Austria.

[Generally speaking, the *Argonaut* prefers stories of American life and manners, and particularly of Western America, rather than of Europe.—EDS.]

Silver Seed from Abroad.

DAVOS PLATZ, SWITZERLAND, May 8, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The platform of the American Bimetallic party is:

1. Opposition to the single gold standard.
2. The power to control and regulate a paper currency is inseparable from the power to coin money.
3. Opposition to the issue of interest-bearing bonds and a demand for the payment of all coin obligations of the United States in either gold or silver coins at the option of the government, not of the creditor.

The platform of the Democratic party will be:

1. Opposition to everything non-standard.
2. The power to coin money is inseparable from the power to control and regulate a paper currency.
3. No opposition to the issue of interest-bearing bonds and a demand for the payment of all coin obligations of the United States in gold coin-bearing bonds at the option of the creditor, not of the government.

The platform of the Republican party should be:

1. Free gold and silver standard (with and without opposition).
2. The power to control and regulate a paper currency is based on the power to coin money.
3. Opposition to the issue of interest-bearing bonds and a demand for the payment of all coin obligations of the United States in gold or silver hulkion at the option of the creditor, not of the government.

If applications under the next administration are in order, please put me down for Secretary of the Treasury. And oblige yours truly, HENRY WALTER.

Kindly Critics.

98 PITT STREET, SYDNEY, N. S. W., March 7, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Herewith I inclose post-office order for one pound ten shillings, my subscription to the *Argonaut* and *Century* for 1895. Permit me to assure you of the undiminished satisfaction with which I peruse your paper. In my opinion it is one of the best weekly journals that I know of, and I lose no opportunity of bringing it under the notice of news-agents and *littérateurs* here. Yours truly, H. PEDER STEEL.

165 EL DORADO STREET, STOCKTON.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I herewith send United States postal order for four dollars, which will reach you in time to save the trouble of cutting my name from the mail list. If my subscription to the *Argonaut* shall at any time hereafter fail to reach the publisher in due time, he may conclude, *ipso facto*, that one subscriber has emigrated to a region where the *Argonaut* does not circulate.

JNO. C. REID.

ALPENA, MICH., May 14, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I inclose herewith New York draft of thirteen dollars for subscription to two copies *Argonaut*, one copy New York *World*, one copy New York *Tribune*, one copy *North American Review*—all to my address, save the new *Argonaut*, which goes to Judge Kelley here. Your valuable and ably edited journal has become a necessity to our household.

MARY C. COCKLEY.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, May 4, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed please find post-office order for four dollars—please continue the *Argonaut* to my address for one year. I find your paper of such general excellence that it is difficult to specify any department that could be improved, and can truly say that of all the periodicals I subscribe to, the *Argonaut* is first in my estimation.

THOMAS WM. PETERS.

ROYLE'S CHAMBERS,
BOND STREET, SYDNEY, N. S. W.,
March 12, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I inclose herewith post-office order for one pound for subscription to your paper. Can you arrange that I shall receive the copies once a week via England? They used to come in that way, but lately they have come in hatches of four, and it is too good reading to wait for it a whole month. I am, dear sir, Yours very truly, C. J. ROYLE.

HOLLAND HOUSE, NEW YORK, May 21, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please change my paper back to my old London address, as I sail from here at once.

The *Argonaut* is a charming paper, so fresh, anecdotal, and varied. I do not want to miss a single number. I read it from end to end every week, and then send it to a friend abroad. Yours faithfully, HOWARD PAUL.

All of Wagner's operas will be performed in succession at Munich next summer. On August 8th will be given "Die Feen"; then will follow "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "The Nibelungen Cycle," "Tristan and Isolde," winding up with "Die Meistersinger" on August 27th. The series will be repeated in the same order on the corresponding days in September. The conductors will be Hermann Levi, Franz Fischer, and Richard Strauss.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Ysaye Cooerts.

Ysaye, the famous violinist, gave a concert at the California Theatre on Friday evening. The audience was large and fashionable, and each number met with marked appreciation. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Tannhäuser," Orchestra; concerto (by request), (1) allegro molto appassionato, (2) andante, (3) allegro molto vivace, Mendelssohn, M. Ysaye and orchestra; "Fantaisie Ballet," G. Piaré, M. Lachau and orchestra; Scotch Fantaisie, op 46, (1) introduction adagio, (2) allegro (scherzo), (3) andante sostenuto, (4) allegro guerriero, Bruch (first time in San Francisco), M. Ysaye and orchestra; "Abendlied," Schumann, orchestra; "First Ballad," Chopin, M. Lachau; "Otello Fantaisie," Ernst, M. Ysaye; selected, orchestra.

His final concert here will take place this afternoon at the California Theatre. The following programme will be presented:

"Kreutzer Sonata," (1) adagio sostenuto—presto, (2) andante con variazione, (3) finale presto, Beethoven, M. Ysaye and M. Lachau; "Concerto No. 5" (in one movement), Vieuxtemps, M. Ysaye; "Allegro de Concert," E. Giraud, M. Lachau; (a) "Romance," Kes, (b) "Polonaise" (No. 1, D maggiore), Wieniawski, M. Ysaye; "Rhapsodie No. 2," Liszt, M. Lachau; "Airs Hongrois," Ernst, M. Ysaye.

The De Pue Cooert.

Mr. Elmer de Pue gave a concert last Wednesday evening in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association Building, which was attended by many of his friends. The following interesting programme was presented:

Violoncello solos, (a) "Serenade," Sitt, (b) "Spinnlied," Popper, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; songs, (a) "Pepita," Pyrenean, (b) "Teresita mia," Melodies, Mrs. Maude Berry-Fisher; song, "What I Would Be," Caryll, Mr. Elmer de Pue; piano duet, "Eine Ball-scenen," Nicodé, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart; song, "The Maid of Judah," Kucken, Mrs. C. J. Dickman; songs, (a) "Serenade de Don Juan," Tschalkowsky, (b) "Le Printemps," David, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; violoncello solos, (a) "Romance," Goltzman, (b) "Spanish Dance," Vito-Popper, Mr. Louis von der Mehden, Jr.; song, "Where Ripples Flow," De Koven, Mrs. Maude Berry-Fisher; song, "As the Dawn," Cantor, Mr. Elmer de Pue; piano duet, "Polonaise," Nicolai von Wilm, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart.

The Wilkie Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, May 24th, that was well attended and very enjoyable. The programme was as follows:

English glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn," Spofforth; part song, "The Banks of Allan Water," M. G. Lewis, arranged by H. Brethric, chorus; recitation and air, "The Death of Nelson" (by special request), Ebrahim, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; fugehorn solo, serenade, Gounod, Herr Franz Hell; arietta, "Jolies Oiseaux," Jomelli, Miss Byler; song, "Spring's Awakening," Dudley Euck, Miss Jeanette Wilcox; humorous interlude, French Di-lect Song, etc., Mr. Louis Fininger; "Widow Bewitched" (introducing the famous ballad, "Ben Bolt"), by Virginia Gabriel and Hamilton Aide—Marie, Marquise de Mont-aubry, Miss Florence Doyen; Rose, Countess de Berg, Miss Daisy M. Cressy; De Fremont (disguised as Professor Parabole), Mr. Alfred Wilkie; D'Albert (disguised as l'Abbé Dufort), Mr. Charles M. Elliot.

Philharmonic Society Cooert.

The Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert of the sixteenth season at Odd Fellows' Hall last Wednesday evening, under the direction of Herr Fritz Scheel. The society was assisted by Miss Lillian Morey, mezzo-soprano; Mr. S. Martinez, accompanist; and Mr. Henry Bettman; concert-master. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Semiramide," Rossini; aria from "Queen of Sheba," Gounod, Miss Lillian Morey; Symphony No. 7, in C major, adagio—viva, adagio ma non troppo, minueto, finale—presto assai, Jos. Haydn; overture in Italian style, Schubert; (a) "To Thee," Lebrun, (b) "Morning Dew," Grieg, Miss Lillian Morey; "Marche d'Eglise," Rosewald; waltz, "Vienna Women," Strauss.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June, 1895, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.

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VANITY FAIR.

In the marriage service, according to the English Prayer Book, there is no more nervous moment for the two who are being united than that dreadful pause after the officiating clergyman has said: "Therefore, if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." Recently in London the pause was utilized to the cruel discomfiture of a wedding party. The Countess of Aylesford's eldest daughter was being married to Mr. Theodore Brinckmann, son of a baronet. It appears that the bridegroom was married before, and that the tie was dissolved by a divorce. There is a large party in the Church of England who have a lively objection to the remarriage of any person who has profited by a divorce law. The interruption of Mr. Brinckmann's marriage was caused by a "Clerk in Holy Orders," calling himself Friar Black. He, at the pause in the service, alleged an impediment—the impediment being that one of the parties had "his canonical wife living, and that, therefore, his marriage with another person was contrary to the law of God and to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England." Friar Black failed to stop the marriage, for which the officiating clergyman claimed to have the bishop's warrant. But naturally the interruption caused great commotion and rare indignation. The chancellor of the diocese has just delivered a sort of judicial opinion on this point of the marriage of divorced persons in church. He says the license for the marriage was issued by him, upon whom the bishop's responsibility devolves in these matters; that the bishop would not sanction such marriages if he had the power to withhold his sanction; that he has advised the bishop he has no such power; that the law gives divorcees the right to marry again; that no clergyman is bound to perform the ceremony against his conscience, but that he is bound to allow his church to be used for the ceremony; finally, that the right claimed by Father Black to interrupt the ceremony only exists in regard to marriage by banns, and not to marriage by special license, and that, therefore, Father Black was liable to be proceeded against for brawling in church, a punishable offense at law. There is quite a hubbub about the matter.

A well-known fashionable woman, who had her face enameled after a new process, and who was delighted with the smooth, soft, brilliant effect after the operation, was seen to grow strangely livid at a dinner-party one evening (says the *New York Tribune*). Streaks of leaden-looking color appeared about her mouth, and nose, and forehead; but as she seemed to feel quite well and in her customary good spirits, no one liked to tell her of her plight, although it was not long before every one at the table was aware that something was wrong with Mrs. C.'s complexion. It was afterward explained that the gas, which may have been manufactured with different chemicals from that in Paris, which presumably had not affected the *cosmetique* over there, turned some mineral ingredient black. After the ladies left the dining-room, the hostess concluded that it would be the kindest way to tell her friend of her disfigurement. Her mortification may be imagined; but she had the good sense to laugh it off, and after a liberal application of soap and water, she re-appeared in the drawing-room her natural self.

A London journal quotes an unnamed correspondent who says that a presentation at Queen Victoria's drawing-room requires an outlay of at least three hundred and seventy-five dollars. "There are women," she says, "who have done it for less, but it's a pinch. You can't go in a gown that has ever been worn before, or in a costume that is not made of the very best materials. If you are an unmarried woman, anywhere on the sunny side of sixty, you wear white. Debutantes look at tulle, and silk, and lace, and wreaths of French flowers, silver embroidery, pearls, and ribbons; and middle-aged matrons ponder over velvet, purple, red, black, etc.; young married persons go in for the heavy white brocades, or brocades with colored flowerings. A gown decent for court can not be made for less than three hundred dollars. One must appear as well as the other women; the queen exacts that one's train lie for three yards on the floor, and the end of expense is not yet. Only a leading florist can supply the huge shower bouquet of white flowers that costs twenty-five dollars. One never sees such bouquets in America—beautiful cascades of flowers built on a frail foundation of chiffon and trailing from one's hand to the floor. In London, women always carry huge bouquets to every function during all seasons. At the glove's, one must have a vastly long pair of five-dollar gloves, lovely things to wrinkle up to one's shoulders nearly. To a French bootmaker a sufficient piece of one's gown material must be taken to make one's slippers, that cost at least seven or eight dollars. Lastly, one makes an appointment with a court hair-dresser, who charges about three dollars. Eight dollars cover the cost of the three feathers and veil. A good public stable is sought out, and arrangements perfected to have a very big carriage

sent on by nine o'clock, the morning of the drawing-room. Because he is expected to send one of his very perfect carriages, and because the vehicle, both delivering one at and taking one from the palace, must stand in line for hours, the stable-keeper asks not less than ten dollars for the service. Reckon all those amounts up, and the result is approximately to my first statement, is it not? There are few loopholes for economy, for certain things you must have or you will never kiss the queen's hand. One's train must fall from the shoulders, so that its spread on the floor includes a vast stretch of costly goods, five yards long by two wide. The gown must be cut out below the point of the shoulders. Another exaction is the placing of feathers and veil. Only a court hair-dresser knows how to accomplish it to the queen's taste, and the queen, though her taste may not be good, demands that her ideas be followed to the last letter. Only a physician's certificate entitles one to appear at a drawing-room with covered shoulders. The certificate must be procured in advance and sent to the lord chamberlain, who asks the queen's consent. Often enough she refuses."

At a well-known auction-room in London, a casket of jewels, formerly the property of the late Duchess of Montrose, was sold publicly a few days ago. The last lot but one was a pearl necklace, composed of seven rows, containing in all three hundred and sixty-two fine graduated pearls, with a diamond tablet snap. The like of such a necklace for the size, color, and faultless matching of the pearls was hardly to be found in the world. Experts in the jewelry business have, indeed, declared that only three necklaces exist which can be compared for splendor of surface and perfect symmetry of shape and dimensions to these seven rows. Two belong to queens, and the third is the property of a very wealthy family. The very first offer made for the necklace was the round sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. From this point the biddings quickly ascended to fifty thousand dollars, and the superb trinket was finally awarded to the bidder who offered the sum of sixty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

"The obligation to be agreeable," says *Vogue*, "is not, apparently, classed among the 'oughts' of masculine behavior. The most usual examples of the unlikeliness of the sexes in this regard is furnished by wives and husbands in their demeanor toward one another. Man does not conceive it to be any part of the husband's duty to be entertaining to his wife. He may supply her with opportunities for pleasant experiences—the play, opera, hospitality, travel—but that he is under any obligation to make himself companionable, or to respond to his wife's efforts to entertain him, does not suggest itself to the masculine mind. Nothing is more common in all grades of society than the spectacle of the husband treating with rudeness of speech or gruffness of manner the wife's effort at 'making' conversation in her endeavor to create an atmosphere of comradeship. Public conveyances, the theatre and hotels offer opportunities for many pathetic studies of the difference between the sexes in this regard. The wife essays a few remarks, the husband answers indifferently or not at all, thus discouraging all conversational attempts on her part. He sits silent, with the air of enduring the dinner or the ride. He would greet with derisive laughter the idea that he ought to try to entertain his wife as he would any acquaintance, man or woman, whom he might meet. It is all traceable to the masculine doctrine that women were created for man's pleasure." From which one would infer that *Vogue*, unlike Thackeray's *Pall Mall Gazette*, is edited "by women for women."

Paris has had the monopoly of supplying the monarchs of the world with visiting-cards ever since they became a social necessity under the Second Empire. The use of the Christian name only is a prerogative which kings and emperors share with servants. The other day a Royalist in Paris showed a correspondent a visiting-card inscribed "Philippe," under a crown. Ten thousand of that sort were ordered by the Duke of Orleans before his father's body was cold. The emperors of Germany and of Austria on their visiting-cards follow a German custom, and print part of their title. According to fashion's dictum, their visiting-cards should either read "Wilhelm" and "Franz Joseph," respectively, or "Deutscher Kaiser" and "Kaiser von Oesterreich." The Prince of Wales has two sorts of cards, one reading "Albert Edward," the other "Le Prince de Galles," the French term being more often used in royal circles than the other. French being the universal language of royalty, all monarchs have their visiting-cards for general use inscribed in the Gallic tongue. Some princes use cards which give their name and title in the native language, but in most cases that is done for a purpose. "The" in front of a royal or princely title denotes that the person is a sovereign, or at least the head of a family. In England it is employed in addressing a peer; for instance, "the right honorable." Only one Englishman of non-royal rank makes bold use of the prefix "the" on his visiting-card, and this reads "The Duke of Argyll." His son's and daughter-in-law's cards, on the other

hand, read "Marquis of Lorne" and "The Princess Louise." The visiting-card of the Emperor of Austria reads: "François Joseph I., Empereur d'Autriche, Roi de Hongrie." This is in the very worst taste, according to the English notions, which strictly prohibit the use of the Christian name in connection with one's title.

Splendid Record of a White Star Liner.

The *Germanic* left Belfast in the year 1875 to take her station on the White Star Line between Liverpool and New York, and from that time until she was returned to her builders at the end of last year to receive new boilers, etc., she was regularly at work on the Atlantic, and made no less than 211 round voyages—422 passages across the Atlantic, or a distance of more than 1,500,000 statute miles. The original engines, after nearly twenty years' work, have been taken out, as well as the boilers, and are now replaced by the latest type of triple expansion engines. The ship has besides undergone a thorough overhauling fore and aft, and many improvements have been introduced so as to make her practically equal, as regards comfort, to the *Majestic* and *Taonic* belonging to the same line, which have proved such favorites of the traveling public. The saloon has been redecorated in white and gold, relieved with teakwood framing, and with handsomely carved pilasters and capitals, and the table and seating arrangements have been remodeled with small thwartship tables on each side. In the library, a tastefully designed well has been introduced for the purpose of giving adequate light and ventilation to the saloon. Both travelers and the public generally will doubtless take no ordinary interest in a ship which, after performing regular passage satisfactorily for twenty years to and from America, is rendered capable of not only competing with the majority of Atlantic liners lately built or designed, but far surpassing many of them in comfort and convenience. The *Germanic* is somewhat of an anomaly in steamships. She did not make her record until she had been eighteen years in commission. Her maiden trip, completed on May 20, 1875, was made in nine days, fifteen hours, and one minute. Two years ago she surprised her owners by making it in seven days, ten hours, and seventeen minutes. On Thursday, May 23d, she arrived in New York having made the trip in seven days, six hours, and ten minutes.

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Put up in lead packages of one and half pounds, they retain their delicious flavor and fragrant bouquet obtained only in the choicest packages of India and Ceylon Teas.

By writing to M. HANKIN, Agent, 506 Battery Street, you may obtain these teas at the importer's price, unhampered by the middleman's profit.

Prices: Gold Label, \$1.00 per lb.; No. 1 Yellow Label, 75 cents per lb.; No. 2 Green Label, 60 cents per lb. Samples free.

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TETLEY'S Teas are equally refreshing, summer or winter; for an invigorating beverage they have no equal.

These teas are absolutely pure and are grown on the gentle slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, midway between the eternal snows that crown their summits and the burning heat of the plains.

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as the skirt and do
not deface the
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Barlow asserted (writes Henry A. Beers, in "The Ways of Yale") that he was present once at morning chapel when Tutor Cosine, whose duty it was to conduct the exercises, began his prayer as follows: "O Thou who dost cause the planets to revolve in their elliptical orbits—the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance."

Whistler, the eccentric artist, had been invited to attend the wedding of Oscar Wilde, and had promised to attend the ceremony. When the wedding party reached the church, Whistler was nowhere to be seen, but a telegram bearing his signature was handed to the groom. It read: "Am unavoidably detained. Can't get to the church in time. Don't wait."

An Oil City gentleman, who is fond of fishing for trout, had nearly finished a long day's tramp on a stream strewn with cut poles, bait-boxes, and other evidences of the native angler. He had ignored an occasional sign tacked in a tree of "No fishing on this stream." The day was nearly over and he was nearing the mouth of the stream, when he was hailed by a resident of a neighboring farm-house. "Hello, cap'n!" "Well?" "Ye been fishin' up here?" "Yes." "Can ye read?" "Yes." "Did ye see that sign tellin' ye there's no fishin' up here?" "Yes, and it's true, too." A light seemed to break upon the farmer's understanding, and he grunted and faced about for home.

"Jack" Wilson, whose tomb is in the Little Chislers at Westminster Abbey, was Shakespeare's tenor. He died at the age of seventy-eight, in 1673. The inscription on his tomb at the Abbey was much obliterated, and under the direction of an antiquary a man was employed to recut the letters. The antiquary stood looking over him, so that he should make no mistake, and, to make the time go pleasantly, he expatiated at great length in the workman upon the grandeur and merits of the deceased. The man eventually stopped his work, and, looking up at the antiquary, said: "I wish, sir, we had known that he was such a swell before we run that there drain-pipe through him."

Major Heap, of the United States Engineers, was in charge, under the late General Newton, of the government exhibit at the Centennial. One day a crank entered the office demanding to see General Newton. The major extracted from the crank that he had a new invention that could destroy any army upon which it was worked. "It is the most powerful explosive the world ever saw, and I propose to send up a balloon over the army that is to attack us, setting the fuse so it would go off the moment the balloon floated over the army of the enemy." "That is all very good," said Major Heap, "but suppose that a current of air should carry your explosive balloon over our army—what then?" "Well," said the crank, laying his hand on the major's arm, "I tell you what it is, my friend, our army would have to get up and run like —."

The other day Chauncey M. Depew was riding along in a sleeper, when the train came to a stop at Cornell University. There was a big crowd outside, and the station platform was lined with yelling college boys. "Speech, speech, speech," they yelled. Chauncey smiled. He was used to great ovations, but this was more than he expected. He waited modestly for a few minutes for the cries to subside. The yelling grew louder. Chauncey got up, put on his best smile, and buttoned up his coat. He strided out with all the dignity of a great man. He did not know that one of the faculty of Cornell was going off on the train and was being given a rousing send-off by the college. Depew appeared upon the platform bowing and smiling in every direction. "Young men of Cornell," he began, in his best voice, "you do me the distinguished honor—" A great cheer went up. Some of the boys recognized him. They yelled louder. Depew continued his speech, and gained the attention of the crowd. He thanked them profusely for their reception, gave them some advice, and retired. Just at this juncture the train drew out. The departing college professor walked inside and glared at Depew. He is now writing a treatise on "Nerve."

Dining on one occasion with Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Delacroix, the famous French painter, confessed that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that of a beggar in a painting on which he was then engaged, and that, as he gazed at his host's features, the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him. Rothschild, being a great admirer of art, readily consented to sit for him as a beggar. The next day at the studio, Delacroix placed a tunic round his shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favorite pupils, who, struck by the surpassing excellence of the model, congratulated his master

on having, at last, found exactly what he wanted. Naturally concluding the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, he seized an opportunity, when his master's eyes were turned, to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron Rothschild thanked him with a look, and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that this young man possessed talent but no means. Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter stating that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was represented by the sum of ten thousand francs, which was lying at his disposal at the Rothschild offices.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From May 19, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7:15 A.
7:00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10:45 A.
* 7:00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A.
7:30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5:45 P.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Niles Stations.....	1:45 P.
12:00 N.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
† 1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 8:45 P.
3:00 P.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakerfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:15 A.
5:30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
† 6:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8:45 P.
6:00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Paget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	† 12:00 A.
† 11:15 P.	San Leandro, Hayward, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	1:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos, and principal Way Stations.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1:45 P.
† 7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8:35 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
† 9:47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1:45 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:00 P.
* 11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
† 11:45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	† 7:40 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only. ¶ Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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SOCIETY.

The Phelan Dinner-Party.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave an elaborate dinner-party in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club, on Monday, May 27th, to some thirty ladies and gentlemen. The menu cards were done by Nankivell, and were bright and amusing, ranging from Beardsleys to Bohemianisms. A large string orchestra was in attendance, and rendered concert selections during the evening. The room in which the dinner took place was very beautifully decorated; the Red Room is a most unique interior, and when to the many striking pictures, bronzes, and Buddhas which it contains, there are added richly colored lights and Oriental flame-colored stuffs and tapestries, the effect is indeed beautiful. It was the unanimous verdict of the guests that they had never sat down to a more beautifully appointed table in a richer or more unique room.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Alice Scott, and Mr. James Nash Brown, which will take place at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, June 12th, at Grace Church.

The wedding of Miss Alice Emelie Tripler, daughter of Mrs. Emelie Tripler, and Lieutenant William H. Bertsch, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening at St. Luke's Church.

A coaching trip through Napa County was enjoyed recently by Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Carrigan, Miss Florence Mills, Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. William L. Carrigan, Mr. Edgar Mills, and Mr. A. A. Wheeler.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs gave a dinner last Monday evening at the Metropolitan Club, in New York city, in honor of Colonel C. F. Crocker. Among the guests were Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. John W. Mackay, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

Mrs. Metha Nelson will give a reception this afternoon, at her home in Fruitvale, in honor of the officers of the Crocker Old People's Home. About three hundred invitations have been issued.

A June rose tea, for the benefit of the King's Daughters' Home for Incurables, will be given on Saturday, June 1st, at Beethoven Hall, corner of Post and Powell Streets. The young ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission are to make the flower booth attractive, and a fine musical programme will be given both afternoon and evening.

Rev. E. B. Church and Mrs. Church gave a reception on Friday evening, May 24th, to the alumni and other friends of Irving Institute. The house had been beautifully decorated by representatives of the various classes, an annual labor of love and regard for their Alma Mater; while the merry company, the pretty gowns, the cheerful jests, the entrancing music and dancing, united to make a very joyful close to a happy school year.

The Venetian Water Carnival at Santa Cruz gives promise of being highly successful, and will undoubtedly attract a large number of people to that city. The festival will be held from June 11th to the 15th, inclusive, and will comprise aquatic sports, bicycle parade and races, swimming contests, a prize floral street pageant, a river fête, and other features of interest. Reduced rates have been made by the railroad company.

Woman's bicycle attire is this year more striking and attractive than ever, but so also is man's. A man who rode the other day up the Boulevard, in New York, wore coat, knee-breeches, and hat of brown corduroy, a brown sweater, brown golf stockings, and brown shoes; and his wheel had wood rims, thus contributing to an all-brown effect.

A pleasant Sunday excursion is to take the O. S. L. and H. Electric Railway at Fruitvale for Haywards, where a concert is given Sunday afternoons.

ART NOTES.

The Art Association.

The most prominent artists of this city gave a reception last Tuesday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, complimentary to the members of the San Francisco Art Association. It was a delightful affair and was well attended. During the early part of the evening a concert was given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, and the following selections were rendered:

"Dramatic Overture," Kela Bela; melody in F, Rubinstein; selections, "Der Freischütz," Von Weber; serenade, "Under the Balcony," Wuerst; waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss; "Gavotte," Tobani; "Two Hungarian Dances," Brahms; "Serenade," Titi; selections, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; waltz, "Birth of the Dance," Puerner; concert polonaise, Beissig; "Forest Murmurs," Czihulka; "Bolero," Moszkowski; national airs.

Then there was an interesting series of tableaux, by living figures, some being represented in bronze and some in marble. They were arranged by Mr. John A. Stanton and Mr. Emile M. Pissis. The subjects were as follows:

"The Infant St. John," Paul Dubois; "Jason" (antique), Agassius of Ephesus; "Mercury Inventing the Caduceus," Chapu, H. M. A.; "Night," Dagonet; "The Age of Iron," Lanson, A.; "David," Mercie, A.; "Athlete Struggling with a Python" (bronze), Sir Frederic Leighton, P. R. A.; "Genii Guarding the Secret of the Tomb," Saint Marceaux; "Deuil" (Ex.), Engrand, Antonia; "The Flag," (Ex.), Hannaux; "Melusine and Raymondin," Dampit; "Wrestlers" (antique), Cephasodotus.

After this came the drawing for the pictures that were purchased by the Society of Local Art Patrons from the spring exhibition. Mr. James D. Phelan presided, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., was the master of ceremonies, and the numbers were drawn by Miss Froelich and Miss Heynemann. The titles of the pictures, names of the artists, and the names of those who won the prizes are as follows:

"Sunset," by William Keith, and "A Gray Day in Brittany," by John A. Stanton, to Mr. E. W. Hopkins; "The Young Mother," by Miss Helen Hyde, "Indian Study," by Henry Raschen, and "Ruins of the Palace at St. Cloud," to Mr. Frank J. Sullivan; "Haunted Wood," by R. D. Velland, and "A Gray Day," by Manuel Uruñuela, to Mrs. William Kohl; "Alameda Sand Dunes," by A. Joulain, to Mr. Arthur Rodgers; "Rising Moon," by C. C. Judson, and "Sand Dunes," by Manuel Uruñuela, to Mr. Max Heilbroner; "California Pumpkin Field," by Miss Louise M. Carpenter, to Mrs. Leon Sloss; "Indian Camp in the Redwoods," by Henry Raschen, and "Sketch," by Miss Lou Wall, to Mr. Henry J. Crocker; "Marine View," by Charles Graham, to Mr. J. G. Severance; "In the Foot-Hills," by L. P. Latimer, to Mr. George R. B. Hayes; "A Bit of Alameda," by R. L. Partington, to Mr. E. Gallois.

The San Francisco friends of Fred Yates, the artist, will be glad to hear that he has this year had pictures placed—and hung on the line—in London at the Royal Academy, at the New Gallery, at the New English Art Club, and in Paris at the Salon. Mr. Yates has a studio in London, and is very successful.

The following notice regarding Mr. Wores appeared in the issue of the New York World on May 19th:

"Theodore Wores has for the nonce returned to his first love—portraiture. He has two portraits in hand which will be greatly appreciated when he exhibits them next fall. Years ago, before the possession of a Chinese valet and studio assistant, and the usual familiarity of the San Franciscan with the 'Chinatown' of the city had turned his thoughts to the representation of Oriental character, Wores painted portraits broadly and effectively. His canvases of Chinese life were so successful that he gave up all other subjects. Then came his first visit to Japan. A long stay followed, and further visits after his return to America. With his sketch-book full of notes, he has for a while limited himself to pictorial expressions of the picturesque of the Chrysanthemum Empire. He now re-enters a field in which he is sure to assume an authoritative position."

The "Figaro Salon, 1895," is being issued by Boussod, Valadon & Co., of Paris, in six folio parts, as usual, with French text by Charles Yriarte. The publication is a standard one and too well known to need description, but the contents of the first part are matter of interest. They comprise full-page reproductions of Detaille's military portrait of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, Girardet's "Un Baptême," Miss Elizabeth Gardner's "David, the Shepherd," Jean Brunet's "La Prière des Veuves," J. Monge's "Pour le Czar," A. Laustanau's "L'Abrevoir au Cantonement," Kaemmerer's "Fishwives," Mme. Vallet's "Cherchant la Pose," Gérôme's "Prayer in the Mosque," and "The Latest News," by H. Laisement, together with a number of smaller reproductions—all from the Salon of the Champs-Élysées. Price, 60 cents a part.

A useful and decidedly ornamental relief map of San Francisco Bay and the vicinity has just been issued by the Union Photo-Engraving Company of San Francisco. The map itself, which measures about fourteen inches by sixteen, shows Napa Junction and Petaluma on the north, Byron Hot Springs and Mount Hamilton on the east, San José on the south, and Mount Tamalpais and Petaluma as the most western points, is reproduced by photography from a relief model made by W. H. Bull, showing clearly the physical formation of the country about the bay, the lines of hills, the waterways, and the railway lines. About this are prettily grouped photographs of various noted and picturesque sights of the vicinity. Its price is fifty cents.

The Bicyclist and the Snake.

"Now, mind you," said the old resident of New Hartford, "I didn't see this, because I can't ride one of them infernal things, but my cousin Jim, up in Tolland County, 's got a boy Fred who rides one of 'em, and Jim told me about an experience Fred had one day last summer. He was riding along a country road and soon ran across a rattler. He knew there was going to be trouble, and tried to get by the snake before it could spring at him. He was going like a streak, but the snake saw the game and made a terrific jump. It landed full against the tire of the hind wheel. Out came its fangs as it struck, and Fred saw the flash of compressed air that told him that his tire had been punctured. To his surprise the snake took a fresh hold, and as the wheel revolved it seemed to bend the snake's fangs so that it could not get them out. The fangs stopped the puncture, and Fred, who was scared half to death, put all his speed on so the snake should not get mixed up with the spokes.

"He went so fast that he kept the snake extended all the time, and as he whizzed along, the snake would strike the ground at every revolution, and its life was soon knocked out of it. It kept on flying around just the same, and Fred didn't get over his scare. The farmers in their wagons saw a wild boy go tearing down the road, and what looked like a big rope flying along beside him, but he wouldn't stop. As he passed them, they heard the rattles of the snake, and then they knew what was the matter. He didn't need any bell to warn folks to get out of the way.

"Several of the farmers turned around and raced into town with him, and it was a mighty interesting show. The people didn't know what to make of it as Fred and the teams came chasing into town. When they all reached the tavern—Fred was there first, you bet—they were surprised to find that Fred had fainted, as he dashed up, and he, and the wheel, and the snake were all mixed up in the road. Fred seemed as dead as the snake at first, but he soon came to and was able to count the rattles with the others. There were just ten of 'em, not counting the button. Fred now rides about town most of the time."—New York Sun.

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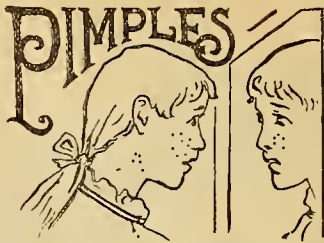
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel and Mrs. Richard Henry Savage, who are now in Ebersfeld, Germany, will not return to New York until next August.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Mrs. Stanley Matthews will leave Washington, D. C., to-day for this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon and Lady Hesketh will leave New York to-day for this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Mills, and Miss Houghton left last Saturday to visit Castle Crag.

Mr. Charles Adler and the Misses Alice and Irma Adler have arrived in Paris.

Mrs. J. S. Cone and Miss Josephine Cone will return soon from Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Miss Emma Butler will pass the month of June at San Mateo, and in July will go to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald left last Tuesday to visit the Eastern States, and will be away two months. They will visit Yellowstone Park on their return.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Tucker paid a visit to the Hotel del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, who have been visiting in the East during the past four months, will return here next week with Colonel C. F. Crocker in his private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hyman have gone East en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Talbot will pass the summer in San José.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle is in New York city.

Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, and Miss Thornton are in New York city, and are expected here soon.

Dr. Chismore and Miss Chismore are in New York city.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., is in New York city.

Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mr. W. R. Whittier, and Miss Whittier arrived in New York city last Saturday.

Misses Agnes and Sadie Hyman will soon leave to visit the Yellowstone National Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and Miss Ethel Murphy are in Paris.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett was at the Holland House in New York city last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Wilson became the parents of a daughter on January 1st at St. Michael's Station, Alaska, where they have been for the past year.

Mr. William L. Gerstle has returned from a fortnight's visit to British Columbia.

Colonel A. G. Hawes will leave for London in a few days, and will be away about a year.

Mrs. Leila Ellis has gone East to join her daughter; together they will spend their summer vacation at Seabright and other resorts adjacent to New York. Mrs. Ellis returns August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boole, Jr., will leave to-day for Los Angeles, where they will reside permanently.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull will soon return from Boston, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Marie Bull, whose health has become impaired.

Mrs. Edward Stanley and Miss Garber will pass the summer in Napa Valley.

Misses Irene and Hattie Tay will make a trip to Alaska this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine G. Husb and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., left last Monday on a camping trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. R. E. Williams returned to the city last Sunday after a visit to his daughter in Tacoma.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon has returned from a four months' visit to relatives and friends in New York and Boston.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard will pass the summer in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton will soon leave to pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Sophie Pierce will pass this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore have gone to Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels will soon leave to pass the summer at Coronado Beach.

Mr. Richard Tobin has gone to New York.

Mr. William Alvord has returned from a visit to Paso Robles.

Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin, Miss Nellie V. Wood, and Mr. J. W. Wood are at Coronado Beach.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Schofield, U. S. A., his aid-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Schofield, U. S. A., his military secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Sanger, U. S. A., Mrs. Schofield, Miss Kihurn, and Mr. William Schofield are en route to this coast, and will arrive here late in June. General Schofield will inspect the posts here.

Lieutenant-Commander Robert T. Jasper, U. S. N., is on waiting orders at his home in Charleston, S. C. For the past two years he has been attached to the *Bennington*.

Major Sanford C. Kellogg, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is absent from duty on a brief leave of absence.

Dr. A. L. Gihon, U. S. N., will be retired from active service on September 28th.

Captain John R. Brinkley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension on his leave of absence owing to continued illness.

Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A., is in Chicago.

Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty from the Military Academy at West Point on August 20th.

Major J. S. Witcher, Paymaster, U. S. A., is residing at 600 Bush Street.

Lieutenant F. S. Carter, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Albatross* and ordered to the *Independence*.

Lieutenant B. O. Scott, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Bennington* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Lieutenant H. T. Mayo, U. S. N., has been detached from the branch hydrographic office at Port Townsend, Wash., and ordered to the *Bennington*.

Ensign R. H. Leigh, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Bennington* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Ensign C. F. Hughes, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Mrs. W. E. Reynolds, wife of Lieutenant Reynolds, U. S. R. C. S., will soon leave for Sitka, Alaska, to join her husband.

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Johnny—"Papa, what do people mean when they talk about your constituents?" *Mr. Jenkins, M. C.*—"A constituent, Johnny, is a man who expects you to get him a job."—*Judge.*

Lawyer—"You will get your third out of the estate, madam." *Widow*—"Oh, Mr. Bluebags! How can you say such a thing, with my second hardly cold in his grave?"—*Judge.*

"Emily, if William to-day asks you to marry him, you must tell him to speak to me." "Yes, mamma; but if he does not?" "Then tell him I want to speak to him."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Paterfamilias—"What on earth makes that young man stay so long? Doesn't he know how to say good-night?" *Edyth*—"Of course he does. That's what makes him stay so long."—*Puck.*

"Thieves," read the bead of the family, "are going about appropriating everything loose." "Heavens! My bloomers!" was Maud Edith's unguarded exclamation.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Teacher—"Can you tell me, Johnnie, why Satan goes about the earth like a roaring lion?" *Johnnie*—"Cause he can't cut any ice in the place where he lives when he's to home."—*Boston Transcript.*

Customer—"Bring me some lobster salad and some cucumbers." *Waiter* (bringing pen, ink, and paper)—"Please write your name and address before you tackle that order."—*National Hotel Reporter.*

Saidso—"Hudson Rivers wasn't out West long before they nominated him for mayor." *Herdso*—"How did that happen?" *Saidso*—"He was close-mouthed, and there was a lot of curiosity about his record."—*Puck.*

"Where did you get that cigar?" demanded the boss barber, severely. "From the traveling man, sir," replied the journeyman on the seventh chair, apologetically. "What is he traveling for? A rope-walk?"—*Buffalo Express.*

Borax—"How is it that Bryant has dropped out of sight lately?" *Smilar*—"Oh, somebody discovered that his real name was O'Brien, and that injured him socially. Then he tried to deny it, and that killed him politically."—*Puck.*

Tommy—"Paw, what is an egotist?" *Mr. Figg*—"He is a man who thinks he is smarter than any one else." *Mrs. Figg*—"My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than any one else. All men think that way."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The cruel eyes of the pirate gleamed as they rested upon his prey. "You will be my wife," he sneered. She was silent. "Woman!" cried the outlaw, "you dare not refuse!" Her cheek blanched. "Great heavens!" she gasped; "how did he guess my age?"—*Puck.*

"It's very hard to understand what men see in base ball," remarked young Mrs. Torkins. "Did you ever attend a game?" "Once; but I didn't like it. It seemed too effeminate." "Effeminate?" "Yes; to see all those great, stalwart creatures running around in bloomers."—*Washington Star.*

She had now become desperate. "Your family has a grand name," he observed. "I would prefer almost any other," she rejoined with a promptness sufficient to suggest that she had given the subject thought. After a time she sat at one in a trance, and wondered what would be the chances of his tumbling if a wheat elevator were to precipitate itself upon him.—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Yes," said the widow Blueberry; "I kin never be too thankful that poor John was baptized afore he died." "He was a Baptist, was he not?" "Yes; he was immersed in the river in the afternoon, an' that same night he died of 'neumony on the lungs from ketchin' cold. It was awful sudden; but, as I said, I kin never be too thankful that he was baptized afore his death."—*Puck.*

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During the last fortnight there has sprung into existence in Chicago a new daily paper, called the *Chronicle*. Its birth is due to the fact that Chicago has been left without a Democratic daily, owing to the change in ownership of the *Times-Herald*. The latter paper, on the death of James W. Scott, was purchased by Herman H. Kohlsaat, formerly of the *Inter-Ocean*, and from a free-trade Democratic organ transformed into a sound, protectionist, Republican journal. Thus one hundred thousand Democratic voters in Chicago—of whom doubtless a majority can read—were left without a newspaper. Their plight excited the pity of some benevolent Democratic gentlemen, and the result is the *Chronicle*. The three benevolent gentlemen are Martin J. Russell, Horatio W. Seymour, and Willis J. Abbot.

Mr. Russell, by an odd coincidence, is collector of the port of Chicago. Doubtless President Cleveland will excuse him if he steals an occasional hour from the government's time to run the new paper, for he is to be editor-in-chief. It is a notorious fact that a daily paper, particularly a new one, requires very little attention from its editor. But still Mr. Russell will probably find time enough to see that the new paper pleases the President and walks a chalk line on all foreign, economic, and currency questions, for it is to be a straight-out administration organ. If the many rumors about Mr. Cleveland's third-term aspirations are true, he will need somebody to look after his political fences in Illinois.

The second of the Democratic triumvirate on the *Chronicle* is Horatio W. Seymour, the managing editor. He is a veteran in the Chicago newspaper ranks, having been telegraph editor of the *Times* twenty years ago. He served as managing editor of the *Herald* under Martin J. Russell until its sale a few months ago.

The third of the big three is Willis J. Abbot, who was the chief editorial writer on the *Herald*, and who was forced to step aside by reason of the change of politics and the change of proprietorship in the *Herald* office. All three are able men, have worked together for years, and did much to build up the *Herald* to the position it attained under the shrewd business management of the late James W. Scott. It remains to be seen whether they can be as successful working for themselves as they were for others.

This brings up the interesting question as to the difference between the two methods of daily newspaper publication—the "business" method and the "editorial" method. The *Herald*—the paper with which these three gentlemen were connected for years—was published by the late James W. Scott. Mr. Scott was not a writer—he was a business man. He ran his paper purely as a business proposition. He made a success of it. It was started in May, 1881, with "a cash capital of fifty dollars," as one of its projectors expressed it. On the death of Scott, a controlling interest in the paper was sold to H. H. Kohlsaat for nearly a million of dollars. It was a Democratic paper, because Scott thought it was "good business" for it to be a Democratic paper. Kohlsaat, the new proprietor, has changed its politics because he is a Republican. This is looked upon as "bad business" by the majority of newspaper proprietors throughout the country. The result of the experiment will be watched with great interest. Let us hope that Mr. Kohlsaat may be successful. Let us hope that he will find it as "good business" to print what he believes to be true, as to print what he believes to be false.

As to the other papers in Chicago, they are divided on the "business" or "editorial" question. The *Tribune* stands at the head. The *Tribune* is an honest and conscientious paper. Although a staunch Republican sheet, for years it opposed protection. But the stern logic of events—and not, we are glad to believe, the logic of the counting-room—forced the *Tribune* to abandon its free-trade beresy. To-day it is for protection, and is in every respect a loyal Republican paper. It has always, we believe, been actuated by upright motives in its editorial course, and has not been run on the purely "business" plan. None the less, the business side of the publication has not been neglected, and the *Tribune* has worked the chromo and coupon business for all it is worth.

Among the other Chicago papers, the new *Times-Herald* is, as we have said, to be run on its new lines unaffected by the business-office—in fact, threatened with a heavy loss by reason of its editorial policy. The *Chicago News* and its morning edition, the *Record*, are purely "business" papers; the *News*, although printed for the working classes, and at times semi-socialistic in tone, contains much literary matter of a high grade. It is rather odd to see Eugene Field's translations from Horace printed on the editorial page of a penny paper circulating largely among the toiling millions. The *Inter-Ocean* is a straight-out Republican paper; it is run from the "editorial" rather than the "business" side, by William Penn Nixon. The fact that Mr. Nixon subordi-

nates "business" to his convictions is shown by his advocacy of free silver, which is by no means palatable to the heavy advertisers of Chicago. The *Post* is "independent," and is run from the "business" rather than the "editorial" side. The *Journal* is run from the "editorial" side; although its circulation is small, it has much influence, and commands high rates for advertising. The *Dispatch* is run from the "business" side; it is a sensational newspaper modeled on the New York *World*.

The new Democratic paper, the *Chronicle*, necessarily starts out as a journal of convictions, owing to the fact that its chief editorial-writer, Willis J. Abbot, could not conscientiously remain upon the *Herald*, owing to its change of politics. Mr. Abbot is a clear and lucid writer, and a man of brains and taste. He has an interesting article in the June *Review of Reviews*, in which he has this to say of the Chicago newspapers:

"Mr. Bryce's criticism upon the dreadful monotony of American life might be repeated in little with reference to Chicago newspapers. It is indeed the criticism always first expressed upon them by observant journalists from other cities. All seem to be built upon the same model. Their makers assert with justifiable pride that they are the handsomest newspapers in the world, but their beauty is obtained at the expense of individuality. Yet the shrewdest observers of the Chicago field are unanimous in the assertion that the utmost attention to typographical excellence is a prerequisite to success, and that the cheap paper and tasteless typography of one or two of New York's successful dailies would be fatal to a new paper's chances of success in Chicago.

"If the Chicago newspapers be accepted as fairly representative of what the people of Chicago want, it must be inferred that there is among the reading people of that city a vastly less avid appetite for sensationalism than is to be found among the patrons of the newspapers of the metropolis. Editors in the Western city doubtless are as eager to discover what their subscribers want and as ready to give it them as are any newspaper-makers in the world. It must be, then, because the Chicago public either does not demand or distinctly disapproves of it that the wilder essays in sensationalism, the more risky invasions of purulent fields, not uncommon in New York journalism, are avoided in Chicago. For example, no Chicago daily, in late years at any rate, would think of sending a young woman to don the clothing of a fireman and live in a fire-engine house for a week, or to send another "lady of the staff" to take the gold cure or to try a boxing bout with a famous pugilist—all feats in journalism of which a great New York daily makes proud boast in its annual review of its triumphs. Nor are the Chicago newspapers guilty of such heinous invasions of the privacy of citizens as have occasionally won for one or another of the metropolitan newspapers the applause of the multitude and the contempt of the right-minded.

"The cleanliness of the Chicago dailies is perhaps their most admirable characteristic. An instance immediately in point is that of the report of the Breckinridge trial. The Associated Press report—itsself a model of clean and judicious editing—was cut and still further purged of salaciousness in every Chicago newspaper office before publication. A New York paper, on the contrary, made a 'hit' by having a special report of the trial, more full, particularly in the purulent passages, than that sent out by either press association. Such a publication in any morning daily of Chicago would have been disastrous. Experiments occasionally made in imitation of Eastern dailies, either in the direction of ultra-sensationalism in news matter or suggestiveness in illustrations, have almost invariably resulted in loss to the newspaper essaying them.

"The newspapers of Chicago, then, are excellent in that they are well printed, cleanly edited, and dignified."

On the whole, Mr. Abbot does not make out a bad case for the Chicago dailies. We think his statements in the main are correct. There is no doubt that journalists from other cities look on the Chicago papers as monotonous, and lacking individuality; they further say that the papers there ignore Europe, Asia, and Africa, and devote themselves too largely to the Windy City. But we question whether excessive localism in a daily paper is a fault. It is certainly not one of which most of the San Francisco dailies can be accused. Sometimes we San Franciscans mutter, in looking over the columns of cabled trash, "something too much of this." Is it not a fact that the people of most cities, as well as those of Chicago, take more interest in the news of their own localities than in that of other places? It is a curious fact, but sometimes there is more miscellaneous local London news in one of the New York dailies than there is in the London papers themselves—not counting, of course, the machine news, such as the successful, shipping, etc., columns. This seems rather absurd, that possible interest can the thousands of readers of an

daily newspapers take in the movements of English "royalties," German grand dukes, Austrian archdukes, and European princelings generally? Not one per cent. of the readers care to read such stuff. But about their own town, and people whom they know or know of, they will read eagerly. We are all very provincial, not to say parochial. A business man will read with close attention about a fifty-thousand-dollar fire in his own city, when a half-million blaze in Buda-Pesth would not give a filip to his interest.

The fact that James Gordon Bennett is a denationalized American has had much to do with the large quantity of foreign trivialities published by the American press. Bennett has lived abroad so many years that he has come to look upon *Articles de Paris*, *Wienerisch Spielwerk*, and *Cosas de España* through distorted, magnifying eyes. To the American idler abroad, it is matter of moment to know what the weather is at Pau; who is the Russian princess just arrived in Biarritz; who won the grand prize in the pigeon-shooting tournament at Monte Carlo; who the "three American ladies" were in whose carriage the Prince of Wales was at the battle of flowers at Nice, and why the *Court Journal* spoke thus guardedly of them, instead of giving their names. But all of us work-a-day toilers here in America do not care a copper with whom the prince drove, or why he was ashamed of it. A proportion of our population may be interested in these matters, but only an insignificant proportion. Yet Mr. Bennett, through his long residence in Europe, has come to give an undue importance to European "news"—which is principally tittle-tattle about persons who are important in European but utterly unimportant in American eyes. The large amount of such matter that he prints in the *Herald* has thus forced other New York dailies to give columns to persons and things deserving only to be mentioned in lines, or not mentioned at all. The great dailies of other American cities take their cue from the New York press, and hence the mass of telegraphic twaddle from Europe with which the American public is bored.

It is our opinion that the favor with which the San Francisco *Call* has been received under its new management has been due to the greater attention it pays to the city and State. It is stated, and generally believed, that the *Call* is gaining largely in circulation—principally, we believe, for this reason. In a recent issue of the *Call*, we counted sixty-three columns of local and State matter, as compared with fifty-four in the *Examiner* and forty-four in the *Chronicle*. We believe that this chronicling of local interests is much more carefully read than the mass of miscellaneous matter with which the dailies fill their pages, particularly on Sundays—gabble about "London society," gossip about foreign plays, foreign players, foreign playwrights, foreign books, and columns of syndicate stories by foreign authors. We may be mistaken in this belief, but the fact that the *Call* is carving out a success by devoting itself primarily to the news of its city and State, and the further fact that the most prosperous Chicago papers have always done so, makes the belief seem probable. People who want to read about foreign cities, foreign plays, foreign music, foreign books, and foreign people can always find plenty of such matter in magazines and other periodicals. In a daily newspaper they do not want it. They have not time to read it, and it is our belief that very few of them do. If the *Call* continues in the lines so long followed by the Chicago newspapers, and prints principally the news of the city and State in which it is published, it will eventually be at the head of the newspaper procession in California.

We are glad to note, by reverential articles in the New York *Herald* and the San Francisco *Examiner*, that St. Peregrinus has passed the United States custom house, and is now installed in St. Anselm's Church, at One Hundred and Fifty-Third Street and Trenton Avenue, New York city. When the saint was hoisted ashore in his sealed and padlocked box, a United States customs inspector was about to open him up to see whether he was dutiable or not. But Father Gerard Spielman explained to the inspector of customs that "the canon rule of the Roman Catholic Church required that the seals of a sacred relic should be broken only in the presence of the highest ecclesiastical authority, whose duty it is to pronounce upon their genuineness." The inspector thereupon let St. Peregrinus pass. We do not quite see why. The customs inspectors on the New York docks are not governed by the "canon rules of the Roman Catholic Church," but by the regulations of the United States Treasury Department. These are so strict that the ordinary man can not get even a hat-box through without opening it. Why, therefore, was St. Peregrinus permitted to pass? This strikes us as an invidious distinction. Evidently the Roman Church has a pull with the custom house.

It is not so much permitting St. Peregrinus to pass free that we object to as it is permitting him to pass unopened. It is not probable that St. Peregrinus could be considered

dutiable. Neither in the McKinley nor in the Wilson tariff is there any mention made of desiccated saints. But in the name of those American citizens and citizenesses who are forced, when landing from European steamers, to open trunks and boxes, to delve into their deepest recesses, and to drag into the garish light of day all sorts of feminine wearing apparel, some of it of a most intimate nature, we protest against such discrimination. Let all dried foreign saints, parts of dried foreign saints, and all parcels, portions, or integuments of dried foreign saints, be subject to as severe inspection as are the impedimenta of living American sinners.

We are told that St. Peregrinus has the rare distinction of being the first of his brand to enter the United States whole. Most desiccated saints are shipped here in sections, the other portions being used to work miracles in other cities and other lands. As the respectful *Examiner* says: "This is the first genuine entire body of a saint ever brought to this country, although, of course, there are already plenty of relics here in the shape of fragments of saints and certain of their belongings." The wrist-bone of St. Anne, "the grandmother of God," will recur most readily to the minds of our readers in this connection. When parts of this lady were shipped to this continent, the *Argonaut* mentioned the facts at length. There is a thumb-bone of St. Anne's, if we are not mistaken, at the Church of the Redeemers in New York, where it is engaged in curing people of all sorts of minor maladies, but the larger and more effective fragment of St. Anne is the wrist-bone, which is now working in a Quebec church, where it cures even fatal disorders with the utmost certainty and dispatch.

What possibilities in Peregrinus! He is the only entire desiccated saint ever brought to this country. It is true his healing qualities have not yet been passed upon. Archbishop Corrigan, however (as we are informed by the respectful New York *Herald*), "has examined all the documents, authenticated the relic, and approved of its being exposed to public veneration in the church itself." This, then, is the preliminary step. St. Peregrinus is to be placed in a shrine in the Church of St. Anselm. When there, it remains to be seen what he can do. We have already given the fairy-like history of St. Peregrinus, his martyrdom, his burial in the catacombs, his subsequent wanderings around Southern Europe as a nomadic saint, and his final enshrining in Bavaria, where he slowly desiccated and grew in the odor of sanctity. If he is any kind of a saint at all, he ought to be able to do more than the fragmentary saints already shipped to these shores. If with the thumb-bone of St. Anne the priests can cure functional disorders, what can they not do with all of St. Peregrinus? Why, even although desiccated, he must weigh over one hundred pounds. We shall look with much interest for accounts of the miracles to be performed by Peregrinus when he gets to work.

Two weeks ago the first shipment of California cherries for the present season was sold at auction in New York. Last Tuesday the regular running of refrigerator trains to the Eastern States began, and will continue for at least five months. That the shipments of fruit now amount to a very considerable sum each year is generally appreciated, but how much it amounts to in dollars and cents is known to but few who are not directly connected with the business.

Last year there were shipped from this State 606,994,600 pounds of fruit and vegetables. These shipments filled nearly 36,000 cars, and were sold principally in Chicago and New York. If the total shipments had been made up into one train, the engine would have passed from San Francisco, by way of Port Costa, down to Lathrop and Stockton, through Sacramento and up the Sierra Nevada Mountains, across the State line into Nevada, and would leave Truckee three miles behind before the last car would leave the Oakland mole. It would extend in one continuous line of fruit-laden cars from San Francisco down to Monterey and back again as far as Santa Clara. In the Eastern States, when the engine was steaming into New York, the middle of the train would not have reached Philadelphia, while the end of the train would extend a third of the way across the State toward Pittsburg. If the train was run from New York to Boston, the last car would be just crossing the Harlem River bridge when the engine steamed into Boston; and in running from New York to Washington, there would be but eight miles of track left uncovered at either end of the run.

These figures will give some idea of the growth of the business during the last few years. In 1890 there was little more than one-half as much fruit shipped as in 1894. And when the value of the fruit is considered, the extent to which the business has grown becomes apparent. The value of the gold output of California last year was \$13,570,000; the value of the fruit shipped from this State and sold in the Eastern States amounted to very nearly the same sum. It is, of course, difficult to get exact figures as to the value of these shipments, for they are invoiced at one price at this end of the line, and are sold at another upon reaching

their destination. A careful estimate, however, places the amount in excess of thirteen millions of dollars. In addition to this the wine and brandy shipped last year was valued at seven millions and the wheat at eighteen millions of dollars more.

A study of the figures of shipment presents some features that are surprising. Of the green deciduous fruits, 82,000 tons were shipped from terminal points in Northern California, while Southern California is credited with only 7,700 tons. Of dried fruits, Northern California shipped 44,000 tons against 7,000 for Southern California; the raisin shipments for Northern California were 42,000, and 5,000 tons for Southern California, and the canned fruits were 47,000 from Northern California and 5,000 from Southern California. The citrus fruits show a heavy excess on the other side, the shipments from Southern California being nearly 59,000 tons, those from Northern California, 178 tons. This State ships large quantities of vegetables East each year in addition to the fruit shipments. Last year the vegetable shipments amounted to 42,750 tons, carried in 4,686 cars.

There is nothing more uncertain than the business of the farmer or horticulturist. Bad seasons in this State may practically ruin the year's crops, and had seasons elsewhere may render the Californian product peculiarly remunerative. It is therefore difficult to estimate what the future prospects are to be. But it is known that the outlook for citrus fruits is unusually favorable this year, owing to the failure of the Florida orange crop, and the Californian oranges are finding a market where they never could be sold before, owing to a disadvantage of thirty to forty cents a box in transportation rates. Whether these newly acquired markets will be held in future years depends upon the quality of the fruit that is shipped, for the principal purchasers of oranges will have what they want, even if they have to pay a little higher price for it.

The amounts of the various kinds of fruits shipped each year since 1890 is also reassuring. The shipments of green deciduous fruits show a steady increase year by year, and, in 1894, nearly three times as much was shipped as in 1890. The citrus fruits have nearly doubled in quantity shipped during that period; the dried fruits have increased about sixty per cent., the raisins have increased more than one hundred per cent. Canned fruits alone show only a small percentage of increase as between 1890 and 1894, and during the intermediate years the shipments fell off from the figures for 1890. The greater part of the shipments of canned goods last year went to three foreign countries—England, Australia, and New Zealand. These three countries took all but 30,613 cases shipped to foreign ports. Mexico took only 106 cases, Germany 136 cases, and France did not take a single case. Of the Pacific countries, China took 2,139 cases, Japan 1,134, British Columbia 952, and Central America 758. Thus all of the countries whose trade should naturally be secured by California do not use more than one-quarter of the amount of our canned goods that England does. It would seem that with properly directed efforts the canned-fruit industry in this State could be made as prosperous as are the other branches.

It must be remembered that the years covered by these figures were marked by a condition of financial depression from which the country is just recovering. During such periods it is but natural that sales of fruit, which is in the nature of a luxury, should decrease. That there has been a considerable and steady increase during this time is, therefore, a triumph for the fruit-growers and an assurance for the future. The danger of over-production seems very remote. Not one-twelfth of the population has yet been reached by the Californian fruits, and that population is increasing at the rate of one million a year.

So California last year dug thirteen millions in gold out of her mountains, raised fruit in her valleys which brought her in thirteen millions more, received seven millions from her wines and brandies, and eighteen millions from her wheat. She is a pretty good State. She would be an ideal State to live in if it were not for the newspapers.

Mr. Frederick R. Coudert is one of the leading lawyers in this country. Such is his eminence that he was one of the advocates chosen by the United States to represent them in the great forensic struggle which took place before the commissioners appointed to arbitrate the Behring Sea matter. Mr. Coudert's views on almost any economic question are worthy of attention. A few days ago he was interviewed upon the silver question, and said:

"I have read and talked with European writers on finance, and I find that they are becoming impressed with the fact that unless European nations soon reach an agreement on this question of adopting a uniform bimetallic standard, they will have to face the certainty that the United States will do business on a silver basis. The result would undoubtedly be a financial revolution and loss to the United States, but it would be ruin to Europe. They are beginning to realize the fact that they can not get along without us, while we can get along without them. If the worst comes to the worst, we could

build a wall of silver around our country, and the world would be knocking at our doors."

These pregnant words of Mr. Coudert remind us that some months ago in these columns—on the eighth of April, 1895, to be exact—the *Argonaut* printed a forecast of the probable situation of the United States on a monometallic silver basis—which is what free-silver coinage means. The *Argonaut* does not believe that it would be wise for this country, acting independently, to become a single-standard silver country; but it also does not believe in the dismal pictures of ruin presented by the single-standard gold men when forecasting the results of bimetalism. We therefore attempted to picture the conditions resulting from a single-standard silver basis in this country, basing our forecast largely on an article from the London *Statist*. That is a strong monometallic gold organ, and certainly could not be suspected of painting in too rosy colors a silver country's fate. But the fact remains that the dreadful pictures drawn by the gold men were not at all like those presented by the *Statist*. Briefly, then, our article showed that the adoption of the silver single standard would result first in a readjustment of prices, then a rise in silver, then a rise in commodities, and last of all a rise in wages. The country would then be on the same basis as Mexico.

According to an article which Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, contributes to the June number of the *North American Review*, the fact that Mexico is on a silver basis does not seem to spell ruin to that country. Mr. Romero says that the silver standard in Mexico encourages very largely increased exports of domestic products. The silver standard also stimulates the development of home manufactures, the gold price of foreign commodities being so high that it pays to make such articles at home. The Mexican dollar becomes only half a dollar when the Mexican uses it in buying from foreigners. Such plants as cotton-mills, smelteries, etc., are increasing every day, and some manufacturing plants are even being moved to Mexico from the United States. As to the purchasing power of the silver dollar in Mexico, it has not declined, says Mr. Romero, but is as great as it ever was. As a further result of the silver standard, he says that many Mexicans with large incomes, who used to live in Europe and spend their money there, have been compelled by the fall in silver to return to Mexico and spend their money there. They are just as rich—in Mexico—as they were before; it is only in Europe that they feel poor. But it is certainly an advantage to Mexico for them to spend their money at home. A disadvantage of the silver standard, according to Mr. Romero, is that the import duties are much diminished, because the Mexicans have ceased to import so largely of foreign countries. We do not know whether this is a disadvantage or not. A further disadvantage, he states, is the fact that the interest of the foreign debt must be paid in gold. That may be a disadvantage, but if it should force the Mexican Government to borrow money at home and pay both principal and interest to its own people, it would be a useful lesson. Altogether, one is forced to agree with the *Review of Reviews*, a most impartial journal, of high character, and with no silver leanings, when it says: "In all candor, we must confess ourselves unable to see that Mexico is placed at any serious disadvantage by her continued adherence to her single silver standard."

It is not to be supposed from the foregoing that the *Argonaut* advocates the assumption of the single silver standard by the United States. We believe, as we have said, that such a condition would assuredly not mean ruin, but it is unnecessary to make such a radical change. If the country will adhere to the system under which we were most prosperous, to wit, bimetalism, and if it will attempt to bring about international bimetalism, the difficulty will solve itself. From the remarks of Mr. Coudert, which we quoted in the beginning of this article, it is very evident that the United States has the power to bring about international bimetalism. The nations of Europe fear us to such an extent that they would accede to an international bimetallic agreement rather than see us go on a single silver basis and win the trade of other silver countries. It is almost certain that they will all enter into such an agreement, with the possible exception of Great Britain.

And what then? Suppose Great Britain should decline. Suppose the United States entered into an agreement with the other commercial nations of Europe to adopt a single silver standard. What would be the effect of it? Silver countries would find that in selling to England they must receive silver, and in buying from England they must pay in gold. Would these countries continue to trade with England under such circumstances? Could England produce so cheaply as to compete against the advantage of silver prices in production and in payment, and still make a profit? As we have before remarked, if England should persist in remaining outside of an international bimetallic agreement, it would redound to the advantage of the United States.

This country can produce practically every commodity that the silver-using countries now purchase from England. With a similar bimetallic currency and with England on a gold basis, it would not be long before the United States had the bulk of the trade of the silver countries. It would result in the world's clearing-house being New York instead of London. We hope the international conference will result in international bimetalism. We hope that all the great commercial countries of the world will enter into this agreement. But if England should decide to stay out, as her selfishness may impel her to do, no one need be sorry, for it will mean the commercial ruin of England.

The terrible maritime disaster in which the Pacific Mail steamer *Colima* went down off the Mexican port of Manzanillo, with nearly all on board, has shocked the country. There are few calamities which so move even remote and indifferent readers as the loss of passenger ships at sea. When the North German Lloyd steamer *Elbe* went down in the German Sea some months ago, the accounts of that appalling disaster were read with the utmost eagerness, even in distant San Francisco. This is a kind of news the interest in which is not shut off by national boundaries. When, therefore, a steamer which clears regularly from this port goes down, a majority of her passengers and crew being linked by ties of kindred and friendship with thousands of people upon this coast, from British Columbia to Mexico, the keenness with which news is sought is most painful. Through the tardy officialism of the Mexican Government's telegraph system, nearly two days elapsed before any news could be procured. Definite details as to the survivors were obtained at last.

As we write, there is little known as to the cause of the wreck. But two of the ship's officers are alive, and their narratives have not yet been told. In the meantime, the papers have been full of theories as to the cause of the disaster, varying from explosion of the boilers to explosion of gunpowder in the cargo, and from shifting of the cargo to top-heaviness caused by a large deck-load. It is useless to theorize. The Federal Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers, Messrs. Talbot and Hillman, will begin an investigation as soon as the survivors arrive on the steamer *San Juan*. Then it can be officially ascertained to what cause the disaster was due and on whom the terrible responsibility should be laid.

Until the investigation is held, it is not fair to condemn. But whatever the result of the investigation may be, we trust it may result in the prohibition of deck-loads on passenger steamers plying on this coast. Even if it should not so result, we think the practice of carrying deck-loads on passenger steamers south from here is doomed. For if the United States Federal officials take no action in that regard, the official dispatches of the Mexican Government foreshadow such prohibition. If Mexico takes such action, the Pacific Mail Company will be forced to comply, as otherwise the Mexican authorities will not permit the company's boats to touch at Mexican ports. It is well that it is so. The practice of carrying deck-loads on passenger steamers has everything against it, and nothing to recommend it except that it means money for the company. But when the money is made at the risk of such appalling loss of human life, the practice should at once be stopped by law.

In Boston, the seventeenth of June, or "Bunker Hill Day," is always celebrated with much enthusiasm. This year the Boston Board of Aldermen had quite a lively time over the appropriation. A committee reported, recommending the appropriation of various sums to various bodies, among others the Sarsfield Guard and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Alderman Crockett objected to the report, saying: "I do not see that any member of this council can consistently vote an appropriation of the city's money to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a secret organization, racial and sectarian in the highest degree. By appropriating money to this organization, we strike at the very heart of the principles upon which our republic was founded." This speech caused a hubbub, and Aldermen Leary, O'Callaghan, Reidy, and O'Brien all pitched into Alderman Crockett. The matter was not settled when the last Boston papers were to band, but we hope that Alderman Crockett was successful in his opposition. We may be unreasonable, but it seems to us scarcely patriotic to pay American money to Irish militiamen and Ancient Hibernians for parading on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill.

The new plan of placing mail-boxes on cable and electric street-cars has been so successful in Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities, that there is talk of extending it to San Francisco. There are few cities better adapted to the plan, topographically speaking. Nearly all of the street-car lines in the city lead to the ferries at the foot of Market Street, which may be likened to the handle of a fan, the converging sticks of which represent the car-lines. A branch post-

office there to receive and bundle the mail would add immeasurably to the quickness with which letters could be posted and delivered in this city. The process of posting, carrying to this central point, and the subsequent sorting and delivery, would be going on continually. The project seems so entirely admirable that it is difficult to conceive whence an objection could come. But objections have come. They come from the trades-unions. These gentry, it seems, have a wholesome fear of the United States Government. If the government mail-boxes are affixed to the street-cars, they become mail-carriers. It will then be unlawful to obstruct the passage of a street-car carrying the United States mails, and the United States Government has a disagreeable fashion of enforcing its laws. The Federated Trades foresee a gloomy future, wherein they will be unable to conduct one of their "peaceable" street-car strikes, which generally mean derauling street-cars, smashing the windows, injuring the passengers, and beating and sometimes killing the drivers and conductors. When the employees of the Sutter Street road went on a "peaceable" strike some years ago, they wrecked cars, placed dynamite cartridges on the tracks, and attacked the employees of the company with deadly weapons. A bloody battle with pistols took place at the cemetery end of the road, in which several were wounded and one man was shot dead. During the continuance of this war, in which the company was finally successful, the authorities of the city and State apparently remained neutral, and let the company fight it out. But if a similar strike should take place after the street-cars become mail-carriers, mobs of strikers would have to deal with Federal troops. The "regulars" have an unpleasant way of using ball cartridge and obeying orders. Hence the gloom of the trades-unions. The sympathetic dailies endeavor to comfort them, but they will not be comforted. If anything were needed to prove the falsity of their usual protestations that the disorders and crimes attending strikes are due to "outsiders," it is their present fear that future street-car strikes will be "peaceable" through force.

The supervisors of San Francisco have appointed Joseph A. Mogan Fish and Game Warden, his salary to begin June 15th. One of the supervisors demurred, on the ground that there was nothing for Mogan to do. But the "fish and game warden" was elected, all the same. We do not see what scope there can be here for Mr. Mogan's genius, unless it be the prevention of selling game out of season in the San Francisco markets. But that is a matter for market inspectors rather than "wardens." The impression will go forth to the world that much of San Francisco is virgin forest, and that bears prowl in the dark Mission wilderness, while deer and elk abound in the dense jungles of Telegraph and Rincon Hills. The Duke of Cambridge is Ranger of Hyde Park, London. Another royal duke is Master of the Buck Hounds in St. James's Park, London. Mr. Joseph A. Mogan is Fish and Game Warden of San Francisco.

While this number of the *Argonaut* is passing through the press, there is a probability that at least one and possibly more murderers may be hanged at San Quentin. Five were sentenced to be hanged on Friday, June 7th—Patrick J. Collins, convicted of the cowardly and brutal murder of his hard-working wife; Anthony Azoff, the murderer of Len Harris, the detective; Emilio Garcia, who murdered an old Frenchman for his money; Rico Morasco, who murdered a fellow-Italian in Vacaville; and Fremont Smith, found guilty of murdering his partners, two fishermen in Colusa. Of these five, Governor Budd has reprieved two, Smith and Morasco. The evidence against Smith was all circumstantial, although strong, and there is a bare possibility that the blood found upon his clothes is not human blood, but that of a slaughtered animal, as he claims. Morasco, the other murderer, is almost an imbecile, according to the district-attorney who convicted him. As for the other three, Governor Budd has not yet interfered, and we sincerely hope he may not. The crime of Collins, in particular, was most atrocious. Because his wife, a hard-working woman, would no longer support him in idleness, he murdered her in cold blood, and on her body there were found thirty-five stab-wounds. Of this scoundrel, we are told by the *Chronicle* reporter: "Collins spends the day in fervent prayer. He is wholly absorbed in his responses to Father Lagan, and his supplications for forgiveness. For nearly a month he has been severely devout. During that time he has been praying almost constantly, and he now feels himself prepared to make his exit from the world." We sincerely hope he may not be disappointed. But what a farce upon religion! According to the tenets of the faith which Collins practices, his hapless wife, buried into eternity without the rites of her church, "unshrived, unhousel'd, unanel'd," may be doomed to years of purgatorial punishment, while Collins, uxoricide, bloody heast, coward, and murderer, floats dove-like in heaven, confessed, shrived, and forgiven.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

Being a Tragedy of Errors at a Western Army Post.

The first error was a distinctly human one, feminine, particularly—that of not being satisfied with a good thing and letting well enough alone, “well enough” being in this case a first lieutenant of more than ordinary attractions. There are very few women who are satisfied when only one man is the captive of their charms; they prefer a dozen *soupirants* to one, even if they are themselves enamored of the one. The name of the gallant soldier whose good fortune it was to have obtained for his promised own the winsome daughter of Captain Foster, was Appleton, his fortune was his own good sabre, and his pay of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month; his character the full ideal of an officer and a gentleman; as for his appearance, it was all that even Miss Foster, who might have had the pick of some seven or eight others, could desire. The only excuse to be found for the first error is that Miss Foster was very young, rather spoiled, and not in the habit of being denied anything upon which she set her rather uncertain little heart. Therefore, when a very stubborn second lieutenant by the name of Saxe let her distinctly see that he was not to be captivated by charms that had allured every one else, she determined that his pride should be humbled in the dust, even in the alkali dust of the plains. That was the said first error. What she should have done, as seen in the light of future events, was to have been happy in the complete possession of such a man as Appleton, and have let all others drift with their own particular current of life. But then—she was just eighteen, and the regiment had made much of her.

Now Appleton was not a jealous man; even if he had been, it is doubtful if he would have suspected what was going on in the mind of his pretty sweetheart, for she was something of a flirt and quite able to have two strings to her bow. She certainly gave all the time that he had any right to claim to Appleton, even more, perhaps, and impressed him with the idea that he was the sun of her universe, which, indeed, was the case, only there were also a large number of more or less bright moons and small stars which competed with his glory. For Kitty was not untruthful in the least. She was in love with Appleton, and if she had not been, would never have made him think so; the trouble was that she was just a little in love, as well, with a goodly number of others. And how could she have helped it? They were all so awfully nice to her, and seemed so fond of her. All except Saxe. He did not appear to care in the least, and was devoted to no one and nothing except his commanding officer and his troop. Miss Foster was piqued and meant to “get even.” Which was quite right, according to her lights.

The second error was unconscious. The commanding officer committed it when he sent Appleton off on a month's special duty, and thereby left Kitty like a kite without a string, very likely to plunge out of its proper course and land on some unexpected obstruction. Kitty cried a little and was dreadfully sorry when Appleton left; she watched the ambulance, with tearful eyes, until it was almost out of sight; but as soon as it began to grow smaller, she turned about, as it would be had luck to look until the last. Her eyes were very dewy and were exactly the kind that look well in that state. When she wheeled around, she came almost face to face with Saxe, and only raised her lashes long enough to give him a glance of such delightfully bewitching sorrow, that any other man would have tried to console her then and there, and ran as fast as she could into the house. Saxe went on his way with a new admiration for Kitty, whom he had always considered a very heartless child. He was glad to see that she was capable of loving some one to the extent of crying over his departure. He did not wish he were the lucky man, however; that stage was yet to come.

The third error was very serious, and it was the usually unerring Saxe who committed it. He deluded himself with the fallacy that fire will not burn if you put on the asbestos gloves of indifference when you handle it. He felt sorry for poor, bereaved little Kitty and conceived it to be his duty to go over and console her. If it had been a disagreeable duty he would not have shunned it, but it was not a disagreeable duty. In the moonlight before tattoo, he went to sympathize with Miss Foster. That was the error. When he left he was glad that he had listened to the promptings of conscience, it had seemed to do the girl so much good. She was really a far more earnest and womanly little person than he had supposed, not as shallow as one would imagine. She was hearing up against her troubles bravely, and he admired her for it. After he had left, Kitty went up to her room and sat in her window looking out upon the parade-ground, and smiled and counted one point, very much as if she had been playing whist. She did not forget Appleton; she cried again when she went to bed, and took his picture to put under her pillow and lay awake for a half-hour thinking about him, but when she dropped off to sleep, it was with a distinct under-consciousness of triumph instead of loss.

She went at her part in perfect cold blood and played it well. Seeing that Saxe was greatly impressed by the constancy and affection, she determined to act that rôle for a time at least. Her natural paleness was increased the next morning by a black frock, usually despised for its simplicity, and which made her blonde hair, drawn back in loose coils, full of a golden light. She looked at herself and was pleased. Several of her hopeless admirers came to her porch during guard-mounting, with the hope that they might see her, but she kept within doors until her watchful eyes descried the approaching form of Lieutenant Saxe. With a weary and listless air, she went out on the porch and sat on the steps, with her chin in her hand and a pensive look that was not unbecoming. The bait caught the fish. Saxe had not come past with the intention of being again a consoler of distressed beauty, but—well, he stopped, just for a moment,

and spent the morning with Kitty in sweet and low converse. She grew a little more cheerful at about the third hour, but not to an unseemly degree. Of course she had not the bad taste to mourn the loss of one man to the very face of another; it was only in her manner that her sorrows were observable. She spoke of books, and chapel, and sewing, was very domestic in a mild way, and never became so interested in her game as to forget her lines. It was a master-stroke for her to decline Saxe's invitation to go to the hop with him that night, and she realized it. At twelve o'clock she excused herself to write a letter to catch the afternoon stage, and the man went away with the firm conviction that here was at least one faithful woman. He thought Appleton a lucky dog, but went no further.

As for Kitty's letter, it was quite a model of frankness, so far as the telling of facts was concerned. A woman can write a letter or tell a story, all the truth, in which no fact or phrase may be omitted, but with the position of a word, or the changing of a punctuation mark, or even with telling the whole thing too openly, she can convey an impression very different from the real matter; nor does she count this as dishonesty, either. Kitty was not given to analyzing her sentiments aloud, she considered it destructive of the feminine charm of inconsequence. Nothing had happened that Appleton was not made acquainted with, and yet he was entirely ignorant of all he should have known. Saxe persisted in his error, making it many-fold, and in time Miss Foster came to the conclusion that the mantle of sorrow was threadbare and would soon become transparent, so she threw it away altogether. Saxe asked her to go to the next fortnightly hop, but she told him, with only a due amount of regret in her tones, that he had been forestalled. It could not possibly have been jealousy which made Saxe gloomy for the rest of the day, but Kitty was pleased to put that construction upon it, and chuckled.

One day she told him that he was very like Appleton in appearance. “Do you know, if it were a dark night, I couldn't tell you apart,” she said, and Saxe was undecided whether to be charmed with the comparison or otherwise.

But he seemed to go just so far and no further. Kitty could not understand this, and was restive. She began to fear it was becoming a sort of Platonic friendship, and that was a thing she scorned, being convinced that only strong-minded and unattractive women could indulge in them. As the time of Appleton's return drew near, she strained every nerve—without apparent anxiety, however—to make Saxe commit himself. He would not, and she marveled. It was quite beyond her conception of human motives that one man should be so loyal to another as to hesitate to make love to a friend's promised wife. She feared that she was losing his allegiance, and in her fear took several false steps. In fact, she began making love to Saxe when Saxe would not make love to her. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have drawn off at this, but he was past seeing any fault in the girl whom he had censured so severely once. It was quite too soon for Kitty that Appleton came back, but she did not let him guess this from her manner.

Now the fourth error was one which seemed to have no direct connection with the matter. It was the digging of a post-hole in the wrong place. And the fifth error was again Miss Foster's. Of the three dances which she gave to Saxe, she sat out two in a corner, half hidden by a garrison flag. Either a woman thinks a man a very bad dancer or else she has an object in view when she sits out a dance with him. Kitty had an object in view. There were just two chances for her to accomplish that object, and she set herself to the task with a will. Her tactics were admirable. First she leaned back with a dejected and wistful air, answering only in monosyllables. Saxe asked her what her trouble might be, and she shook her head with a sigh; he insisted upon knowing, and at last she threw aside all restraint, and complained that being engaged was not all pleasant, “one can not see enough of the—people—one likes.” The hesitation said what her words did not. Saxe suggested that if one were really in love, there should not be any other person worth seeing. Kitty's “Yes” was dubious.

“Aren't you in love, Kitty?” he asked. He had never called her by that name before.

Another uncertain “Yes.”

“Besides, I can't see that you are under any restraint.”

“You don't know.”

“It seems to me that Appleton gives you a great deal of freedom.”

“Oh, he tells me I may do as I like; he means to be generous, but—I don't know. Now, for instance, I told him I wanted to walk back from the hop with you. You hadn't asked me, but I meant to ask you. He looked hurt, and said something about his having only just come home. He gave me permission, however, of course.”

“Then may I take you back?” Saxe was hesitating himself.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because.”

“I fancy I understand; you don't want to hurt him.”

“Yes.”

“But if he didn't know?”

“How could it be helped?”

“I'm officer of the day, to-night.” Then he stopped himself.

“Well?”

“That's all.”

“What had that to do with the matter?”

“Nothing.”

“Yes it had,” and Kitty raised her dark-blue eyes to his with more in their passionate look than a hundred words could have said.

Saxe forgot his determination and plunged on. “May I meet you at one o'clock, then, after I've visited the guard?” Kitty nodded and hung her head. “But this is not fair to Appleton. If we are to do this, you must end everything with him and marry me. Will you?” A long pause;

Kitty seemed to be thinking. The waltz was nearly ended; yes, the last notes were wailing now—if she could put off the answer for a moment! “Will you?” insisted Saxe. Another pause. Appleton was making his way toward them; he did not like the look of things. “Kitty, will you?” repeated Saxe.

“I must think,” she answered. “I'll tell you at one o'clock.” The smile she gave him as she muttered this below her breath was assurance enough. Both were victoriously happy. Kitty told Appleton that she feared Saxe was badly in love with her, and chatted on so happily that he regained his wavering faith.

Kitty went home and waited until one o'clock. She planned her revenge with delight. Saxe should be thrown over so calmly that his stiff pride would never recover. He could not resent it, it was he who had been treacherous, not she. At one o'clock she threw a shawl over her light gown and crept down stairs. She was badly frightened, a little inclined to turn back. Things were assuming a serious aspect. If she should be caught, it would be bad. Outside, she waited in the corner of the house and heard approaching footsteps and the clanking of the sabre of the officer of the day. His figure loomed up out of the darkness quite close to her; he hesitated and looked up at her window; then, as his glance fell, he seemed to see the muffled figure in the corner. He strode toward it.

“Harry,” she whispered.

A pause. “Yes,” was answered, also in a whisper. He came to her and took her in his arms, without a word. He was too uncertain to speak.

Kitty whispered again. “I thought you mightn't come, after all.”

“But I did.”

“Yes,” Kitty, with her head resting on his shoulder, waited for him to ask for his answer, but he said nothing. This was awkward, she could not begin herself. “You look enough like Fred, in the dark, to be his brother.”

“Yes?”

“If your voice were not so unlike his, I should say it was he.”

“Really?”

“Good gracious! can't you say anything except in monosyllables?”

“What is there to say?”

Kitty was desperate; what could he mean? Again she forgot herself and reversed the order of things.

“You might kiss me, at least, I think.”

“Shall I?”

“Shall you? What a question,” and she turned up her face to him.

“And now I must go, Kitty dear. Oh, Kitty, Kitty,” he whispered, huskily.

She drew back. “Why, what is the matter?” But he was walking away. “Don't you want your answer?” she ran after him saying.

“Not now; not to-night.”

She turned and crept into the house. Then she knew what she had done. Chilled by the night air and trembling with fright, she stood in the middle of the floor and looked straight ahead, seeing all her mistake and the shamefulness of it as she had not before. To accomplish a revenge, she had come to this; she had thrown herself into a man's arms almost unasked. And the man had acted curiously. Small wonder. She sank upon the floor and sat for hours with her head hanging down. Then she undressed and went to bed, but lay awake until morning. She thought of Appleton now, and how she had betrayed him, and she loved him more than ever she had before. It was a hard struggle between shame and inborn frankness; but she determined at last to tell him the truth in the morning and let him do as he liked, throw her over, if he wished; but then he would not, she was sure of that. Only her old rôle of dispenser of favors and privileges would be ended; it would be he who would play the magnanimous henceforth. If only she could have had the crimson rose she had pinned on Saxe's coat. If he were to wear it the next day, Appleton would recognize it as one of the bunch he had given her, and remember that he had told her that red roses meant love. She worried and marveled that she should have rushed headlong into such disgrace. She was one of those women whose tears come easily, but she had been too frightened and ashamed to cry; at last, at reveille, she sobbed away her griefs and slept.

After guard-mounting she went into the garden with a scarlet face. She saw Appleton coming up the walk, and paled with fear of what she had to tell him. She dropped her eyes and fingered a flower nervously until he stood beside her. “Oh, good-morning, Fred,” she said, cheerily.

“Good-morning, Kitty.”

A silence; Kitty bit her lip and pulled at the flower. “Well, why don't you say something?” she inquired, petulantly.

“I've nothing much to say.”

She glanced up and saw a red rose pinned to his coat—a crushed and wilted red rose. She caught hold of his arm to steady herself. He let her hand lie on his sleeve.

“I only came to ask if you had any message for Saxe. He fell into a post-hole, that was in the wrong place, just as he was starting to visit the guard. The fall broke his leg, and I took his sword to make the rounds for him. He seems to be dreadfully worried about something as I left; but I didn't understand at the time. I do now. So do you, I fancy. Shall I give him the rose that was meant for him, or do you want it back?” He unpinned it and handed it to her.

She took it and crushed the petals until a red stain trickled between her fingers.

Appleton watched her and lingered for a while. “Have you any message? I think he expects one. You have none? No—you must not say you hate him; and you must not try to explain. That is all, Kitty. Pretty, faithless little Kitty. Good-bye, and it is good-bye for always, too.”

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1895.

"ASIA FOR THE ASIATICS."

Henry Norman's Account of Japan's Present and Future in "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East"—Will She Rule "Asia for the Asiatics"?

Two weeks ago we printed a number of extracts from "The Real Chinaman," by Chester Holcombe, which presented a series of graphic pictures of the sordid and heightened life of the Chinese people. Whoever read Mr. Holcombe's description of rural life in China, and who has seen from the accounts of the war how corrupt are the Chinese officials, must feel that, for the present at least, she is not to be reckoned with in considering the politics of Asia. It is Japan that is the leading power of Asia—she is one of the great powers of the world to-day—and as a complementary picture to that of China's huge incompetence, for which we leaved upon Mr. Holcombe's volume, we shall this week reprint a series of extracts from Henry Norman's new book, "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East" (Scribners'), which presents in equally vivid terms the highly organized efficiency of Japan. We have already noticed Mr. Norman's book briefly, but we trust we shall not weary our readers, even if we quote a second time so striking a passage as the utterance of a Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs that follows.

In opening the first of his two chapters on Japan, Mr. Norman says:

Japan has at length come into her inheritance. Kossuth is reported to have said that the two most powerful men in the world were Prince Bismarck and the Emperor of Japan. From one of these the wonder has somewhat abated of late, but the country of the other has finally imposed itself upon the somewhat unwilling recognition of the West. The "child of the world's old age" has proved to be its most remarkable offspring. . . . Her leap from feudalism to modernity is without parallel, but everybody appreciates it now. In a quarter of a century she has sprung from an Oriental despotism, hating foreigners above all else and differing only from other Oriental despots by the fact that the ruling influence among her people was one of the strictest, loftiest, and most punctilious codes of honor that man has ever devised, to a nation whose army and navy may meet those of contemporary Europe on equal terms; whose laws will bear comparison with any in existence; whose manufactures are driving western producers from the field; whose art-work has created a new standard of taste abroad; whose education has produced a band of experts second to none—it was a Japanese physician who first discovered the bacillus of the hühonic plague in Hong Kong; whose colonizing strength suggests more than one alteration of the map of Asia; whose official statistics, for truthfulness and elaboration, leave those of many Western countries far behind—her last budget covers fourteen hundred and thirty-eight printed pages; whose people are simply thirsting for fresh fields to conquer, and scorn the mere idea of failure.

To illustrate the feeling that prevails among the Japanese people at the present time, Mr. Norman tells this anecdote:

At the battle of Sōng-hwao, a hugler named Genjiro stood beside Captain Matsuzaki, when a bullet struck him in the chest. Though knowing he was seriously wounded, he continued to blow until breath failed him, and he fell dead where he stood. The so-called "Christian Patriotic Relief Corps" of his native village of Funao-mura collected a few presents to send to his family—who were people in the humblest circumstances—with a letter of consolation; the headman collected the people of the village, the gifts were presented by the local member of parliament, and in reply Genjiro's father spoke as follows: "It is the lot of all men to die. My son had to die some time. Instead of falling asleep in a corner of this miserable hovel, unmoored save by a few relatives, he has fallen on the field of honor and received the praise of a multitude of his superiors. Hence his mother and I can not look upon this as a mournful occasion. We rejoice that our son has been loyal to Japan, even to the point of shedding his blood in defense of her honor."

This same spirit was shown in another way when, in response to a call for a loan of fifty millions of dollars, the government was promptly offered as much as seventy millions.

Mr. Norman devotes several pages to a demonstration of Japan's present development and prospective greatness in industry, but the *Argonaut* has already dwelt on that subject editorially in the last and earlier issues, and we shall pass it by to take up Japan's place among the nations of the earth. Mr. Norman says:

The greatest ambition of Japan has been realized. She has always wanted to whip China, but far more, of late years, has she desired to be recognized by European powers as on a level with themselves. Till this happened, she has felt that all she did was admired, as one admires the precocity of a child. . . . While on the one hand Japan had an army which was not much inferior to any army in the world of its size, a navy small but first-rate in quality, a growing system of manufactures which threatened the predominance of Western competitors, a development of scientific knowledge that was the surprise of all who understood it, and a political system of which the least that could be said was that it was based on the best models, she was at the same time unable to exercise the least jurisdiction over the criminal foreigners in her midst, her customs system was dictated to her by foreign treaties, and before she could make any change in these treaties she must procure the consent, not only of the really great powers, but also of Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Hawaii, and Peru. Many of Japan's friends had urged her to "denounce" the treaties—to give formal notice that after a certain date she would no longer recognize their validity. This would have been strictly within her rights, for the American diplomatist who had dictated the words of the first treaty of a foreign power with Japan had expressed his regret that words he had inserted as giving to Japan the concession of revising her own treaties had been distorted by other powers into the claim of a right on their part to interfere in this. And it would have been well within her ability, too, for it was known that several of the great treaty powers would not have dreamed of fighting for their treaties, and that in their absence the others would not have found it convenient to do so. But Japan adhered to the slower though less risky process of negotiation. The result was that the conditions of 1866 remained those of 1894. . . . Is it surprising that when the Japanese people gradually awoke to a realization of this fact, and the further one that foreigners were deliberately delaying any reform in her interests, an anti-foreign spirit grew up and manifested itself in offensive ways?

Looking into the future, Mr. Norman says the Japan of to-morrow has nothing to fear, except from herself. Lahor troubles may come to her, and danger also lies in over-confidence. Our author says:

If the Japanese politician becomes enamored of Utopias and panaceas; if he believes that, in the future as in the past, his own country can do in a decade what it has taken other nations a century to accomplish; if he does not realize that the difficulties ahead are infinitely greater and more trying than those which have been overcome, he may plunge Japan into a bottomless pit of troubles. There are still in modern Japan all the elements for civil explosion, and serious economic and political difficulties would undoubtedly bring these into action.

Moreover Japan has various political dangers to avoid—one of which seems oddly out of place in the land Gilhert so lately caricatured in "The Mikado"; "her politics shows an unfortunate tendency to violence," says Mr. Norman, and he continues:

There is a class of unemployed rowdies, called *soshi*, descendants by practice of the old *ronins* and corresponding roughly to the "heelers" of Tammany, who hire themselves out regularly, especially at election times, to the highest bidder for any disreputable purposes, from breaking up meetings to hudgeoning candidates, or even assassinating political opponents. When to all this is added the further fact that the great clan jealousies of ante-restoration times are still smoldering, and that Satsuma and Choshu live to harmony chiefly because they divide political power between them, it will be seen that in her new-found politics, too, Japan may find many a danger to her national welfare.

Of all evils that may imperil Japan's future, however, the most dangerous will be excess of military zeal. Our author says:

There has always been a war party in Japan, and it has looked for years with eagerness to a struggle with China. This has now taken place, and its results are not likely to be pacific; on the contrary, the party of a so-called "strong foreign policy" will be justified in the eyes of all men. And as there is no longer any Eastern power to fight, the "strong" party of the future can only turn its eyes toward some nation of the West. Lest it be thought that I am exaggerating Japanese confidence and ambition, I will quote the following extraordinary passage from a recent speech of no less distinguished a person than Count Okuma himself, ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs:

"The European powers are already showing symptoms of decay, and the next century will see their constitutions shattered and their empires in ruins. Even if this should not quite happen, their resources will have become exhausted in unsuccessful attempts at colonization. Therefore who is fit to be their proper successors if not ourselves? What nation, except Germany, France, Russia, Austria, and Italy, can put two hundred thousand men into the field inside of a month? As to their finance, there is no country where the disposal of surplus revenue gives rise to so much political discussion. As to intellectual power, the Japanese mind is in every way equal to the European mind. More than this, have not the Japanese opened a way to the perfection of a discovery in which foreigners have not succeeded even after years of labor? Our people astonish even the French, who are the most skillful among artisans, by the cleverness of their work. It is true that the Japanese are small of stature, but the superiority of the body depends more on its constitution than on its size. If treaty revision were completed, and Japan completely victorious over China, we should become one of the chief powers of the world, and no power could engage in any movement without first consulting us. Japan could then enter into competition with Europe as the representative of the Oriental races."

Passing on to the time when peace shall have been established between Japan and China, Mr. Norman inquires into the future policy of Japan and makes a statement that will surprise many:

There exists in Japan, in the minds of the intelligent among her citizens, no less than among her publicists, her soldiers, and her diplomatists, a sentiment which is seldom mentioned there, and which, as far as I know, has hardly been hinted at in Europe. That sentiment is summed up in four words: *Asia for the Asiatics*. Herein, I am convinced, lie the germs of the most momentous events in the relationships of nations since Napoleon Bonaparte was exiled to St. Helena.

This sentiment and the policy it dictates are explained at length by Mr. Norman as follows:

Japan has already fixed her eyes upon the future, and what she sees there alarms her, as well it may. Japan is a little country, with 40,000,000 of people. China is a huge country, with 350,000,000. China could easily bring 500,000 men of splendid physique to the colors; she could engage European or American officers and teachers to bring them gradually under military discipline and instruction; well paid and fairly treated, the soldiers would be as good a mass of *Kanonenfutter* as need be; she could arm them with repeating rifles and quick-firing field-pieces; she could buy herself a new fleet and place it under the absolute control of foreign officers. It is inconceivable that even China, if she ever escapes from the consequences of this war, should not have learned her lesson at last. Then in ten or fifteen years' time she would be a really great power. During this period, Japan would have been compelled to increase her army and her navy, and to support a constantly growing burden of military expenditure; and, at its close, the whole struggle would be to wage over again under conditions infinitely less favorable to herself. The leading vernacular journals have already declared frankly that this must not be permitted at any cost. Taking once more the Japanese point of view, it can not be asserted that this is unreasonable. The question then recurs, what does Japan want?

This brings us back to the aforesaid undercurrent of national sentiment in Japan which would express itself, if it spoke at all, in the declaration, "Asia for the Asiatics." In other words, I am able to say from positive knowledge that the Government of Japan has conceived a parallel to the Monroe Doctrine for the Far East, with herself as its centre. The words of President Monroe, in his famous Message of 1823, in which this doctrine was first promulgated, express exactly, with the change of the one word I have italicized, the views of the chief Japanese statesmen of to-day:

"With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere; but with the governments which have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on principle, so far as principles go, acknowledged, we could not view an interposition for oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward Japan."

After all, Japan says—and the assertion is true—Asia is Asia, and between the Asiatic and the European, however keen may be the commercial instincts of the latter, or however progressive the temperament of the former, there is an everlasting gulf. We have found out—or we shall do so—in India that, in Mr. Kipling's words, "East is East, and West is West." We may like Japan, and admire her, and trade with her—and for my part I do not think it possible to know Japan without both liking and admiring her greatly; and Japan may like us, and appropriate our knowledge, and trade with us. But Englishman, American, Frenchman, or German is one kind of human being, and Japanese is another. Between them stands, and will stand forever, the sacred and ineradicable distinction of race. China has, of course, been dimly inspired by this knowledge when she has denounced Japan as a traitor to Asia, and the Chinese community in Hong Kong betrays the same feeling when it speaks of the "treachery" of the most enlightened Chinaman there because he possesses a double European education in law and medicine, wears European clothes, and married a European wife. But the retort of Japan is that the real traitor is China, because she has been content to remain the victim of the Occident, instead of rousing herself to push back its advancing waves if an opportunity should offer. And Japan is prepared to bring China back to Asiatic allegiance. It is not yet understood that if Japan's first object during the war has been to vanquish China, her second has been to avoid any step which might upset the Chinese dynasty. Had she wished to do this, nothing could have been easier. She could, with almost a certainty of success, have left Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei to stew in their own juice, and have marched an expedition straight to Peking. But putting this supposition aside in deference to the views of some military experts, she could have dispatched emissaries to China—and her *soshi* class would have provided numbers of them—to distribute throughout the more disaffected provinces placards calling upon the Chinese people to rise against their alien rulers and assuring them that the war was only against the throne and not against the country; then, by providing with money and arms the rebels she would thus have created, she could, almost without striking a blow, have brought down the political organization of China like a house of cards. In that event, however, China would have been a mere inert mass of members, without a head. Japan has no doubt whatever of her ability to reorganize China. The *Hochi Shimbun*, one of the leading Tokio journals, recently said:

"The Chinese are the worst governed people in the world, and consequently the easiest to bring under a foreign yoke. Besides, they have no strong national pride, like that entertained by the French, the German, the English, or the Japanese. Talleyrand's saying that 'Italy is a mere geographical name' may be applied to China with much greater force. The Chinese, under the mild and civilized rule of Japan, would soon learn that they fare better thus than under their old masters. That would assuredly be the case in respect of material prosperity, and an improvement in such an important matter would in itself satisfy them."

And in a later issue the same journal, which is not in the habit of treating serious matters thoughtlessly, has carried this consideration to the point of advocating it as a measure of practical politics. It declares that China is doomed to destruction, if not by Japan, then by Europe. It is, therefore, a question demanding deep thought whether Japan should not take possession of the big empire in the sequel of the present war. Should China fall a prey to one or more European countries, Japan's position would be greatly endangered. The *Hochi Shimbun* therefore entertains little doubt that it lies in the path of Japan's mission, as the peace-maintainer of the Orient, to bring China under the flag of the Rising Sun at the earliest possible opportunity.

This ambition, however, Mr. Norman declares, Great Britain will never allow, giving at length his reasons and following this with a luminous exposition of the *pros* and *cons* of the various alliances which Japan might make with Great Britain, Russia, France, and Germany. But these speculations concern European powers, and we leave them, with the hope that in the above extracts we have shown what a mighty little engine Japan is, and how potent in the future of the Asiatic world.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Vampire.

I found a corpse, with golden hair,
Of a maiden seven months dead.
But the face, with the death in it, still was fair,
And the lips with their love were red.
Rose-leaves on a snow-drift shed,
Blood-drops by Adonis hied,
Doubtless were not so red.

I combed her hair into curls of gold,
And I kissed her lips till her lips were warm,
And I bathed her body in moonlight cold,
Till she grew to a living form:
Till she stood up bold to a magic of old,
And walked to a muttered charm—
Life-like, without alarm.

And she walks by me, and she talks by me,
Ere more, night and day;
For she loves me so, that, wherever I go,
She follows me all the way—
This corpse—you would almost say
There pined a soul in the clay.

Her eyes are so bright at the dead of night
That they keep me awake with dread;
And my life-blood fails in my veins, and pales
At the sight of her lips so red:
For her face is as white as the pillow by night
Where she kisses me on my head:
All her gold hair outspread—
Neither alive nor dead.

I would that this woman's head
Were less golden about the hair:
I would her lips were less red,
And her face less deadly fair.
For this is the worst to bear—
How came that redness there?

'Tis my heart, be sure, she eats for her food;
And it makes one's whole flesh creep
To think that she drinks and drains my blood
Unawares, when I am asleep.
How else could those red lips keep
Their redness so damson-deep?

There's a thought like a serpent, slips
Ever into my heart and head—
There are plenty of women, alive and human,
One might woo, if one wished, and wed—
Women with hearts, and brains—aye, and lips
Not so very terribly red.

But to house with a corpse—ah! she so fair,
With that dim, unearthly, golden hair,
And those sad, serene blue eyes,
With their looks from who knows where,
Which Death has made so wise,
With the grave's own secret there—
It is more than a man can bear!

It were better for me, ere I came nigh her,
This corpse—ere I looked upon her,
Had they burned my body in flame and fire
With a sorcerer's dishonor.
For when the Devil hath made his lair,
And lurks in the eyes of a fair young woman
(To grieve a man's soul with her golden hair,
And break his heart, if his heart be human),
Would not a saint despair
To be saved by fast or prayer
From perdition made so fair?

—Owen Meredith.

The choicest, or at all events the rarest, wine that was ever sold was probably the pipe of Madeira known to connoisseurs as "the 1814 pipe." This famous wine, sold by auction in Paris as part of the effects of the Duchesse de Raguse, caused the greatest excitement. It was fished up in 1814 near Antwerp, where it had lain in the carcass of a ship wrecked at the mouth of the Scheldt in 1778. As soon as the discovery was made known, Louis the Eighteenth dispatched an agent to secure the wine. A share of it was given to the French consul, who had assisted in its recovery, and thus it came into the cellars of the Duc de Raguse. Only forty-four bottles were remaining, which were sold, literally for their weight in gold, to Rothschild.

An English commercial traveler named Browning has distinguished himself in Paris by buying a photograph of President Faure at the news-stand and tearing it to pieces. His defense was that it bored him to see so many photographs of the president.

Naples is to build permanent sea-baths to accommodate forty-three thousand persons, and to enable them to have hot and cold baths at all seasons of the year. The points on the shore have been selected for the sites.

NEW YORK CLUB GOSSIP.

The Union Club Abandons Its Move Up-Town—The Empty Metropolitan Club—A "Millionaire Mausoleum"—Ladies' Annexes in Clubs—How they Succeed.

The drift up-town of the New York clubs has met with a sudden check. After two or three years' incubation, the Union Club's Site Committee reported to the club a few days ago. This has been looked forward to with much interest and curiosity, not only in but out of the club. Inasmuch as all the business matters of the club leak out, everything was known about it. The report of the committee, in fact, has been printed, wholly or partially, in several of the newspapers. The committee consisted of John N. Griswold, Clarence A. Seward, F. W. Milbank, F. D. Tappen, Alexander T. Van Nest, and J. Hampden Robb. The committee has been looked upon as representing the conservative element of the club, and they were appointed many months ago for the purpose of choosing a site. It was conceded that the site must be on a Fifth Avenue corner.

Three sites were considered, of which the one recommended was the old site of St. Luke's Hospital, on the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Fourth Street, having a frontage of one hundred feet on Fifth Avenue and one hundred and seventy-five feet on Fifty-Fourth Street. The Site Committee was appointed four years ago, and was empowered to do as it deemed best without referring the matter to the club. Therefore, when it decided not to act, but to refer the matter to a club meeting, much interest was excited.

In its report the committee said: "The new building must be as appropriate, dignified, and luxurious as any club-house now existing, and large enough to contain rooms and apartments to produce a rental of \$20,000 per annum." This language squints at the beautiful building of the Metropolitan Club, popularly known as the "Millionaire Club," which is looked upon as a rival to the Union. The committee made the following estimates: The building, \$500,000; furniture and decorations, \$200,000; interest while in process of construction, \$75,000; allowance for errors in calculations, \$25,000; making a total of \$800,000. But the committee, in a foot-note, adds that the building would cost not less than \$1,000,000. The site selected—the old St. Luke's Hospital—was offered for \$800,000, making a total for ground and buildings of \$1,600,000. The present assets of the club are \$600,000, leaving \$1,000,000 to be provided for. To meet this expenditure, the committee suggested increasing the present membership from 1,400 to 2,000, which would largely increase the revenues from dues. If that was not deemed advisable, they suggested an increase of \$25 in the annual dues, yielding an increased revenue of \$35,000 a year, which would cancel the indebtedness in twenty-nine years.

When the annual meeting was held last Wednesday evening, May 22d, it resulted in a surprise. The committee's report was not accepted. The club voted overwhelmingly in the negative.

The committee had been selected from the conservative members, and the younger men, who have been urging the removal of the club up-town, have hitherto been not slow in stating that they considered the committee did not represent the younger element of the club. But it would seem, from the result of this meeting, that the committee had gone much further than the club would dare to go. In fact, during the last two or three years, such has been the retrenchment caused by the hard times, that numbers of clubs are in difficulties. Some have been forced to close their doors, and some have been sold out by the sheriff, as was the case with the New York Manhattan Athletic Club. Therefore the "young and enthusiastic element" of clubs which are all the time trying to move, to buy new buildings, and to run into debt, are not being listened to with so much attention as they were a few years ago.

When the Union Club met on Wednesday night, the meeting was more largely attended than any for many years. The large meeting-room upstairs was packed with members. James W. Gerard attacked the committee's report, showing that it would be extremely hazardous for the club to undertake this move. He pointed out that the committee had assumed that the assets of the club were \$620,000, of which \$550,000 was put down for the present building and lot. He stated that it would not bring that price if placed upon the market; but even admitting that it would, he questioned the wisdom of saddling a debt of \$1,000,000 upon the club. Franklin Bartlett, the secretary of the club, also attacked the report. As a result, the report was rejected by an overwhelming vote, and the committee discharged.

There is very little heard from the "young and enthusiastic members" of the club since the decisive vote on Wednesday. They are not talking much. As for the conservative members, they state freely that in their opinion the club does not want to move, and that there is no need to move. As one of them said to me yesterday: "There are a good many club men below Thirty-Fourth Street yet. There are plenty of good people who live around Gramercy Park, Washington Square, and in the streets just off of Fifth Avenue below Twenty-Third Street. There is still much wealth and fashion below Madison Square. As for the wild race of churches and clubs up-town, it seems to me that there are enough there. Above Madison Square there are plenty of churches and clubs, and I think the old Union had better hold the fort where it is."

There is no doubt that this man is right. The Metropolitan, the "Millionaire Club," tried the experiment of going up-town, and is located on the corner of Sixtieth Street and Fifth Avenue, only six blocks above the site which was proposed for the Union, but it is too far up-town. The building is a very beautiful one, the rooms are spacious and lofty, the decorations are done by artists of high rank, and every possible comfort and luxury are to be

found in the club-house. But you do not find any men there. Walk through the Metropolitan Club-House in the morning, and you will find in its spacious halls and on its magnificent staircases nothing but emptiness, while yawning hall-boys, bell-boys, and elevator-boys testify to the weariness which settles on the mind of him who bath no one to wait upon. Occasionally there will be a dinner given there in one of the private dining-rooms, and the members will frequently bring in out-of-town friends, from Podunk or Philadelphia, from Boston or Kankakee, to dine with them. Both member and guest seem to be uncomfortable in this vast millionaire mausoleum, and leave it as soon as they can to seek other clubs where there is not so much magnificence and where there are more men. Altogether, it is very plain that the Metropolitan Club can cater to all the needs of a club around the entrance to the park. As for the Union Club, it is not a good reason that it should move because the Metropolitan had its club-house there.

The Metropolitan Club is the result of a blackballed war which broke out in the Union Club some years ago. It arose over the name of John King, president of the Erie Railroad. Mr. King is at present, I believe, touring the Pacific Slope—in fact, I think he is in your city of San Francisco. Mr. King is a railroad magnate of much wealth, and has many friends. Naturally, of course, he has also enemies. When he came up for membership at the Union Club he was badly blackballed. His friends were indignant, as friends always are under such circumstances, and endeavored to have a new ballot ordered, or to have the old one set aside on the ground of irregularity. In fact, they did all the things that friends usually do under such circumstances. But their efforts failed utterly. The fact remained that Mr. King was most ingloriously pilloried. It is doubtless very unpleasant to be blackballed by a club; but when you are, the only thing to do is to grin and bear it. Mr. King grinned, but his friends were so indignant that they started a schism. It had for its object the founding of a club which should be professedly a rival of the Union. This was the genesis of the Metropolitan Club, and, inasmuch as the populace believed that it was restricted to millionaires, it has ever since been popularly known as the "Millionaire's Club." It is a very good club, and in years to come, when the life of the town is more active around the entrance of Central Park, no doubt the members will go there, but they do not now. The Union Club has no cause to fear the Metropolitan.

There are 650 members of the Metropolitan Club, very few of whom ever go there. The elaborate smoking-rooms are always empty, and the billiard-rooms are only tenanted by yawning billiard-markers. The great dining-room, which can seat one thousand people, rarely has more than eight. To add to the disagreeable features of belonging to the Metropolitan Club, it has a large and luxurious debt. Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough, holds one mortgage of \$380,000, the Bowery Savings Bank holds a mortgage of \$500,000 on the property, and a third mortgage for \$700,000 has been executed since the first two. Such is the amount of the indebtedness that every person who became a member of the club since March of last year also became individually responsible for over \$4,000 of indebtedness. The Metropolitan Club committee has raised the annual dues to \$100, and has resolved that, in case of emergency, the members may be assessed. They will stand it, of course, but millionaires do not like assessments any more than other men.

It is odd, but the unpopularity of the Metropolitan extends even to the Ladies' Annex. This is entirely distinct from the club-house proper. The annex is east of the main building, on the big court entered from Sixtieth Street. The main dining-room is thirty by fifty feet, and will seat eighty people. It is in Louis Quinze style, treated in white and pale green. There are also private dining-rooms, where ladies can give luncheons, and there are dressing-rooms and every convenience. But beautiful as are the rooms in the Ladies' Annex of the Metropolitan Club, the ladies do not seem to use them largely.

By the way, it is remarkable how much the use of men's clubs by women has increased of late years. The Colonial was the pioneer in this movement. Its club-house is on the corner of Seventy-Second Street and the Boulevard. The club has a number of dining, reception, and drawing-rooms set apart for the use of ladies. They are largely used for luncheons, for supper-parties after the theatre, and for Sunday-evening dinners. Many people in New York dine out on Sunday evenings. It is almost impossible to keep female domestics in this town, unless they are allowed their Sunday afternoons and evenings out, hence many wise bousekeepers avoid war by dining out on Sundays. The Colonial Club's ladies' dining-room is crowded every Sunday evening.

Among the other up-town clubs, the Lotos, the Union League, and the Manhattan give "Ladies' Days" occasionally, but they do not provide dining-rooms for the ladies. Among the down-town clubs, the Lawyers' Club, the Riding Club, and the Insurance Club have made ample provision for the fair sex.

It is related that once upon a time there was a movement among the "young and enthusiastic" members of the Union Club to have a "Ladies' Day," which was to pave the way toward the eventual establishment of a ladies' dining-room. A meeting was called with that as the hidden end in view. The meeting took place. It was called to order. It sat solemnly for some minutes. Nobody said anything. Finally a man got up and said, "Move we adjourn." It was carried. Nothing has ever been heard of the "Ladies' Annex" from that day to this.

The Union Club sometimes does very wise things. It did a wise thing when it refused to consolidate with the Metropolitan. It did a wise thing last Wednesday when it refused to move up-town and saddle itself with a million-dollar debt. And perhaps it did a wise thing when it didn't do anything about its "Ladies' Day." Who can tell?

NEW YORK, May 28, 1895.

FLANEUR.

THE HEIRESS.

A Clever Sketch of a Social Type—Her Fascinating Fortune, her Ignored Personal Attractions, and her Train of Suitors—The Original Young Man's Scheme.

Just what the Heiress's fortune really amounted to, very few people knew. They put it at one million and they put it at six and seven. Young men who affected to know all about everything said it wasn't half as large as people thought; middle-aged men who had heard its history said it was larger; old men, who had known the Heiress's father in the dear, dead days of his poverty-pinched youth, and had watched the inception and slow, cumulative growth of the fortune, said nobody could exactly tell. All these people knew and talked a great deal about it, for they had all proposed to the Heiress in their day.

Every unmarried man proposed to the Heiress. It had become a sort of *cachet* of good style to have been refused by her. It was the sign that a man cherished social and commercial ambitions when he was known to have been rejected by the Heiress, and Society, even if it had rather looked down upon him before, after that regarded him kindly as a climber worth encouraging. He had begun his career in the right spirit. In the great lottery of life there is no knowing how events are going to develop, and a day might come when the Heiress would reciprocate one of the *grandes passions* she had been evoking for the last fifteen years. So the noble army of proposers persevered, each hoping that some day he might be elected of Destiny to draw the prize.

To be proposed to was as every-day a matter to the Heiress as to be asked about the weather is to the ordinary dowdier maid. Some people said the Heiress expected it; that a hungry, expectant gleam came into her eye when the conversation did not tend proposal-ward. She had got into the habit of being proposed to, and everybody knows the mastery of habit. Having grown used to this stimulating form of conversation, all others by comparison were tedious and flat. Men felt that the Heiress expected it, and they were always very kind about not disappointing her. Her friends admitted that the foreigners had got her into the habit of being proposed to shortly after the first few remarks on the weather were interchanged.

The Heiress had had a severe experience of the proposing powers of foreigners. She went abroad one year, and they followed her about in squads, proposing at the railway stations, in elevators, at the *table d'hôte*, when they assisted her from her carriage. There were so many of them that they had to make the best of their opportunities, or, as we would say in our wild and woolly vernacular, they had to hustle. The Heiress became rather bored with them before her tour was over, and she afterward was heard to remark that the European was far before the American in his capacity to propose at a moment's notice and to keep on proposing remorselessly. When she returned from her travels, she lived in seclusion for some weeks, and let a whole month go by without receiving an offer.

The foreigners were, however, hard to escape from, especially the Englishmen. They were thick upon the ground wherever the Heiress went. In the morning, when she got up and raised the blind of her bedroom window to look at the morning sun, she generally saw an Englishman waiting on the steps to be let in and propose. They were of all sorts—clerks in various banks and companies, ambitious itinerants who had heard of the fame of the Heiress's fortune and come out from the old country to pay her court, noblemen who were making a hurried tour round the world. These last always stopped over twenty-four hours to run up and propose to the Heiress, and some of them, with even less time to spare for love's young dream, managed to scramble through the offer between trains.

Of the personal attractions of the Heiress nobody seemed to think. The fortune overwhelmed every other consideration. When some stranger who had hopefully braved the terrors of the main and the trip across the continent inquired anxiously about the appearance of the Unknown Goddess, nobody could tell him anything about her. Was she fat or thin, tall or short, blonde or brunette?—nobody really had even given these matters a thought. She was so preëminently an Heiress that her riches filled the mind of the on-looker to the exclusion of all other considerations. The fierce white light that beats upon a fortune had, in this case, thrown the owner of the fortune into the deepest shade.

Sometimes—as in Hans Andersen's story of "The Emperor's New Clothes"—a very young girl, faced at her first ball by the dazzling vision of the Heiress, surrounded by a cohort of *soupirants* waiting to get an opportunity to propose, would murmur, in the awed tone of one who voices a heresy, that she thought the Heiress not at all good-looking—plain and *passée*, rather. But after her second season she knew better, and, like everybody else, did not really know in the least how the Heiress looked.

That the Heiress was stout and mature, with a broad, honest, freckled face and a thick-set, chunky figure, to which the most accomplished *modiste* could not impart an air of serpentine slenderness, were things only known by children and such ignorant, ordinary people as the Heiress, on those rare occasions when she walked abroad, passed by on the street. In her world she was only the Heiress. Even the foreigners, after the first shock was over, forgot about her entirely, and paid court to a large fortune as personified by a stooled lady of thirty-five, who wore very handsome clothes and lived in the large, over-furnished rooms of a large, over-furnished house.

Among the crowding numbers of male philanthropists who had resolved that the Heiress should not wither on the parent stem, was one poor but honest young man who had made up his mind that the great fortune of the Heiress could not be devoted to a more worthy object than that of making him comfortable and happy. He told his friends of this

original idea, and while they did not actually discourage him, admitting the value from a social point of view of his joining the battalion of the Heiress's rejected suitors, they assured him that the enterprise was hopeless. The Heiress had got so used to refusing men that she really now would not know how to accept one.

But the young man was inclined to be hopeful. He said that there had been cases of the triumph of forlorn hopes. There had been people, like Joan of Arc, who had done extraordinary things that nobody had imagined could be done. Perhaps he was one of these favorites of fortune. If all went well, he was sure the Heiress would make him happy. Somebody had once said, a long time ago, before she was swamped in her fortune, that she had an amiable disposition. He would not be an exacting husband; she could have everything she wanted and had been accustomed to. Besides, he was not going to commit himself to an absolute, out-and-out rejection. If it looked as if things were going against him, he was going to scramble out before he was actually refused. He did not think that it would add much to his glory to be pointed out as the last victim of the universal ambition to possess the Heiress's fortune. He was an original young man.

So he proposed, charily and guardedly, to the Heiress. It was much more difficult than he had supposed to tell what the Heiress's answer was going to be from her demeanor. Long custom had made the Heiress always receive a declaration in exactly the same manner. She knew all the different ways in which an offer of marriage can be made. As the moment approached in which the important question was to be propounded, she rose with dignity and stood leaning against the mantel-piece, her back toward the young man. As her countenance was concealed from him and as she maintained a severe silence, he had no clue as to what emotions, if any, were agitating her. He began to feel very uneasy, and thought desperately of his boast that he would never go so far as to risk a downright and unqualified rejection.

Meanwhile the Heiress herself was also disturbed in her mind. She liked this young man; she liked him better than any one she had seen for a good many years. Moreover, she was getting tired of being proposed to. Even the most frantically impassioned offer had come to bore her. Yet custom and habit are strong. The Heiress sighed and stirred a little impatiently. The young man was very slow about coming to the crucial question. Finally, however, he achieved the climax of his discourse and waited in that silent and tense anxiety of which the Heiress had been seeing examples for the last fifteen years. She sighed, for a second hesitated, then the grinding dominion of custom asserted itself, and she reluctantly repeated the old, accustomed formula.

The young man moved round in front of her, and looked at her, and began to laugh.

"Why, how funny and solemn you look," he said, laughing.

The Heiress was startled. It was only for him she had adopted this air of befitting seriousness, and now he stood there laughing. She stared at him, with an air of displeased dignity.

"You're so funny," he said, beginning to shake with the violence of his mirth. "You look as if you were going to a funeral."

"I don't understand you," said the Heiress, with cold hauteur. "I should have thought, after the past conversation, you would have felt serious, too."

"Why, of course not; that's what I'm laughing at. It was a joke. You didn't believe I was in earnest, did you?"

The Heiress stared at him in frozen silence.

"You don't suppose," said the young man, "I ever really would have dared to aspire to you? Why, that would have been sheer madness. I'm a poor nobody, and you're the Heiress. Of course not. I know my place."

The Heiress could think of nothing to say. In all her large and varied experience of proposals, she had never received one like this before.

"I wonder you didn't see at once I was just joking," continued the young man, glibly; "I thought, of course, you'd see through it in a minute. And when you took it so seriously, I couldn't help laughing." And he began to laugh again. This time the Heiress joined with him, and they both laughed together. But as she laughed she thought:

"I wonder would it have been a joke if I had accepted?" And on this point she never could quite make up her mind.

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1895.

Here is a plot for Gilbert and Sullivan. On H. M. S. *Ringarooma*, on the Australian station, the captain recently reprimanded the surgeon for some slight breach of duty, whereupon the latter put the captain on the sick-list. The captain then ordered the surgeon under arrest. He then reported that the captain was suffering from mental disease, and was incapable of commanding the ship, but the captain had him court-martialed and dismissed.

At Gubbio, in Italy, a spiritualist medium recently promised to put a mother in communication with her dead son. When she saw flames and sulphurous smoke coming out of the cabinet, she was convinced that he was damned, went staring mad, and will not recover. The medium is to be prosecuted.

Paris wants to build a mosque for the convenience of its Mussulman visitors. A committee, on which are the artists Benjamin Constant, Delaunay, and Belleville, General de Gallifet, and the Prince of Arenberg, is trying to raise the money needed.

French lawyers are forbidden by the statutes of their Bar Association from riding in omnibuses; they must either take a cab or walk.

THE SUMMER CIRCUS IN PARIS.

"Dorsey" writes of the Cirque D'Été, Its Habitués and its Attractions—Gayly Dressed Women of Both Worlds and Blasé Clubmen.

The annual spring re-opening of the Cirque d'Été in the Champs-Élysées took place not long ago, and now, until the Grand Prix is run, it will be the fashionable rendezvous for "Tout Paris" on Saturday nights. Why? We know of no other reason than usage and long prescription. It would seem that the fashion has reached its height; nothing further can be imagined unless the place of meeting will eventually be changed to the new Hippodrome now being constructed on the Boulevard Malesherbes.

On the first Saturday night, the fine flower of the Parisian clubmen, the *gratins*, the *gonnoux*, the ambitious counter-skippers, and, in short, all men who have pretensions to elegance, put on their whitest shirts, their best Léon bats, and their most easy and supercilious air, and, with gardenias in their button-holes and eye-glasses in their eyes, they come to the Cirque d'Été to crush and to be crushed, to see and to be seen.

On the side of the women there is a great rivalry of toilets and a great mixture of classes. There are great ladies, middle-class ladies, and good *bourgeoises*, who come with their husbands, and brothers, and families. They do their utmost in the way of toilets within the limits of their good taste or their means, but the women who lend most of its brilliancy to the aspect of the audience of the Cirque on Saturday nights are those of the *demi-monde*.

Modern Paris has this in common with ancient Athens, that *hetaira* occupy a large share of public attention and play a very large rôle in every-day life. It may please some to hold up their hands in horror at the very mention of the name *hetaira*; others may take the fact of the existence of *hetaira* as a theme for profound moralizing. As witnesses and chroniclers of Parisian life, we can not ignore this frail element; on the contrary, we must take it into account and record its manners and physiognomy.

The *demi-monde*, then, is in full force at the Cirque d'Été on Saturday night; and the taste that its members show in their dress is an instance of the innate artistic genius of the French nation. They may not all be beautiful; many of them are thickly painted and plastered, and it is difficult to see where nature ends and art begins; but all hear themselves gracefully, and wear their silks and satins with an easy elegance which might lead you to believe that they had been born in palaces instead of in a back attic at Belleville or in a porter's lodge in the Faubourg du Temple. The *cocottes* of the Cirque d'Été are, as a whole, pleasing to contemplate for all who love color and form.

The audience of Saturday nights not only occupies every corner in the Circus itself—it swarms on the staircases, in the passages, in the stables, and even overflows into the arena. Before each entry the ring has to be cleared, and there is a perpetual struggle between the Circus employees and the open-waistcoated clubmen, who believe that everything is to be permitted to them because they are at the Circus. It is, indeed, a wonder how the performance can go on at all.

The public of the Circus offers a curious subject of study. The Circus has its *habitués* like the Opéra and the Théâtre Français. There are a hundred or so of people who go every night, who know each other by sight, who belong to different ranks of society, who never speak to each other, and who seem to form part of the Franconi troupe.

Some are fanatical admirers of the *haute école* and others of acrobatic exhibitions. The connoisseurs do not appear until the object of their predilection comes bounding into the ring, whether it be Mlle. Guerra or a famous trapeze-dancer. The former continues the traditions of Mlle. Elisa, who was for a long time the most celebrated *écuyère* in Europe, and was, moreover, the most intimate friend of the Empress of Austria.

Mlle. Guerra is a very elegant person, of slender and graceful figure; her head is small and delicate, her features fine and expressive, animated by brilliant eyes, and set off by a wealth of hair. Mlle. Guerra is certainly the most graceful rider that we have ever seen. Generally in *haute-école* riding, the horse, by force of taps with the whip and nudges with the foot, is made to go through a series of unnatural movements which it executes awkwardly and without any good will. Mlle. Guerra's style differs entirely from the ordinary *haute école*; it is all ease and grace, and if she would only refrain from making her horse go down on his knees, we should find her perfect. She rides without the heavy, cumbersome side-saddle, which always spoils the harmony of the lines of a horse; she simply has a pommel fixed in a little saddle-band about six inches wide. Having gone so far, why does she not set the fashion of wearing some graceful head-covering instead of the hideous silk hat which she and all other lady riders wear?

Parisian *chic* demanding, as we have said, a visit to the Cirque d'Été on Saturday night, the young and old *cocottes* who wish to be "in the movement," and the *belles petites* who *font l'éclat* in a well-appointed victoria, would pass in the eyes of their companions—the former for simple *rastaquouères*, the latter for insignificant *baladeuses*, if they missed a Saturday at the Cirque. For those who are unfamiliar with the phrase *faire l'éclat*, let us explain that the eider-duck is an exotic bird, whose down is very precious. With this down, soft and luxurious cushions are made, on which youth, maturity, and old age may recline in peace. Distinguished and wealthy foreigners may be compared to the eider-duck, and their down and feathers, plucked by adroit, fair hands, are no less precious than eider-down.

In the audience of the Circus there is always a seriousness and a self-possession that you do not find in the audience of a theatre. Those dangerous exercises of strength and address inspire an emotion similar to that which must

have agitated the breasts of the Romans at the circuses of old. One feels a sort of contraction of the heart, an oppression, a fixity and intensity of expectation for those bold feats, those perilous flights in mid-air, that solemn "go," the signal for a swoop that may be a swoop into eternity.

There is an impressiveness in that silent and breathless attention of the crowd as it follows, with upturned eyes, the oscillations of a girl standing on one foot on a swinging trapeze, herself motionless, with folded arms and eyes fixed steadily on some point opposite her, a spot on the wall, perhaps, a mere nothing, but a nothing, perchance, on which her life depends.

It is always the same trapeze, you will say, and always the same white horse that gallops round and round with a man standing on one foot on his back. Yes; but people still look on the horse with its rider, and the two together—the man and the animal—might continue going round and round until the end of time, and we should still follow them with our eyes. It is the old story of the blessedness of monotony.

The interest of this drama on four legs lies not a little in the expectation, the curiosity to know what the *dénouement* is to be, and whether the man will fall and break his neck. The clowns, too, who burst into the arena with a burlesque of gayety, gambols, somersaults, and strange cries, have done the same thing and made the same jokes from time immemorial. You may see on the Pompeian frescoes human pyramids, *disloqués*, prodigies of equilibrium, impossible contortions; you seem to hear the clowns of Herculaneum uttering that little yelp of satisfaction which invariably follows some difficult feat, the "Ah!" "Ah!" "Ah!" of the mountebanks, strange and unnatural as their whitened faces; the inexpressibly droll "Moum!" "Moum!" with which the leader commands the orchestra; the "Là!" of a delighted child when he has accomplished some comic trick. All this is old—old as the hills; but we do not grow tired of seeing the hills or the clowns, either.

There is an undeniable grandeur in feats of strength and address; there is a pleasure of the most unmixed and delightful kind in contemplating the lines of a well-developed human form, the play of the muscles, the straining and effort of splendid limbs, the exercise of conscious strength that does not doubt or falter.

Apropos of spring festivities: the "Promenade de Longchamps," the display at the races of fine women, fine toilets, fine equipages, and fine horses, transports the old Parisian fifty-odd years back and makes him call to mind the great Longchamps of April, 1841, when he saluted, as they passed along the avenue, the Duke and the Duchess of Orleans, in the brilliant colored costumes of the day, and followed by a lieutenant-colonel and a group of adjutants. He raised his hat to young D'Aumale, fresh from his African campaigns. There passed the coach of the Princess de Lieven, M. Guizot's great friend; there, too, rolled the heavy *calèche* of the Comtesse de Hon, and on her right on horseback was the young Comte de Morny. How the blue, lilac, and rose-colored toilets and the large yellow straw hats, with waving white feathers, and the jewels shone resplendent in the April sunlight! All the nobles and celebrities of the kingdom of France—the Comtesse Galliera and Mme. Tiers, the Comtesse la Rihosière and her platonic lover, Baron Gourgaud, the Comtesse Merlin, the Duchess de Fitzjames, the Baronne de Mackau and Mme. Paul Delaroché, Comte Walewski, Delphine de Girardin, with her beautiful teeth, and Balzac, with his cane, and innumerable foreigners, all drove or rode from the Plain de Longchamps to the obelisk of Luxor. To-day the "Promenade de Longchamps" is a tradition of the past. The brilliant equipages and gorgeous toilets of the days of Louis Philippe have given place to cabs, advertising vans, and *cocottes'* victorias.

PARIS, May 14, 1895.

Venice is disturbed by the question of the nude. Signor Grosso, a Turin painter, has in the exhibition a sensational picture called "The Last Rendezvous." Don Juan lies dead in his coffin in a church lighted by torches; all the women he has deceived have come to see him, and fill the church; but they have forgotten to bring their clothes, and the only drapery they have is a few flowers. When the Empress of Austria saw the picture, her only criticism was that there were too many flowers. The Patriarch of Venice has forbidden good Catholics from attending the exhibition because the scene of the picture is in a church. The picture swings on a pivot, and, when boarding-schools come near, it is turned face to the wall.

The extinction of the Octroi, both in Paris and in all the cities of France, will take place next year. The government has been making it the theme of several meetings, with the result, it is said, that not one of the ministers present objected to the reform, though each one could give no reply to the question of how the annual loss of one hundred and fifty millions of francs is to be made good.

Berlin is to have soon a "Sport Exhibition," in preparation for which, and to save the German language from foreign taint, a committee offers prizes of \$125, \$50, and \$25 for German equivalents for all foreign sporting terms. The prospect of new jaw-breaking compounds suggested by this idea is appalling.

To prevent its notes being forged by the aid of photography, the Bank of France is about to print them in three colors—bistre, red, and blue—and in new designs. The one-thousand-franc notes are nearly ready, and the one-hundred-franc note will be changed soon.

An automatic restaurant has just been opened in Berlin, where, by dropping coins in a slot, the dishes are sent up on a tray; rolls, wine, and coffee are now served. More elaborate dishes are to follow. The inventor is . . .

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

G. W. Smalley devotes much space to "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," the new novel by John Oliver Hobbes, in a recent cable dispatch, and he declares that the author has secured permanent fame.

Mary Moore Davis, who became well known in the literary world through her charming story, "Under the Man Fig," is the wife of Major Davis, political editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*.

Franklin Hichborn's Letter—a new paper published in San José, and modeled on the lines of *Arthur McEwen's Letter*—announces a "souvenir" consisting of sixteen of the poems of Richard Realf. Some weeks ago we printed the announcement of a Californian enterprise to issue Colonel Realf's poems in book-form, and word soon came from Pittsburg that his widow held the copyright on his poems and would allow no infringement on her rights. The souvenir of *Franklin Hichborn's Letter* may cause that sprightly young paper a peck of trouble.

Du Maurier's new story has progressed far enough to have received a name, and it will be called "The Martians."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce for immediate publication:

"Handbook of Birds," by Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, with many illustrations; "Master and Man," the new work of fiction by Tolstoy, with an introduction by W. D. Howells; "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd, a new volume in the *American Cuisine*, by Mrs. Gesine Lemcke; "In the Fire of the Forge," a romance of old Nuremberg, by Dr. Georg Ebers; "The Art of Newspaper Making," by Charles A. Dana; "The Vengeance of James Vansittart," a novel, by Mrs. J. H. Needell; and "A Study in Prejudices," a striking novel by George Paston, author of "A Modern Amazon."

A book on "Labor Legislation in the United States" is in course of preparation by Mr. W. B. Shaw, of the *Review of Reviews*.

We are now to receive a volume of the correspondence of Méneval, the secretary of Napoleon, whose memoirs were received last year by the Messrs. Appleton, and it is said that the letters are as interesting as were the memoirs.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are to sail for India in the autumn. Mr. Kipling's new "Jungle Book" will not be ready until the autumn, at which time his volume of poems will also appear. His "Walking Delegate," in the *Christmas Century*, will not be included, as Mr. Kipling is reserving this for a book on American backwoods life. This new collection of verses will consist wholly of seasons.

The names of William Greer Harrison, as president, and Mrs. E. S. Howard, as secretary, are signed to the following circular:

"The California Guild of Letters is formed for the purpose of encouraging and aiding California authors in such practical ways as may be deemed most expedient. The cooperation and assistance of all interested in the development of letters on this coast is necessary, and it is desired that those who are in sympathy with the movement become associate members. The first work undertaken by the guild is the publication of the poems of Ina D. Coolbrith, which will be issued during the holiday season of this year. All desiring to become associate members will please sign the annexed memorandum and return same to the secretary or to the president. There are no dues."

The form that follows is an application for associate membership and a promise to purchase one volume per annum (price, \$1.50) published under the auspices of the guild.

With the publication of "Master and Man," a new romance by Count Leo Tolstoy, which has just been issued, the Messrs. Appleton mean to revive the summer series which they started some years ago. The volume to follow "Master and Man" is a new story by Miss L. Dougall, entitled "The Zeit-Geist." Mr. William Dean Howells, who, by the way, has written an introduction to Count Tolstoy's new book, is our authority for stating that the count spells his name with a final *y* instead of the *i*, as it is commonly written.

Readers of "Lorna Doone" will be glad to bear that Mr. Blackmore has written another story of the same time and place, using some of the characters of the romance. It is called "Slain by the Doones: A Record of Exmoor," and will be published in October.

The following important piece of information appeared in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* recently:

SURPRISES IN HEAVEN.

[By Commercial Cable to the *Herald*.]

NEW YORK, March 31st.—The *Herald's* leading editorial to-day says that many surprises await us in heaven.

Henry James's new book, "Terminations," will contain a collection of short stories.

Mr. Beardsley is engaged on a *fin-de-siècle* version of "Venus and Tannhäuser," which will be a rocco rendering of the old legend. He is also at work upon "a modern novel" and a set of illustrations to the Book of Leviticus, which latter he says "suits me admirably." By the way, "The Mysterious Rose Garden," which appeared in the last

volume of "The Yellow Book," and caused so much revolt and horror, is in reality, he gravely asserts, "the first of a series of Biblical illustrations, and represents nothing more or less than the Annunciation."

There is to be another volume of essays by Mr. Pater. A posthumous collection is presently to appear in which there will be printed some of his most characteristic productions, as, for example, the essay on *Merrimée*, which appeared some few years ago, and the "Apollo in Picardy," which first saw the light in an American magazine.

The Joan of Arc serial now running in *Harper's* will appear in book-form in a twelvemonth or so from the date of its beginning in the magazine, and the name of the writer will then be attached to it.

The modest title of Sir Edwin Arnold's forthcoming book is to be "The Tenth Muse."

Herbert Vivian has taken a decidedly novel action with regard to his new book, "Boconnoc: A Romance of Wild Oat-Cake." He has consulted an astrologer, and the prophecy states:

"Some of the press notices will be unfavorable, but they will assist in the success of the book; the majority will be excellent, and between the two opinions the End of the Matter will be triumphant." After prophesying great success "as the Greater Fortune (Jupiter) is in the author's House of Exaltation," the seer concludes that, "as Jupiter, who is Lord of the End of the Matter and of the Seventh House, which governs law-suits, is well dignified and trine to Saturn, there is no fear of libel actions."

Marion Crawford's address at the Tasso celebration at Sorrento was delivered, it is reported, in the most perfect Italian. It was full of ardent praise of the poet.

Mr. W. H. Rideing, of the *Youth's Companion* and the *North American Review*, makes his annual pilgrimage to England this month. Mr. Rideing's position on the *Companion* is one of his own creating. His work is to make up the prospectus for the year, to suggest articles, and to secure contributors.

James Whitcomb Riley declines to make any platform engagements for next season. He intends to remain at home and finish a novel of Hoosier life on which he is engaged.

Mr. Howells's "My Literary Passions" will soon be published in book-form. By the way, every woman that Mr. Howells knows is asking herself if she is one of the only two of his women acquaintances who smoked cigarettes.

W. D. Howells made his début as a prose-writer (he had already written a volume of poems) with a campaign biography of Lincoln, a form of literary work usually entrusted to apprentices. The work was so well done that it secured for him his appointment as consul to Venice, and established him in literature.

Marie Dronsart, well acquainted with English literature and the author of a delightful biography of Gladstone, has translated into French John Jacob Astor's "A Journey in Other Worlds." The reviewer of the *Journal des Débats* says:

"The work is the most strangely mystical apology of industry and of science ever made, and one could not conceive of its arising elsewhere than in the society, at once active, practical, and religious, of the United States. If you wish to appreciate thoroughly the strange attractiveness of this work, do not forget that it was written by a business man, a mixture of Jules Verne and of Edison, a scrupulous reader of the Bible, and a passable spiritualist."

"Premier Voyage—Premier Mensonge." Such is the title of the promised story of Alphonse Daudet's youth, which he is dictating to Mr. Sherard. The consequent book is to be published in English.

The demolition of the old New York *Herald* building began on May 1st.

Richard Harding Davis is back in New York and busy writing out his recent traveling experiences. Before these will appear he will publish a short story in *Scribner's*, entitled, "Miss Delmar's Under-Study," an art tale rather than a story of theatrical life.

The Literary Agent.

In the June number of the *Bookman*, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll gives an interesting sketch of a new figure in the English literary world. He says:

"During the last ten years or so, the literary agent has become a most prominent and potent figure in the world of letters. In fact, it is not too much to say that he has revolutionized it. Some twenty years ago, Mr. A. P. Watt was engaged with Mr. A. Strahan, then almost at the head of the publishing trade, as reader of manuscripts. Mr. Strahan, who, by the way, is Mr. Watt's brother-in-law, did not maintain his position, and his shrewd and able coadjutor cast about for another field of labor. At a matter of friendship, he disposed of a story by Dr. George MacDonald, and in this way the idea of a literary agency occurred to him. Since that time he has advanced by sure and rapid steps, until a very large part of the publishing business is done through his hands. Other agents have appeared in the field, but compared with those of Mr. Watt, their transactions are not large. Mr. Watt has a thorough knowledge of the literary world and the publishing trade in all its branches. He has many of the leading authors on his books, and business naturally gravitates to him."

"The first result of the literary agent's work has been a general rise in the prices paid to authors. No living author, it is true, receives the sums which were paid to writers like Charles Dickens and George Eliot, but it is

hardly possible nowadays to rob an author of his or her fair share of profits. One of the most notable novels of this century was sold outright for \$2,000. Seventeen years after the author's death, the publisher's ledger showed that a profit had been realized by him of over \$95,000. One of the most popular novelists of the present day sold the copyrights of her favorite books for about \$250 each. She now receives for work which is not superior, and which may not sell so well, something like \$7,000. The agent takes care that his authors shall never sell a copyright. For a first book he may not be able to get a good royalty, still he sees that there is a royalty, so that in the event of an immense success the author has a share in it. With popular writers the royalty has been greatly increased—in fact, the selling of a popular author's book is something like an auction. The volume goes to the highest bidder, though the literary agent who knows his business does not give the last turn to the screw. He knows well enough that unless a publisher gets something for himself, he will never take proper pains in pushing a book. While some of the older publishers contrive to get good novels at a royalty of ten per cent. or a little more, others have been obliged to give fifteen, and where the writer is exceedingly popular, twenty-five per cent. This latter sum would be paid to writers who can practically be sure that their books will sell—say twenty thousand copies."

"A great stimulus to the literary agent was given by the Authors' Society. The whole burden of Mr. Besant's writing in the publications of that association was the incompetence of authors to transact their own business, and the readiness of many publishers to cheat. As the result, a feeling of distrust was stimulated, and the advice invariably given was in many instances taken—do not transact your own business with a publisher, but let an agent manage everything for you."

"Another impulse to the literary agency was the copyright act with America. Authors who contrived to transact business with their own publishers at home found themselves utterly confused and baffled when they had to deal with America. They did not know where to take their wares, they could not tell what terms would be reasonable, and, above all, they could not enforce payment. The English literary world still remembers well an American gentleman who made many purchases in this country. He paid very little in advance, as a rule, but his royalties were calculated on the most liberal scale. The result was, as a rule, bitter disappointment. One novel, which is said to have sold 50,000 copies in America, has, up to the present hour, returned to the writer exactly \$125. Here the literary agent has proved invaluable, and it is difficult to see how his aid can be dispensed with. I can not understand, for my part, why no one in America establishes an agency for English publishers and authors. A man of Mr. Watt's type might do a great business there in arranging for the publication of books and in collecting royalties. Then there is something to be had from other countries for serial fiction. An Australian paper will pay as much as \$750 for the right to use a good story, and I believe in India sales can also be effected. The literary agent takes the whole management of an author's affairs into his hands. While he will not refuse to transact occasional business, he much prefers that the author should never deal directly with any editor or any publisher, and he likes an engagement to be made for a term of years."

"Naturally enough, the publishers did not take well to the literary agent, and even yet many of them are strongly opposed to doing business with him. But they can not well help themselves. Rudyard Kipling, for example, sells everything through his agent, and if a publisher refuses to deal with an agent, that means simply that he can have no transactions with Mr. Kipling. The same thing applies to other authors equally well known. The case of publishers is simple enough. They say that personal friendship between them and their authors is destroyed, and that part of the money which ought to be divided between author and publisher goes to a middleman. It is, therefore, urged that no one has anything to gain from the literary agent. If he offers you anything, you are sure that he asks for it the maximum price, and that there is no possible profit. But these objections are gradually disappearing in many quarters. I know of publishers who actually prefer to arrange the business matters with an agent, and to cultivate the author's friendship on a footing undisturbed by such things. Besides, it is perhaps safer, sounder, and surer business to publish a book which will yield a small but certain profit, and will have a very large circulation, than to publish at a small royalty a work which may turn out a complete failure."

"I do not think, as a rule, that unknown authors gain much by going to a literary agent, and, indeed, I doubt whether the agent cares much for them. The prejudice against interference is still strong, and a manuscript has more chance, perhaps, to be read and fairly considered if it is sent direct by the author. I also think that, as things are at present, no author should bind himself to sell all his work through an agent. The agent will undertake willingly enough what is put in his hands, and it is wise to reserve the liberty to deal directly in cases where this is advisable."

"As a rule, the literary agent's charge is ten per cent. upon an author's receipts, diminishing in certain cases to six per cent. Obviously enough, if the business is large, the calling is most lucrative. Next to no capital is required, there are no losses, the expenses of conducting an office are very small. When a transaction is completed, it continues to yield a result for years and years. The most profitable transactions are the easiest. To sell the books of a popular novelist is not hard, and the lucky man of business enjoys a royalty upon every copy of said books sold during the whole period of copyright. It is obvious that as years go on his income keeps continually mounting up, because he has not only the gains of new business, but the gradual accumulations of the past, and every popular book of the period which has passed through his hands pays toll to him. I know one novelist whose income next year will be very little if at all under \$50,000. In return for transacting his business, the literary agent receives the handsome sum of nearly \$5,000, and his clients, it must be remembered, are very numerous. No losses have to be set against these gains."

Mr. Gladstone's devouring mind, his limitless interests, are curiously apparent in this extract from the late "Rob Roy's" journal:

"Had most intensely interesting confab with Chancellor of Exchequer on following subjects among others—shoeblocks; crossing-sweepers; Refuge Field Lane; translation of Bible; Syria and Palestine Fund; return of the Jews; iron, brass, and stone age; copper ore; Canada; bridges in streets; arching over whole Thames; ventilation of London; 'Ecce Homo'; Gladstone's letter to author and his reply in clerk's hand to keep unknown; speculation as to his being a young man who wrote it; language of sound at Society of Arts; Dr. Wolff's travels; Vambyer and his travels; poster with reform resolutions at Norwich; use of the word 'unscrupulously'; marginal notes on Scripture. Took leave deeply impressed with the talent, courtesy, and boundless suppleness of Gladstone's intellect, and of his deep reverence for God and the Bible and firm hold of Christ."

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Study in Morbid Psychology.

"The Wish," by Hermann Suderman, has been translated from the German by Lily Henkel, and is issued with an introduction by Elizabeth Lee. Except for the high-sounding but silly opening phrase—"Since the beginning of time, men have been accustomed to regard the end of the century as a period of decadence"—this introduction is well worth reading, giving the facts of Suderman's life clearly and succinctly and telling something about his works.

"The Wish" is a psychological study of a sensitive nature suffering remorse for a wicked wish. Olga has entered enthusiastically into the courtship of Robert and her sister Martha; but when they are married she will not accept the home they offer her, for she has discovered that she herself loves Robert. But, after a child is born to Martha, she is very sick and Olga comes to nurse her. She has a great struggle between her sisterly love and her love for her sister's husband, and once she surprised herself wishing that her sister might die. That Martha does die she regards as a direct answer to this wish, and her remorse is such that, though she marries Robert, she kills herself that very night.

Thereafter an old physician preaches Robert a sermon on the cause of Olga's suicide, and by an ingenious train of reasoning tries to show that the wish was a crime and that she expiated it in her death. But the story is told when Olga is killed, and it is a profound study of a morbid and over-developed conscience.

The translation, it should be noted, is wretchedly done. It is sometimes impossible to express exactly in one tongue what an author has written in another language; but there is no excuse for such slovenly English and so many German idioms as Lily Henkel has used in this book.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Coin's Financial Fool," by Horace White, with illustrations by Dan Beard, is another of the many replies to "Coin's Financial School." Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Witness to the Deed," by George Manville Fenn, and "Tiny Luttrell," by Ernest William Hornung, two English novels which have proved popular in this country, are issued in paper covers by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"Marcella," Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel of an English girl who imbibes socialistic notions and seeks to regenerate the condition of the poorer classes, is issued as the initial number of the monthly Novelists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Scherzo in B-Flat Minor," by D. Higbee, is a musical story, in which a musician who is a dreamer, a failure, and possessed of "the heart-weariness that comes of the love of many women," returns to his native land and finds the mate of his soul in a contralto singer. Before they have met she dies, and he soon follows her. Published by the Franklin Printing and Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga.; price, 50 cents.

H. Rider Haggard has gone to Mexico and the unexplored wilds of Central America again for the scene of his latest novel, "Heart of the World"; it tells the adventures of a party of white men who penetrate to the capital city of an ancient race and are lifted to the headship of the nation through the marriage of one of them to the princess, only to be dashed down again from power and to return to the world with nothing but a mysteriously carved emerald of phenomenal size to show for their tale. "Heart of the World" impresses one as having been written to order rather than under such inspiration as dictated "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Pitfalls in English," by Joseph Fitzgerald, M. A., is a manual of customary errors in the use of words, and is issued as the initial number of the Bookshelf Series. The author has spent quite forty years in etymological and linguistic study; more than half of that period he has occupied with editorial labor on the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, and other publications. As he intimates in his preface, he is "not a tiro in grammatical and stylistic redaction"—which means that he is accustomed to editing copy. His book is a trifle pedantic, but there is reason in what he says, and every page may be read profitably. Published by J. Fitzgerald & Co., New York; price, 25 cents.

"Fidelis," by Ada Cambridge, is a pretty story of true sentiment. It has for its hero a lad whose mother is very cruel to him, partly from her own nature and partly because he is an ugly duckling, and as a child the only person who is kind to him is Fidelia, a little blind girl. As the years pass by he comes to love Fidelia, and she loves him; but he has a faint heart and dares not put his fortune to the test. He goes to Australia and they correspond; but at last she marries another man and is

very unhappy. He, meanwhile, wins fame as a novelist, and finally, her husband having died, they enjoy a belated honeymoon and are "happy ever after." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

In "Colonel Norton," an English novel by Florence Montgomery, there are lords and ladies galore, and in addition to the delight of knowing intimately such distinguished people, the reader has a fairly entertaining story to follow. Colonel Norton has for his ward a young woman who has an unlimited fortune and, being bound by no family ties, does pretty much as she likes. The colonel wonders what will become of her, but his invalid wife declares she will be all right if the right man "awakens" her; and her prediction is correct, for, some years later, the widowed colonel meets her again as the happy wife of Lord Manorlands, who had "awakened" her by saving her life at sea. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"General Sheridan," by General Henry E. Davies, is the latest issue of the Great Commanders Series. Like all the volumes of the set, it is a military biography, concerning itself but little with General Sheridan's private life, but describing at length his career as a soldier. The events in his life up to the outbreak of the Civil War are all told in the first chapter, and the remaining pages follow him through the war and the period of reconstruction, with two added chapters on his subsequent Indian campaign, his visit to Europe to see the Franco-Prussian War, and his death, and on his character and personal traits. The book is indexed, and contains a portrait of Sheridan as a frontispiece and several maps. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Secrets of Health," by S. H. Platt, A. M., M. D., is a treatise on hygiene, anatomy, pathology, and medication for the lay reader, a "family doctor," in fact. It contains nearly six hundred pages and is fully indexed. The scope of the work may be inferred from the table of contents, which is as follows: "How to Live—Hygiene," "Our Living Machine—Its Mechanism and Motions," "The Digestion—Its Organs and Processes," "Diet—What, How Much, and When to Eat," "Foods and Their Preparation," "Special Treatments" (the faith-cure, dietetic cures, magnetic treatment, water-cures, etc.), "Care of the Sick," "Particular Methods and Special Diets," "Diseases and Their Treatment" (arranged alphabetically), and the appendix, which contains a variety of more or less useful information. Published by the Orange Judd Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Robert Bridges, well known as "Droch," of *Life*, has followed his "Overheard in Arcady" with another series of skits on the books and writers of the moment. It is called "Suppressed Chapters and Other Bookishness," grouped under six headings. Under "Suppressed Chapters" are "A New Dolly Dialogue," "Trilby's Christmas," "Little Wayoff," and other satires on books of the day. "Arcadian Letters" are epistles addressed to Terence Mulvaney, Evadne Galbraith, Diana of the Crossways, and others. Among the "Novels that Everybody Reads" are the latest productions of George Meredith, Hall Caine, Du Maurier, Thomas Hardy, Anthony Hope, Beatrice Harraden, Marion Crawford, Kipling, and Stevenson. The new Scotch writers, such as Barrie, Crockett, and MacLaren, are discussed in "The Literary Partition of Scotland," and Dana Gibson, A. B. Frost, Crawford, and Henry van Dyke in "Friends in Arcady." Finally there are half a dozen criticisms in "Arcadian Opinions." The volume is tintured with the same cleverness and delicate satire that characterized its predecessor. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Spirit of the Papacy," by John S. Hittell, has been written primarily "to explain the spirit of the Papacy in its political, intellectual, and ethical, as distinct from its theological aspects; to elucidate the devices by which it has tried to enslave the human race; to set forth briefly the multitude, the magnitude, and the variety of its crimes against the dignity and welfare of mankind; and to prove that it is now dwarfing the intellects of those Catholics who submit to its control. The secondary purposes are to show that the relations between the Papacy and the Catholic laity as a class have changed greatly in the nineteenth century; to prove that the Catholics generally have separated from their high clergy on political and educational questions, and have drawn near to the Protestants; to plead for greater friendliness between the adherents of the two great branches of the Christian church in Teutonic and Latin countries; to show that the Protestant reasons for hating the Papacy do not extend to the liberal Catholics; to convince the Papists that they must reconcile themselves to Progress or soon lose all their influence; and to deny the probability of the religious war in the United States predicted hypothetically by General Grant." In the appendix is given a long bibliography of the subject. We hope soon to give this book an amount of space adequate to its merits. Published by J. S. Hittell, San Francisco.

"THE PLEASANT ANGLING."

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;
Or, on the bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,
Or a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;
Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There hid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away,
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

—Isaak Walton.

The Angler.

But look! o'er the fall see the angler stand,
Swinging his rod with skillful hand;
The fly at the end of his gossamer line
Swims through the sun like a summer moth,
Till, dropt with a careful precision fine,
It touches the pool beyond the froth.
A sudden, the speckled bawk of the brook
Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.
Swift spins the reel; with easy slip
The line pays out, and the rod, like a whip,
Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,
Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings
The spray from the flash of his finny wings;
Then falls on his side, and drunken with fright,
Is towed to the shore like a staggering harge,
Till heaved at last on the sandy marge,
Where he dies with the hues of the morning light,
While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright.
The angler in his basket lays
The constellation, and goes his ways.

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

Angling.

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urged by hunger, leap.
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
If yet too young and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Bebooves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sudden plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-truck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The caverned haunt, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounders round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandoned, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize.

—James Thomson.

The Angler's Reveille.

Ho, anglers! arouse ye! the streams are worth trying,
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me.
Haste away! haste away, for the south wind is blowing,
And rippling so gently the face of the stream,
Which neither too full nor too fine yet is flowing—
Now clouded, now bright with a sunshiny gleam.
At the foot of the fall, where the bright trout are leaping,
In the stream, where the current is rapid and strong,
Or just by the bank, where the skeggers seem sleeping,
Then throw your fly lightly, and you'll not throw wrong.
There's a joy in the chase, over hedge and ditch flying;
'Tis pleasing to bring down the grouse on the fell—
The partridge to bag, through the low stubble trying,
The pheasant to shoot as he flies through the dell;
But what are such joys to the pleasures of straying
By the side of a stream, a long line casting free,
The salmon and trout with a neat fly betraying?
Fit your rods, and away to the fishing with me.

—Anon.

In Italy, in the last ten years, 947 duels have been fought over newspaper articles, 730 on account of rivalry in love, 377 for political differences, 289 for insulting words, and the smallest number, 19, for disputes at cards. According to the figures, journalists are most apt to fight, and actors least of those who fought at all; but there is not a single banker or capitalist in the list.

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This book treats of all the birds, some five hundred and forty in number, which have been found east of the Mississippi River, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. The author's position has not only given him exceptional opportunities for the preparation of a work which may be considered as authoritative, but has brought him in direct contact with beginners in the study of birds whose wants he thus thoroughly understands. The technicalities so confusing to the amateur are avoided, and by the use of illustrations, concise descriptions, analytical keys, dates of migration, and remarks on distribution, haunts, notes, and characteristic habits, the problem of identification, either in the field or study, is reduced to its simplest terms.

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The art of making a newspaper that is read is one of which Mr. Dana has proved himself a past master. Those who follow his calling will turn to his book to discover the secret. Those who read newspapers—and this is a nation of newspaper readers—will feel a lively interest in the views and experiences of the dean of American newspaper-makers.

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By F. F. MONTRESOR. No. 168, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"Into the Highways and Hedges" would have been a remarkable work of fiction at any time; it is phenomenal at this, for it is neither trivial, eccentric, coarse, nor pretentious, but the opposite of all these, and a very fine and lofty conception."—*London World*.

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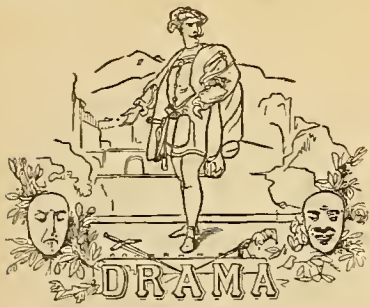
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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Liliputians will remain at the Baldwin for two nights longer, and then the theatre will be closed for the regular summer vacation. Five weeks from next Monday night, it will be re-opened by Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company, who will present "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "Fortune," "An Ideal Husband," "The Amazons," "The Wife," and several others of their successes, new and old. Among the members of the company are Kelcey, Le Moyne, Fritz Williams, Walcott, Isabel Irving, and other popular favorites.

Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey are said to be writing a play in which they intend to star.

François Coppée's play, "Pour la Couronne," has been awarded the prize of one thousand dollars offered by Mme. Emile Augier, in memory of her husband, the dramatist, for the best play produced at the Théâtre Français or the Odéon between January, 1894, and April, 1895.

Among the plays still to be produced by the Frawley company at the Columbia Theatre are "The Senator," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "The Idler," "The Three Hats," "The Jilt," and Augustus Thomas's latest success, "New Blood," which is said to be superior to "Alabama."

There is a novel sort of show going on at Ambrose Park in New York, where the tepees of Buffalo Bill's Wild West braves used to be. It is called "Black America," and is a reproduction of negro life in the South before the war. The five hundred negro men, women, and children who take part in it live in some one hundred and fifty log cabins on the grounds, each of which has its little garden neatly laid out, and there is a cotton-field in bloom and negroes picking cotton and working it in an old gin imported from South Carolina, where it was in use half a century ago. The performance begins with a procession of the negroes marching in single file, singing plantation songs, and then performances are given in three rings. The jugglers are like most other vaudeville performers, but the buck and wing-dancing and the shuffles are *sui generis*, and the self-conscious enjoyment of the participants visibly increases the auditors' delight. The entertainment is original and interesting, and, if they would cut out an Amazon march by a bevy of mahogany-colored fairies in tight, it might almost rival the Wild West Show.

Henry Irving estimates that there are twenty thousand actors in Great Britain, and he declares that there is a demand for histrionic talent, but no outlook for mediocrity.

The Orpheum continues to present a notable vaudeville performance. Jules Levy, the famous cornetist, begins his last week here on Monday night, June 10th. Amann, too, will continue his impersonations of famous men, introducing several new characters next week. Among the new people who will make their bows on Monday night are the Salambs, who perform astonishing feats with fire and electricity; Odette and Page, musical acrobats; and Gilbert and Goldie, comedians.

Henry Guy Carleton has written a new comedy, "The Love Knot," for John Drew. It has been tried "on a dog," and proved quite entertaining.

Grattan Donnelly's musical nautical farce, "Ship Ahoy," is enjoying a new lease of popularity at the Tivoli. The new singers in the cast and the new songs and dialogue in the piece have attracted good-sized audiences through the week. Following "Ship Ahoy," "La Perichole" will be presented, the company being further strengthened by the appearance of Irma Fitch and W. H. West.

Labouchère's *Truth* compares a usage in vogue among theatrical managers in London to the methods of a circulating library. Thus he relates that the actor Forbes Robertson, who was under a long engagement to John Hare, was wanted by Mr. Irving to create the part of Lancelot in "King Arthur," so Mr. Hare loaned him. Then he wanted him back to create the part of Lucas Cleeve in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and Mr. Irving politely, though no doubt reluctantly, returned him. As for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, she is constantly being loaned by her obliging manager, Beerbohm Tree. It was as a loan that she created the part that made her famous—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," at Mr. Alexander's theatre. When Mr. Tree came to America, he loaned this popular actress to John Hare, with the understanding that she was to return to him on call. The call was

made, but Mrs. Campbell did not respond. Such a success as hers in "Mrs. Ebbsmith" could not be interfered with. Mr. Hare raised his bid and Mr. Tree extended the time. She has now gone, however, for she is to play in "Fedora," which Mr. Tree is rehearsing at the Garrick.

"The Jewess," Halévy's great opera which was so successfully produced at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland, will be presented at a matinee performance during the latter part of the month at the Columbia Theatre, under the direction of Professor Louis Eisenbach.

The bronze living statues at the Circus Royal are to have rivals next week in a series of living marble statues, the skin of the figurantes being marbled by a process of which the secret is jealously guarded by Mr. Clayton. By an ingenious mechanical device, a transformation is effected, by which the bronze statues are made to disappear, giving way to the most famous products of the sculptor's chisel. The circus part of the programme also contains a number of interesting features.

Miss Margaret Craven, who has just returned from the East, where she has been a member of Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company, will make her first appearance at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening in the rôle of Vera in "Moths."

Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Triumph of the Philistines: How Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury under Very Trying Circumstances," resembles "Saints and Sinners" in that it satirizes the middle-class conscience. Mr. Jorgan, the head of a large boot-making concern, is chairman of a committee which calls upon the head of the local art-school to investigate his picture of a nude female figure, and shortly after he meets the model, she begins—to wear diamonds. The man who has persuaded her to fascinate his enemy, the manufacturer, is suspected of being the source of her sudden affluence, and his engagement with his sweetheart is almost broken off on that account, but in the end the Philistines triumph.

The annual Press Club benefit entertainment will take place at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, June 27th, at which all the leading theatres will be represented. An original programme will be introduced, including a one-act play from the members of the companies playing at the Tivoli, Columbia, California, Morosco's, Alcazar, and the Orpheum Theatres.

A French play by an American has been given in Paris, and was well received not only by the press but by the public as well, for it ran two weeks. "La Comtesse de Liane" is its title, and it tells how a divorcée, who is living with a musician who hopes to marry her as soon as she is free, flirts with a friend of the musician and, when she goes too far in her efforts to make him forget his loyalty to his friend, loses both men. The author is Victor Mapes, a native of New York, who has lived in Paris for several years.

The California Theatre is to remain closed until Monday, June 24th, when it will be re-opened with an elaborate production of "The Old Homestead."

"Moths" is to be presented by the Frawley company at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, June 10th. It is a strong play, and will give the members of the company opportunity to do their best work. It will be followed by Augustin Daly's comedy, "Nancy & Co.," on Monday, June 17th.

The Bostonians will open the regular fall season at the Columbia Theatre, producing all the latest and successful operas, and, by special request, "Robin Hood."

Janet Achurch was one of the foremost actresses in London a few months ago, and Richard Mansfield engaged her to be his leading lady in an American tour. But in her contract there was something about her creating the female rôle in a play then being written for Mr. Mansfield, and when he refused the play, an unpleasantness arose between them. Then Mansfield offered her several unimportant or dear-old-lady parts, and Miss Achurch refused to make her American début in any of them. Now she is figuring on taking Hoyt's theatre in New York on her own account, and making her American début in her own choice of a character.

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Coffee.
Cherries, Peaches, Apricots.

TEN-MINUTE SPONGE-CAKE.—Beat six eggs two minutes; three cups of sugar, beat five minutes; two cups of flour, heat one minute; one cup of cold water, heat one minute; two more cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar in the flour, heat one minute; one teaspoonful of soda in the water, and juice of half a lemon, and a little salt.

This is the time of the year to take a Sunday run to Haywards on the O., S. L., and H. Electric Railway. You take the electric car at Fruitvale and have a delightful ride through a very pretty country, and at Haywards there is the park clubhouse to satisfy the inner man, and an orchestra that gives a concert every Sunday.

The biennial tournament of the Pacific Coast Turners will be held in Los Angeles from June 22d to the 26th, inclusive, at Agricultural Park and the Turner Hall. Prizes will be awarded for supremacy in athletic sports, and there will be exercises of an interesting nature day and night.

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PONIATOWSKI'S NEW REVIEW.

The Début of the "Revue Franco-Américaine."

Prince André Poniatowski has at last carried out his long-cherished idea of publishing a Franco-American review, and the first number is to hand. It is somewhat larger in size of page than the American monthlies, and contains one hundred and twenty-four pages of reading matter. The illustrations are numerous. Fifty thousand copies of the first number have been printed, forty-five of these on "Japan imperial paper," which forty-five have been sent, as a fly-leaf informs us, to "the President of the United States, the President of the French Republic, His Holiness Pope Leo the Thirtieth, the Queen of England, the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," and the rest of the crowned heads of Europe. Copies have also been sent to all the duchesses of France, the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of York, the Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Bismarck, Count Tolstoy, and a few other celebrities.

The editor's note says: "The most brilliant men of the New France offer their best work to the New America." The editor is justified in the pride he takes in his contributors. The magazine proper begins with an article entitled "Science and Religion," by Count Tolstoy. M. Clemenceau discusses "France and America." Alphonse Daudet tells a two-page literary anecdote of the eighteenth century. Maurice Barrès maintains that "Boulangism has not been conquered," and Mgr. Boeglin reviews the relations of "The Papacy and the Church of England." Under the grand division of "Fantaisies" there are sketches by Henri Lavedan, Grosclaude, Alfred Capus, Marcel Schwob, Pierre Veher, and Jules Renard. There are "contes et poèmes" by Paul Adam, Maurice Lehmann, Catulle Mendès, and Stéphane Mallarmé—one of the first of contemporaneous French poets. He has translated into French a number of Poe's poems, despite the labors of Charles Baudelaire in the same field.

There are a number of departments under the heading of "Actualités," including "La Mode," in which there is a portrait in robe de cour of the Princesse de Chimay—a very handsome woman; "Le Home," by Gabriel Mourey; "L'Art," by Gustave Geffroy; "Les Lettres," by Marcel l'Heureux; "Le Théâtre," by Camille Maclair; and medical, sporting, scientific, and gastronomic gossip, by various pens.

The illustrations are by Forain, Helleu, Caran d'Ache, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Vallotton. We have seen better work from Caran d'Ache than the double-page caricature in this issue. In fact, the same thing might be said of the sketches by Helleu and Forain. The other illustrations are principally photo-process blocks representing celebrities in their studies—Daudet, Mendès, Clemenceau, and others; printed at the heads of their respective articles. One of the most curious of these is a reproduction of a daguerreotype representing Pope Leo the Thirteenth in the midst of the Pecci family when he was Count Pecci.

The magazine begins with some editorial paragraphs, signed "A. P." The first discusses the rumored visit of President Cleveland to France, bidding him welcome. Another concerns the alliance of France, Germany, and Russia to coerce Japan. The third raps the English editors over the knuckles for publishing the Wilde-Queensbury affair in full. This is followed by a department entitled "Dans le Monde." It consists of anecdotic gossip about people of prominence all over the world. Most of it, naturally, is given to Europe, but two pages and a half are devoted to America, discussing the W. K. Vanderbilt divorce, the Gould-Castellane wedding, the Fernando Ysnaga divorce, and the Leiter-Curzon wedding. As will be noted, is is extremely *mondain* and up to date. To California, the following lines are given:

"En Californie, les William Crocker sont de retour d'une promenade dans leur private-car à travers le Mexique où ils ont emmené leurs amis les Nuttall et les Carolan pendant un mois. Ils ont recommencé la série de ces petits dîners intimes qui font le charme de cette maison modeste. Quelques nouveaux ménages, les Robert Colman, les Elliott Mac Allister et les James Tucker réveillent l'élément marié de San Francisco. Beaucoup de Californiens sont en Europe et en Egypte à chercher pour l'hiver un climat que les Européens viendront bientôt demander à Santa Barbara et Monte Rey."

As a whole, the *Revue* is a very handsome publication, and well made up. We question the taste, however, of inserting in the body of the magazine entire pages which are evidently advertisements—such as the "Picture of Mme. P— on a Hunner Bicycle," the "Wrestling Match at the Folies-Bergères," and views of the interiors of shops, dressmakers' salons, and cafés. To print the illustration entitled "Staircase of the Café Voisin," for example, seems almost like a joke. It is true that in Europe advertising matter is given very much more prominence in magazines and similar periodicals than it is here. But such prominence is distasteful to American readers, and inasmuch as their approval is desired, we would advise the projectors of the *Revue Franco-Américaine* to soften down the advertising features in future numbers.

Mrs. Edmund Yates is said to carry about with her the ashes of her dead husband in a casket fitted into a little traveling-bag.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Allen Thurman, son of the Old Roman, is facetiously dubbed the roman candle of Ohio politics.

Du Maurier is gathering in about one thousand dollars a month as royalty on plays based on his story of "Trilby."

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, was a freight-agent on the steamboat docks of St. Paul twenty-five years ago, at a salary of forty dollars a month.

Mme. Joneaux, the Belgian poisoner, has had her sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. King Leopold has not allowed a death sentence to be executed since he has been king.

Recently the Prince de Sagan was allowed to turn a part of the Bois de Boulogne into a bicycle track for a private club, when he had over three hundred trees cut down without permission.

Lady Norveys has come out in the *Lady Cyclist*, in England, to say that she considers the "rational dress" "perfectly horrible." She adds that "Lady Dudley, Lady Wolverine, and Lady Lurgan all cycle, but not one of them would appear on her machine without a skirt over her knickerbockers."

Cecil Rhodes, the virtual King of South Africa, once replied to an application from England for a place for a young man who was anxious to try his fortune at the Cape: "Send me his photograph, and I'll let you know by return whether I can do anything for him or not."

Mr. Justice Harlan is plain enough in his style of living and sociable enough in his address to suit the Populists, who are turning to him for a Presidential candidate. A jug of milk and a piece of pie at a dairy often make his noon meal, and he is the great horse-car conversationalist of Washington, no intelligent stranger being beneath his notice.

Crispi and Cardinal Hohenlohe are close friends. While the prime minister was visiting the cardinal one day, he took up his red cap and was examining it, when the cardinal put it on his head and said: "What a fine cardinal you would make; if you had been a priest I am sure you would have become one." To which Crispi answered: "I should probably have become Pope."

Charles G. Delmonico, the present proprietor of the famous dining-places, was not born a Delmonico. His mother was a sister of the famous Lorenzo Delmonico, and married a man named Crist, by whom she had two sons, Charles and Louis. The present representative of the Delmonicos was Charles Crist, until, for commercial reasons, he assumed the better known name.

Mr. Michael A. Donohue, the wealthy publisher of Chicago, is going to make a four months' tour of Europe in a peculiar way. He will take no baggage but a handbox and a telescope, because the baggage-check system is not in vogue in many places and passengers must look up their luggage and superintend transfers. He proposes to buy his linen new and drop it as soon as soiled. In the convenient chinks of his telescope, he says, he will carry all the coin of small denomination he can stow away to be used for "tipping" purposes.

Dr. Tanner received the following telegram from Major Jones, of Penzance, at the House of Commons on Monday, May 27th: "In reply to your despicable question about the Duke of Cambridge, I designate you a coward. Delighted to give you satisfaction across the water. Pistols." To this the anti-Parnellite whip at once replied: "Wire received. Will meet you to-morrow in Constantinople, under the Tower of Galata, midnight. Being challenged, prefer torpedoes. Bring another ass.—TANNER." Next day another dispatch from the Cornish watering-place was delivered at Westminster: "Unwittingly you have confirmed my telegram, but not the challenge.—J. JONES, Major." Dr. Tanner's second message ran thus: "Wire received. Sorry you finked the torpedoes. Stick to Constantinople. Bring the moke.—TANNER." There the correspondence rests for the present.

The latest and meanest attempt to discredit Signor Crispi in the eyes of the Italian electorate has failed miserably. A fortnight ago the opposition newspapers began to write mysteriously about the theft of the Countess Cellaro's jewels. Finally the *Messaggero*, the most influential of the cheap daily newspapers in Rome, interviewed the countess, and elicited from her the interesting fact that the jewels were safe in her houndoir just previous to the departure of the last of her guests at midnight. *Messaggero* hinted that some explanation was due from this individual. The next morning an excited gentleman called at the office of *Messaggero*, forced his way into the editorial sanctum, and loudly proclaimed himself the countess's last-departed guest. The caller was Signor Luigi Crispi, the premier's son. He insisted that *Messaggero* should publicly announce the fact, which was done, and for a full week a furious controversy raged around it. Meanwhile the countess set private inquiry agents to work, with the result that the countess's coachman and laundress were arrested on suspicion of being the thieves. The opposition newspapers grudgingly

withdrew their scandalous imputations against Signor Luigi Crispi, but even now some of them profess anxiety to know what business that gentleman had in Countess Cellaro's houndoir at midnight. Several libel actions and a duel or two are threatened.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Charity Concert.

For the benefit of the King's Daughters' Home a June rose tea and a concert were given at Beethoven Hall last Saturday evening. The attendance was quite large. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "Martha," Flotow, Castilian Quintet; recitation, Miss Leola Stone; song, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; violin solo, De Beriot, Miss Clara McConnell (accompanied by Miss Diserens); "Pleurez, mes yeux" (from "Cid"), Massenet, Mme. Emilia Tojetti; (a) "Canto de Amor," Almagro, (b) "La Graziosa," Lombardero, Castilian Quintet; duet, "Love Shall Guide Thee," White, Mrs. Mabel Smith and Miss McCloskey; song, "Vision Entrancing," Thomas, Mr. Frank Coffin; Spanish airs, Castilian Quintet; song, "The Maid of Dundee," Mrs. Mabel Smith; recitation, Mrs. Lida Hickok; "Carmen" march, Bizet, Castilian Quintet.

Modest Mr. Munn.

Four or five ladies hustled into Mr. Munn's private office the other day.

"What can I do for you, ladies?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Why, Mr. Munn," began one of the visitors, "we are taking up a subscription, and we knew you wouldn't like it if we didn't give you an opportunity to subscribe."

Mr. Munn bowed graciously, and asked: "And the object? Of course it is a worthy one, or you would not be interested in it."

"Yes, sir," replied the spokeswoman, "we think it is a very worthy object. It is to build a home for aged and indigent widows."

"Excellent! excellent! I shall take pleasure in making you out a check."

"Oh, how lovely of you, Mr. Munn!" exclaimed the spokeswoman when she received the bit of paper and read the amount—one thousand dollars.

"Oh, we didn't expect to get that much from you. We are ever so much obliged."

"So good of him," and similar exclamations were heard as the check was passed around for the admiration of the party.

"But, Mr. Munn," said the lady who handled the check last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my benefactions known to the world," said Mr. Munn, modestly.

"I wish to give the check anonymously." And he bowed the ladies out with great dignity.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A catalogue of the Wells-Fargo Library Association has just been issued. It shows that the institution possesses fifteen hundred volumes and sixty periodicals, and it is announced that the library enjoys an average monthly circulation of eighteen hundred books and periodicals. The association is an excellent institution and admirably managed.

—MEALS ON TIME BY USING SOUTH WELLINGTON COAL.

—WEDDING INVITATIONS AT COOPER'S.

San Francisco and Yaqnina Bay S. S. Co.

—AND—
The Oregon Central and Eastern Ry Co.
Offer special inducements to intending summer tourists. Elegant accommodations, magnificent mountain and marine scenery, hunting, fishing, and all that is necessary to make a summer outing pleasant and entertaining. For full particulars inquire of
C. J. HENDRYS SON & CO.,
Gen. Agents, No. 8 California St.
Or, CONKLIN & MARSHALL,
Ticket Agents, 623 Market St.

HARASZTHY

BRUT,

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The present output of the above brands are the most perfect ever made, and will satisfy the most exacting gourmet. To be had at all leading Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Clubs, and Restaurants.

"UNDER THREE FLAGS"

Monterey, the capital of California, under Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

A collection of exquisite pictures of the old town: the Missions, the Hotel, and Neighborhood.

JUST PUBLISHED

—BY—

W. K. VICKERY,

224 Post St., San Francisco.

WHITMAN'S
INSTANTANEOUS
CHOCOLATE.

Pure, Delicious Flavor.
Mix with boiling milk or
water, and it's made.
Stephen F. Whitman & Son,
Philadelphia.

DRINK WHITE ROCK
OZONATE LYTHIA WATER

—A POSITIVE CURE FOR—

RHEUMATISM AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Its Equal is Unknown.

Pacific Coast Agents,

THE E. C. LYONS CO.,
608-612 Jackson St., S. F.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 2 3/4-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

MONARCH BICYCLES



ARE GOOD BICYCLES
STRICTLY HIGH GRADE.

See them before buying your '95 Wheel.

BAKER & HAMILTON,

Junction Market, Pine, and Davis Streets
We are the Pacific Coast Delivery for Morgan & Wright Tires.

As cheap as— Cleanliness

is the new way of putting the expression, now that modern thought, effort and enterprise have made it so easy to be clean. Since the introduction of

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

it is not only possible to keep a house clean, but with its help this can be done without the housekeeper working herself to death. A large package of GOLD DUST costs only 25 cents. When you buy look out that it is GOLD DUST. You will be all right if the package is like this

Sold everywhere. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.



VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. John Sherwood delivered a lecture at Chicago recently, in which she took a very dependent view of the moral condition and tendency of the society of wealth and fashion in New York. She is described as saying that a great degeneracy has set in, and that the late "Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Fish, and Mrs. Astor, the social leaders of twenty years ago, would turn in their graves if they could know of the divorces, scandals, and evidences of conjugal infidelity that tore up New York society last winter." Mrs. Sherwood speaks from within the New York social circle she thus criticizes, and she has been long familiar with it; but the nearness of the incidents to which she refers (says the *Sun*) has caused her to exaggerate their relative importance and significance. The history of the social life of New York shows that at all times in the past, in the colonial days, after the Revolution, and long before the great increase in private wealth which followed the Civil War, its society was torn up periodically by such occurrences and manifestations. The food for scandal was really more plentiful in the past, as compared with the size of the town, than it is now. Worse indications of social depravity can be found by raking up the scandals of the past than those which appear in our contemporary society; and accordingly a paper started to purvey that unsavory material was left with only a small and relatively fruitless field to draw from after it had exhausted that old stock. It is true that divorces have increased with the decline of the prejudices of society against them, but they are no longer an indication of scandalous conduct. The great majority of them in the society to which Mrs. Sherwood refers, have been obtained for other causes than conjugal infidelity. The social penalties formerly visited on divorced people having been removed, the tendency to seek such legal separation whenever marriage turns out unsatisfactorily in any way, has increased naturally. Women who have thus escaped from one husband have usually married another, and society has received them and their new mates, as it would not have done if their moral characters had suffered in the process of exchange. Society was never more intolerant of exposed immorality than it is now, though it usually visits its condemnation on the offending women only. It has withdrawn its countenance from such misdoers, no matter how high their social place. This society is now under a light of publicity which never in the past was poured on it. Its leaders and a large part of the whole number comprising it have become conspicuous personages whose movements are made matters of newspaper publication throughout the Union. The immorality of which Mrs. Sherwood speaks can not thrive under such circumstances. Women who are pretty constantly under the observation of the public have little opportunity to indulge in immorality, even if they be inclined to it. They are more under constraint to behave themselves properly than any other part of society. Detective newspapers are always on the watch for such moral delinquency in that circle, but with all their mousing they are able to find very little of it; for actually this society in New York is distinguished for its moral purity, as compared with the luxurious society of every other great capital, and as compared with that of the past in New York itself.

Mourning is going out of fashion in London, and here is a story from that city to prove it: Some weeks ago a woman came to London for the purpose of burying her mother. Three days after the funeral, this woman wrote to two of her mother's oldest friends, saying: "For heaven's sake ask me to dinner. I am eating my head off from ennui. I never was so bored in all my life." It happened that both these women were giving dinner-parties on the nights on which their afflicted friend wished to dine with them. They rose to the occasion heroically, however. All invitations were revoked. She who was to dine the afflicted one on Tuesday ordered covers laid for three, and raked out her most sombre evening-gown for the occasion. At eight o'clock the chief mourner arrived. Her hostess's son received her. "Where are the others?" she exclaimed, gazing blankly round the empty drawing-room. At that moment the hostess entered. "My poor, dear child!" she exclaimed, then stopped suddenly as she perceived that the neck of the "poor, dear child" was decorated with her late mother's celebrated pearls. In her hair was a diamond aigrette several inches high, and her dress, although black, was almost spectacular from the family diamonds which decorated the corsage. "Where are the others? I'm as hungry as a wolf!" cried the grief-stricken one, irritably. As humbly as was possible, the hostess apologized, and explained that fearing that her guest would not be feeling equal to any gaiety, no one had been asked. Instead of being pleased, the aggrieved one gave her hostess a piece of her mind, and ended by asking what was the good of friends, anyhow, if they could not live one up a bit under adverse circumstances. The hostess, before she slept that night, dispatched a message to her friend, who was to be the chief mourner the following night. "Let me call your reefs," she wrote; "pipe on your

guests. M— wants no agony. As for myself, I doubt if she ever speaks to me again; so scour the highways and hedges for men, my dear, if you would save your reputation." Late the next evening the answer to the letter came. "Dinner a grand success," it ran; "twenty-five covers. M— began to take notice when the soup came on, and by dessert time she was declaring that she hadn't had such a good time since mother died."

Mrs. Cruger has recently built a new bath-room in her beautiful home. It occupies the entire third floor of the house, and is up to date in every sense of the expression. The first room is done in marble—marble floors, marble walls, marble settees, and tiny marble footstools. The pillars of the room are white marble also, with tracings of red. Here the mistress of the house takes her daily Russian bath. The steam is introduced by two valves placed "kitty-cornered" in the room and two stationary howls supply iced-cold water with which to sponge the head. The room adjoining this is the plunge-room. Here, in the centre, is a large tank, about fifteen by twelve feet. The tank, when full, is about five feet deep. Marble steps lead into it. Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer can not hear anything cold, and so, instead of marble walls, floor, and ceilings, her bathroom is done in red plush. The tub is placed in the middle of the room, and is of bronze. Only one faucet is introduced, and that is for cold water, Mrs. Havemeyer thinking that warm water for bathing is unhealthy. The most gorgeous of bath-rooms in New York probably is that of Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt. The walls are of Oriental design, of turquoise and rhinestones. In the corners are pedestals supporting figures of Venus and Cupid, while the ceiling is of mosaic-work, picturing Venus rising from the sea. The tops of the hot and cold-water faucets are perfumed with violets, so that even a scented soap is not necessary.

Why should women (asks *Leslie's Weekly*) be excluded from the banquets of societies and clubs accustomed to entertain themselves and their friends of the "male persuasion" in this hospitable fashion? Evidently the Ohio Society of New York is unable to see any good reason for persisting in this exclusion. At its last monthly dinner the wives and daughters of the members, instead of being exiled to the balcony as mere spectators of the convivialities, were invited to participate in the feast. The gentleman presiding at the head of each of the seventeen tables had his wife *vis-à-vis* at the foot, and the enjoyment appears to have been none the less because of this home-like arrangement.

The amount of clothes that even a moderately well-gowned woman needs in the summer is something appalling. Nothing is more charming than a woman who is always freshly and daintily clad on the hottest of days. To accomplish this much-to-be-desired effect means linen and duck skirts galore, with an infinity of odd blouses more or less elaborate—not to speak of toilets of organdie, Swiss and taffeta silk for formal "occasions." The planning and selecting of a summer wardrobe (says the *Illustrated American*), which must also include bicycle "togs," golfing-gowns, and swimming-suits, is enough to bewilder any ordinary woman. And as for the hills! It is simply astounding how those frocks, which we deluded ourselves into thinking were to cost "nothing at all"—for linen is only sixty cents a yard, organdie fifty, and so on—mount into hundreds of dollars when the summer account from one's *couturière* comes in. Of course, we have overlooked the silk linings, the ribbons and laces, which make the summer gown's chief glory, as completely as uninitiated man, who is always advising his wife to get "one of those simple little muslin things like Mrs. —," and then is incredulous when he learns the price the "simple muslin thing" costs. Women should know better and be able, through long experience, to cut their summer frocks according to their purses. But who has seen the woman who could?

Once more there is a novelty in the way of a cycling costume for women. The new suit is made of German linen, which comes in black, blues, grays, tans, browns, and in changeable mixtures. The skirts are made to reach a little above the tops of the hoot, and are opened on the sides. They are gored in such a manner that the rider's knees have room to play without disarranging the set of the skirt. The hack is possibly one of the best yet designed for the wheel. It has two small box-plaits right at the waistband, and when the wearer is mounted, they fall apart and her skirt hangs in a perfectly straight line from the saddle; as soon as she dismounts, the plaits fall into the graceful folds of the modern skirt. The waists are all Eton jackets of one kind or another. They have very large collars, and both jacket and skirt are braided with very narrow serpentine linen braid, if the purchaser wishes to spend an additional ten dollars on her suit. Suits of duck in dark colors are made in the same way. One would think that the price of such a suit would be merely nominal, but the price without braiding it is thirty-five dollars. Some-

thing else new in the way of a suit is trimmed with genuine calf-skin, such as boots and shoes are made of. The material used for these costumes is either a very handsome whip-cord or a homespun, which is a hand-made goods made on the coast of Ireland, and which has the most pungent and everlasting odor that permeates all other woollen garments with which it chances to come in contact. The jackets of these suits are Norfolk coats cut off at the waist; they have yoke hacks and fronts, and the collars, cuffs, and belts are of calfskin, harmonizing in color with the goods. A band of the leather the same width as the belt finishes the bottom of the skirt, and serves not only as a great protection, but also as a weight to keep the skirt down. The price is fifty-five dollars, and a silk lining in the skirt is ten dollars extra.

She—"You were shot in the foot? How did it happen?" He—"I held a coin between my fingers for a crack marksman to shoot at."—*New York Herald*.

Antidote for Opium Habit.

DR. J. C. ANTHONY, Chronicle Building, S. F.: *Dear Doctor*—Having watched the course of three cases of the opium habit which were treated with your "Soteria" in San Francisco, and having treated a brother physician with the same "Soteria" successfully, and after an extended observation of four years with hundreds of such cases, I can truly without exaggeration say that "Soteria" is the only antidote and specific for the opium and cocaine habits that removes the desire and cures the patient. All medication as well as the desire being removed or ceasing within a week's treatment, I can truthfully say that it is the most wonderful specific yet discovered. I shall continue to use it in my practice, and wish you much success, and can recommend it in all confidence to my brother physicians in the treatment of the above mentioned habits. Yours truly, W. E. FISHER, M. D., Late A. A. Surgeon, United States Army.

The True Southern Route.

During this season of the year the most pleasant route to the entire East, with no high altitudes or snow blockades, is via El Paso, the Texas and Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain route. Through Pullman palace and tourist cars daily between California and Chicago, St. Louis and Arkansas Hot Springs without change. For information apply to any agent of Southern Pacific Company, or to GEO. E. MAGUIRE, General Agent, 121 California Street, S. F.

An Ounce of Prevention

Is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

He—"I spoke to him in French, but he didn't understand me." She—"I don't wonder; he's a Frenchman."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

YALE MIXTURE
THE MOST REFRESHING SMOKE AFTER A HARD DAY'S HUNTING...
A TOBACCO FULL OF SATISFACTION
2oz Trial Package Postpaid for 25¢
MARBURG BROS., BALTIMORE, MD.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, SUCCESSORS

Stearns Bicycles.

The STEARNS is the stanchest light wheel built.

The original light wheel! The modern wheel!

ON ROAD OR TRACK

The Stearns LEADS.

E. C. STEARNS & CO.,
304-306 POST STREET, S. F.

DEVANY, HOPKINS & CO.,
City Agents.



TRADE MARK Regd.

Put up in lead packages of one and half pounds, they retain their delicious flavor and fragrant bouquet obtained only in the choicest packages of India and Ceylon Teas. By writing to M. HANKIN, Agent, 506 Battery Street, you may obtain these teas at the importer's price, unhampered by the middleman's profit. Prices: Gold Label, \$1.00 per lb.; No. 1 Yellow Label, 75 cents per lb.; No. 2 Green Label, 60 cents per lb. Samples free.

"Other sorts" of Bindings can not be compared with

S.H. & M.
BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS
which lasts as long as the skirt and do not deface the shoes.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, with Booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," mailed for 10c. in stamps. The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y.

"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

Electrophore

WATSON & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents,
124 MARKET STREET.

Send for Circulars.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
BOYD & DICKSON, San Francisco, Agents, 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE, 401 Montgomery St.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

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CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier
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IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christians, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Co.

PAID-UP CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000
Corner Montgomery and California Sts., S. F.

J. D. FRY, President. HENRY WILLIAMS, Vice-President.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Secretary and Treasurer.

Authorized by law to act as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills, as Guardian of estates of incompetent persons and minors, as Assignee or Receiver, or in any other trust capacity, and is a legal depository for court and trust funds.

Attends to the collection of interest, dividends, rents, etc., for residents or others. Acts as Trustee of mortgages of corporations and individuals, and accepts the transfer agency and registry of stocks.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The death of Sir Patrick O'Brien recalls his reply in the House of Commons to Mr. Biggar, who had been nagging Sir Patrick for the fun he could get out of it. "Sor!" said the latter, "if I were to say to this House that I regarded the honorable member for Cavan with contempt and disdain, what would the House reply? Sor, the House would say: 'Pat, me bboy, roight ye are.'"

General Gordon, of Georgia, tells the following story of the war period to illustrate the shrinkage of the Confederate currency: "One day a cavalryman rode into camp on a reasonably good horse. 'Hello, cavalryman,' said a foot-soldier, 'I'll give you three thousand dollars for your horse.' 'You go to (the bad place),' was the horseman's reply; 'I just paid one thousand dollars to have him curried.'"

As a Chicago woman cyclist was taking a run on her wheel along a country road, a woman rushed wildly out from a small cottage many yards from the highway, waving her apron and hallooing madly. The wheelwoman stopped short and waited. The woman's husband was probably dying and she wanted to send for a doctor. Curious, she tarried while the rural dame drew near. As she came up, panting and breathless, she ejaculated: "'Fore God, lady, tell me bow ye ever larnt to set on them wheels.'"

Compositors are supposed to be able to decipher all kinds of handwriting. On this point Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell a story. Professor Lindsay Alexander came into his office one Friday with the manuscript of a sermon. "You must let me have proofs of this tomorrow," he said. Mr. Clark told him the time was too short. He must give them a few days longer. "No," he said; "I must preach this sermon to-morrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."

A young reporter was sent out recently by the city editor of one of the Rochester papers to report a meeting. About two hours after the assignment was made, the young reporter returned with a sad countenance. The city editor asked him to get the report up immediately, as it was nearly time to go to press. "There will not be any report on that meeting," was the answer. "Why not?" queried the city editor. "There was not any meeting," replied the young reporter; "it broke up in a big row, and the chairman was chucked under the table."

General Sherman and General Thomas, in their familiar intercourse, were to each other usually "Bill" and "Tom" (says the *Youth's Companion*). Near Resaca, Ga., during a sharp action, General Sherman went upon a railway embankment directly in the line of fire, and stood carelessly amid the flying bullets making his observations and giving his orders. Turning, he saw the head and shoulders of the portly and magnificently proportioned Thomas appearing above the protection of the railway earthwork. Sherman, always careful for his friends rather than for himself, called out: "Pretty bot up here, Tom; better not come up." "What are you doing there yourself, then?" answered Thomas. "Oh, I just turn edgeways to 'em," said the attenuated commander, with a grin, as he resumed his duties.

American naval officers now in Washington who were recently in China tell of a day they spent ashore looking for sport. For a few yen, amounting to about four cents, they secured the services of two Chinese to fight for their entertainment. The fight went on bravely, and as fights go in China, not being up to the American hippodrome style, one of the Chinese was whipped. But he was angry. As he moved away from the scene of combat he found a stone, and, turning upon his late antagonist, struck him a blow that killed him. The murderer was speedily beheaded, but the authorities decided that it was no concern of the American officers if a murder resulted from their plan of amusement. One of the younger officers remarked: "We not only got a fight, but a killing and an execution, all for four cents. You couldn't beat those rates."

Soon after the outbreak of the Cuban insurrection an American newspaper determined to send a special correspondent to the seat of war. The journal in question had been getting some live reports from its regular correspondent at a point in Florida, and the special correspondent was ordered to stop at this point and take the Floridian to Cuba with him. In a day or two the telegraph editor received the following message from the special: "Our correspondent here seems very much disinclined to go to Cuba with me." The editor was determined not to have his plans balked, and sent this: "Our Florida correspondent must obey orders and go to Cuba with you. Offer any reasonable inducements." Not long afterward the following reply was received: "Our corres-

pondent here refuses point blank to go to Cuba with me except upon one condition, and that is, that I marry her. I have one wife already, and I am afraid the war will be over before I can get a divorce. Answer quick."

Once upon a time (says the *New York Evening Sun*), the Clever Girl and Young Apopros found themselves at a very stupid evening-party. After several minutes of boredom, the Clever Girl grew desperate. "I tell you what let's do," she said; "you take one side of the room and I'll take the other, and we'll each see how many persons we can engage in conversation upon a certain topic without in any way appearing to drag in the topic." "All right," said Young Apopros; "but what shall the topic be?" "Cockroaches," said the Clever Girl. Straightway they separated, and she going on one side of the room and he on the other, they talked to as many persons as possible upon cockroaches. Just before leave-taking time they met, and both agreed that never had they had a more delightful evening. As the Clever Girl was driving home with her mother, the latter remarked: "Oh, by the way, Clara, do you happen to know if we are troubled with ah—vermin—or—ah—cockroaches—or anything of that sort?" "No, mamma, why do you ask?" innocently inquired the Clever Girl. "Oh, nothing," returned her mother; "only—it was very strange so many people came to me this evening with recipes for getting rid of—ah—cockroaches, and I couldn't understand why it was."

It Sticketh Closer than a Brother, Does the rheumatism. Cut off all relationship with it by the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which severs the bond without loss of time, if you use it promptly and persistently. No testimony is more positive and concurrent than that which establishes its efficacy in this obstinate disease. Use it with assurance of good results for malarial, dyspeptic, and nervous trouble, constipation and biliousness.

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A very dainty and delicate way of eating berries. Six Rialto or Delsarte Berry Forks, XIV. or Extra Sectional quality plate, \$2.10.
Six Berry Forks and one Berry Spoon, XIV. plate, \$3.50.
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G. H. Evans & Sons, Brewers, Hudson, N. Y.
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Peru..... Monday, June 24, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro..... Saturday, July 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking..... (via Honolulu)..... Sat., August 3, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From May 19, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
* 7.00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10.45 A.
* 7.00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
* 7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
7.30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and San Ramon.....	6.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
* 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	* 8.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.
11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
* 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	* 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.
COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.		
6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
* 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	* 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
* 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.40 P.
A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.		
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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. June 9, 19, 24, July 5, 19, 24, August 3, 8, 18. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, June 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer <i>Pomona</i> , every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, June 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, June 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer <i>Pomona</i> , Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, leaves Broadway wharf 11, Saturdays at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico). Steamer <i>Williamette Valley</i> , 25th of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.		
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Germania.....	June 26	Majestic..... July 24
Adriatic.....	July 3	Germania..... July 31
Teutonic.....	July 10	Teutonic..... August 7
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SOCIETY.

The Catherwood Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood gave an elaborate lunch-party last Monday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Harry Jerome, of New York, who recently arrived here from Japan. The dining-table was beautifully decorated with masses of pink sweet peas, and elegant lamps furnished illumination. A couple of hours were pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of a delicious menu. Mrs. Catherwood's guests were:

Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mrs. William P. Morgan, Mrs. J. H. Benedict, Mrs. E. M. Bliss, Mrs. John Currey, and Mrs. C. F. Dio Hastings.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Alice Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, and Mr. James Nash Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, will take place at Grace Church, at three o'clock, next Wednesday afternoon.

The Venetian Water Carnival at Santa Cruz will commence next Tuesday and continue through the week. The attractions will be numerous and interesting, and a very large attendance is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence, 100 Leavenworth Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, of New York.

The wedding of Miss Nellie McKee, daughter of Mrs. S. A. McKee, and Mr. Norman Lang, will take place at three o'clock next Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Mrs. Stanley Matthews have arrived from Washington, D. C., and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy and Miss Ethel Murphy were in Paris last week.

Mr. William R. Hearst and Mr. J. G. Follansbee sailed from New York last Saturday on the steamer *La Champagne* for Havre, France.

Colonel C. F. Crocker returned to the city last Wednesday after making a tour of the world. He was accompanied home from New York city, in his private car, by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease.

Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd returned from the East last Monday.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low will leave in a few days for the South of France, and will be away until late in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill and Miss Hill are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire will pass the summer at Santa Monica.

Mr. Edward H. Sheldon has rented a cottage in Sausalito for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth and Miss Fanny Danforth will leave on June 27th to visit Alaska.

Mrs. J. Malcolm Henry will soon arrive here from Washington, D. C., to visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey has returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Miss Lena Blanding is visiting Mrs. William S. Tevis at her country place near Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerritt L. Lansing have gone to San Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Hall, Mr. A. I. Hall, and Mr. Walter S. Newhall left last Monday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin are occupying a cottage at San Mateo. They will leave for Alaska on July 27th.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins is occupying her villa at Redwood City. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict and Mrs. E. M. Bliss, of New York, are visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa, of Piedmont, will pass June and July at Castle Crags.

Mrs. W. J. McClung and the Misses McClung will pass the summer at Pescadero.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses

O'Connor are passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles. Mr. Sidney Mezes returned from Austin, Tex., last Tuesday.

Mrs. H. E. Wise, Miss Whittemore, and Miss Livingston will leave in June to make a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman have returned from Japan after an absence of three months.

Miss Ella Hobart has been the guest of Miss Mary Eyre at Menlo Park during the past week.

Miss Alice Hobart is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope at St. Helena.

Mrs. M. Hyman and the Misses Agnes and Sadie Hyman left last Saturday for the Yellowstone National Park, and will be away two months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington and Miss Clara Huntington have arrived in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs have leased a cottage at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Mae and Claire Tucker are passing the season at Belvedere.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier and the Misses Dorothy, Sara, and Quita Collier are at their country home, Villa Ka Bel, near Clear Lake.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Helen, Ethel, and Bertha Smith will soon go to Santa Barbara to remain about four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan have gone to Phelan Park, Santa Cruz, for the season.

Mrs. W. E. Norwood and Miss Norwood have arrived in Paris.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, Miss Lola Arguello, and Mr. Alfred H. Wilcox will soon leave to visit Santa Monica for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and Miss Clementina Kip will leave on June 15th to pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean have returned from their European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine G. Hush and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., of Fruitvale, are camping in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson are now occupying a cottage at Belvedere, where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have gone to Menlo Park, where they will remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. T. Jackson will pass the season in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank have been visiting Napa Valley during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Hochstadter are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Captain A. B. C. Dohrmann, after his trip through Italy, passed the latter part of May in Paris. He is expected to arrive in New York in a few days.

Mrs. C. G. Noble has returned from a visit to the country, and is residing at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane are now residing at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Mullins have gone to Honolulu for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock have gone to San Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo left last Tuesday to visit Salt Lake City.

Mrs. B. Triest is visiting friends in New York city.

Mr. Daniel H. Bibb is at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will soon go to Napa Valley for a couple of months.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Sophia Pierce are at the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain until the end of July.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and the Misses Sadie, Grace, and Rosebud Hecht are at San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. M. P. Jones will pass the season in Napa Valley.

Mrs. E. L. Heller and family have arrived from New York, and will pass the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle have secured a cottage at San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has returned from a prolonged visit to Central America and the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins and family and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and daughter arrived at Southampton on June 6th. They will spend some weeks on a coaching tour in England, and then go to the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild, of Portland, Or., are here on a visit to friends.

Mr. Henry Janin has arrived here from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, of New York, arrived in San Francisco from Japan, by the last steamer, on their way around the world. They spent the winter in Egypt.

Messrs. William and Harry Babcock were in Paris a fortnight ago.

Mrs. Lily Coit and her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock, were at last advices just leaving Paris for a tour of the watering-places in the north of France.

Mr. W. S. McMurry left for New York this week, and sails for England on the twelfth of June. He will be absent a number of months.

Mr. Oscar T. Sewall leaves for the East this week. He will be absent about two months.

Mr. Joseph B. Crockett leaves for the East this week, and sails from New York for Europe next week on a brief business trip.

Colonel A. G. Hawes left for London last Wednesday. He will remain about a year.

Mrs. Frances Edgerton will visit her parents in Napa Valley this month.

Miss Avery Yerrington, of Carson City, Nev., is visiting Mrs. Homer S. King at her residence, 100 Leavenworth Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., and Miss Ruger are in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Patterson, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence for one month, commencing June 1st.

Chief Engineer A. B. Eates, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Mare Island hospital and granted three months' leave of absence, owing to illness.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., is in Chicago acting as aid-de-camp to General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., is in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., will be detached from duty at the Mare Island Navy-Yard next Saturday, and will leave that day for Honolulu to join the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant J. A. Hoogewerff, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*, and given three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., is on waiting orders at Indianapolis, Ind.

Lieutenant R. N. Miner, U. S. N., now on leave of absence, is residing at 624 Bush Street.

Ensign R. J. Hartung, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Bennington* at Mare Island.

A Note from an Advertiser.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 2, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: On the fourth ultimo, I received a letter from Mr. G—R—, at Great Falls, Mont., asking for samples, prices, etc., of tea, quoting my advertisement in your paper.

On the twenty-second ultimo, I received a post-card from Mr. G—S—, at Wilmington, Del., asking for samples, prices, etc.

These are two specimens of many answers that I have received from my advertisement, and may give your readers, as it has myself, further evidence of the wide circulation of the *Argonaut*.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

M. HANKIN,

Agent for Messrs. Joseph Tetley & Co.,
India and Ceylon Blended Tea,
506 Battery Street, San Francisco.

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On the Eastern coast a pretty knitted suit is a rare thing, suits made of flannel and cotton cloth being almost exclusively used. In this particular industry California positively leads the world, and it is not overrating to say that at least ninety per cent. of the suits in use at the present time in their many pretty varieties were made or designed in the factories of the J. J. Pfister Knitting Company, whose offices and salesrooms are located at 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco. The company's president, Mr. J. J. Pfister, has always been an enthusiastic swimmer, and constantly keeps in touch with his favorite sport.

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Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

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—FOR THE CURE OF—

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SOCIETY.

The Bertsch-Tripler Wedding.

St. Luke's Church was crowded with a fashionable attendance last Wednesday evening to witness the wedding of Miss Emelie Alice Tripler and Lieutenant William H. Bertsch, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Emelie Tripler and the late Lieutenant Tripler, U. S. A., and is a granddaughter of the late Alexander G. Abell, a pioneer of this city. The groom, whose present station is at Fort Sheridan, Ill., was born in Michigan, and has been in the army service since June, 1887.

The chancel was attractively decorated with white sweet peas, St. Joseph's lilies, and roses in profusion. Two flags that had seen battle service with the Fifteenth Infantry during the War of the Rebellion, were draped over the reading-desk and attracted much attention. The colonel of the regiment caused them to be sent here as a compliment to Lieutenant Bertsch.

At half-past eight o'clock the organist played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and the six bridesmaids appeared at the chancel and walked down the aisle to the entrance and then stood there, three on each side, while the ushers advanced and passed between them to a position further down the aisle, where they halted. The maid of honor then appeared, followed by the bride and her mother and brother. They proceeded directly to the chancel, meeting the groom and his best man, Lieutenant Melville S. Jarvis, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., and were followed in turn by the bridesmaids and ushers.

The maid of honor was Miss Grace Young and the bridesmaids were Miss Edith Young, Miss Mary Trumbull, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss May Crowell, Miss Agnes Smedberg, and Miss Lulu Moulder. The ushers were Lieutenant Charles P. Summerall, U. S. A., Lieutenant Thomas W. Winston, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Lieutenant Louis R. Burgess, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John W. Joyce, U. S. A. The ceremony was impressively performed by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. James Lacey. The dresses worn by the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a handsome robe of white moiré antique, with a long court train and a full skirt. The corsage was high and was trimmed with Duchesse lace, white chiffon, and broderie Romienne, and the sleeves were long and full. In her coiffure was a diamond pin, a gift from the groom, which held in place the flowing veil of white silk meline. She carried a prayer-book.

The maid of honor wore a gown of white satin finished with a demi-train. The corsage was décolleté and trimmed with chiffon. She carried a bouquet of white sweet peas.

The bridesmaids all wore gowns of white organdie trimmed with lace. The corsage was décolleté and the sleeves extended to the elbows. They wore long gloves of white undressed kid and carried white sweet peas.

There was a reception after the wedding at the residence of the bride's mother, corner of Washington and Mason Streets. All of the rooms were prettily decorated in pink and white with fragrant sweet peas. About a hundred friends of the newly married couple were present to congratulate them and enjoy the elaborate supper that was served. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. Lieutenant and Mrs. Bertsch left on Thursday to visit Southern California, after which they will go to Fort Sheridan to reside.

The Panting-Elliott Wedding.

There was a pretty wedding at the First Presbyterian Church last Wednesday evening, when Miss Mary Biddle Elliott, daughter of the late General Washington L. Elliott, U. S. A., was married to Mr. H. G. Ponting, of Auburn, Cal. A large number of friends of the contracting parties were assembled in the church at nine o'clock, when the bridal party entered and proceeded to the handsomely decorated chancel. Two sisters of the bride, Miss Elliott and Miss Frances B. Elliott, were the bridesmaids, and Mr. E. Turner Messersmith was best man. The ushers comprised Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Woodworth Wethered, and Mr. A. S. McDonald. Rev. Robert Mackenzie performed the marriage ceremony, and Mr. Louis B. Parrott gave the bride into the keeping of the groom. The toilets of the bride and her sisters are described as follows:

The bride wore a rich robe of white satin made with a long court train. The corsage was high and the sleeves long and bouffant. The trimming was of rare old point lace, an heirloom in the bride's family for four generations. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and her bouquet of white roses.

The bridesmaids were attired alike in becoming gowns of white liberty silk, en demi-train, trimmed with Duchesse lace. The sleeves of white satin were very bouffant. They carried bouquets of pink roses.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, 1827 Sacramento Street; only the bridal party and a few very intimate friends were present. A delicious supper was enjoyed, and the beautiful array of wedding-gifts inspected. Mr. and Mrs. Ponting will reside on their ranch near Auburn.

The Hunt-Stump Wedding.

Miss Alice Stump, daughter of Mr. Irwin C. Stump, and Mr. Alvis G. Hunt, son of Mr. William G. Hunt, of Woodland, Yolo County, were

united in marriage at noon last Wednesday at St. John's Presbyterian Church. There was quite a large assemblage in the handsomely decorated church as the bridal party entered and proceeded to the chancel. Miss Sophie Boggs, of Woodland, acted as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Maud Atkinson and Miss Agnes Sadler. The best man was Mr. R. L. Ulch, of Port Costa, and the ushers were Mr. Elmer de Pue and Mr. Henry Malone. The bride was escorted by her father, and the wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. D. Hanson Irwin. The costumes worn by the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride's robe was a beautiful creation of white brocade satin, with a long court train. The round corsage was filled in with white tulle, and the long bouffant sleeves were trimmed with point lace. In her hair was a sunburst of diamonds and from it depended the long veil of white tulle. She carried a bouquet of white carnations.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids all wore gowns of pink mousseline de sole over pink satin, made with demi-trains. The high corsages were trimmed with chiffon and lace. They wore black hats, trimmed with pink chiffon, and long gloves. Their bouquets were of white roses.

A reception and a wedding breakfast was held afterward at the Palace Hotel, where several hours were delightfully passed. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt left in the afternoon to visit Santa Catalina Island for awhile, after which they will reside at Woodland. They were the recipients of many elegant presents.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The poet—"Have you read my last poem?" She—"No. Only your first."—*Life*.

"You know I only live to make you happy," murmured the young man. "Dear me!" she said, "you oughtn't to go to all that trouble."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Dollie—"Yes, Miss Fethers is a pretty girl, but she doesn't wear very well." Pollie (kindly)—"I know, but the poor thing wears the best she has, I suppose."—*Boston Courier*.

At the riding-school: Riding-master—"Miss Pinky, your seat is not firm enough." Miss Pinky (very uncomfortable)—"Well (jolt) this (jolt) old (jolt) saddle (jolt) is."—*Truth*.

Wife—"Do you really love me, my pet?" Husband—"I adore you, my sweet, and am prepared to give you any proof of the fact not exceeding a hundred francs!"—*Il Carlinio*.

Prospective tenant—"I like the top floor best. Why doesn't the fire-escape go lower than the third floor?" Agent—"It isn't needed. The first three floors are empty."—*Bazar*.

"Eichblum was lookin' thin; vat's de matter?" "He was carrying out de plans of his peenness." "How vas dat?" "He represents a reduced figure in men's clodings."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Perdita—"If you continue much longer to play poker with my father, I won't marry you." Jack Dashing—"If your father continues to play poker much longer with me, I won't need to."—*Princeton Tiger*.

"You are right in it," remarked the whale to Jonah. "You bet I am in it," was the answer; "and what is more, if I am not out of it in less than a week, I will give you the biggest case of appendicitis on record." The sequel is history.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I object, my dear, to your asking that woman to dinner. She's the greatest gossip in town," said Mr. Perkins. "I know that, John, but we can't invite the reporters, and I don't know how else to get an account of our dinner in the papers," replied Mrs. Perkins.—*Bazar*.

"Here is one faulty passage in your story," said the editor: "'Ha! Villain! I have found you out, have I?' he hissed." Now how could he 'hiss' those words?" "He might have had a hare-lip, sir," replied the gifted young author, rising to the emergency.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Station-master—"I think some one will get into trouble on account of that train starting three minutes late." Assistant—"Why? Any of the passengers kicking?" Station-master—"No; but the restaurant man swears he'll make it hot for whoever is responsible."—*Puck*.

Little Ned—"Don't take away the light." Mamma—"I want you to learn to sleep without a light." Little Ned—"Must I sleep in the dark?" Mamma—"Yes." Little Ned—"Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Doctor—"I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns." Husband (an hour later)—"What did the doctor say?" Wife—"He said I ought to go to a watering-place, and afterwards to the mountains, and to get some new light gowns at once."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Unsuccessful author—"Jack, your fame is spreading wonderfully. Only this afternoon a friend of mine asked me to try and secure your autograph for him." Successful author—"Why, sure, Tom; glad to oblige him. Who is it?" Unsuccessful author—"Isaacstein, the note-broker. He wants it on the back of my note."—*Judge*.

"Sirrah," remarked the Sultan, "my first wife and I are one." The court mathematician howled low in affirmation. "Well," proceeded his majesty, "how about me and my second wife?" "You are another," promptly rejoined the man of science. Whereat divers high functionaries made shift to leave the apartment, not deeming it good politics to give their puissant sovereign the ha-ha to his face.—*Detroit Tribune*.

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From the daily papers we learn that the San Francisco trades-unions "are hostile to the Fourth of July." There are sixty-two trades-unions in San Francisco, and, according to their warm friends, the daily papers, "from present appearances, not one of them will accept the invitation of the executive committee to parade on the national holiday."

The Plasterers' Union, the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union, the Iron-Molders' Union, the Coast Seamen's Union, the Tailors' Union, the Stevedores' Union, the Brewery Workmen's Union, the Bakers' Union, the Stone-Cutters' Union, and the Cigar-Makers' Union have all resolved not to turn out on the Fourth of July. The remaining unions are expected to follow them in this action, and to abstain from taking part in the national celebration.

The reasons given for this attitude are peculiar. Secretary Furuseth, of the Coast Seamen's Union, is reported in the *Examiner* as saying that "many of his union are in need of clothes, and do not care to parade their poverty." Elsewhere in the same number of the same paper he is quoted

as saying that "the coast seamen could not parade sufficient men now to make a good showing, as most of them are at sea or working up and down the coast." The curious contradiction here involved—that the men are so busy that they can not parade—that the men are so idle that they can not buy decent clothes—will strike the most casual reader.

The president of the Bakers' Union objects to parading because he states that the executive committee have given out the contract for music to the lowest bidder. We presume that from the trades-union standpoint it ought to be given to the highest bidder.

The president of the Iron-Molders states that his union will not parade because "the people at the head of the celebration are not in sympathy with the iron-molders."

The president of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union told the *Examiner* reporter that "the capitalists who are heading this celebration are all very willing to let us march with them one day in the year and be hostile to us the other three hundred and sixty-four days."

A number of more politic presidents stated that their reasons for not parading were the small number of men they could turn out. Others still refused to give any reasons.

But, on the whole, an organized effort is plainly perceptible on the part of the trades-unions to boycott the national holiday.

This has an ugly look. The quarrel of organized labor hitherto has been with the men they termed "the capitalists"—that is to say, men who in most cases are workmen like themselves, differing only in the fact that they employ instead of being employed. Many of them have themselves come from the bench or the forge, and by economy and industry have worked their way up to the top. These are the men whom their fellow-workmen in the trades-unions denounce as "capitalists," "bloated bond-holders," and "blood-suckers." Yet so long as the trades-union quarrel has been with them, and with them only, the rest of the people have taken no sides—or, if they have, it has been with the "down-trodden workingman."

Now, however, the trades-unions have declared war on the traditions of our country and on our national holiday. They want to boycott the Fourth of July. The *Call* is the only journal here which has dared to say anything—even of the mildest nature—against this arrogant action. The *Call* endeavors to win over the labor unions to reconsider their determination, and says: "It is not supposable that such men, who formed the bulk of the armies which first won American independence and then prevented a disruption of the Union, and who have the numerical strength to overturn the government should they organize and determine to that end, are speaking idly now."

We beg to differ with the *Call*. We do not think the men who compose these trades-unions have any of the blood in their veins of "those who won American independence." We do not believe that the men in these trades-unions "formed the bulk of the armies which prevented a disruption of the Union." Nor do we believe that the men in these trades-unions "have the numerical strength to overturn the government should they organize and determine to that end." We think that the bulk of the men in these trades-unions are not Americans, but ignorant and egotistic foreigners, who have become so swollen up with the liberty accorded them here—a liberty to which they were utterly unused in the countries from which they came—that they deem themselves free, in times of strikes, not only to break the laws of the country which gives them asylum, but in times of national rejoicing to insult that country and her native-born citizens by boycotting the national holiday.

It is not probable that the celebration will suffer by reason of this organized action of the trades-unions. There are enough native-born Americans in San Francisco to celebrate our national holiday without depending for success on a lot of sullen, low-browed, scowling foreigners.

But we are glad that the labor organizations have come out in the open. So "the San Francisco trades-unions are hostile to the Fourth of July," are they? Then those

Americans among us who from childhood have celebrated the Fourth of July will henceforth be hostile to the San Francisco trades-unions.

The case of Archbishop Kendrick, of St. Louis, is causing a deal of worry to the faithful. The venerable archbishop, who was consecrated in 1841, and has therefore held his position for more than half a century, is failing mentally, and the church sees its vast holdings of real estate that stood in his name about to slip through its fingers. Archbishop Kendrick refuses to make a will devising the property to his successor, as all right-minded archbishops are expected to do, and he also refuses to transfer the property to anybody or to make declaration that his holding is in trust for the church. In this extremity, prominent Roman Catholics of St. Louis have appealed to the law courts for relief, asking that the property be declared to be held in trust and that a new trustee be appointed. The principal difficulty that has been encountered, however, is the fact that the property stands in the name of Archbishop Kendrick absolutely, and the law requires that a trust must be evidenced by some document in writing. Another difficulty is the fact that there is no person in a position to be appointed trustee. Kendrick is still Archbishop of St. Louis, and it would be improper to appoint any but the archbishop as trustee.

It was to cover this last point and to simplify the situation that Coadjutor-Bishop Kain brought suit in the ecclesiastical court. He sent to the Vatican a petition setting forth the fact that Archbishop Kendrick was unfit to perform the duties of his office owing to his mental condition, and asking that Kendrick be deposed from his office, and that he himself be appointed to the vacancy. It was owing to a telegram received by Archbishop Kain from Rome, and announcing that this modest request had been favorably acted upon, that the report of the deposition of Kendrick was spread around the country. The next day came the denial from Rome, and Kain's brief dream of power was at an end.

The case has been interesting as showing that, in spite of all the ingenuity displayed by the church in trying to defeat any attempt at confiscation by the State, its fancied security is unreal. The tenure of its property depends entirely upon its archbishops, and, should one of them die intestate, or become insane, there will always be the danger, as in the present case, that the archbishop's heirs will come trooping over from Ireland to set up a claim to the property. It is impossible to determine how much property is standing in the name of Archbishop Kendrick. Those who are bringing suit against him to have a trust declared, are unable to give a description of the property or to place a valuation upon it. That it amounts to a very considerable sum is undoubted. And, when it is remembered that all of the property owned by the church in this country is held in the names of the archbishops, and no declaration of trust has been filed, the importance of this new difficulty may be appreciated. It is true that in this State the archbishop is recognized as a corporation sole, and the property standing in his name passes to his successor by operation of law upon his death. The corporation sole is an English institution, and almost the only example of it that remains in that country is the king, who is regarded as a corporation sole, which has a continued existence without reference to the death of the individual incumbent. The corporation sole, which is created by an express provision of the code in this State, is not recognized in the other States. In most of them there is a provision that any religious congregation may incorporate as an aggregate corporation, and appoint trustees who shall hold the property in trust for the corporation; but in none is there a provision that a single individual may constitute himself a corporation as Archbishop Riordan has done in this State.

The census of 1890 made a special investigation of the various religious bodies in the United States, and, according to this report, the property held by the Roman Catholic Church is valued at \$118,371,266, the Methodists at \$10,000,000, the

only denomination whose property has received a higher valuation. It is evident, however, that this valuation is too low. It may include only the edifices that are used for public worship, and with any denomination other than the Roman Catholic this would cover practically all of the property owned by the church. But the Roman Catholics hold large bodies of land outside of those in use for churches, schools, hospitals, and asylums. In this city, Archbishop Riordan is assessed on nearly one hundred separate pieces of land standing in his name on the records. There are not more than half a dozen of the fifty assessment-books in which his name does not appear as the owner of one or more pieces of land. His holdings are located in every part of the city, and are improved and unimproved.

The assessed valuation placed upon Archbishop Riordan's holdings of real estate in this city alone amounts to nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars, and the true valuation may be placed at one and one-half millions. If the same proportion holds throughout the country, the total holdings of the Roman Catholic Church in this country will not fall short of three hundred millions of dollars. The situation in this city is not exceptional; there are, undoubtedly, localities where the holdings of the Roman Catholic Church are smaller in proportion; but there are other places, such as New York city and Baltimore, where they are very much larger, and San Francisco may be accepted as an average.

The total assessed valuation of real and personal property in the State of Maine is two hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars, or sixty-five millions of dollars less than the real-estate holdings of the Roman Catholic Church. The assessed valuation of real and personal property in the two States of New Hampshire and Vermont taken together is less than the valuation of the land held by the archbishops of the Roman Catholic Church. Should insanity or intestacy become fashionable among them, their heirs would have an opportunity to reap a rich harvest.

In a recent number we had a paragraph commenting on the sale of the large amount of wheat left in warehouse by the late James G. Fair. Since then, the sale has been settled, confirmed by the court, the estate has received the purchase price, the storage has been paid, the taxes in Solano and Contra Costa Counties have been paid, the grain-brokers have been paid, the insurance has been paid; the insurance-brokers have been paid, and the lawyers have been paid. These transactions have involved the disbursement of an amount of money which would have caused keen anguish to Senator Fair were he still in the flesh. It is estimated by grain men that his little flyer in the wheat market cost him in the neighborhood of \$1,700,000.

The amount of wheat which was stored up in warehouse as a result of Senator Fair's attempt to "corner" the wheat market was about 200,000 tons. Two sales aggregating 25,000 tons were made two months ago, which brought the amount down to about 175,000 tons. This enormous mass of wheat was divided up among four firms, at 85 cents per cental, while Fair is supposed to have paid all the way from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter per cental. The aggregate sum paid to the Fair estate by these four firms—Geo. W. McNear, Eppinger & Co., Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and Girvin, Baldwin & Eyre—was \$3,489,936.46. The Fair Estate paid for storage on the wheat \$221,533.85—quite a tidy little sum in itself. For taxes to Solano and Contra Costa Counties, where most of the wheat was stored, the estate paid \$26,535.25. For commissions to the brokers who conducted the transaction, L. W. McGlauffin and H. Dutard, the court allowed \$89,720.88. The amount paid for insurance and for commissions to insurance-brokers has not been divulged. Neither has the amount paid to the lawyers. The legal gentry bave up to date—and Fair has been dead but a few months—drawn down \$137,500. But this is only a starter. For a few months that is not so bad. If they keep on at that rate with the estate, they may get it all.

To carry on the wheat deal, Senator Fair was obliged to become a heavy borrower. He borrowed from George Whittell, President of the Luning Estate Company, \$1,244,471, which the Fair Estate has just repaid with \$35,443.72 interest added. He borrowed from various city banks other sums as the pressure became greater, the total amount borrowed by him aggregating \$2,415,844.28. These sums were raised by "spouting" as collateral all sorts of gilt-edged securities, after he had exhausted his warehouse receipts. The late senator "put up," as collateral, one after another, warehouse receipts, South Pacific Coast Railway bonds, Pacific Rolling Mill Company bonds, Southern Pacific of Arizona bonds, Northern Railway of California bonds, and finally mortgaged his fine property in the heart of San Francisco, the Lick House, for \$180,000. The South Pacific Coast bonds mentioned above are the bonds which he received from the Southern Pacific Company when he sold them the nar-

row-gauge system. It was rumored at the time that Senator Fair drove a rather hard bargain with the Southern Pacific magnates, selling them the narrow-gauge at his own price—six millions—under threat of disposing of it to "a transcontinental line which wanted terminal facilities"—but which was subsequently discovered to exist only in the senator's brain. To cap the climax, the senator refused to accept in payment bonds running against the road which he had sold, but demanded that the bonds be guaranteed by the personal indorsement—and therefore the private fortunes—of the Southern Pacific magnates. This was acceded to. It is said that the senator often chuckled when telling this story. It is probable, when the recent hypothecation of these same bonds is considered, and why it was done, that the Southern Pacific magnates may have chuckled, too.

Extraordinary as are many of the things that rich men do, this wheat deal of Senator Fair was one of the most extraordinary. He had accumulated an enormous fortune, and had accumulated it in mining—a business with which he was entirely familiar. Late in life, he began speculating in wheat—a business with which he was entirely unfamiliar. There were wrecks all along the line of wheat speculation, from the days of Isaac Friedlander down to those of Flood and Mackay. Even the fact that his two former partners were nearly ruined by a wheat deal—the inside of which he must have known, as he extricated them from it—did not scare Fair. He went into the wheat-pit. He speedily found himself involved to an extent of which he had not dreamed. It is believed by those who knew him well that brooding over his losses—which he estimated then at a million and a half—hastened his death.

But even shortly before his death, he could not be induced to "clean up" the deal, pocket his losses, and retire from wheat speculation. He was convinced that he could make himself whole. With his Scotch-Irish stubbornness, it is difficult to tell how far he would have gone. It is quite on the cards to say that his death probably saved the Fair Estate from ruin.

It is beginning to look as if the Presidential ticket would be the old one, Harrison and Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland, in his various utterances of late, has carefully refrained from any declaration like that he made in the first year of his term. We do not recall the exact language, but it was an explicit declaration against any man's holding the Presidential office for more than two terms. But the conservative influence of office has had its effect upon Mr. Cleveland. It is very evident that he does not now consider a third term against the traditions of the country. He is laying pipe for a renomination, and he is engaged in repairing his political fences throughout the East.

There is a little cloud, as yet not larger than a man's hand, upon the horizon of Mr. Cleveland's boom. This cloud is Mr. William C. Whitney. A number of weeks ago, when Mr. Whitney cabled over from Naples that his "blood was boiling over the Spanish insult to the American flag," we remarked that it looked very much as if Mr. Whitney had been followed clear to Europe by a presidential bee, and that it was buzzing around his bonnet as he floated o'er the blue waters of the Bay of Naples and gazed up at the cone of smoke that caps the grim mountain of Vesuvius. Our suppositions have been corroborated since Mr. Whitney returned from Europe. Mr. Whitney was a strong gold-man when he went away, but now that he is back, he announces that he "inclines toward bimetallicism." Mr. Whitney also thinks Europe is "ripening for bimetallicism." We agree with Mr. Whitney, but we are unkind enough to think that his belief has been colored by his desires, and that the reason he has become so suddenly bimetallic is because he wishes to occupy Mr. Cleveland's chair. These suppositions of ours are corroborated by the further fact that when certain Democratic papers suggested that Mr. William C. Whitney, the great navy secretary of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, would make an admirable successor to Secretary Gresham as Secretary of State, there came from the sphinx of the White House no sound, no syllable, not even the slight musical murmur which legend says came from the lips of Memnon when first smitten by the beams of the morning sun.

On the other side of the house, the three candidates most spoken of are Harrison, Reed, and McKinley. Of these three, Harrison looms up largest of all; Reed comes next, and McKinley is a bad third. We do not think Governor McKinley will "fire the popular heart," inasmuch as he has just been "turned down" in his own State. It is true that the Ohio platform at the recent convention contains an indorsement of him for the Presidency. But when a man is called by Ohio her "favorite son" and then is turned down by Ohio in favor of Foraker, the country can not help thinking that Ohio has her tongue in her cheek. Further than that, the tariff issue has been completely eclipsed, for the time being at least, by the financial issue,

and Governor McKinley's political prominence has been almost entirely due to his standpoint on the tariff.

Tom Reed, of Maine, has been keeping out of the way of late, and was not one of the guests at the famous love-feast dinner given by Chauncey Depew last week in New York, when General Harrison sat on the host's right hand and Governor McKinley on his left. It is stated that Mr. Reed was also invited, but being an extremely long-headed individual, and fearing entangling affiliations at this political love-feast, he had an important engagement which took him out of town. The dinner resulted in nothing, however, except conversation and tobacco-smoke.

General Harrison is said to have tried to induce Governor Morton to accept second place on the ticket with him if he gets the nomination himself. He has failed in this, for two reasons. In the first place, Governor Morton still represents the fact that he was set aside in favor of Whitelaw Reid when Harrison ran for the second time. Further than that, the anti-Platt faction of the New York Republicans thought of running Morton for first place on the ticket. But it is believed that Governor Morton is too old and too infirm to stand the excitement of a Presidential campaign. It is easy to understand the solicitude which President Harrison displayed on Decoration Day in caring for Governor Morton when he was overcome by the heat. The governor desired to retain his place on the platform, but General Harrison, with gentle force, insisted on removing him to a carriage. There are those who are ill-natured enough to say that he thus removed at one swoop not only his fainting friend, but also his possible rival for the Presidential nomination.

General Harrison has been much in New York during the last month, ostensibly for the purpose of having his portrait painted by Eastman Johnston. He has had plenty of time, however, to devote to other matters, and it is said that he has been making deals in New York with the Pennsylvania and New York Republicans. He has renewed his political alliance with Chauncey Depew and Cornelius Vanderbilt, which means the immense influence of the New York Central Railroad in New York. He received a rousing reception at Newark on his way to New York through New Jersey. It will be remembered that New Jersey cast eighteen votes for Harrison and two for Blaine at the Minneapolis convention. Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, Harrison's first Secretary of War, has been conferring with him in New York. Vermont cast its eight votes solid at Minneapolis for Harrison. Stephen B. Elkins, Harrison's second Secretary of War, has also been conferring with the ex-President. West Virginia, it will be remembered, cast twelve votes for Harrison at the Minneapolis convention. Another of his visitors was Cornelius Bliss, treasurer of the national committee, who succeeded in dividing the New York delegation at Minneapolis and getting twenty-seven out of the seventy-two votes for Harrison. Another visitor was Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia. This gentleman will be remembered as having been appointed Minister to Russia under Harrison's first administration. He is powerful in Pennsylvania politics. It will be recalled that Pennsylvania cast nineteen votes for Harrison at Minneapolis, three for Blaine, and forty-two for McKinley. W. J. Campbell, the national committeeman for Illinois, was another visitor. The Illinois delegation at Minneapolis gave thirty-four votes to Harrison and fourteen to Blaine. Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, was a continual visitor on Harrison. This State gave five votes to Harrison and one each to Blaine, McKinley, and Reid. D. O. Mills, father-in-law of Whitelaw Reid, who held the second place on the Harrison ticket, has also been a caller on the ex-President.

Among the many visitors, Governor Morton's name is not mentioned. The governor went from Albany to New York last week, and Harrison is said to have waited three hours in his hotel, expecting a visit from him, but the governor did not show up. Another pointed feature in this list of social courtesies was the fact that when General Horace Porter gave a dinner to Governor McKinley, ex-President Harrison sent his regrets, saying that he was unable to attend, as he had an important engagement. He was seen later at the theatre that evening.

It is evident from all these indications that General Harrison is after the nomination. There is little to be heard from Tom Reed. We do not even know whether he can be considered as seeking the nomination. But it is very evident that, if he is saying nothing, he is sawing wood.

The graduation of the pioneer class at Stanford University this year marks an important epoch in the educational history of the State. There have been other graduating exercises at Palo Alto in earlier years and degrees have been conferred upon earlier graduates, but the class of '95 is the first one to complete the four years' course. In the class that graduated this year, one hundred and seventy

students completed the course, and of these one-quarter were young women, or "co-eds," as they are called in the college slang. At Berkeley this year, one hundred and forty-seven students were graduated, of whom twenty-seven per cent. were young women. The graduating class at Stanford, therefore, slightly exceeds that at Berkeley both in total number and in the percentage of male students among the graduates.

When Senator Stanford expressed his determination to devote his fortune to the founding of a great university that should be a competitor of the State institution, there were not wanting those who urged that the endowment should be given to Berkeley. It was contended that the State could not support two first-class institutions of higher education, that the concentration of the funds at Berkeley would enable that institution to become one of the greatest in the land, while the establishment of a rival would result in crumbing both down to the level of the mushroom universities that have sprung up all over the country. Experience has shown how false these forebodings were. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the rivalry of the Stanford University has been more beneficial to Berkeley than if the latter had received the endowment directly. It is true that both universities are in financial difficulties at present, but in both cases the embarrassment is purely temporary. The difficulties at Stanford result, not from poverty, but from a scarcity of ready money; those at Berkeley result from the fact that its income has not increased in proportion to the number of its students.

Four years ago Berkeley had nine hundred and eighteen students, to-day it has nearly twice that number (seventeen hundred and eighty-one); four years ago the graduating class included seventy-seven members, of whom only six were young women; this year's class included one hundred and forty-seven. At that time the institution was struggling along in a moribund condition, college spirit was at a low ebb and had been for a number of years, the public were indifferent and students preferred going to Eastern colleges. It was a disease that money would not cure, and no endowment would have improved the condition of the institution. The rivalry of Stanford began, and its effects were seen at once. College spirit revived, athletic and intellectual contests between the two colleges aroused public interest, the foot-ball and base-ball games, the track contests and the public debates inspired general enthusiasm, and students poured into both institutions. The defeat of the Chicago foot-ball team and the triumphs of the Berkeley athletes in the East are achievements that both universities are proud of and for which both deserve equal credit.

These athletic contests are the spectacular side of college life and work, the studies are the more sober part, and this sober part has received a similar impetus from the rivalry. The attention that has been drawn to this side of college work by the recent graduating exercises of the two institutions has aroused interest in the modern methods of instruction in institutions of the higher education. The old triangular course—Latin, Greek, and mathematics—that formerly constituted the education of a gentleman, has become obsolete everywhere. A course of instruction more suited to modern requirements has taken its place. In this modern movement two schools have grown up—the progressive and the conservative—represented by Harvard and Yale in the Eastern States. At Harvard there has been a steady advance for a number of years in the greater freedom allowed the student in the selection of the studies he is to pursue, until now the student can practically select his whole course of studies, with the condition that a certain amount of work shall be performed before a degree is granted. Yale, on the other hand, has steadily opposed this movement, endeavoring to prescribe certain courses, in all of which the student must attain the necessary degree of proficiency before he may graduate. In the one case, the degree denotes a certain amount of work properly performed; in the other, proficiency in certain prescribed studies. At Johns Hopkins University, a modification of both schemes is seen in the arrangement of courses into groups of allied subjects, the student being allowed his election among these groups.

Stanford University has adopted one of the most advanced schemes of this progressive school. The whole course of instruction is divided into twenty-five departments, as follows: Greek, Latin, Archaeology, Germanic Languages, Romanic Languages, English Language and Literature, Psychology, Ethics, Education, History, Economics and Social Science, Law, Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Entomology, Geology, Drawing and Painting, Mining Engineering, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, and Military Science and Tactics. The student may select any one of these courses as a major subject, and then, with the advice and consent of the professor in charge of this department, such other course or courses as may be necessary to fill out

the required number of hours. In order to secure a degree, the student must have passed in a course equivalent to one hundred and twenty hours, one hour of recitation or lecture a week being the unit.

At Berkeley the scheme is less radical than this. The various courses are so arranged as to lead to different degrees, and the courses are grouped under eight different colleges—the Colleges of Letters, Social Sciences, and Natural Sciences under the division of General Culture, and the Colleges of Agriculture, Mechanics, Mining, Civil Engineering, and Chemistry under the division of Applied Sciences. In the three colleges coming under the division of General Culture the courses are divided into prescribed subjects, elective groups, and free electives. In order to graduate in one of these colleges, the student must have passed in a course equivalent to one hundred and twenty-five hours. Of this work the prescribed studies that are positively required represent sixty-five hours, and must be taken during the first two years of the course. The group electives and the free electives must each represent thirty hours. The group electives are made up of courses dealing with one subject or with not more than two cognate subjects; the free electives include all the other courses offered at Berkeley. In the colleges of Applied Sciences one hundred and twenty-two hours are required for a degree, except in the College of Civil Engineering, where one hundred and twenty-four hours are required. The prescribed courses are more numerous, ranging from sixty-two in the College of Chemistry to one hundred and nineteen in the College of Mining.

At first glance the scheme seems to be far less flexible at Berkeley than at Stanford. This is particularly the case with regard to the colleges of Applied Sciences. In practice, however, it would probably be found that the courses actually taken are very similar in the two colleges. At Berkeley the courses are arranged by the professors for the students collectively, with a view to selecting those subjects that will be most useful in the chosen course; at Stanford the individual professors arrange the courses for the individual students with the same end in view. For the student who is sufficiently matured to select his subjects intelligently, the Stanford scheme seems to offer superior advantages.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis is the author of several books of travel and exploration; he has written much about the southwestern portion of our country, notably Arizona and New Mexico; he is a frequent contributor to the leading Eastern magazines; and he has recently established, and is now conducting, with apparent success, a periodical of his own in Los Angeles. In the last number of his journal, under the heading, "A Remarkable Weekly," he has this to say concerning a subject which is not without interest to us:

"The San Francisco *Argonaut* is not the most numerous, but beyond reasonable doubt is the most widely read publication west of Chicago. It is wholly unique in the weekly field, and by its ability has taken a rank of which not only its conductors but the coast should be proud. The skill with which it is edited, and the vigor and impetus of its editorials compel attention and interest. It is inordinately partisan and consistently bigoted; but even those who least agree with it can not but concede that it is about as good reading as weekly literature furnishes anywhere in the world; and they read it no less avidly than those with whom its tenets harmonize."

Waiving the complimentary remarks in this paragraph, we are struck by the fact that Mr. Lummis considers the *Argonaut* "inordinately partisan and consistently bigoted." Now Mr. Lummis is a man of brains and convictions. Further than that, from his language it is evident that he is a friend of the *Argonaut*. His charge, therefore, is worthy of attention. We never pay any attention to the attacks of enemies of the *Argonaut*. But when its friends criticise it, we lend an attentive ear.

We are accused of being "inordinately partisan and consistently bigoted." Let us see what this means. The "Century Dictionary" defines "partisan" thus:

"An adherent of a party or faction; one who is passionately or very earnestly devoted to a party or interest; specifically, one whose judgment or perception is clouded by a prejudiced adherence to his party; strongly biased in favor of a party or interest."

The meaning of the word "bigoted" is thus given by the "Century Dictionary":

"Obstinately and blindly wedded to a particular creed, opinion, practice, or ritual; intolerant of the opinions of others."

Can it be possible that the *Argonaut* is all of these things? We admit frankly that we are adherents of the Republican party, and that we are "strongly biased" in its favor. But this is not because "our judgment or perception is clouded." It is because we believe, honestly and conscientiously, that the Republican party, with all its faults, is better, always has been better, and always will be better, than the Democratic party. The Republican organization has always been the party of progress and enlightenment; the Democratic organization has always been the party of retrogression and decay. The Republican party has originated all the legislation which has made this country prosper-

ous and great; the Democratic party has combatted all progressive legislation, and has originated no legislation at all. The Republican party was the friend of freedom; the Democratic party the friend of slavery. The Republican party brought to their highest perfection the arts of peace; the Democratic party, when in power, plunged the country into a bloody civil war. The Republican party crushed the rebellion, and brought the country out of the throes of war; the Democratic party encouraged the rebellion, and through its copperhead allies prolonged the war. The Republican party maintained the credit of the nation, and brought the country back to a specie basis; the Democratic party ran after false financial gods, and fostered the greenback craze. The Republican party, when it stepped from power, left a prosperous people and a treasury overflowing with money; the Democratic party looted the treasury, left it empty, brought on a panic which half ruined the country, and has horrified one hundred and sixty millions of dollars in the last year and a half.

These are a few of the reasons why we are "partisan"—it will be seen that, as Mr. Lummis says, we are at least "consistently partisan."

As to "bigotry." We are accused of being "obstinately and blindly wedded to a particular creed, opinion, practice, or ritual; intolerant of the opinion of others." With this we can not agree. The *Argonaut* is wedded to no creed or ritual, but, on the other hand, it believes in the utmost freedom of belief. We believe that the enlightenment of the world to-day is due to the Protestant Reformation; we believe that if that reformation had not taken place, the world to-day would be steeped in the darkness and intellectual degradation which have ever characterized those countries where the Roman Church holds sway, such as Italy, Ireland, and Spain. It is the intolerance of the Roman Church to which we object, and its hoary vice of shackling the belief of others. For religious freedom we have ever fought. But no honest man can claim that religious freedom exists to-day in any land where the Roman Church has uncontrolled power.

These are the beliefs of the *Argonaut*. And if it be partisan to uphold a party which abolished human slavery, which saved the country from destruction, and whose policy made this the greatest and most prosperous nation in the world, then are we partisan. If it be bigoted to oppose a religious organization which has stifled human thought, erected a vast oligarchy on superstition and ignorance, and sent philosophers and scientists to the stake, then are we bigoted.

If this be partisanship, if this be bigotry, then make the most of it.

From a reader in the far North we have received the following communication:

SANFORD COVE, ALASKA, May 26, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of April 15th you have an admirable article upon the money question, but on one point you are not clear and, it seems to me, may be mistaken. Why do you assume that bimetallic countries would necessarily be obliged to sell their goods to monometallic countries for silver alone? What is there in the conditions you picture that would prevent the United States from selling to England for either gold or silver? On all other points your conclusions are irresistible.

Yours truly, N. S. TROWBRIDGE.

If Mr. Trowbridge will turn to the *Argonaut* article of April 15th, he will find that a large part of it is an imaginative forecast of the probable condition of affairs if the United States should become a free-silver instead of a bimetallic country. The two conditions, to our mind, distinctly differ. Free silver would mean silver monometallism. Therefore, if the United States, while on that basis, sold goods to Great Britain, Great Britain would pay her in United States money—that is, in silver. Great Britain would naturally pay in the cheapest money; if silver was cheaper than gold, and if silver was the standard in the United States, Great Britain would, of course, use it in paying her debts to the United States. Our remarks referred to a monometallic silver standard, which is what we take free silver to mean, but not to a bimetallic standard. If the leading commercial countries of the world entered into a bimetallic agreement, it would make no particular difference to the United States whether Great Britain paid her in gold or silver, as the silver would have a fixed governmental valuation all over the world, except in Great Britain—and there it would speedily acquire the same fixed mercantile valuation, if not a governmental one.

In last week's issue of the *Argonaut*, we remarked, in commenting on the new Chicago Democratic daily, the *Chronicle*, that its editor, Mr. Martin J. Russell, is collector of the port of Chicago, and hoped that President Cleveland would allow him to take enough time off from the government service to look after the Cleveland boom in Illinois. Thereafter, the Chicago *Tribune* remarks dryly that under the Wilson bill the receipts do not make good hands upon Mr. Russell's time, and he will have an opportunity for newspaper work. Very true—so be wise.

A GRINGO LOTHARIO.

He Loved Chonita, but He did not Ride Away.

Far out in the wilds of the Mexican Sierras, about one day's travel west of Guadalupe y Calvo, the trail leading to Morales leaves the ridge along which it climbs and plunges down into the depths of the Cañon de Muerto, there winding in and out amid the pines and howlders until it reaches the ford of a stream, the Rio Chico, which rushes through the gorge and on in its wild flight for the sea. Down this trail, late in the afternoon of a day some few years ago, rode a young man, Jack Rawlston, the new manager of the Alta Mining Company, then on his way in to take charge of their mines near Morales. He was wrapped close in an oil-skin slicker, for the rain was falling as it falls only in the mountains of Mexico. Reaching the ford, he drew his mule in under the shelter of an overhanging bluff and impatiently awaited the coming of his men, whose shouts and curses could be heard in the cañon-side above as they urged to greater speed some half a dozen pack-animals, slowly picking their way down the slippery trail.

As they drew near, one of the men, Pancho, who acted as guide, hurried to Rawlston's side and, pointing to the stream, now a rushing torrent, cried "*Valgame Dios, the Little River is very great this day!* There is much water, señor, and deep. We no can cross; not until to-morrow, when it will be well. *Si, señor, en la mañana 'sta 'ueno.*"

"Yes, but to-night, man! We can't camp here; there is not enough level ground to raise a tent on. Get us out of this," exclaimed Rawlston.

"Señor," replied the man, as he drew his wet *serape* closer about him, "a little *rancho* lies down the river a short way, where lives Juan Montaña. Will the señor go there?"

"Will the señor go there!" shouted Rawlston. "Yes, confound you, *hombre*, the señor will. Move on."

With a cry of "*Ad-e-lan-te! Vamonos!*" and swearing great mouth-filling Mexican oaths at his assistants as well as at the mules, Pancho started the train down the cañon on its way to a little valley of just a few hundred acres, nestled there where the gorge widened out as either wall spread away in great broken ridges, sweeping grandly off to the south.

It was hardly a *rancho*, this place of Juan Montaña's, only a few small patches of growing maize and *frijoles*, amid which, in a grove of pines, rested a bouse of logs with a wide portico roughly thatched with bundles of corn-stalks, while a *jacal*—a roofed palisade of poles, chinked and covered with adobe mud—adjoined the house at one side, serving as a kitchen.

As Rawlston, leading the way, approached from across the valley, a dog gave the alarm, and an elderly man, Juan himself, muffled in a *serape* and slowly puffing at a *cigarrito*, came out into the portico, while at the low doorway of the *jacal*, amid the whiffs of smoke from the fire within, appeared a brown-faced woman and behind her three girls, shyly peeping forth at the stranger as he drew up and asked for accommodations for the night.

"*Si, señor*," replied Juan to his request; "dismount and come in from the rain. My house is at your service; *entrar, señor, entrar*," and he took the Winchester that Rawlston banded him, giving it a lingering glance as he placed it carefully against the wall.

"And supper, señor," he continued; "will you have supper? *Si? 'Sta 'ueno*," and reaching up, he seized one of a number of chickens perched beneath the roof, wrung its neck, and tossed it to the woman, saying: "For the señor; and coffee and milk, *pronto!* And give to the *mozos* of *tortillas* and *frijoles* a plenty."

Turning, and with "Permit me, señor," to Rawlston, who was engaged in removing his wet slicker, Juan drew the Winchester from its scabbard and critically examined it, exclaiming as he did so: "*Muy bonito carbino, señor.* Once I possessed one; not like this, señor—a carbine—but *caramba!* An Indian stole it—may the devil take his soul—and I am too poor to buy another. I miss it much, señor, for it furnished me meat. Wby, only yesterday morning two deer stood just over there eating the corn, hut—" He paused for an instant, then called: "Chonita, *mia*, come here."

A girl clad in a simple garment of rough material passed from the *jacal*, a girl whose supple, rounded form possessed perfect grace, and as she came forward Rawlston started as he gazed on her Latin-Indian beauty.

"My daughter, Chonita, señor," said Juan. The girl raised her dark eyes to meet his, and her clear, olive-brown skin became suddenly tinged with her southern blood. "She can shoot," continued Juan, as he handed her the rifle; "*si, señor*, even better—"

A flock of chattering parrots passing overhead caught his eye. Glancing at them, then at Rawlston, he cried: "One shot, señor, permit her?"

Rawlston nodded; then watched the girl as she raised the gun, saying: "See!—the one in the lead"—a report, and the bird fell, a mangled mass of flesh and feathers.

She banded the rifle to Rawlston, her lips parted, and her hosom slightly heaving with the momentary excitement. Again their eyes met; then she turned and hurried back to the *jacal*.

His gaze followed her, and half unconsciously he was dreamingly comparing her with another, a blue-eyed, fair-haired woman of the North, who—suddenly he noticed that she was bare-footed.

He seated himself on a bench near the doorway, vaguely watching his men as they unpacked and removed the saddles from the steaming mules, and gazing even beyond, out over the mountains to where rested a dense bank of clouds, from which darted occasional flashes of lightning followed by low, bellowing peals of thunder that rolled with great hollow echoes across the heavens. The rain fell on the thatched roof above him with a muffled, pattering sound,

and he rested there, lost in reverie, dreaming of her who awaited him in a distant city, his promised wife.

After a while Chonita came to the door and told him that his supper was ready. Dreamily he heard her voice and raised his head. She stood with her dark hair falling in a disordered mass over her shoulders, one bare arm half raised and resting on the door-sill, her body partly turned, showing the beautiful lines of her figure as she hesitated, as though fascinated by his look, and gazed into his eyes as a little child might, and yet not, for there was to her a strange attraction about this *Americano*, this man of the Saxon race who was so unlike the men of her own, that caused her heart to flutter wildly. He looked at her for a long while, and then arose. She drew aside to allow him to pass into the house, and, as he did so, a gust of wind blew her hair across his face.

During the months that followed, Rawlston became a frequent visitor at the little *rancho*, stopping over night while traveling between the mines and Guadalupe y Calvo. He was always sure of a welcome, for he had won the lasting friendship of Juan by loaning him his rifle and allowing him all the cartridges he could shoot away, and that of the señora, Juan's wife, by presenting to her at the very first the most gaudy dress-pattern that he could find in all Guadalupe. The girls, Chonita's sisters, looked forward anxiously to the days of his arrival, for he never forgot to bring them *dulces*. But with Chonita it was different; for, while she longed for his coming, it was not for what he might bring her, but for himself alone; for at last, and for the first time in her life, love had come to her.

One afternoon, as the glory of the sunset spread slowly across the valley, Rawlston rode up to the *rancho*, where, finding no one at home, he left his mule and climbed the trail that led to a little spring in a gulch back of the house. Chonita was there filling an *olla*, but she did not hear him as he approached, not until he stood at her side; then she started, and as she arose, she slipped on the wet clay, and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

He felt her tremble as he held her, and drew her closer to him, asking: "Are you hurt, Chonita?"

"No, señor," she replied.

He saw her lips quiver, and, as she raised her face to his, he read from the depths of her eyes her secret, and he bent and kissed her, murmuring "Sweetheart!" Then he released her and stood leaning against a tree, watching her as she descended the trail.

He had not been totally unconscious of her love, though at first it seemed to him but the admiration of a mere child; but now he understood, and it wrought a strange influence over him. He knew that his love was strong and true for the woman who alone bound him to the life he had left behind, yet he felt how easy it would be, were it not for her, to drift into the customs and adopt the modes and morals of the people of that fair Mexican land, for there was a certain charm in their easy-going, languorous life, with its beauty and its restfulness, that had appealed to him from the very first. In some strange way that he could not understand and yet which seemed perfectly natural to him, he longed to remain there, away from the world, as it were, until the end; and he pictured her, his affianced wife, there with him, and—he laughed. His reverie was not broken; the woman alone changed, and he wondered what life would be with Chonita—just for a time.

And Chonita!—she reached the bouse and hurried to her room, where she dropped on her knees before a little shrine. "Oh, *Dios!*" she said, "I am so glad! What have I done that I should be so happy! Thank you, God."

Slowly night came on. Supper was over, and the room was but dimly lighted by a sputtering tallow dip and the faintly flickering blaze of the open fire in the *jacal* adjoining. Rawlston leaned back in his chair, slowly smoking and watching Chonita as she moved about putting away the supper things, and he became duly conscious of a desire to take her in his arms again, to hold her and to feel her tremble.

After awhile she brought him a cup of coffee and took from his saddle-bag a flask of cognac that he always carried there, and placed it on the table at his side. He touched her hand, and into her eyes came a look of longing, almost passionate, and her lips parted as though to speak, but her father entering the room, she turned away and sank in a huddled heap on the floor at the kitchen door.

Juan had been cleaning the rifle, which Rawlston had allowed him to use for a week past, and seating himself at the table, giving the gun a few finishing touches with a greasy rag, he exclaimed, "Ah, señor, it is a grand gun. *Madre de Dios*, but the shots I made! I would give my soul for such a one!"

"Not being the devil, Juan, I can not take your soul, but what else will you give me?" said Rawlston.

"Señor, I have nothing but my two *burros* and a cow—I might spare a little maize and *frijoles*, too, perhaps."

Rawlston laughed, then poured some cognac into his coffee, drank it, and, leaning back against the wall, said: "Juan, I'll give you the rifle if you will give me—"

"What?" cried Juan.

"Chonita."

Juan sprang to his feet and Rawlston reached for his revolver, but he had no need. The father turned to the girl and led her to Rawlston, placing her hand in his, saying: "It is well, señor; *si, 'sta 'ueno*. You are rich and will be good to her. Yes, it is well," and the mother, coming from the kitchen, nodded her head, smiled, and echoed "Yes, it is well." And Chonita, she was very happy, for she was but a child of nature.

The bome to which Rawlston took her, his quarters at the mine, seemed, with their meagre yet comfortable furnishing, a perfect palace to Chonita, and the clothing that came from Guadalupe for her use amazed the girl. She could not understand that she was to wear slippers and stockings every day, neither why she was to dress her hair. At first it grew irksome to her to remain dressed as he would have her, and at times, coming home, he would find her as he first saw

her—the one loose garment, her hair in disorder, and bare-footed. When he would remonstrate, she would laugh and throw her arms about his neck and kiss him, but after awhile she grew accustomed to her new mode of dress.

The days passed away into months, but they did not bring to Rawlston the ease of life he had hoped for when he brought Chonita to his home; and he wondered why the ideal was always more beautiful than the real. After all, it had only been an experiment, and it had failed; yet even had it not, he realized that eventually he would have returned to the old life for the sake of her who awaited him there. Then he thought of what would come to Chonita, the child who loved him so, after he was gone; for leave her he must, and his soul cried out within him against, not so much what he had done, as what he was about to do.

One evening he sat before the fire in his quarters, engaged in looking over the weekly mail, while Chonita rested at his feet, cuddled in a little heap in the warmth, and with her head pillowed against his knee. The loose leaves of a letter that he had been reading slipped from his hand, scattering over the floor, and from them arose a faint perfume that caused a pang of jealousy to enter the girl's heart; for she knew it was from a woman from whom every mail brought him a letter—a woman whose likeness rested on the mantel-shelf before her, and who he had said was hut a friend, and yet who, her instinct told her, stood between her and the fullness of love that should be hers. Her eyes filled with tears as she slowly gathered the fallen leaves, but she thought that, after all, she possessed him, for he had come to her and was with—

"Chonita, dear, I must leave you. I am going to my home."

She started and sprang to her feet. Her heart beat wildly, and into her great dark eyes came a strange, wild look. "You are going to—to her!" she cried, throwing her arm violently toward the photograph. "You are going to the woman who wrote you this—no?" and she tore the letter across and threw it from her. "No! but you shall not go!" she continued. "She has no right to you. You are mine—mine!" Majestically she stood gazing at him for an instant; then the little figure forgot its queenly bearing and drooped wearily—fell at his feet, sobbing out tenderly: "Ah, say it is not so!—you are all I have to love—all I have!"

He touched one little hand that rested on his knee. "Poor little thing!" he said. "Poor little thing!"

She lay at his feet, her whole body quivering.

He could not bear to see her suffer so. He pitied her, and he thought: Why not lie to her; why not let her believe that he would return? Yes, why not? It would make it easy for her now, and in time she would learn to forget. He lifted her gently up and folded her in his arms. "Chonita," he said, "I will come back to you, dear. I must go, but it is only for a little while, a few months. You can wait for me with your father at the *rancho*—only for a few months, sweetheart."

She drew herself from his arms and sat on his knee, her dark eyes watching the fire very softly. Suddenly she turned and gazed at him for a long while, then said slowly: "You are not going to her, and you will return to me?"

He said: "I am not going to her, and I will return to you."

She looked him in the eyes, and seemed to doubt. After awhile she arose, and taking the photograph from the shelf, she brought it to him, saying, "Tear it and throw it in the fire—no?"

He hesitated an instant, then arose. The hot blood came to his face; then, because he pitied her, he made the sacrifice—and she believed.

A few days later he left the mine, and, sending his servants on with the pack-train toward Guadalupe y Calvo, he took Chonita to her father's home. With Juan he made his peace with more *pesos* than the old man had ever hoped to possess, but he told him, as he had Chonita, that he would return.

The following morning, when all was ready for his departure, and, at the last moment, he went to where Chonita sat weeping in the doorway and took her hands and drew her up to him. "Pobrecito," he said, "poor little thing, you are only a child. Would to God we had never met! Poor little heart!"

She turned her face to his shoulder and buried it against his neck, sobbing gently. He wound his arms about her and held her close to him. He let her cry for awhile, then he drew her face close to his. He kissed it and put it back in its resting-place, pressing his lips to her hair. After awhile he put her gently from him, slowly passed to where his mule awaited, slowly mounted—she ran after him, stretched out her arms, a cry was on her lips—

Some one caught her by the arm, and said: "No use running after him, girl. He is gone for good. You will have to find another lover."

Through her tears she saw at her side a tall, lank Texan, who had arrived early that morning from the mine with a message for Rawlston. "Gone for good!" she echoed. "No! He is coming back to me!"

"Like bell he is! The new boss says he is going north to marry another girl. You won't see him again," and the Texan turned toward the corral to get his mule.

"Gone!" she cried. "Lied to me and gone to marry—no! God in heaven, she shall not have him, he is mine!" and, with her eyes flashing with rage, she caught up her father's rifle, which rested against the house—the gun with which she had been bought—and hurried after him.

It was only a little way; then she paused and threw the rifle to her shoulder, calling, "Jack!—Jack *mio!*" and then, with all the tenderness of her soul, "Sweetheart!"

He turned in his saddle.

There was a flash, a report; he was swayed from side to side for an instant, lunged forward, and fell to the ground dead.

GEORGE WARREN STEALEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1895.

THE NEW WINTER RESORT.

Sights and Sensations in Cairo—Arriving at Tea-and-Toast Time—
Shopping in the Bazaars—Great Bargains and
Great Bargaining.

The Riviera, California, and Florida have a new rival as a winter resort for the fashionables of two hemispheres in the ancient city of Cairo. It has for years been a popular stopping-place for those journeying through the eastern end of the Mediterranean during the winter months. But in the past two or three years those to whom fortune has given it to come and go as they choose have been wintering in Egypt, and Cairo in particular has enjoyed quite a fashionable vogue. To mention only a few names well known to Californians, Whitelaw Reid—whom we may consider a Californian by marriage—Colonel C. F. Crocker, the Messrs. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon spent some months there this year.

To gratify a natural curiosity about the modern aspect of the Egyptian city, we have made a series of extracts, descriptive of certain phases of Cairene life, from "In Cairo and Jerusalem," by Mary Thorn Carpenter. The book describes almost all the scenes visited by sojourners in the south-eastern end of the Mediterranean; but we shall confine our quotations to a few in which are shown scenes of life in and around Cairo. The book opens in this wise:

Tea and toast were being served on the terrace of the New Hotel, when a dusty *arabiyeh*—the victoria of Cairo, drawn by two gaunt horses—drew up before the front entrance, and we were rushed through rows of small tea-tables and hooded chairs, past the bright awnings, which shaded the John Bull section of men and maidens, in riding costume, who were easily distinguishable, even at half a glance, from the French and Russians flourishing forth in colors like a rosegarden. The occupants of the draped and much-bedecked piazza seemed faint to keep clear of us and our dust; the tourist who arrives tired and travel-stained from Ismilia generally preferring rather to see than to be seen. On this occasion only he merely sniffs the refreshing tea-fumes, and is rapidly conducted toward the office, where he is glad to follow his hoxes to any number left unoccupied in the crowded hotel. "It is the season," explains the manager, as he hands the servant a key which fits a door on the third floor, promising at the same time to move you down at the first vacancy—a promise which would be unnecessary, if there was only a lift to get you up. Two high headsteads, shrouded in white mosquito-netting, make an unfavorable first impression of your apartment. This impression was dissipated, however, by an Arab hoy, who appeared at our door after several attempts to follow out the directions posted on the side wall, to "press the electric button" to summon the maid. Each effort resulted in bringing the dusky servant, who was as many times dismissed, until finally I commanded him to bring the chamber-maid, to which he meekly replied, "Madam, I am she," and produced a queer old amporah of fresh water which might have belonged to Pharaoh's daughter.

The New Hotel, an unsentimental-looking pile, stands out with its Moorish pretensions opposite a well-shaded garden in the Place Esbekiyeh. The greenery all about the terrace shows foliage which shows the grass and keeps it beautifully green. From this wide veranda, carpeted with gay Turkish rugs, are hung red and blue draperies of white canvas, with designs of stars and crescents sewed on them by the artisans of the Tunis bazaar to suit the taste of the Oriental customer.

The world of Cairo not only, but the entire East, passes by the New Hotel in a never-ending panoramic procession. At the entrance, dragomans of all nationalities, with all colors of Eastern turbans, and all alike in brightly braided jackets, offer their services to the new-comers in clamorous phrases of self-praise, or, when invention fails in this line, chatter and laugh among themselves like so many magpies. I am at my wit's end sometimes in a vain mental search for a country which will fit their curious clothes and unfamiliar contours. Greeks, Copts, Abyssinians with soft gazelle eyes, Nubians and Algerians dressed in short or long garments with bare or draped arms, propose their services as guides, dragomans, or conductors to the Cairene sights. A cavass of one of the different consulates, richly dressed in silver and gold-embroidered stuffs, with flashing scimitar at his side, flourishes a long cane with a golden point, which he uses effectually while proudly pushing aside the throng of foot-passengers who are constantly moving past the entrance to the hotel, where the servant awaits his master. In the throng a European dress is sometimes seen, but is drowned in the overflow of brilliantly draped Orientals of all races. Merchants, with ostrich plumes and antiques more or less authentic—native bottles and scarabs or rugs and spears from the Soudan—saunter through the busiest of thoroughfares. Women enveloped in long drapery, the face hidden under a veil, and only showing their feet, shod in satin slippers of a striking color, force their way past an Arab trotting along on his meek-looking donkey with the utmost carelessness, as calm as glass in contrast to the conscious embarrassment of a European, who, in the same position, always looks as if he were doing something ridiculous. Then the freshly imported closed broughams of the harem dash by, dividing the shining sea of color which rolls back as the *sais* gracefully clear the way, running swiftly a few yards in advance of the superb horses.

The *sais* are the most sylph-like beings imaginable, scarcely touching the ground; they can run for hours without tiring—nothing fatigues them; their costume is delicious, a little theatrical perhaps, but not too strange or bright under the burning Eastern sunbline. A vest richly decorated and embroidered in gold arabesques; a wide, silk sash, with ends floating far into the wind; and a pair of loose, gauzy sleeves immaculately white, falling to the waist, meet a short skirt of the same material, and make a costume so delicate and light, and with so little friction in it, that it is no more an impediment to rapid motion than a soft white cloud would be if it could be utilized for like purposes on *terra firma*. It is to the Mamelukes that Cairo owes the *sais*. Each of these cavaliers was accompanied by a runner, who carried his weapons, adroitly recovering them, should they fall during a combat, gliding in and out of the fray, doing all the mischief possible to the enemy by cutting their saddle-bands and exasperating the horses with well-delivered and demoralizing sword-cuts. But the race is dying out, and the *sais* is *passé* at thirty, and at forty has weakness of the lungs, to which he generally succumbs. In Egypt, nature demands that men should be lotus-eaters, not sylphs of perpetual motion.

Here is one of the unusual sights that delight the traveler:

At the mystic hour of sunset, a little Arabian fairy darts out, apparently from the feathery tufts which fringe and tangle the shady paths of the Ezbekiyeh garden. This little woodland elf, scarcely less graceful than the plant shrubbery and the lovely, bright flying things, is like nothing else in Cairo. Clinging like a delicate tendril to the iron rail about the terrace, where the tourists are taking their tea, she glances wistfully from one to another; then her pretty pink draperies and long black braids catch some one's eyes, and she begins a low, cooing chant, "Tirili, Tirili, Tirili"—a weird warble, which she produces from her vocal chords by merely pressing her fingertips on the throat, as if playing a stringed lute. Presently she falls into a phantom dance, executed with wild pirouettes, always in time to the elfish music.

Shortly after this comes the dinner, of which our fair *cicerone* affords us this glimpse:

At half after seven all Cairo dines, and the hungry tourist turns gratefully to the flesh-pots of Egypt, when they are served at a

well-appointed *table d'hôte*, quite in keeping with semi-Europeanized Cairo. The dinner is very beautiful, brightened with the evening-dresses of scores of Continental belles seated at two long tables, conversing gayly with the English officers from the citadel, or striving to put at ease a native Egyptian wearing an orthodox scarlet fez, who is apparently listening with deep attention to his fair companion while mentally deciding whether to use his fingers or his fork to the *champignons à la crème* handed him by the waiter. The oddest part of the scene is the sprinkling of red head-gear up and down the dining-room, which belongs to every shade of Eastern complexion—Copts, Turks, and even Jews, the latter having returned in large numbers to the land of Goshen, this time for the "season" only, when they dwell in beautiful villas and possess hotels and valuable corner lots in their ancient House of Bondage.

Cairo would seem to be a paradise for shoppers. Our author begins her account of this pastime with a little picture of the chief shopping street:

The most important street in Cairo is undoubtedly the Mousky, belonging to the old French quarter; narrow, and bordered with tall houses, with all sorts of balconies suspended in seeming insecurity from their shabby surroundings. The guides call it the Cairene "Rue de Rivoli." Doubtless that famous avenue had once upon a time just as humble a beginning; but when I first saw the narrow, dingy Mousky, it was indeed difficult to believe it. Up and down the street are open booths, jutting out a little over the pavement, all the more to allure the shoppers and literally make them walk over the merchandise spread out under their feet and above their heads. A calm almost religious presides over the little shop-keepers' transactions. The importunate demands of the Parisian merchants to buy, the embarrassing discussion regarding the merits of the bargain counter in our modern shops, is entirely absent, and silence reigns over the beautiful Eastern fabrics and embroideries of the Mousky; although if ever merchants should stand excused for vaunting their goods, it is these old Persians. Even the old system of bargaining is succeeded by a placard at the entrance of every important shop, announcing "Prix fixe"—an innovation which is rather strictly carried out in practice, but entirely circumvented in principle by the substantial *backsheesh* given by the merchant to an initiated customer.

The Mousky is very unlike the native parts of the city—still it is not Eastern, nor yet modern: tall houses with overhanging cornices jutting far out over the street shade the narrow avenue; civilization has penetrated these semi-Europeanized shops in some slight degree, and one finds that waxen figures in Saxon clothes from Regent Street have superseded the Oriental draperies in the shop-windows, and these flaxen-haired gentlemen are gazed at as curiously by the Oriental throng as a full-fledged Mme. Tussaud's wax-work exhibition would be in London, could the positions be reversed; but, luckily, the Levantines alter the cut of their coats, as well as the methods of their speech, very gradually. Sewing-machines and pianos are found in the Mousky, but rarely Korans and turbans, which makes one regret and applaud twenty times within the hour.

The magnificent white donkeys, with saddles of red morocco or yellow velvet and bridles tinkling with rows of silver chains reaching nearly to the ground, are, however, as barbarous as one could desire; and so are the long, low trucks drawn by oxen, bringing goods from the caravansaries or Khans to the shops, where it is an overpowering temptation to linger among the fascinating silver stuffs, gold embroideries, and webby gauzes; but the desire to push on to more wonderful sights is even more tempting.

From our saddle-perch we pass in review all the brilliant tissues of silver thread and silken stripes, which are the turbans of the dragoman, and gallop through the confusion of men, women, and children, blind beggars, camels, and humble asses, with shabby barnes mended with bits of string. "Yallah, Yallah!" calls the donkey hoy, encouraging his beast at the same time with blows from a small stick. The patient animal has slackened his speed, and a carriage drawn by two superb horses is impeded in its rapid progress by a string of camels, who can literally be described as "stopping the way." "Yallah, go on!" calls the little Arab, louder and more determined than before, and by a miracle we circle both obstacles, and in a moment more arrive at the end of the Mousky, so dazzled by all that has passed that we dismount and take breath. The faith and confidence of the donkey boy in his Prophet alone has prevented our being crushed and crumbled into fragments in the seething caldron of Eastern humanity.

But, in addition to shopping, there is the promenade to beguile the sojourner, and there are even Italian opera and balls:

The Rue de Rivoli is the Place de la Concorde of Cairo; that is to say, it is the spot most permeated with life and color. It has undergone many changes. Once a beautiful lake, surrounded by shady walks, the wonder of the Oriental world, it is now a simple garden planted with tropical growth and filled with rare plants and brightly-plumed birds, surrounding an open square and the European Theatre. As soon as four o'clock strikes, the gay world of Cairo promenades in the garden, enjoying the music of the Citadel military band and the coolness of the evening, and then goes forth in open victorias driven by dark-skinned and red-turbaned coachmen, who guide their high-spirited horses along the acacia-bordered avenue toward the Ghiesre Palace or the beautiful road to Shubra.

At nine o'clock in the evening an Italian opera just across the park allures all tourist Cairo during the season, if the seductive charm of the "moonbeam's smile" that Browning talks about, and the delicious reflection of it on mosques and fairy balconies, with the scents from a hundred garden flowers, and the mysterious, ever-changing Eastern night-scenes do not make the real drama and living scenery viewed from the open terrace more enchanting than the airs from "Aida" or "Madame Angot."

The European quarter is a town built during our generation of pleasure-seekers and officials, whose spirit is always visible in their masonry. Not displeasing, however, are the pretty attempts at Arabic architectural imitations of several new Oriental houses, some of them containing valuable and curious collections of Egyptian antiquities. An artistic Frenchman has built a veritable *château* of an Arabian house, but the greater part of the buildings are Italian, with endless flat walls and sky-blue shutters, surrounded by gardens extending along well-kept boulevards, which are lighted with gas. Here and there an immense hotel blooms out in its pink stucco brilliancy from the tall surroundings of feathery palms and the heavy foliage of the Mimosa Nilotica trees. The Hotel Continental, close by the official residence of Lord Cromer, is a Mecca for our English cousins; the splendid ball-room is lined with large mirrors, where each one of them can look upon himself with pleasure, and two evenings in every week these mirrors reflect the British nobility in very tasteless ball-gowns, which do not shock us so much when we consider how many unenlightened notions, of more important bearing on modern customs, are always visible in the outward appearance of these worn-out institutions of caste. The modern knights-errant are not exactly mail-clad, as of old, but the heavy braided and gilded military dress and side-arms aid the resemblance of these gatherings to the last-century pictures in the National Gallery.

Then, after one has seen enough of Cairo for the time being, there are innumerable excursions to be made. These our author describes entertainingly and with no small display of erudition. But we are confining our observations to Cairo, and so will describe only the *modus operandi* of setting forth:

The weather in Cairo is always fine during the season, which eliminates one very popular topic of conversation among the winter guests. Rain and fog are never considered as hindrances to any proposed *fête champêtre*, for the sun shines on perpetually with singular softness, the rays apparently passing through a screen of delicate tissues, which tempers its heat and absorbs its light. No one has a moment to waste; and the slowness of the *table d'hôte* breakfast is a great annoyance, especially as the Cairene conception of a *cuisine* leaves much to be desired. We are never less than an hour and a half at this occupation, which, however, does not interfere with the discussion of various plans for the afternoon. What are you going to see to-day? is the question passed from one to another down the long dining-room, and the interminable intervals between the

courses are bridged over by an *entente cordiale* prevailing among the representatives of all countries in this absorbing subject of sight-seeing. The new-comers have invariably planned out a day according to Baedeker, consisting in a summing up of seventy Cairene sights, and dividing them by six hard working days of eight hours each—including mosques, pyramids, hazaars, and Heliopolis, the tombs of the Khedives, and the Virgin's Tree, in bewildering confusion.

The usual way to do the museum is to take it, in tourists' terms, on the way to the pyramids; and a shudder went through me at this irrelevant manner of rushing past the dead Pharaohs, the repose of their restful sleep contrasting serenely with the pushing crowd of scurrying tourists. We scorned the accepted method, and reserved our admiration exclusively for the venerable dust of Egyptian dynasties at Gizeh. Outside on the pavement a horde of Turks had long lain "dreaming of the hour" which would bring piastres for donkey hire. Aroused by our appearance at the hotel entrance, the blue burnouses and turbans heads immediately blended into fantastic groups of Arabic design—an animated pyramid of bright-faced and delicate-featured bronzes, each offering his patient beast for the excursion, or clamoring to be employed as driver of a team of discouraged-looking horses on the opposite side of the street, for which the usual price was demanded, plus an amount of piastres added or diminished from the official carriage rates printed inside the vehicle, according to the idea formed of your liberality or indifference. The porter always appears as a deliverer at this moment, and declares the carriage fare for Le Antikat (the Museum of Antiquities) to be twelve piastres to go and return; eight piastres an hour while you wait. "Tariffa," murmurs the dispersing crowd, who have nothing more to say, and a carriage awaits your pleasure.

To the question "What are the Cairene bazaars like?" our author makes answer:

Well, nothing that I had imagined. Until I saw them, I was under the impression that the Turks were a silent and impassive race—travelers usually say so; but the rush, the excitement, the shouting, and the resistless sweep of humanity in a narrow bazaar would humble a French boulevard. Stopping under the flapping awnings in the street of the spice merchants this morning, I followed the dragoman into the dusky-tinted atmosphere of the long lane of perfume booths, where the sweet scents of Araby and the precious attar of rose in large and small jars are stored away on the shelves which line the little draped *dukkans*, usually a recess only about six feet in width, freighted with smoke and the oppressive smell of dried flowers. We sit down on a bare wooden platform nearly waist-high, without rug or mat, and the very counterfeits of its neighbors for a good distance on either side.

The shop is open to the street, and a curtain now looped aside answers for a door, when the owner goes to his dinner or his devotions. Glass jars, of the apothecary type, containing ambergris, sandalwood, and attar-of-rose essences, usually share the opposite shelves, and nowhere in the world does shopping become so fascinating an amusement as in these scented regions. The Arab has never learned that time is money; and his patience and delightful coffee, combined with honeyed phrases, make the long *saïh*, which every purchaser entails, a real pleasure. Before the compliments and coffee have ceased, you begin with the greatest assumed indifference the hargaining for the bright-colored hotties, with their thousand rose-leaves compressed into so many golden drops; then having been informed of the price of what pleases you most, a little word easily learned, and repeated in an ascending scale, denotes your astonishment at the sum demanded: "La! la! la!" you cry, each time more negatively than the last. It sometimes takes two or three days for the most trifling purchase, and innumerable visits and white ribbon stirrup-cups besides, until the neighboring merchants begin to know you and salaam with friendly interest, but, loyally enough, do not offer to tempt you away from your own particular dealer, who sits contentedly on the *maslaba* seat, smoking his *nargileh* in confidence. "Saïh, saïh!" ("Very well, I'll take it!"); "Min Shaanah!" ("For thy sake!"), he says at last, accepting several piastres less than his "dernier prix" of the day before; then, if it is the precious attar of rose which is in question, the test is applied, and to assure one's self the article is genuine, a drop is burned on a piece of tissue-paper. If real, not a trace of the liquid is left to stain the paper. Inscriptions over many Arabian shops fail to indicate the business transacted over the coffee-cups; it is customary to inscribe Koran phrases, which shine so calmly over the petty cacklings of the commercial world below them. "O Allah! thou who behest us in want!" "O Allah! thou who openest the gates of profit!" These exclamations are often heard on opening the shops in the morning, and are repeated frequently with a view to facilitate the sales. I have heard that shopkeepers also use the most endearing terms on the most uncalled for occasions; fortunately these phrases are reserved for the natives, or one does not understand them. On a ledge of wood protruding into the street of the silver bazaar, crouches a fellow-human shrouded in an indigo sheet, her elbows touching her knees, holding her black-veiled face in her two copper-colored hands, weighted with golden rings. Solitary as an "eagle on his chosen peak," she is viewing the heavy anklets and bracelets which will be her little daughter's wedding portion, while the booth is lighted up with glittering baubles. From his corner in the depths of the den the Arab is tempting his veiled customer. "Oh, my eyes, look here!" and "You sweet, dear one!" he coos, protesting disinterested interest with tender words. What the effect of this is on the intended purchaser, one can not judge. The eyes alone are uncovered, and they tell nothing; a long, black *yashmak* covers the other features entirely. The woman's thoughts flutter among the ornaments, then with surprising swiftness she swoops down from her perch, picks over and selects her jewelry, which is tied in pink paper and borne away to a mud village in the depths of a cavernous pocket, which, unsuspected, is concealed under her linen drapery.

The bazaars of Cairo are long corridors, where carriages may not venture; but if you go on a donkey, or if walking, you are almost able to touch the opposite walls with extended arms. Each bazaar is a quarter devoted to its particular trade. The money-changers have theirs, the leather merchants also, and the carpet-dealers wax fat and sleek in their separate *sharias*, set on each side with the familiar raspberry and blue rugs, woven in the mellow combinations of green, red, and yellow, which Nature taught the East in the beginning of the world. The old commercial centre of Cairo, Khan-el-Khalili, is a labyrinth possessing neither beginning nor end. You come across streets banked with Persian pottery and beautiful jewels, emerging into lanes filled with barbarous concoctions of pumpkins and cucumbers, which act like a violent discord as they greet the olfactory nerve; still those narrow tracks, where the houses join in perspective overhead, from their great height give shade, and bright awnings protect alike the proprietor of a café or a tinker in brass, and are all they require. The narrow streets are wide enough for a foot-passenger, for the Arabs rarely use a carriage; and the shops of six or seven feet in width are quite large enough for the accommodation of the two or more purchasers in their sleepy transactions. When the old order changes in Cairo, it is to be hoped the new will not creep into the shops, so Oriental, picturesque, and beautifully adapted to their use, end, and aim.

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Three dollars and a quarter was the price paid for a "Portrait of a Lady," by Whistler, at the sale of Oscar Wilde's effects. The picture was much larger than the portrait of Lady Eden, which was the occasion of the recent trial in Paris.

In the Père Lachaise Cemetery at Paris, one of the keepers was found recently to have been cultivating vegetables on the graves.

Medical students at Harvard attend a cool to learn how sick-room delicacies should be prepared.

PEERESSES ON WHEELS.

"Cockaigne" on the Bicycling Craze in England—The Skirt and Knickerbocker Question Raging There—How a Peer's Daughter Paralyzed a House-Party.

"Should ladies ride bicycles or should they not?" This is no longer an open question. Scores—I was going to say hundreds—of ladies, ladies of position, mind, have settled the question by riding. By this, I mean not only such acknowledged cyclists as the Countess of Dudley, Lady Lurgan, and Lady Wolverton, or the Duchess of Bedford, but ladies who are without the ear-mark of a title, although for that reason their names are unknown in the columns of the American press.

No, the real, the only question of the hour concerning bicycling with the gentler sex is one of dress. What should the proper costume of a lady "wheelman," or "wheel-lady," be? What ought a lady to wear when she rides a bicycle? Lady Norreys, whose husband is the eldest son of the Earl of Abingdon, and certainly in a position to speak with authority, has come out in an article in the *Lady Cyclist*, in which she gives her opinion upon what may be termed the great knickerbocker question. This question is, after all, a very simple one, and is not whether ladies who ride bicycles should wear knickerbockers or not, but whether they should wear a skirt (or petticoat) over their knickerbockers, or appear in what is sometimes called "rational dress," viz.: knickerbockers, and only a sort of Norfolk jacket, like men. Lady Norreys says she hates this latter style of thing, and thinks it perfectly horrible. "I am sure," she adds, "neither Lady Dudley, nor Lady Wolverton, nor Lady Lurgan would appear on her machine without a skirt over her knickerbockers. The skirt is not at all dangerous," she goes on. "I wear mine short, and I have it stiffened with horse-hair to just above the knees, which keeps it out of the way and prevents it clogging. I wear no skirts underneath—only knickerbockers and gaiters to my knees."

Well, it is amusing reading, all this, and doubtless other ladies will profit by her ladyship's advice. No doubt Lady Norreys is right in respect to the advantage of wearing a skirt, however short it may be. Yet, perhaps, the skirt has its disadvantages. I think I can not explain one of them better than by describing a little experience of my own—shared with several other people—which happened a few weeks ago. I was staying at a country-house just before the London season began. Among the house-party were several lady bicyclists, and this knickerbocker and skirt question was under frequent discussion. It is wonderful what one can get accustomed to. A few years ago such discussions by women not only before, but actually with men, would have been impossible. The most intimate articles of female apparel were suggested, if no more, and mentally considered, in debating the subject. However, it shows that at all events prudery—the prudery of our mothers and grandmothers—is fast going out of fashion in England.

Among the young ladies who held out against skirts was a certain Lord Somebody's daughter. I will not say more than that, or even mention her name except to say that it is the Honorable Blankina Blank. I have had to apologize to so many Lady Margarets about that skirt-dance letter I wrote you, that I have decided to mention no more names. The *Argonaut* is too extensively read in England. Well, this honorable young miss, who shall be nameless, is a very pretty girl. But I will not identify by saying whether dark or fair. I will only mention the color of her eyes, which are violet. Her bicycling costume was always white—white serge knickers and jacket and a white cap, the only thing not white being her stockings, which were black. One very warm day—one of the first of the warm days of the last of April—she came out in a similar suit made of fine white linen. She certainly looked deliciously cool as she went whirling round the drive, and said she felt so. I thought she had a glitter of concealed humor in her eyes, and so did some other men. But we could not even conjecture what it was about until afterward, and then it was only a dim suspicion, doubtless very unjust.

At luncheon that day, the skirt, *pro* and *con*, came up again. There was never a day it did not, for the matter of that.

"Do you know," said the Honorable Blankina Blank, and the veiled glitter sparkled over my way for just a second—"do you know, Lady Henry, that I'm almost won over to your side?"

Lady Henry (Blank again) was a vehement skirt advocate. She smiled. "I'm so glad, dear. That will be charming."

"Yes, I'm going to try a skirt at all events."

"I'm so glad," beamed Lady Henry. "When?"

"The next time I go out. To-morrow. In fact, I've ordered one from Redfern, and expect it to-night."

"Yes, dear? What?"

"Oh, that is a secret," laughed the Honorable Blankina. "You shall tell me how you like it when you see it."

Naturally every one was immensely interested; and need I say that we all sat dumb and listened. The morrow was awaited with subdued excitement, and at last it came.

"What will it be?" everybody asked every one else, and everybody had an answer. But, as it turned out, no one got it right.

"Forty-Second tartan," suggested one.

"Electric-blue cambric," said another.

"Tan Inverness cloth," came from a third, while whisperings of "Navy," "Shepherds' plaid," "Russia leather" (this was meant for a joke), "Drab Melton," "Buff serge," and a dozen other suggestions could be heard from as many mouths.

Meanwhile, we stood out on the terrace waiting for the show—who who didn't bicycle. First the men came rushing by—then the ladies, four of them, but no Blankina.

"She's been humbugging us," growled everybody, and a sigh of disappointment went up.

"No, by Jove, here she comes!" one man shouted, and sure enough along she came. We all looked. She went slowly by, smiling and bowing. There was silence—a sort of awkward silence—as she faded out of sight round a turn in the drive, and then it seemed as if everybody was afraid to catch everybody else's eye. At length silence gradually slackened the tension, and then somebody said: "It looks thundery over there."

But you would like to know what the Honorable Blankina wore. Well, I will tell you. She had retained her black stockings and white linen knickerbockers, and had simply added a short, black serge skirt and black Eton jacket. It had a very curious effect. So curious, in fact, that Lady Henry said to the Honorable Blankina at dinner that night:

"I should strongly advise you, my dear, to go back to your old style of dress," and she looked very stern as she said it.

"I was sure my way was the best," smiled the Honorable Blankina, with the old glitter in her eyes. "I only did it to convince you."

"And I'm sure you succeeded admirably," said Lady Henry.

I do not think we men quite agreed with this.

LONDON, May 24, 1895.

COCKAIGNE.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Clown's Baby.

It was out on the Western frontier—
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on;
But the clown in vain searched wildly—
The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I can not find—
There! I've looked to every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not very patient men;
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take you, little Beo!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be very careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"—
How tenderly it was said;
While a smile shone through the chalk and paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Mistake for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass!"
Said the clown to pantaloos.

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I've a couple myself," he said;
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!"
Old fellow, go ahead!
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a spot at holding the baby"—
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally—
The fair little baby king—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, bare face,
The talk for miles of the country,
Aid the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There o'er was such a battle
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!"
He's as game as he is good-looking—
Boys, that was a show that paid!
—Margaret Vandegrift.

THE FLIGHT INTO EUROPE.

Transatlantic Liners Going Out Crowded—The Rush for the New Steamer, "St. Louis"—Third Largest Boat in the World—End of the Dramatic Season.

The European hegira has begun. The great ocean liners are going out crowded, and every grade of society is represented, from the Four Hundred to the waiters who wait upon the Four Hundred. For it is a curious fact that steerage fares are so low now that hundreds of trained European waiters leave New York when the summer begins and the cities are deserted for the watering-places and the summer cottages. These waiters cross back to the other side, where the season is in full blast. They remain there, get employment for a few months, get a whiff of European air, and return to New York in the fall, in time for the winter season in New York.

Yes, as I said, all grades of society are represented. The two most distinguished passengers going out within the last few days were Bolossy Kiralfy, the famous entrepreneur of legs, who sailed on the *Augusta Victoria*, and the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefoot and family, who sail on the new American liner, *St. Louis*. Other passengers on the new liner are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Abbey, and Mme. Réjane.

Among other notabilities who sailed recently were Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg on the *Etruria* and Mme. Nordica on the same boat, Mme. Nellie Melba on the *Augusta Victoria*, and hundreds of New York "society people," the enumeration of whose names would be of no interest whatever to San Franciscans and of extreme interest to themselves.

But the rush has been to secure passage on the *St. Louis*. It is a little odd, by the way, for old travelers generally prefer to go on boats that have sailed before. But there is nothing in this to be construed as reflecting on the *St. Louis*, for she is one of the finest boats in the world. In fact, she has only two superiors in speed and size in the merchant marine of the world, and they are the *Campania* and the *Lucania*, of the Cunard line. These monsters, which are twin boats, have thirty thousand indicated horse-power, which is one-third more than the horse-power of the *St. Louis*. None the less, she is the third largest ship afloat, and the biggest and finest ever built in the United States.

The *St. Louis* made a trip from the Delaware Capes, and steamed out in the open sea for sixty hours testing her engines and boilers before she came into New York harbor. It has been impossible to ascertain what her speed was. It is certain that she developed over twenty-one knots, and it is hinted that she made twenty-two and three-quarters knots for a short time. She looks a good deal like the twin Cunard monsters, differing from the ships of her own line in having two smoke-stacks instead of three. She is five hundred and fifty-four feet long, has sixty-three feet beam, draws twenty-six feet of water, registers eleven thousand tons, has six decks and nine water-tight compartments. From stem to stern she is entirely of American build. Under the law, she was entitled to import, free of duty, plates, tees, beams, angles, and other things needed in her construction, but the Cramps did not avail themselves of this provision, but placed their orders with American rolling-mills, forges, and foundries. Her boilers are built to give twenty thousand horse-power, she has four cylinders, and twin screws. She has accommodations for three hundred and fifty passengers in the first cabin, two hundred and fifty in the second, and nine hundred in the steerage. Like the *Campania*, she has a first-class passenger saloon on the upper deck, lighted by a large dome. The first-class smoking-room is on the promenade deck. In recognition of her being named for the city of St. Louis, the citizens of that town have presented to her handsomely bound libraries for the first and second cabin, ten ornamental stained-glass windows for the first cabin library-room, and a full set of flags, including the American ensign, the house-flag in silk, and a burgee, bearing the name "St. Louis." Altogether, the city presented to the ship two thousand five hundred volumes, two hundred of them, it is worthy to note, being hymn-books and prayer-books.

The grand saloon differs radically in decoration from the styles usually found on ocean steamers. The fittings are of white mahogany, and an immense dome of stained glass lights the room. At the after end of the dome is a decorative group representing Neptune grasping his trident, with mermaids sporting in the waves about him. Across from this group, at the other end of the saloon, is an immense mermaid, upon whose shoulders rest the pipes of a magnificent organ.

All the beds in the *St. Louis* are provided with air mattresses, a useful idea, as in case of disaster the mattresses can be used as life-preservers. Ropes are attached to them, so that passengers can at once utilize them.

The man chosen to command this magnificent ship is Captain William G. Randle, formerly commander of the *Paris* and commodore of the American squadron. Captain Randle is nearly sixty years old, and has been at sea ever since he was a boy, when he sailed before the mast upon his father's ship. By the time he was twenty-one, he commanded a vessel of his own, the famous clipper ship, *Traveler*. He left the sea in 1863, married, and made his home at Chester, Pa., where he could watch the ships pass by. But such was his love of the sea that he could not remain ashore, and after ten years he returned when the American line was projected, and has been with it ever since. Thousands of people have sailed with Captain Randle on the *Paris*, and he is one of the most popular commanders on the transatlantic liners. He is very reticent regarding the speed of the *St. Louis*, and says that he does not intend to push her, but it is the belief of everybody that he will attempt to make a record on her trial trip.

The ladies of the Four Hundred who travel to Europe

on these magnificent liners suffer very few discomforts, aside from seasickness. Many of them engage a complete suite of state-rooms, using one for a sleeping-room, another for a dressing-room, and a third for a reception-room. Many of the suites on ocean steamers have individual bath-rooms, so that my lady does not have to wait as ordinary mortals do until the stewardess comes and tells her that her bathing-hour has come. Mrs. Bradley Martin is noted for her luxury while traveling. She always takes with her a complete outfit of woolen gowns and woolen underwear, which she gives away at the end of the voyage, as she objects to the odor of salt water which impregnates these gowns. Then by judicious tipping, my lady's deck-chair is placed in one of the best positions on the deck, and if she is not seasick, she can make the journey in most luxurious style.

The theatres are slowly petering out, although there are some new pieces going on. That the end of the season is here is shown by the fact that the roof-gardens are opening. The first was the American, which opened on Saturday night, and the Madison Square followed on Monday night. But the one theatrical event of any importance has been the production of "The Rivals" for the benefit of C. W. Coudock, the veteran actor. Coudock has been on the stage for fifty years, and is about to retire. A benefit was arranged for him, and the boxes and choice of seats were auctioned off. Joe Murphy, the Irish comedian, paid \$325 for a box, Joseph Jefferson \$350 for a box, Al Hayman \$350 for a box, and Francis Wilson \$250 for a box which he gave back again, and which sold for \$100 on its second sale. Before the doors were opened, the sale had already amounted to over \$8,000. The cast is a notable one. Nothing has been seen like it since the famous performance of "Hamlet" at the Metropolitan Opera House on the twenty-first of May, 1888. The cast is as follows:

Bob Acres.....	Joseph Jefferson
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Nat C. Goodwin
Sir Anthony Absolute.....	William H. Crane
Pauline Absolute.....	Henry Miller
Faulkland.....	Thomas W. Keene
Eg.....	Thomas Q. Seabrooke
David.....	De Wolf Hopper
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Mrs. John Drew
Lydia Languish.....	Viola Allen
Lucy.....	Nellie McHenry

Oddly enough, although all of the performers were stars, the performance itself was not an artistic one. It was out of drawing. The individuality of each actor did not efface itself sufficiently to give middle distance and perspective. De Wolf Hopper played the small part of David, but Mr. De Wolf Hopper was more patent than David was. It was not Sir Lucius O'Trigger whom we saw, but Mr. Nat Goodwin, and the audience seemed to look upon them all as being in their own persons rather than in those of the playwright. But if it was not artistically a success, it was a very pleasant performance. A touching feature of it was the speech made by the old veteran, Coudock, who was overcome by his emotions. The audience was a large one, with a marked theatrical tinge. Among some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murphy, Mrs. Al Hayman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson and Miss Jefferson, W. W. Jefferson, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Henry E. Dixey, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the Misses Frohman, and many others. A lot of pretty actresses sold souvenir books containing photographs of all the members of the cast.

In the beginning of this letter, I spoke about the European begira, but since the weather of the past few days, the begira is by no means confined to those fortunate individuals who are sailing for Europe. It has become almost universal. Everybody who can go out of town is leaving, for the heat has been awful. All the street thermometers ranged between ninety-six and one hundred and three degrees. Up on the tops of the buildings where the official thermometers are, it was four or five degrees below that mark, but it is hardly a fair deal in measuring the heat, because very few of us live on the tops of buildings. Thirty-two cases of prostration from sunstroke were reported yesterday, and two of them were fatal. It is needless to state that with such weather the town is becoming deserted. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1895.

An assisted immigrant is making a lot of trouble in Louisiana. It is a plant, a water-hyacinth, which a man from New Orleans saw and admired about three years ago while on a visit to Colombia. He brought some bulbs of it home with him, and grew them in tubs in his front yard. In about two years patches of the flower appeared in the Bayou St. John, which connects New Orleans with Lake Pontchartrain. In another year the bayou was full of it, so that navigation was impeded. Now all the canals near New Orleans are overrun and covered up with this invading flower; great masses of it are floating in the lake; rivers running into the lake are clogged with it, and it has traveled a hundred miles to the westward of New Orleans. It grows enormously, spreads like rabbits in Australia, chokes all the bayous and streams it gets into, and is a tremendous nuisance, the limitations of which are not in sight. In Colombia it is a harmless, flowering plant that grows in tubs, but in Louisiana the conditions have developed it into the most flourishing and obstinate pest the State has known since she lost the Louisiana Lottery.

All colored men and women from southern climes, and particularly those from the West Indies and South America, carry burdens on their heads, and seem to do it as a matter of course, whereas colored men and colored women born or brought up in the Northern States or in Canada pursue the method which has been generally observed to be that of the people from northern countries. It is also noticeable that sailors from the North German or Scandinavian ports who assist in unloading a vessel carry, so far as possible, articles upon their backs, whereas East Indian sailors, Portuguese sailors, and sailors from Mediterranean ports, carry them as far as possible upon their heads.

AMERICAN GIRLS IN PARIS.

As Paterfamilias takes his Son to the Circus, So Materfamilias takes her Girls to Paris—Their Life in Boarding-School and Out.

There is an American quarter in Paris, inhabited principally by Frenchmen; but it is called the American Quarter, nevertheless, because there are so many Englishmen in it. The delusion that resident Americans have any appreciable part in the life of Paris is due entirely to the enterprise of the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Without that kind-hearted journal to *affiche* them and make them seem more important than they really are (writes Sterling Heilig in a syndicate letter), the American colony in Paris would sink back to an easy and dignified repose.

Without this, the hand is lamentably dwindling. From 4,000 Americans registered in 1893 the quota fell in 1894 to a remnant of 3,000. These figures are from the prefect's report, and exclude tourists, floaters, the obscure, and all the *insoumis* who have refused or neglected to register.

These 3,000 members of the colony are composed of, say, 17 great classes, principally young girls accompanied by their mothers, viz.: (1) art students; (2) other students; (3) American barkeepers (these are all Germans); (4) divorcees come abroad to spend their alimony; (5) elderly ladies (who do good); (6) hankers (who do no harm); (7) Loie Fuller; (8) life-insurance agents (these are all French); (9) American dentists; (10) negro minstrels at the Casino; (11) whole families escaping from the empty life of America; (12) young English and German clerks invited to musicales to amuse No. 11; (13) the cream of American wealth and breeding (this includes everybody); (14) girls in schools; (15) widows writing books; (16) young men preparing for Harvard (at the Moulin Rouge); (17) a scattered thousand or so of nice, well-to-do people who could not tell you, for their lives, why they remain abroad. Perhaps they find society less mixed in Paris than at home.

Of all the types, the American young girl, rich or poor, plain or pretty, is the only one of enduring interest.

There is the one who comes to study, the one who comes to marry, the one who is brought away from an attachment in America (had luck to her parents), the one who comes to have a good time, the one who was born in Europe, and the one who comes because her mother brings her.

This last one has a strange lot, she who comes to Europe because her mother brings her. And yet such things happen. I tell you there is a tide in the affairs of some American mothers which takes them across the flood of the Atlantic, with their wondering daughters by their sides, as suddenly and unexpectedly as the deacon took his son to the menagerie, for the improvement of his mind. There comes a time when the mother, who has been patient, serious, and seemingly contented always, breaks loose and puts her foot down. "I will go to Europe!" It seems to occur at about that period when her eldest daughter has become almost a young lady. Is it a stampede from terror of old age, a frenzied desire to have a respectable fling, though late, or merely concern for Mamie's education?

The father can not leave his affairs. "Then I will take Mamie myself!" But suppose the lady have no daughter? Then let her do as the other deacon did, who had no child to "personally conduct" to the circus. He horrified one. Chaperon some girl, or a small party, to Europe. But let no young lady believe that she will have a better time with the chaperon than the chaperon will have for herself. The best way for a girl to come to Paris is with her father.

Have you any idea of the life led by an American girl stowed away in a Paris convent school, say at Suresnes? It is a life of calm. I speak of real schools and not so-called convent-school boarding-houses, from which a young person may escape into the outer world, even at night, if any authorized person fetch her and bring her back again. In the real schools the life is calm. At dinner you have first the soup and then the soup-meat. For exercise there is a walled-in garden. Twice a week the girls are walked out in a string, which is the great occasion for their French companions to make eyes at all the gentlemen. That seems stupid to the fair Americans.

There are also fairly strict girls' boarding-schools, conducted by French Huguenot ladies and others; and even these are a constraining change for American girls who have, very properly, enjoyed a wider and fuller liberty at home. The fault is that it is in Paris. A dissatisfaction arises, often, which induces the young lady to cry to go home before her term is finished. Such cases are not rare; and a recent one, though not so recent as to be indiscreet in outlining, should prove amusing reading to all parents.

It began with a prospectus issued by a clergyman high in the confidence of all who knew him. It was his plan to establish a girls' finishing school in Paris. He had made arrangements with one of the best boarding-houses in the gay capital, the lady proprietor of which was a woman of great culture, and she was to act as one of the teachers. He brought a chaperon and a dozen of the nicest girls you ever saw. They were delighted with the boarding-house. They wrote home that they were lodged in an ancient palace. The young ladies fluttered through the Louvre, and visited the Sainte-Chapelle, stopping at Fuller's on the way back for ice-cream soda (English fabrication). They were taken to Versailles to see the fountains and to the Opéra-Comique to hear "Mireille." In fact, the principal, a rather easy-going elderly gentleman, almost lost discipline, and it was nobody's fault. The chaperon was always with the young persons, and she enjoyed herself immensely. So much, indeed, did the principal allow himself to be effaced, that soon, without the fault of anybody, the chaperon and the lady proprietor of the boarding-house began to look on him as almost superfluous. The young ladies appeared to have money.

How it came about that the young ladies became dissatisfied with the principal of their school doth not appear. But

after a time, without the fault of anybody, they almost began to look on him as superfluous. Was it that they did not want to study? Or was it that they were not given enough studies? I doubt if the poor gentleman knows to-day. It is sufficient to say that letters passed between America and France. The girls must have had a good case, because the principal was dethroned, this happening through the instrumentality of another gentleman high in the confidence of all who knew him. The parents wrote, giving him full powers.

The boarding-house keeper and the chaperon now had the full enjoyment of their fair young clients. But time brings its own revenges. It was not long before the young ladies began to look on the chaperon herself as superfluous. Dear, dear, young girls can be very cruel. One, two, three, right about face, march. Then came a period of calm, when the boarding-house keeper had the girls entirely to herself, twelve good-paying boarders. Until she, in her turn, began to find them superfluous. The gentleman of confidence was again called in, and the young ladies were packed off instantly to a cut-and-dried boarding-school of the severe French Protestant type. Again, it was the fault of no one. It was simply an effect of distance.

American girls born and reared abroad keep almost all their natural frankness, the Anglo-Saxon respect for truth (even when they do not speak it), the American sense of humor (which is the American girl's best safeguard), and, best of all, they do not keep their eyes continually cast down in the European-young-person fashion.

Do not our naughtiest flirts practice the reprehensible art of lowering the eyes—in order to raise them? In Gyp's "Mademoiselle Eve" a well-preserved and kind-hearted grandmother is reproving Mlle. Eve for her frankness. "Why do you not imitate Suzanne? Note how discreetly she keeps her eyes lowered." In the third act, where Suzanne turns out badly, to put it in a mild phrase, Eve's elder married sister remarks, dryly: "You see, grandma, that lowering the eyes is worth no more than looking out frankly."

The only fault to be found with the American girl reared abroad is that she sometimes despises her own country. When an American girl comes to Paris to marry, she ought to bring some money with her. Then she will always have success. She does not need to be so rich as Anna Gould, nor even so rich as many an aspiring Parisian *bourgeois* family, chagrined to find itself without the pale of great society.

Although money is necessary, it is not altogether a question of mere money. This common delusion may have some foundation, but it really dates from a time when such international marriages were next to unknown and created surprise.

At present there is a special reason why the old families of France should prefer marrying American money (so to speak), rather than give admission into their circle to the daughter of even a richer *bourgeois* at home. The republicans of America are not so obnoxious, historically, to what remains of the old *noblesse*. And, strange to say, the rich American is often more in sympathy with the cherished ideas of the past than is the new element of Europe. It has recently been pronounced from out this mysterious heaven (to which Henry James this time did full justice in "The Americans") that: "An American man remains an American always, under whatever latitude chance may bring him; on the contrary, it is enough that a woman of his race should set her foot on the soil of old Europe for her to take up its customs and habits." Put that in your pipes and smoke it, O Daughters of the Revolution and Colonial Dames. Another very general feeling was expressed recently (how recently or on what occasion, need it be said?) by the head of a ducal family in advising one of his mates on the question of matrimony: "My dear fellow, choose your wife among our own class or else look for one in America; for henceforward we can not admit any other alliances."

When one speaks of the Marchesi School of singing, it means only that this establishment is the richest, the most glittering to the eye, the most expensive, and the most filled with American girls in Paris. Mme. la Grange, who will be remembered in America as a prima donna of thirty years ago, and a much greater singer than the Marquise de Castiglione, is, perhaps, her greatest rival outside of the Conservatoire. Mme. Marchesi has the *chic*, nevertheless, of having turned out most of the stars. Among the American girls whom she brought forth triumphantly are Nevada, Mme. Eames-Story, Maria Decca, Miss Horwitz, Sibyl Sanderson, Mme. Melha (but she is an Australian), and Emma Calvé (and she is an Italian). Regularly more than two-thirds of the pupils are Americans.

What strange fate pushes poor girls into such a miserably paid profession as painting, and draws such a large proportion of rich girls into such a splendidly paid career as singing is a mystery which is explainable only on the physiological ground of feeding. A girl must be well nurtured and cared for from her youth to be a great singer; while there is something in the proud dejectedness and restless weariness of the painter that goes best with high thinking and poor living.

The Pope rarely figures as a party to a suit before a lay tribunal, but at this moment the successor of St. Peter is appearing as defendant before the civil court of Montdidier in a rather curious will case. Some time ago the Marquise du Plessis-Bellièvre bequeathed to the Holy Father, at her death, the Château de Moreuil, her country residence, and a fine town-house at Paris, in the Place de la Concorde. After a not very intelligible delay, the natural heirs of the testatrix, M. and Mme. de Vaufréant, resolved to contest this disposition, and so these proceedings originated. Leo the Thirteenth has secured the services of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the famous leader of the French bar, who is now engaged in demolishing the argument that the Pope can inherit landed property in France. The trial will probably extend over weeks.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Inspired, doubtless, by the tremendous success of Edward W. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden," which is now in its twenty-seventh thousand, James L. Ford, the author of that lively little book, "The Literary Shop," is preparing to publish a volume of sketches and stories of New York life—presumably including "Little Eva Swallowtail: Or, The Society Reporter's Christmas" and other sketches which were reprinted in the *Argonaut* some months ago.

The next volume to be issued in Macmillan & Co.'s Economic Classics Series is "Peasant Rents," by Richard Jones, originally published in 1831. It has been edited by Professor Ashley, of Harvard.

Henry M. Stanley writes of "Actual Africa," by Frank Vincent, in the following terms of praise:

"'Actual Africa' is really a wonderful book—wonderful, I mean, in the sense that it is the work of one man, for the sum of the information you have given the public is something prodigious. From what you have said about the parts of Africa with which I am familiar, I think there must be very few errors, considering the multitude of statements within this African cyclopædia. It is not only a book of reference upon almost any subject connected with Africa, but admirably, most admirably, illustrated."

"The Story of the Stars" and "The Story of Primitive Man," in the convenient little Useful Story Series published by D. Appleton & Co., are to be followed shortly by "The Story of the Plants," by Grant Allen, and "The Story of the Earth," by H. G. Seeley.

Macmillan & Co. announce a hand-book for graduate students, entitled "Graduate Courses, 1895-6," edited by C. A. Duniway, Harvard Graduate Club, assisted by graduate student representatives of twenty leading American universities.

Jerome K. Jerome, the author of "Three Men in a Boat," etc., has sold his weekly paper *To-Day* to a syndicate for one hundred thousand dollars. *To-Day* was started about a year ago, directly after Mr. Jerome's retirement from the *Idler*, which he launched a year before. The sale of his paper will leave him free to take up regular literary work once more.

Edmund Gosse's row with the Incorporated Society of Authors, of London, is summarized by the *Critic's* London correspondent as follows:

"Mr. Gosse, in proposing at the Booksellers' trade-dinner the toast of the bookselling trade, asserted that certain great authors were, by their unbridled greediness, killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. The sequel was an immediate meeting of the council of the Society of Authors, which issued a letter to Mr. Gosse, asking him whether the report of his speech contained in the *Times* was substantially correct. Mr. Gosse replied that, though crude and piecemeal, it was 'not, so far as it went, inexact.' Thereupon the council called a meeting of the committee of the society, inviting Mr. Gosse to make good his statement, and, as Mr. Gosse declined to mention names, the society then issued a circular deprecating Mr. Gosse's expressions and resenting his imputation upon the financial ambition of great authors. Several newspaper paragraphs have resulted; but there, for the present, the matter substantially rests."

Rudyard Kipling's "Many Inventions," published by D. Appleton & Co., seems to have taken its place as the strongest volume of stories which he has issued. It contains examples of his best work in various fields, and the range of subjects imparts to this volume a special value.

"Fathers and Children" will be the next volume to be issued in Macmillan & Co.'s uniform edition of the novels of Ivap Turgeniev.

Max Nordau says, in reference to the requests of American magazines asking him to contribute articles, that he has no intention of publishing additional work on degeneration. He is at present writing a novel, also a drama for the Lessing Theatre in Berlin.

Friends and admirers of Frederick Locker-Lampson will be glad to know that the report of his death, cabled to this country a few days ago, is unfounded.

Macmillan & Co. announce from the University Press of Columbia College an "Atlas of Fertilization and Karyokinesis," by Professor Edmund B. Wilson, with the cooperation of Dr. Edward Leaning. The work will contain forty figures, photographed from nature by Dr. Leaning from the preparations of Professor Wilson, and reproduced, without retouching or other alterations, by the gelatine process by Bierstadt, of New York.

The title of Miss Winnie Davis's novel, which is soon to be issued, is "The Veiled Doctor." It is described as telling the story of an over-sensitive man, whose married life with a not very sensitive young woman was a tragedy to both.

George MacDonald has finished a new novel called "Lilith," which will be published in June.

Hans Breitmann, otherwise Charles Godfrey Lealand, has collected from the people and retold a quantity of "Legends of Florence," and proposes to bring them out in a book immediately.

The new edition of Balzac's novels, which George Saintsbury is editing for Macmillan & Co., is to make a beginning immediately with "The Wild Ass's Skin" ("La Peau de Chagrin"). This will be followed at monthly intervals by "The

Chouans," "The Country Doctor," and "At the Cat and Racquet," each in one volume. The first volume will contain an etched portrait of Balzac, and a general introduction, in which the editor will deal with his subject biographically and critically, while each succeeding story will have a special introduction.

An American literary critic says Nordau's marcs-nests lie thick as leaves in Lombroso.

John Hollingshead's autobiography, soon to be issued in London, will have the title "My Life Time." The frontispiece will be a portrait of the author, who is now a manager in Liverpool. Among the famous men of whom the author writes are Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Mathews, and Phelps.

Albert D. Vandam, author of "An Englishman in Paris," chats thus entertainingly of Alphonse Daudet:

"The result of M. Daudet's stay at the presidency of the Chamber was 'Le Nahab,' in which the Duc de Morny figured under the name of Mora, just as the result of M. Daudet's acquaintance with Gambetta was 'Numa Roumestan.' 'Numa Roumestan,' however, was written during a temporary estrangement with the great tribune, and when the reconciliation came, it was too late to recast the whole. M. Daudet tried, but he failed, albeit that this is the reason why Numa Roumestan is a Legitimist instead of a Republican, as he was originally intended to be. For M. Daudet himself started life as a Legitimist, although he has been converted to Republicanism; in what manner I am unable to say. After his first volume of poems, M. Daudet had a letter of introduction to Morny. The president of the Chamber carefully read the letter, then asked what he could do for the young poet. The latter struck an attitude. 'Before we go any further, M. le Duc, I had better tell you that I am a Legitimist,' he said. Morny, who, according to Metternich, was three-fourths of a Legitimist himself, looked at his visitor and thought the answer funny. 'Never mind that,' he said, 'the empress is a stronger Legitimist than you are.' And there and then he appointed Daudet his secretary. Legitimist though he was, M. Daudet wrote 'Les Rois en Exil,' which is not absolutely a hymn in praise of kings by right divine. Then the reconciliation with Gambetta followed— with Gambetta, whom he had lampooned in his 'Lettres d'un Absent.' The satire was in connection with Gambetta's departure from Paris in the famous halloo in company with Spuller. 'I say, Gambetta,' said Daudet at the dinner given to celebrate the reconciliation, 'I have struck out of my hook everything concerning yourself and the halloo.' 'You were wrong,' replied Gambetta; 'it was the only amusing part of your volume.'"

George du Maurier has finished the first chapter of a new book, which it is said will be a love-story.

Macmillan & Co. announce "The Modern Reader's Bible," a series of books from the sacred Scriptures presented in modern literary form. The purpose of this series has regard to the Bible as part of the world's literature, without reference to questions of religious or historic criticism.

They say that J. B. Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan*, is going to publish an illustrated weekly.

Alphonse Daudet has invented a new form of authorship. He is to put forth a volume of reminiscences—the story of his youth—without, however, setting pen to paper. He is to talk of these things in French to Robert H. Sherard, who will take notes and then write the matter down in English. The reason for this arrangement is a desire that the book shall appear first in the English language, with which M. Daudet is unacquainted.

In an essay in the *Forum*, Mr. Frederick Harrison says that the late Anthony Trollope once told him that he began his literary work at half-past five o'clock every morning, and "for three hours I regularly produce two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour." That is, he composed at the rate of one thousand words an hour. Commenting on this, the *New York Sun* says:

"Mr. Trollope must have written with surprising rapidity if he wrote long hand; and he must have thought in haste if he wrote in short hand. An expert penman may write over one thousand words an hour all day long if he has not to concoct the thought as he writes the pen; but for a man to write and think up one thousand words each hour for three hours running, every morning, just after getting out of bed—me mean words with good solid thought in them—is too much. A thinker, if he be a quick thinker, may dictate one thousand or more words an hour to a stenographer, as he is relieved from the manual labor of writing, and has merely to operate the 'think thing,' as the brain has been called by a German philosopher; but even that is a pretty hard job, and can not be kept up all day with advantage to the readers of the thinker's thoughts. One of the fastest writers and thinkers whom we know of was Dumas the elder, a Paris octoon, who wrote plays and novels full of light thought, but even he could not cover his paper as rapidly as Trollope told Harrison he covered it. At one time Dumas got into a scrape, and was hauled up before the tribunal for making an engagement to furnish more manuscript, within a given time, than even a rapid penman could copy without working his think thing. And what happened? Why, the Frenchman confessed that he always made liberal use of the talents of a lot of thinkers whom he hired to write and think for him. Another very fast writer and thinker, an American, was the late Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, a brilliant pulpit orator; but we doubt whether he ever wrote for hours as rapidly as Trollope told Harrison it was his habit to write. We should say that a writer and thinker who can think and write daily as many as two thousand words worth reading, must be one who knows a good deal, thinks easily, and writes fully as fast as any thinker ought ever to write. It were well for him, too, that his manuscript should be revised by a critical editor, destitute of fear."

It is rather singular that Freytag was better known in Germany for one play, "The Journalists," than for all his readable novels which had so great a vogue in England and the United States. He was a most modest and unassuming

man, and yet, or possibly because of this trait—a rare one in successful authors—he was greatly liked by men high in official life in Germany—princes and potentates of various kinds. He accompanied the Crown Prince as a friend during the Franco-Prussian War.

Henri Rochefort, who has been living in London for some years, is about to write a book about that city.

Gustav Freytag left two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides some landed property, the largest sum ever made by a German author.

The Messrs. Dent, of London, and Macmillan & Co., of New York, will publish soon a volume of selections from Coleridge, with the title "The Golden Book of Coleridge." The selections have been prepared by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. An etched portrait of the poet will be given as a frontispiece.

The novel which S. R. Crockett is writing has for hero a Highlander exiled in Holland, and is to be called "Lochinvar."

Mr. W. D. Howells's essays on his "Literary Passions" have been put into book-form, and the work will soon be brought out.

Tolstoy's latest work is a re-writing of the four Gospels, in which he makes them "harmonize" with his idea of how they should have been written.

VERSES FROM "THE YELLOW BOOK."

The Ring of Life.

We trod the bleak ridge, to and fro,
Grave forty, gay fourteen;
The yellow larks in Heaven's blue glow
Like twinkling stars were seen,
And pink-flower'd larches, fring'd below,
Were fabulously green.

And, as I watched my restless son
Leap over gorse and hriar,
And felt his golden nature run
With April sap and fire,
Methought another madpate spun
Beside another sire.

Sudden, the thirty years wing by,
Shot, like a curtain's rings;
My father treads the ridge, and I
The boy that leaps and flings;
While eyes that in the churchyard lie,
Seem smiling tenderest things.

—Edmund Gosse.

The Sword of Cæsar Borgia.

"Aut Cæsar aut nihil."

Well hath the graver traced thee, sword of mine!
Here Cæsar by the Rubicon's slow deeps
Ponders; here resolute to empire leaps,
And far and near the smitten waters shine.

The vanquished train's interminable line
Wends at his wheels up Capitolian steep;
And round the interlacing legend creeps,
Cæsar or nothing! saith Duke Valentine.

And did I hate thee to the sun, my blade,
Fired at the flash all Italy should thrill,
And many a city quake and province howl.
Yet is a drop within this vial stayed
That should the might of marching armies still,
And stainless sheathe ten thousand such as thou.

—Richard Garnett.

—The Yellow Book for April.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Mare of Chimmie Fadden.

Edward W. Townsend's popular young friend, Chimmie Fadden, is not to be allowed to fade from public view, for a second book of his exploits has just come from the press. It is entitled "Chimmie Fadden Explains: Major Max Expounds," and contains, in addition to fourteen of the Chimmie Fadden tales, nine casual conversations between Major Max and his wife, and five other short stories.

It was a curious omission that "The Wedding of Miss Fannie" was not included in the first Chimmie Fadden series, and its position as the first of the new series perhaps accounts for the title "Chimmie Fadden Explains." After it comes "An Impromptu Comedy," in which Chimmie fills with champagne one of the actors in some amateur theatricals and takes his place with startling effect. "When It Doesn't Rain in London" is one of the funniest incidents in the book, telling how Chimmie and the Duchess are too much for the Willies at the Dog Show. The titles of the other sketches are "A Sporty Boston Boy," "A Kiss is Fair Game," "The Little Miss Fannie," "At the Ulalee Club," "The False Vaudeville Star," "Chimmie and Little Miss Fannie," "The Duchess Plays Even," "Mr. Paul and a Willy Widow," "Miss Fannie's Music Gale," "DeGeneracy of His Whiskers," and "As to Sans-Gêne."

"The Pride of a Setter Pup" is the first of the Major Max stories, which has quite a history, for it was this story that led Richard Harding Davis to challenge, or attempt to challenge, Mr. Townsend. In one of his magazine articles on England, Mr. Davis stated that there was no guard mount in America, and that if there were, it would be done on the double quick and in a business-like manner; whereupon "Major Max" very properly corrected his mistake. Mr. Davis was very angry, though he could not deny the impeachment, and a newspaper controversy followed, in which Mr. Townsend had decidedly the best of it.

The other Major Max sketches range from airy conversations on the preparation of caviar-and-toast sandwiches to vivid descriptions of Indian fighting on the frontier, in which the major's eloquent chaffing and Mrs. Max's charming incoherence are even more important than the incidents narrated. Five additional sketches—a death in the tenements, the experience of a mother and son in a flash restaurant in New York, a gruesome "pastel in prose," an amusing mining-camp story, and a pathetic story concluding in Hawaii—close the volume, which is varied in its range of types and scenes and entertaining in every page.

Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price: cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Frank R. Stockton's New Departure.

Frank R. Stockton's latest story, "The Adventures of Captain Horn," is a venture into a new field for the author of "Rudder Grange" and "The Lady or the Tiger?" He has followed Stevenson and Rider Haggard into the realms of adventure, and makes the interest of his story hinge on the discovery and appropriation of "the treasure of the Incas," the fabulous wealth which tradition says they concealed from their Spanish conquerors.

The story, in brief, is this: Captain Horn—with Mrs. Cliff, a middle-aged widow on her way to Valparaiso to wind up her late husband's business there; Miss Edna Markham, a young woman who was going to the same South American city to teach; Ralph Markham, her fifteen-year-old brother; and a few half-civilized negroes—is wrecked on the Peruvian coast and discovers a vast store of gold ingots concealed in a treasure-chamber that is submerged in an artificial lake in a cave constructed on the top of a mountain. The captain and his companions are on the point of being killed by a neighboring gang of Rackbirds—murderous pirates who, to preserve the secrecy of their whereabouts, kill all who come in their way—but in swimming across the lake in the cave, the captain moves a lever which opens the flood-gates of the lake, and the vast body of water rushes out and sweeps the Rackbirds into the sea. Then the treasure is discovered, and the captain determines to set out alone to bring back a relief expedition.

Here occurs about the only bit of Stocktonesque humor in the book: it being decided that the captain should be married to Edna before he leaves, in order that she may be "hoss" over the blacks during his absence, and also to make her his heir-at-law in case of his death, the ceremony is performed, in deference to Mrs. Cliff's religious scruples, by one of the negroes, who had been a priest in his native African tribe. Of course, it was not like a marriage by an ordained minister, but then he was a priest in his own country, and that seemed to make the ceremony more binding.

Thereafter the story does not move with the rapidity that characterized its start. The captain sends a vessel to the relief of the party and they are brought to San Francisco, while he toils away at the transportation and conversion of his hullion into securities. Edna, in her luxurious new life, is mildly interesting because of her growing love for the man she has married "purely as a matter of

business" and of whose feelings toward her she is quite in the dark; and the captain undergoes great hardship, and, with two white companions, has a battle with a piratical crew that has pursued his vessel to rob him of his treasure, in which he kills nine of the ten men and captures their schooner. Finally he and Edna meet in Paris and are happily remarried at the American Legation, and Mrs. Cliff, who has all along had to conceal her new wealth and had been subjected to the indignity of a charitable donation from her neighbors in her quiet New England home, is at last able to gratify the darling wish of her heart and dazzle her fellow-townsmen with the glory of her fortune.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

The latest issue of the *Biblot* contains the series of "Sonnets on English Dramatic Poets (1550-1650)" that Charles Algernon Swinburne printed in 1882—"sonnets that are in a sense unique, to be reckoned with not only as splendid and impassioned poetry, but as sound and satisfying criticism." Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 5 cents.

"McClure's Complete Life of Napoleon," containing Miss Tarbell's short life of Napoleon, illustrated with two hundred and fifty pictures, comprising the best authentic portraits of Napoleon and the masterpieces of art of the century relating to his life, has been issued as the initial number of McClure's Magazine Library by S. S. McClure, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Fiend Incarnate" is an apt designation for the Italian villain in David Malcolm's novel of that name. He is a forger in a London bank; he is a member of a cut-throat band; he escapes his enemies once when cornered by putting an infernal machine with a time-fuse in his mouth and threatening to blow up himself and his captors; he whips an anaconda in single combat, and later vanquishes two mastiffs; but finally he falls beneath the stiletto of a fellow-ruffian. There is plenty of action in "A Fiend Incarnate." Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

"A Truce and Other Stories," by Mary Tappan Wright, contains six short stories of New England life, ranging from dark tragedy to the merriest comedy. The first, which concerns a girl who is engaged to one man and loves his friend, runs the gamut of the passions—loyalty, love, jealousy, and mad desire combine to make the tale a tragedy. "As Haggards of the Rock" is an unusually well-constructed and well-told ghost-story; and the other tales are "A Portion of the Tempest," "From Macedonia," "Deep as First Love," and "A Fragment of a Play, with a Chorus." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

One of the best of the many books on the bicycle is "Pleasure-Cycling," by Henry Clyde. The author is an expert and an enthusiast, and he addresses himself to those who ride the wheel, not to make a record, but for the pleasure there is in it. His first chapter is about the joys of wheeling, and he says that probably three-fourths of the estimated million of wheels in use in the United States are ridden by those who seek from it only recreation. In each of the other chapters—"Choosing a Bicycle," "How to Ride," "Taking Care of a Bicycle," "Dress and Equipment," "Cycling and Health," and "On the Road"—there are sensible directions for beginners and helpful hints for the average rider, notably in the passages devoted to the cleaning and care of the machine and on "foot-steering." The book is carefully indexed. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

The fifth volume of *The Yellow Book* is probably a very Philistine number from the point of view of its projectors, but the general public will rejoice at its saner and healthier tone. Except for the front cover—in which a tousled and Beardsleyesque poodle sprawls before an eminently proper young woman reading on a divan—there is no taint of Aubrey Beardsley's morbid and strained fantasy in the illustrations; though, *en revanche*, the pictures of the number are not notable, unless the portrait of "George Egerton" be so because of its subject. The poetry, too, where "poetic license" has been urged as excuse for some very erotic and unhealthy verses, is much improved in tone: William Watson's "Hymn to the Sea" is sonorous and majestic, and deserves the place of honor in the book, and among the other poets represented are Edmund Gosse and Richard Garnett, whose contributions are reprinted on the opposite page. Among the essays are G. S. Street's "Meredith in Little" and a monograph on Anatole France by the Hon. Maurice Baring. M. France is one of the contributors of fiction, and others are H. D. Traill, Henry Harland, and Hubert Crackanthorpe. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.50.

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Her own history, her own home life, she has kept absolutely in the background. Like Balzac, she has been able to hide behind her celebrated name. Travelers caught glimpses of her in her palace at Florence, but her friends evidently received the boon of her society at the price of absolute silence about her, her life, and her work.

Now and then tourists brought home amazing accounts of the famous lady and her singularities. One gentleman had a vision of her in a gondola on a Venetian waterway. His gondola rubbed edges with hers in the narrow canal. In the midst of a wonderful fluff and billowy mass of millinery, he beheld a small, jeweled hand holding a laced and frilled parasol over a face which he felt confident must be as daintily fresh and fair as that of an eighteenth-century beauty in a miniature. As the gondolas slid by, the parasol was shifted, revealing a large-featured, clever countenance, neither young nor pretty, set in loose curls of gray hair. It was somewhat of a shock, but the traveler had seen "Ouida," which was a compensation.

In her Florentine palace her manner of life was said to be as languidly splendid as that of her own regal heroines. Here surrounded by the art-treasures that a short time since were sold to defray her debts—for the popular authoress has lately experienced pecuniary difficulties—she lived luxurious days. Numerous dogs—always her best friends—trailed about at her heels. Her figure, either robed in heavily gorgeous tea-gowns or fleecily shrouded in clouds of filmy laces, was singularly striking and youthful. Only her hair, worn in the old-fashioned style of hanging curls, prevented her from looking an exceedingly modish and picturesque *mondaine*.

Of her books there are two distinct classes—the idyllic class and the class which deals with the gay world and its devotees. She seemed to pass from one of these styles to another without the least effort, not having, unlike most writers who have two manners, to work through one style into the other. "In Maremma," one of the most picturesque and idyllic novels that have appeared in this half-century, a book instinct with poetry and a somewhat flushed and heated romance, either preceded or immediately followed "Moths," an astonishingly brilliant and biting satiric impressionist study of the great world of fashion and the gait that it gangs.

The idyllic books are all very much the same. The fair, rustic maid, whose refinement of manner and soul is only equaled by the depths of her learning, meets and loves a beautiful worldling, who is generally a prince, who is handsomer than Apollo, and who has no more moral principle than such a person ought to have in such a book. The tale is always sad; death kindly heals the broken heart of the deserted heroine, and the hero is generally left to a long life wherein to continue "sporting with Amaryliss in the shade." One of these books, "Ariadne," as false to life as it is rich and picturesque, thrills with the spirit of such an impassioned romance that the most hardened follower of Howells and James might be held by its fiery intensity. An extraordinarily melodious use of words, a style glowing with color, sometimes laid on with a trowel, sometimes dashed in with a splendid brilliance, a fervid sense of the poetic, the romantic, the ideal, an impassioned belief in the redeeming splendor of love, in the sordidness of life—all these combine to give to "Ouida's" idyllic novels their compelling charm.

But it is in the novels of fashionable life that "Ouida" is at her finest, her most tremendously scornful pitch. How she does cavort over the fallen angels, male and female, that compose good society! Their little failings, their pleasant sins, their aristocratic vices, fill her with a noble rage. They are all going to the big, big D. as fast as they can, and "Ouida" walks in front of the bandwagon blowing the trumpet. It is perfectly hopeless to stand out against their corrupting influence. Saint Cecilia, once introduced to such society, never again take her old-time, innocent delight in playing on the organ to an audience of

saints and cherubs. St. Anthony would come down from his pedestal.

The atmosphere, the point of view, the picture of life, are all false, but they are attractive. The soberest people, the most placidly bourgeois and respectable, do love "Ouida" when she begins to write about the great world. They may affect a fine scorn for it all, but you may be quite sure that they have followed the fortunes of the lordly Othmar and read in rapturous amazement of the regal indifference of the Princess Napraxine. There is no use attempting to keep up the popular fiction that we rather disdain "Ouida." We all delight in her; we simply revel in her gorgeous pictures. And however they might appear to us in real life, in fiction we think those superb guardsmen, those magnificent heroines, who, calm-eyed and grandly majestic, trail their white velvet and bronze plush skirts 'mid pleasures and palaces through several hundred closely printed pages, are something very fine and out of the common order.

Of her novels of society, "Moths" is probably the favorite; "Friendship" is the most complete and artistic. Indeed, "Friendship" is nearly a great novel. If in this story "Ouida" could have curbed her inclination to repeat herself continually, could have checked her tendency to be wearisomely diffuse, she would have produced an impressive and powerful romance. The bitterness of her satire on that false and coarse-grained society that the world calls its "best," was not marked by the shrill and peevish note that so often mars her most caustic efforts.

"Moths" was more brilliant, more diffuse, and treated a much more commonplace and conventional theme. The girl of sixteen married to a brutal and dissipated husband by an unscrupulous and designing mother, is not a novel idea. But "Ouida" dressed up the old manikin in gorgeous garb. The first half of the book fairly scintillates with color, and wit, and radiant vivacity. The opening chapters that introduce Lady Dolly in the midst of the overdressed and flippant gayety of the French watering-place, are full of a reckless, sparkling *verve*. Where is the new writer who can open out the campaign of his story with this brilliant dash and daring?

Then comes the romance of Vere's appearance, of the impossibly fascinating tenor, of her marriage to Prince Zouroff, and all the subsequent agony. Neither Vere, nor the prince, nor the tenor is in the least real. She is a perfect "Ouida" heroine, a statue of splendid abstractions, who moves through the book in sweeping velvet robes, wearing huge diamonds, and repulsing desperate lovers. Prince Zouroff, being Russian, is, of course, cruel and brutal to the bitter end, giving Vere as many opportunities to be forbearingly heroic as the most exacting could desire. Lady Dolly is really the only live person in the story. In her, "Ouida" drew one of her few characters. There is a small, feline softness and cruelty about Lady Dolly which is excellently rendered. Her devotion to her toilet, her astoundingly youthful appearance, her narrow, feminine spites and rivalries, the ill-humor of her little, gnawing jealousies, seem natural attributes of a silly, pretty woman. But under all the frivolities and follies of her apparently harmless nature lies the capacity, when driven to bay, of turning wicked and vengeful like the cornered rat.

Lady Dolly, who is meant in both book and play to be merely a subordinate figure, is, owing to the truth of her portraiture, more prominent in both than Vere. One follows her in the story from her introduction on the pier at Trouville, feeling at peace with all mankind, because she has just seen a rival beauty look yellow in an unbecoming green dress, to her occasional later appearances when she becomes devout, wears gray, and carries a book of devotions on her silver chataleine. Miss Phosa McAllister was a trifle too mature in appearance to be the exact Lady Dolly, with the ruffled dark hair, the infantine eyes, and the red lips closed on a scented cigarette that "Ouida" pictured, but she acted the character with a vivacity and understanding that made one forget she was not quite so girlishly juvenile as the Lady Dolly of the novel.

To Miss Craven, the new actress at the Columbia, fell the character of Vere. The perfectly good and perfectly stately heroine is always an ungrateful part. There have been heretofore people who have whispered it abroad that she is a bore. Vere is too tremendously noble to be exactly a bore, but the pedestal is high, and life is short. Miss Craven brought to her characterization the attraction of a fine presence, a stately figure, and a handsome face. Her voice has still the ugly edge to it that one noticed some years ago when she was here with the Frohman company. She is intelligent and has been finely trained, but her talents fit her better for a lighter, gayer character than that of the much wronged princess. It might be suggested to her and Miss McAllister that the length of time occupied in imparting the deadly secret which induces Vere to sacrifice herself must have restricted the communication to about three or four words.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Triumph of the Philistines," has been a flat failure in London.

Denman Thompson's realistic play of New England life, "The Old Homestead," will re-open the California Theatre on Monday, June 24th.

A Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art has been inaugurated, and is to be opened July 21st. Leo Cooper is prominent in the direction of its affairs.

The Press Club benefit takes place at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, June 27th. It will be a strictly professional performance, and all of the leading theatres will be represented.

The Lyceum Theatre Company will open its engagement at the Baldwin next month with "The Amazons," and it will be followed, later on, by another very successful play, "The Case of Rebellious Susan."

The performance of Halévy's opera, "La Juive," which was given for the benefit of the Free Clinic at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland, a short time ago, is to be repeated in the near future at the Columbia Theatre.

The water carnival at the Circus Royal is thoroughly up to date this week. It gives a thrilling representation of the *Colima* disaster, each feature of the shipwreck being cleverly reproduced, from the rising of the storm to the rescue of the survivors by a small boat from the *San Juan*. It is a very novel feature of the Circus Royal programme.

A correspondent asks "who is the author of 'The Fool's Revenge,' the play frequently produced by the late Edwin Booth?" "The Fool's Revenge" was adapted by Tom Taylor in 1857 from Victor Hugo's play, "Le Roi S'Amuse," written in 1832. Verdi's opera, "Rigoletto," the libretto by Piave, is also founded on Hugo's play, and antedated Taylor's version by six years.

"Nancy & Co.," Augustin Daly's amusing adaptation from the German, is to be given at the Columbia Theatre next week. The cast is a good one, and includes another débutante, Miss Freda Gallick. On the following Monday, "Young Mrs. Winthrop" will be revived, and Miss Charlotte Neilson will then join the company and add one more to its galaxy of pretty women.

One of the most famous and tuneful of French *opéras comiques*, Offenbach's "La Perichole," will be sung at the Tivoli Opera House next week, with Laura Millard in the title rôle, Louise Royce as Piquillo, Ferris Hartmao as the Marquis de Santarem, W. H. West as Don Pedro, John J. Raffael as the Viceroy, Phil Branson as Count Panatellas, and Misses Alice Neilson, Irma Fitch, and Kitty Loomis, and Ed. Torpi and Fred Kavanagh in the other rôles. After "La Perichole," Czibulka's romantic opera, "Amorita," will be sung, to be followed by a production for the midsummer holidays of the American comic opera, "Tar and Tartar."

The utility of trying to get the general public to see the points of actors' fun has been well illustrated by the failure of a burlesque of "Madame Sans-Gêne," by E. E. Kidder, which has recently been a part of "Thrilly" at the Garrick Theatre in New York. It had been given before the Lambs Club, a short time before, and its stage slang and situations made it inexpressibly funny to the audience of actors. The biggest bit was made when the stage was darkened and stagecarpenters, scene-shifters, and property-men stamped noisily about the stage as if they were setting a very elaborate scene; when the light was turned on again, it revealed the setting exactly as it had been before. This utterly mystified the audience at the Garrick, and they voted the entire Lambs Club play a bore.

The theatrical Terrys are a big family. The old gentlemans—Terry, the famous comedian, who was the friend of Sir Walter Scott—is still to be seen occasionally at a first-night in London, and it is by no means infrequent that he sees a son, or daughter, or grandchild on the stage. His eldest daughter, Miss Kate Terry, had fame as great as Ellen's now, when she retired from the stage into matrimony, twenty years ago. Ellen Terry we all know, and Marion Terry is but little less widely known. There is still another sister, Florence, who left the stage early, and two sons also keep the name before the public. Fred Terry is the husband of the beautiful Miss Julia Neilson, and Charles Terry has a young son who made his début quite recently. Of the next generation there are several representatives, notably Gordon and Ailsa Craig, Ellen Terry's two children, and the daughter of Mrs. Lewis (Miss Mabel Terry Lewis.)

The ride from Fruitvale to Haywards on the O., S. L., and H. Electric Railway is a delight any day in the week, or any pleasant evening; but it is a particularly enjoyable trip on Sunday, for you get the added pleasure of a popular concert at Haywards Park.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The dignified Charles Francis Adams bowling along on a bicycle is one of the sights of Boston.

Lady Wilde is said to be dying of a broken heart, and her friends in London predict she will never see her son again.

The Czarina of Russia is fond of swimming, and to indulge in it is having a bath of white marble made in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

The Crown Prince of Siam is among the boy authors of the world. He has written several stories for English children's magazines, and can write fluently in three European languages.

Mrs. Harlan is said to be almost as large physically as her husband, the Supreme Court justice, who is six feet two inches tall, and when together in public they naturally attract a great deal of attention.

Though the Prince of Wales and most of the royal family are martyrs to indigestion, Queen Victoria has never suffered from dyspepsia. She attributes this to her eating little, but often, and to her taking whisky at meals. She drinks it diluted with water.

Miss Frances Willard's example in learning to ride the bicycle bids fair to be imitated by many other women of mature years. The Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, who has left her first youth some distance behind her, is practicing with the wheel, and Mme. Hanna Korany, of Syria, has become so far infected with Occidental ideas that she, too, is taking bicycle-lessons.

The Empress of Austria has returned to Vienna after her travels. The court officials notice that she has developed several peculiarities. Among them is her refusal to listen to music, even that of Strauss. She declares her nerves are shattered. Her majesty's most remarkable eccentricities, however, have to do with her food; she lives almost entirely on milk—from a special cow reared in Corfu.

G. Bernard Shaw, author of "Arms and the Man," has been a figure of some prominence in literary London for five years, during which time he has alternately attracted attention as art critic, novelist, socialist, and playwright. He is a tall and rather slender young Irishman, of perhaps thirty-eight years, a non-smoker, a wit, and a vegetarian. He came to London as a newspaper writer.

A Chicago architect, Mr. J. Sidoey Villere, has received from the De Reszke brothers, the well-known opera singers, a commission to build them a princely lodge at their country-seat in Poland. Every part of the structure is to be completed in Chicago, and sent to Poland in sections. This is believed to be the first instance in which Western ideas of architecture and comfort have been adopted by any foreigner of artistic tastes.

It is said of Sir John Millais, the artist, that, given a short briar-wood pipe, a comfortable chair, and a pack of cards with which to play "patience," he is serenely satisfied with existence for the time being. Millais is one of the rare prodigies who attained distinction in later life. He won a medal for drawing when only nine, and at eleven he was a student of the Royal Academy of Arts. In the fullness of his fame he is a man of surprisingly simple tastes and habits.

General Wade Hampton is still, more than any other living man, the idol of the people of South Carolina. Hardly less interesting than the aged warrior himself is his quaint home near Columbia. It is built from the debris of his fine residence that was burned during the war, and was erected by his former slaves under his direction. As new rooms were added to the humble dwelling, it assumed the form of a cross, and to the general's friends it is known as "the Southern Cross."

The Princess of Montenegro and her daughters, who are now in Venice, are sometimes to be seen abroad in the national costume, which is thus described: "It is one of barbaric magnificence, being heavily embroidered with gold and uncut gems of great size; golden fringes and sequins hang from the sleeves, waistsbands, and ends of the sash, and the Greek jackets and little caps are a mass of gold. The princesses wear their splendid black hair in long plaits down their backs, threads of gold being woven into their meshes; while jeweled knives and daggers are stuck in their belts. Prince Nicolas of Montenegro also frequently dons his national dress on state or festive occasions in his own country."

The eagerly awaited and interesting event in the young Czar's family will take place at Gatchina, near St. Petersburg, the Czarina preferring that to the larger palaces. The young couple will pass the summer at Gatchina. The Czarina has just given another proof of the perennial amiability which is endearing her to the Russian people. When, last spring, as Princess Alix of Hesse, she sojourned at the English watering-place, Harrogate, she lodged in homely style at Carthart House, an ordinary boarding-house. During her stay, her landlady, Mrs. Alleo, was brought to bed of twins, and the princess was immensely interested in the

affair. On May 22d, the twins completed their first year of life, and there arrived a letter from the Empress of all the Russias inquiring after her godchildren, a box following in due course containing little silver spoons, enameled salt-cellars, and two tiny petticoats knitted by her majesty's own hands.

The Resort of Resorts.

Newport, the fashionable watering-place on Yaquina Bay, is decidedly the fad among North Coast society people, and were it better known would become so with Californians. Regularly each season, as good Mohammedans turn their faces Meccaward, fashion-lovers and pleasure-seekers along the North Coast turn their faces toward Newport, and, fanned by the cool breezes of Yaquina Bay, vouchsafe for at least two months not more than a silhouette view, if, indeed, that much, to remaining mundane things. Elegant accommodations, such as its Atlantic seaboard namesake could never venture to offer; mountain scenery, such as the cloud-capped Alps can boast; and marine views which would make an Italian sunset go out and hang its head for very shame—all combined, make Newport the most glittering gem in the tiara of Pacific jewels.

To reach this superb resort, take one of the San Francisco and Yaquina Bay Steamship Company's well-equipped vessels, and, after a stop at Yaquina Bay, make a run up into the Cascades to Detroit, the terminus of the road, one hundred and fifty miles from tide-water and within but four miles of the summit of the Cascade range. At Niagara is the finest hotel on the route, and near by a splendid mountain waterfall, within thirty feet of which the grandest trout-fishing on earth is to be had by those of the Isaac Walton type, while they of the Nimrod inclination discover hunting equally fascinating and fine. Prominent San Franciscans who made the jaunt last summer, after dwelling amid the beauties of this rustic neighborhood, have asked in amazement why the company does not apprise the public of the unusual attractions of this Oregon watering-place.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is not so very long since the term "house-
party" was almost unknown in the Northern States
of the Union. People having country-places in-
vited their friends for a week's or a fortnight's visit.
The open-doored, open-handed hospitality of the
South in the days when rich planters lived in big
colonial mansions, with hundreds of acres attached,
and servants, old, young, and middle-aged, cropped
up at every turn to supply the wants of mistress and
guests, never had its prototype at the North. But
of late years house-parties have become a favorite
mode of entertainment during the summer and
autumn months. A large number of guests assem-
ble, and as the households are generally fashioned
on the English model, and the upper servants are
almost invariably English, the customs and habits
follow very closely those usual in an English noble-
man's *ménage*. A notable exception, however, is in
the serving of breakfast, which in the old country
is an immovable feast, with cold meats, pasties,
and game remaining stationary on the sideboard
from ten to twelve, and only tea and toast served
hot to the guests as they come in. No servant is
in attendance. The gentlemen wait upon the
ladies, and also upon themselves, which is sup-
posed to promote sociability and good-fellowship,
but which to an American is productive of nothing
but noise and confusion. At Newport it is cus-
tomary to serve breakfast individually to guests in
their own rooms. Every hostess there has cup-
boards of which the shelves are filled with dainty
tea and coffee services in Sèvres, Dresden, Crown
Derby, or Royal Worcester porcelain. On these
are served the most delicious coffee or the hottest
tea of the most expensive brands, with a woodcock
or sweetbread on toast, and an omelet *aux cham-
pignons* or *aux fines herbes*. Fruit in its season,
with the richest cream, always comes first, and
sometimes three or four courses in succession are
sent to one room. This necessitates a big staff
of servants, and a writer in the *Bazar* tells of a
friend who, spending a week at a country house in
Newport, once sat with the door of her dressing-
room open during the breakfast hour, and counted
twenty-one of the little wheelbarrows that are used
for carrying the trays going backward and forward.
And it is a curious fact that it is oftener men than
women who crave the luxury of the solitary break-
fast, before they emerge armed and equipped for
the daily routine of driving, riding, golfing,
fishing, and sometimes dancing, that they know to
be before them.

With the June weddings at hand and the June
wedding-presents in active circulation, it is inter-
esting to remark that in London the bridegroom is
thought worthy to share with the bride the testi-
monials of the esteem of his friends. When Mr.
McGuire, M. P., married the daughter of Mr.
Peel, late Speaker of the House of Commons, a
considerable share of the six hundred wedding-
gifts that were received were registered as given to
the groom. Two dukes and an earl sent him sil-
ver inkstands; a bishop sent him decanters; sev-
eral marquises sent him silver plate; and sundry
lords and gentlemen were represented in his col-
lection by bits of jewelry and plate, including link
sleeve-buttons, a cigarette-box, a tea-service, can-
dlesticks, a bowl, wine-tasters, and other useful
commodities.

Until the physiological principles which account
for the phenomenon are understood, it must re-
main a very puzzling fact that an actress's life
should be more favorable to the preservation of
good looks, and even of girlish freshness, than the
life led by women who occupy their natural sphere,
and who cultivate (as they think) all the physical
and moral virtues. A successful actress must work
extremely hard, generally by artificial light, and in
a gas-befouled atmosphere. Her hours for work,
meals, and sleep are all utterly bad from the
hygienic point of view, and not infrequently she
makes bad worse by falling into those Bohemian
habits which are an immemorial tradition of her
class. Her secret, apart from the laws regulating
the expression and nutrition of the face, consists
chiefly of avoidance of monotony and petty wor-
ries—those arch-enemies of feminine good
looks and good temper. Her work, if arduous, is
generally performed both with earnestness and
lightness of heart; and, above all, she gets a
"sufficiency of bodily exercise of the kind (although
not under the conditions) most conducive to health,
viz., exercise involving quick and general move-
ments of the muscles, combined with a certain
amount of mental excitement.

The New York young man, as seen in the church
parade on the west side of Fifth Avenue on Sunday
morning, is thus described by a bilious Briton in
Temple Bar: "Somehow, notwithstanding all his
efforts to be English, he never quite effects it.
Either his hat is too curly, his coat too long, or
his trousers overpressed. He looks like an adver-
tisement for a fashionable Manchester tailor, and
represents the wide difference between gentle-
manly and a gentleman. My impression is, by the
way, they will never be able to produce the breed
of American gentlemen until they manage to buy
up and transplant an English public school, with
all its traditions and style. At present, the gilded

youth here seem to be in the transition stage be-
tween the cowboy and the masher; they talk very
low, between their teeth; they call each other
'old man,' and describe the theatre last night as
the 'rottenest show'; but next minute out leaps
the cowboy, either in manners or talk, and the
temporary illusion is gone."

"The season has fairly begun in Paris, and all
sorts of charming things have been worn at the
Horse Show, in the theatres, and on the Champs-
Elysées. I saw but few tailor-made dresses,"
writes the Paris correspondent of a New York
paper. "The French do not like them, a reason
for which might perhaps be found in an answer a
Frenchman made to us when we asked him if he
did not think a certain pretty woman was pretty.
'N—o; I can't say I do. She doesn't seem to me
feminine.' There is the French idea of beauty,
and in consequence you will never see a Parisian
élégante in severe tailor things, with stiff shirt
fronts."

With Edmond Joubert, who died a few days ago
in Paris, disappears one of the most conspicuous
figures of Parisian life, and in particular that phase
thereof which is known by the name of "La
Haute Banque." The latter constitutes a caste
that is well-nigh unique. It is as ultra-exclusive as
any blue-blooded aristocracy, and as careful of its
reputation and prestige as a lovely *mondaine*. It
is composed mainly of Protestants and Hebrews,
who may be said to constitute a sort of aristocracy
of finance, their fathers and in many cases their
grandfathers having been accustomed to handle
millions and to undertake the placing of national
and foreign government loans; their clients, in
fact, are crowned heads and states. Chief among
"La Haute Banque" are, of course, the Roths-
childs. But the Cahen d'Anvers, the Bambergers,
the Sterns, the Hottinguers, the André, the
Heines, and the Pereires are almost equally im-
portant, and steer clear of all minor financiers
and bankers much in the same way that an Aus-
trian prince of ancient lineage would behave
toward a newly created baron or even a petty
tradesman. Many of these families have inter-
married with the old French nobility, the Roths-
childs being matrimonially allied to the ducal
house of Grammont, the André to that of Mont-
morency and of Talleyrand-Perigord, the Cahen
d'Anvers to the princely family of Faucigny-
Lucigny, while the future Duc de la Tremoille is
wedded to a daughter of the banker Pillet-Will.
One of the Heine girls is the reigning Princess of
Monaco and bearer of the ancient French title of
Duchesse de Valentinois, after having been known
by that of Duchesse de Richelieu, while another
lady of the Heine family is the Duchesse de Rivoli,
her first husband having been the Prince de la
Moskova, Duc d'Elchingen.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked that "even his failings lean'd to virtue's side"; upon which a gentleman observed his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which despite long inclination had never gone over.

A Portuguese artificer who was suspected of free-thinking was at the point of death. A Jesuit who came to confess him, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said: "Behold the God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect Him now?" "Alas! yes, father," replied the dying man; "it was I who made him."

Perhaps the neatest reproof to a long-winded preacher was that given by Harvey Combe when lord mayor to Dr. Parr. As they were coming out of church together, Parr was so foolish as to ask the other how he liked his sermon. "Well, doctor, to speak frankly, there were four things in it that I did not like to hear. They were the quarters of the church clock which struck before you had finished."

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown sent Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborator. Dumas was for a moment petrified, then he seized his pen, and replied: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author, by return of post, wrote: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas, by next mail: "Send me your play, my friend!"

In Philadelphia, the other day, an old lady from the country took her stand directly in the centre of a trolley track. She soon spied a messenger-boy, who, with hat perched on one side, was coming along whistling a popular air. "Say, little boy," inquired she, "would you tell me where I could get a trolley car?" "Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply; "stand where you are, an' you'll get one right in the neck."

A gentleman in Washington who has for years made a practice of gathering personal anecdotes of veterans of the war, both of the Northern and Southern services, once asked a friend, who had fought all through the war, if he had ever killed a man that he positively knew of. "Yes," said he, remorsefully, "one. At Bull Run I ran at the first fire. A rebel chased me for ten miles, and was then so exhausted that he dropped dead."

A clever writer who was paying a short visit at a farm-house was handed by the daughter of the house a superannuated account-book, ruled for pounds, shillings, and pence, which had been converted into an album, and in which she requested him to "write something funny." He complied with her request by penning the following verse, which, after some hewilderment, she managed to read:

This world's a scene as dark as Styx,	£	s.	d.
Where hope is scarce worth			
Our joys are borne so fleeting hence,		2	6
That they are dear at			
And yet to stay here most are willing,			18
Although they may not have			
			1

It has come to such a fad nowadays for young men with a fondness for hric-a-brac to confiscate small articles of glass and china from the table when dining privately at hotels that the managers figure on it when contracting for large dinners. One of these young men, at a large dinner in a Boston hotel the other night, had cleverly tucked away three wine-glasses, a small spoon, and a coffee-cup. When he was just slipping the saucer under his coat, the high black waiter who was collecting dishes came up opposite him with a pile of them about two feet high, and rolling his face into a genuine Georgia grin, he asked: "Say, boss, doan' yuh wanten take dese along too?"

A Jewish banker of a ludicrously Hebraic cast of countenance, while at Monte Carlo recently, struck up a great friendship with the Comte de L—, the wittiest humphack in Paris. As the latter was about to return to the city on the Seine, in taking leave of the hanker he expressed the pleasure he had found in his society and hoped that whenever the hanker was in Paris he would renew the acquaintance. "Delighted, my dear count," exclaimed the flattered banker; "I should be charmed. But your friends in Paris have—er—rather advanced ideas. In fact, I must acknowledge that I am a Jew." "That's all right," replied L—, pressing his hand cordially; and then, in the banker's ear, he added: "And I, too, must make a confession—I am a humphack."

Jerome K. Jerome tells in his paper, *To-Day*, of giving a little dinner once, and discussing the matter of wine with the head waiter before the guests arrived. "Well," said the waiter, "if you take my advice, you will give them a very good champagne to start with, let's say Mousseux Sec 1878, and let that go round twice. After that, sir—well—here's a very good wine that I al-

ways recommend, at five shillings the bottle; and then, if I were you, sir, I would finish up with this, and he pointed to a modest little brand at three and six. "And don't you think," Jerome said, "that they will notice the difference?" "Lor' bless you, no, sir," said the man; "we generally do it that way. I wouldn't undertake to tell the difference myself between champagne at sixteen shillings and champagne at five after the first two glasses."

At the trial of an action for libel brought by Dr. Livingston against the San Francisco Civic Federation, Porter Ashe, a friend of Livingston, and himself an attorney, was called as a witness. He testified regarding a certain letter, ostensibly written by Livingston, that it was not written by him alone; he admitted, with apparent reluctance, that he, Ashe, had assisted in preparing it. When asked if others were concerned, his apparent reluctance to reply was so great that the plaintiff's attorney at once objected. The defendant's attorney, scenting some damaging admission behind the unanswered question, pressed the matter. For half an hour the attorneys argued, and finally, after a mighty war of words, the court decided that the question might be put. So put it was. "Who," said the defendant's attorney, impressively, "was the person present beside yourself and Dr. Livingston?" To which the ingenuous Mr. Ashe, who had sat in silence throughout the legal battle, replied, blandly: "Nohody."

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
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LEAVE.	From May 19, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, (via Martinez and Lathrop) Ogden and East.....	7:15 A.
7:00 A.	Port Costa and Benicia.....	10:45 A.
* 7:00 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A.
7:30 A.	Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa; Vacaville, Esparto, Sacramento, and Redding, via Davis; Martinez and Sali, Ramon.....	6:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Yuba, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Port Costa, Benicia, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5:45 P.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1:45 P.
12:00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 8:45 P.
1:30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9 15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	11:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:15 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:15 A.
5:30 P.	European Mail, (via Martinez and Stockton) Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
† 6:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 8:45 P.
6:00 P.	Oregon Express, (via Martinez and Stockton) Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12:00 A.
† 11:15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.
COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.		
6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1:45 P.
† 7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8:35 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
† 9:47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1:45 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:00 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:05 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:48 A.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	† 7:40 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. †† Mondays only.
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SOCIETY.

The Brown-Scott Wedding.

Grace Church was well filled last Wednesday afternoon when the wedding of Miss Alice Scott and Mr. James Nash Brown took place. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, and the groom is the son of Mr. Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California, and is a member of the firm of Brown & Eyre.

The church was handsomely decorated with a profusion of flowers and tropical plants, a particular feature being a large floral wedding-bell suspended in mid-air over the center of the chancel.

At three o'clock the organist played the "Swedish Wedding March" as the bridal party appeared and walked down the central aisle. Leading the way were the ushers, Mr. Lawrence Irving Scott, Mr. Alfred H. Wilcox, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, and Mr. William R. Heath. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Mattie Brown, followed by the bride, who was escorted by her father. In the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Edward L. Eyre. The dresses worn by the bride and her maid of honor are described as follows:

The bride wore a rich robe of white satin with a flowing court train, which was adorned with sprays of orange-blossoms. The high corsage was trimmed with a hertha of point lace and sprays of orange-blossoms. A crescent of diamonds ornamented her coiffure, from which depended a long veil of white silk moiré. She carried a bouquet of orchids.

The maid of honor wore a pretty gown of white silk, of the Louis Quinze period, having narrow blue stripes and pink rosebuds as a finish. The corsage was trimmed with accordion plaited chiffon and Valenciennes lace. She wore a capote of white straw trimmed with blue silk bows and yellow feathers.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute, and it was followed by the playing of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as the bridal party left the chancel. There was a reception afterward at the home of the bride's parents on Harrison Street. About one hundred intimate friends were invited, and as they arrived, extended their congratulations to the happy couple. During the reception refreshments were served under the direction of Ludwig at tête-à-tête tables. The afternoon was passed in a most pleasant manner, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Brown left to pass their honeymoon at Castle Crags. Their future residence will be at the north-west corner of Jackson and Pierce Streets, the property and building being a gift from the bride's father. Among the other presents were many of much value and beauty.

The Lang-McKee Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Nellie McKee and Mr. Norman R. Lang, of Portland, Or., took place last Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. A. McKee, 1033 Adeline Street, Oakland. Only relatives and very intimate friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at three o'clock by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ackery, of Oakland.

Miss Amy McKee and Miss Belle Mhoon, who were the bridesmaids, appeared in becoming gowns of white organdie, embroidered with pink roses and trimmed with Valenciennes lace. They carried bouquets of pink sweet peas. The bride's robe was of heavy blanc-ivoire satin, made with a long court-train and trimmed with rare old Valenciennes lace. Orange-blossoms adorned her corsage and there was a spray of these flowers in her coiffure, holding the veil of white tulle in place. She carried a bouquet of orchids and orange-blossoms. The bride's brother, Mr. James C. McKee, acted as best man.

The residence was prettily decorated with pink and white sweet peas and pink carnations that had been sent from Redondo Beach. The bridal table was adorned with La France roses and orange-blossoms. After the wedding, refreshments were

served, and then the newly married couple left to make a tour of the southern part of the State.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Augustus Comte, Jr., has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Pauline Juliette Comte, and Mr. Robert Emmet O'Connell, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 26th, at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

Mrs. Rounseville Wildman gave a pink luncheon last Tuesday at her residence, and entertained Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Louis Aldrich, Mrs. J. Condit Smith, Mrs. Colonel Chandler, Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, and Mrs. S. W. Holladay.

The Misses Morrison, of San Jose, gave a house-party from last Saturday until Monday, and hospitably entertained Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross, Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Judge W. B. Gilbert, Judge Houghton, and Judge Hawley. An elaborate dinner-party, with covers laid for twenty, was given on Saturday evening, followed by a reception. A four-in-hand coaching-party was enjoyed on Sunday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General Forsyth, U. S. A., and his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., will soon leave to inspect Troop K, Fourth Cavalry, at the Yosemite Park.

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A. (retired), and family will pass the summer in Seattle, Wash.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., arrived here last Monday from Washington, D. C., and are at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant-Colonel John I. Rodgers, Second Artillery, U. S. A., has, at his own request, been relieved from duty in this department, and will comply with orders he has received from the Headquarters of the Army. He has been succeeded by First Lieutenant J. F. Louides, First Cavalry, U. S. A., as Acting Engineer Officer. Lieutenant-Colonel Rodgers has been assigned to duty at Fort Schuyler, New York harbor.

Captain Ogden Rafferty, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., is absent from duty at Wawona, Cal., on a three weeks' leave of absence.

Captain William A. Thompson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detached as Professor of Military Tactics at Grove City College, Pa.

Captain F. B. Taylor, U. S. A. (retired), is now residing at 3211 Key West Street, Los Angeles.

Captain J. K. Brinckle, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who is absent on a sick leave, is staying at 1603 Broome Street, Wilmington, Del.

Lieutenant F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monocacy* at Tientsin, China, on the reporting of his relief, and ordered to succeed Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., as aid to Captain H. L. Howison, Commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., will leave today for Honolulu to join the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant Thomas Ridgway, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed recruiting officer.

Lieutenant Edward D. Anderson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been appointed to succeed Lieutenant W. H. Schuetz, U. S. N., as the officer under the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who has charge of naval militia matters.

Lieutenant G. E. Cress, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and his family are visiting friends in Illinois. He is on a four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three weeks' leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Music Teachers' Association.

The Music Teachers' Association of California gave a musicale last Monday evening, which was well attended and highly enjoyed. The following excellent programme was presented:

Trio, molto allegro, D minor, op. 49 (violin, 'cello, and piano), Mendelssohn, Messrs. Henry Bettman, Harry Strelitz, and V. H. Hoffmeyer; duo, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli, Miss Ida Valera and Mme. Ellen Coursen-Roeckel; violin solo, fantasia on "Faust" (op. 20), Wieniawski, Mr. Robert Uhlig; piano solo, second polonaise, E-flat minor, Chopin, Mr. V. H. Hoffmeyer; violin solo, concerto A major, op. 20, Saint-Saëns, Mr. Henry Bettman; vocal solos, (a) "Nobles Seigneurs" ("Huguenots"), Meyerbeer, (b) "Avenara" ("Carmen"), Bizet, Mme. Ellen Coursen-Roeckel; Boehm flute solo, "Rosemary-Idyl," Wysham, Mr. H. Clay Wysham; song, "For All Eternity" (with violin obligato), Mascaroni, Mr. Alfred Wilkie.

Professor Charles St. Encker left for New York during the week, and will remain away several months.

The progress of the age, one had almost said the wheel of progress, is distinctly shown by the reference to cycling that Dr. Mary Bissell Taylor makes in her "Manual of Hygiene." She says it "is a most desirable exercise and addition to our out-of-door sports," and adds, as with authority: "Although theoretical objections have been urged to cycling for women, the experience and observation of the writer have failed to demonstrate their truth." This is the first recognition of the newer locomotion that we have observed in formal treatises on health.

One consequence of the hattle of the Yalu is the proposal made in Europe of establishing a naval Red Cross Society, whose vessels, painted in some distinctive color, shall accompany hostile fleets and pick up the crews of vessels sunk in action.

A hot race ahead: Applicant—"I wish to engage in the pursuit of literature." Editor—"Are you a sprinter?"—Puck.

BALANCING AN ACCOUNT.

It is all over! She has jilted me! She has sent me back everything—my ring, my letters, my poems, all! Well, she was worth trying for; she meant a cool quarter-million, and I lost! But I think I am ahead of the game. Let me see; we stand something like this:

Miss Mortimer (formerly Lucille) in account with Me.

Dr.	
To one engagement-ring.....	\$53 00
(This is a beautiful stone; I got it at a bargain from a friend in the business.)	
flowers (as per bills).....	140 00
confectionery (say).....	60 00
theatres (about).....	56 00
carriages.....	37 50
(This is the exact amount; I have the bills—unreceipted.)	
getting her brother intoxicated on two occasions (He was a difficult subject.)	47 00
one dozen photos, taken in February.....	10 00
one dozen photos, taken in June.....	10 00
one dozen photos, taken in October.....	10 00
one chain bracelet, with pearl setting, at Christmas.....	18 50
one "Lallah Rookh," édition de luxe, at birthday.....	12 00
(The original cost of this, marked on box, was \$18.00.)	
one month's hotel bill, with extras, at Newport, ungrudgingly expended in order to be with her.....	110 00
\$564 00	

Cr.	
To one second-hand engagement ring.....	\$ 15 00
36 photos of myself (say).....	10 00
one second-hand gold bracelet.....	5 00
Amount saved by limiting myself to two drinks per day at her request.....	120 00
cigars smoked on her papa, at 12 cents apiece.....	22 00
meals saved by dining at her house.....	21 00
dinners, etc., obtained from acquaintances on the strength of being engaged to her.....	35 00
12 accepted poems variously entitled, "To Lucille," "A Heart Song," etc.....	36 00
one election bet won from papa.....	50 00
one glove-case; very elegant (say).....	10 00
one scarf-case; very beautiful (say).....	5 00
various amounts obtained from my aunt for doing the only sensible thing of my life, i. e., becoming engaged to Miss Mortimer.....	240 00
amount due to this article, if accepted.....	5 00
\$564 10	
564 00	

Balance to credit of Me.....\$ 10 —Life.

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Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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—"Coin's Financial School," 25 cts. at Cooper's.

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MRS. MELVILLE SNYDER, TEACHER OF Vocal Music, Piano, Elocution, Dramatic elocution a specialty. Successful debuts guaranteed. Classes constantly forming. Parlors: 519 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

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THE GOLDEN RELIEF. THE GREAT AMERICAN remedy for Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Cramps, La Grippe, etc. Internal and external use. Put up by Mrs. Dr. Draper, 1003 Mission Street, S. F. Mrs. C. L. Jackson, Pacific Coast Agent.

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In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

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Classic and Popular Music every Sunday, from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M., at Haywards Park.

The Club-House cuisine excellent.

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No matter what the clerk says, when you order an article you want insist on getting it. There is more profit in selling substitutes but that profit is not yours, remember.

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on getting the original, the standard, the "home-made" brand—

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SO PURE, SO GOOD.



Absolutely Pure.

If you value HEALTH—
want to regain what
you've lost, fortify
what you have
—then your
summer
resort
is

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A perfect climate;
comfort, good cheer
and good fare; above
all the famous hot
and cold mineral springs
and baths which for health-
giving properties have no
equal in America.

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Alterative, Blood Purifier, and Tonic
—FOR THE CURE OF—
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ousness, Biliousness, and all
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mediate relief. A few applications pro-
duce a cure. A Perfect Cure Guaranteed.
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Beware of knife and burning plasters which cause ex-
cessive inflammation that drives Cancer Cells further into
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker are returning from their
Eastern trip last Monday, and are occupying their home
on California Street. Just previous to Mr. Crocker's de-
parture from New York city a dinner-party was given in
his honor by Mr. Hermann Oelrichs. Fourteen gentle-
men were present, and among them were Mr. John W.
Mackay, Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Adrian Iselin, Mr. The-
odore Havemeyer, Mr. Charles Childs, Mr. Sturges, and
Colonel C. F. Crocker.

Miss Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. George Crocker,
sailed from Europe last Wednesday for New York city.
After her arrival she will visit Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs
and Miss Virginia Fair at Newport for three weeks, and
then return to this city, accompanied by her brother,
Mr. Alexander H. Rutherford. They will remain here
during the entire summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle and the Misses Gerstle
arrived in Vienna during this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid have returned from their
trip abroad, and are at their home in New York city.
Prior to their departure from Paris, the ladies of the
American Club gave a matinee tea in honor of Mrs.
Reid.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Naglee Burk, of San José, will soon
leave to visit the Eastern States.
Mr. and Mrs. William Fries are passing the summer
in San Rafael.

Judge and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison are at Paso Robles.
Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi and family have gone to San
Rafael to reside during Dr. de Vecchi's absence in
Europe.

Mr. James V. Coleman has been at Santa Cruz since
last Tuesday with a party of friends on his yacht.
Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall and family are passing the
summer at Castle Crag.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham will pass most of the summer
at their cottage near Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor left last
Thursday to pass a month at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa, of Pied-
mont, will be at the Hotel del Monte during August.
Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and the Misses Fanny and Julia
Crocker will leave to-day to pass the season at Castle
Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses May
and Alice Hoffman will pass the summer at San José.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, and
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy are at the Pope villa,
near St. Helena.

Mrs. Charles Keeney, Miss Ethel Keeney, Mrs. T. Z.
Blakeman, and Miss Leontine Blakeman will soon leave
to pass the summer at Santa Monica.

Mrs. J. M. Goewey and Miss Gertrude Goewey will
pass the summer at Castle Crag.

Mrs. W. E. Fisher and family have gone to the Blue
Lakes for an outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht are at the Santa Catalina
Islands. They will go to Lake Tahoe on July 12th.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Morrow left
last Sunday to visit Alaska.

Mrs. Laura L. Buffandeau will pass the summer in
Santa Rosa and will engage in sketching for the next
Paris Salon.

Mrs. E. L. Heller, Miss Hattie Sachs, Mr. E. L.
Heller, and Mr. Clarence Heller left last Thursday to
visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Francis J. Carolan has been in New York city dur-
ing the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Hall, Mr. A. I. Hall, and Mr.
Walter S. Newhall have returned from a visit to the
Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. George Stoneman and her daughter left New York
on June 8th, to make an extended tour of Europe. They
will be away for an indefinite period.

Mrs. J. L. Moody and the Misses Moody left on Thurs-
day to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Oscar T. Sewall is in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Symmes and family are visiting
the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have been in the Yosemite
Valley during the past two weeks.

Mr. William S. McMurtry sailed from New York last
Wednesday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis, Miss Maud Lewis, and Mr.
George Lewis are in the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Ella Adams will go East soon to visit her sister,
Mrs. Knowles, in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin and family will leave in a
few days to pass the season at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose left last Monday for New
York, and will sail next Wednesday for Europe, where
they will travel for several months.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has gone to Castle Crag, where
she will remain for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott returned from the Hotel
del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. W. P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Therese
Morgan will leave next Wednesday for Castle Crag, to
remain about six weeks.

Miss Alice M. Mullins has returned to her home, 1809
Gough Street, after passing a couple of years in Europe.
Most of the time she was the guest of Mrs. Charles
Wyndham in London.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cunningham will pass the next
six weeks at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and Miss Nellie Chabot, of Oak-
land, will pass the month of July at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd are passing the season
at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden will soon go to
Castle Crag to pass the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and Miss Clem-
entina Kip have gone to San Rafael to pass the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickinson have been visiting the
Yosemite Valley for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. B. D. Murphy, of San Jose, will leave late in
June for Baltimore to witness the graduation from
college of her son, Mr. Martin Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Griffith, of Los Angeles, have
been visiting the Yosemite Valley during the past fort-
night.

Mrs. W. J. Somers will pass the summer in Napa
Valley. Mr. Eurbank G. Somers has gone to the Puget
Sound district on a three weeks' trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall will leave this evening
to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan left last Sunday
for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bentz, of Santa Barbara, sailed
last Friday on the steamer *Belgie* to make an extended
tour of Japan and India.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John returned last Monday
from a visit to Dr. Samuel Tevis at his country home in
Berryessa Valley.

Mrs. A. M. Burns and Miss Daisy Burns are at Paso
Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Susie Blanding,

and Mr. Tevis Blanding are occupying the Bradford
cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. Arthur Castle is in Paris.

Miss Ermentine Poole is the guest of Mrs. E. F.
Preston at her country home, Portola Hall.

Mr. E. A. Bruguère, Jr., will leave next Wednesday
to pass several weeks at Castle Crag, after which he
will visit Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William F. Powers will soon leave to visit Miss
Mary Struve, at Portland, Or., and Miss Anna Furth at
Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth are
at Castle Crag, where they will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is no longer doing the
leading rôle in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"
at the St. James's, in London. Her place in the
cast has been taken by Miss Olga Nethersole.
Mrs. Campbell's power is attested by the general
verdict that, not only is Miss Nethersole a failure
in the part, but the rôle of Lucas Cleeve now
stands forth as the principal figure, Mrs. Ebbs-
smith fading into the background.

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"How long have you been a Pullman porter?" said the kindly gentleman. "Two yab, sah." "And still working." "Yaas, iodeed." "Dear me! How provident you must have been."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Merritt—"I saw one of your members take a young man into the meeting. I thought that was against the rules of the club." Cora—"Why, she is the secretary and has to bring him to sharpen her pencil for her."—*Judge.*

She—"I was eating a caramel the other day, and it happened to have a stone in it, and I broke off a piece of my tooth. I think I have a good case against the manufacturer—don't you?" He—"Manufacturer of what?"—*Bazar.*

Aunt Grace—"You speak very lightly, Penelope. To my younger days an engagement was equivalent to a marriage." Penelope (with glee)—"How shocking! But, surely, some of the more respectable had ceremonies performed?"—*Puck.*

Grabenheimer—"If my little sobn gives me bis henoy, I vill gif him deo ceots to speed." Little Ike (eagerly)—"All right, fadder! Here is der benny." Grabenheimer—"Goot! Here's der deo ceots—go uodt puy me two fife-ceots see-gars."—*Puck.*

"Hionery Clay," said Mr. Dolan, "wor a great mon." "He wor that same," replied Mrs. Dolan. "He wor that great a mon," ber husband went on, "that he bad a cigar oamed after 'im." "Thrus for yez. Only 'twor no cigar. 'Twor a poipe."—*Washington Post.*

Tommy—"Do you say your prayers every night?" Jimmy—"Yes." Tommy—"And does your maw say bers?" Jimmy—"Yes." Tommy—"And does your paw?" Jimmy—"Naw. Paw don't need to. It's almost daylight when he gits to bed."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

"Fly," be boarsly whispered; "fly." The maiden gazed at him in amaze. He contoured poiting. Followiog the direction indicated by his outstretched digit, she saw the unhappy insect kicking its last kick to the cup of coffee. After that he ceased to exclaim.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Well, old mao, this is the first time I've seen you since your marriage. Allow me to coogratulate you!" "Thaoks, my dear fellow, thaoks!" "Have you and your wife decided who is to be the speaker of the house?" "Well, no. We usually occupy the chair together."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"Koow Colooel Trotter! Well, I should bope so! He used to be a old flame of mine," said Mrs. Norris. "Humph! why didn't you marry him, then?" snorted her husband. Mrs. Norris smiled one of her sweet, womanly smiles. "Because I was looking for something easier," she observed, simply.—*Puck.*

At the club: Algy—"Come and dioe with me to-night, Soohbiogton." Snobbiogton—"Sorry to say I can't, old chappie. Afraid I've got to go and dine with that old fool, Lord Boreham, for my sios." Lord Boreham (from behind his newspaper)—"Pray consider yourself excused this evening, Mr.—Mr.—a—I find I don't eveo koow you by sight."—*Punch.*

"How did you get your title of 'General'?" asked the bero-worshipping girl. "I cut my way to it," was the proud reply. "Oo the field?" "No; in Bill Wiggins's hotel. There was only two meo in our tow to Kentucky that had ever been in the army at all, so we cut the cards to see which should be 'Georeal' and which 'Colonel.'"—*Washington Star.*

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Why would it not be well to hold a "money convention" in California?

This State is persistently classed among the "free-silver States." Whenever the roll is being called in free-silver circles, California's name is always followed by some one saying "Here." To such an extent has this gone, that even the gold organs of the East—which are not inclined to magnify the silver strength or to minimize their own—have tacitly concluded that California is a free-silver State, and so they always rank her.

But is she? Is California a free-silver State? Would it not be well for all of us to ascertain? We are perfectly well aware that both of the two great political parties in California have declared in their platforms in favor of silver. But is that the desire of the people of California? If so, why does the "specific contract law" stand unrepealed? By that law, passed during the dark days of the war, California refused to accept the money of the nation, and ad-

hered to gold. By that law, even if the United States should declare in favor of unlimited free-silver coinage, California would still remain upon a gold basis. If California is so strongly in favor of free silver as both political parties seem to believe, why was not a bill introduced in the last legislature to repeal the "specific contract law"? Why is not its repeal advocated in the Republican and Democratic platforms? To advocate free-silver coinage for the United States while California is committed to a gold standard, is but a mockery. It is worse than hypocritical. Are both the political parties in California insincere on this issue?

If so, do they believe that California is not for free silver? It is a difficult question to answer. At present, the silver question is so engrossing men's minds that the daily newspapers of California are printing columns of interviews with men of affairs in various walks of life. These interviews are astounding in the diversity of views elicited. They by no means follow the platforms of the parties to which those interviewed belong, and the views expressed at times run counter to the interests of the man expressing them. For example, W. E. Dean, a capitalist largely interested in silver mines, said in an interview, as reported: "I don't believe in free coinage of silver, because I don't believe it would be a good thing for the country. Unless by international arrangement, the United States could not afford to coin silver in unlimited quantities. Free coinage would be a good thing for the silver men, and I as a mine-owner would be benefited, but I would not want to make a lot of money if I knew the whole country would be injured by it." Here is the case of a silver mine-owner who conscientiously believes that free-silver coinage would be had for the country. On the other hand, W. P. St. John, of New York, although a hanker, and not a mine-owner, is an ardent advocate of free-silver coinage.

Altogether, it is very evident that party lines have little to do with the division of opinion on this question, and that even personal interest does not always control, as is shown in the case of Mr. Dean. Is it not, therefore, desirable that the opinion of the men of affairs in this State—and not that of the politicians—should be crystallized into concrete form? Is it not desirable that the people of California should know what are the views of the men of affairs in this State? Is it not desirable that the people of the other States should know what are the views of California? If this State is in favor of free-silver coinage, let us know it. And if she is, the "specific contract law" pledging us to gold should at once be stricken from the statute-book. This would relieve those embarrassed advocates who shout for free silver, but stipulate that debts to them be paid in gold. This would relieve Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who had a had quarter of an hour explaining in the United States Senate why, if he believed so strongly in silver, he should put on his Alameda County mortgages "payable in United States gold coin."

A money convention of the men of affairs in California, called without regard to politics and without regard to occupation, would find its proceedings followed with profound interest by the people of the State. When we say "without regard to politics," we mean it. We would also suggest that professional politicians, so called, be excluded. It would be utterly impossible for them to discuss such a question without huncombe, and huncombe is exactly what the people do not want. It is not a political question, although it may become so. It is a pure, cold, clear business question. Therefore, it is fitting that it should be discussed by the business men, the professional men, the men of affairs of California.

The personnel of such a convention should be both diverse and dignified. Among its members should be leaders of the bar, such men as John Garber, John H. Boalt, Judge McKisick, W. F. Herrin, Russell J. Wilson, Thomas B. Bishop, Reuben Lloyd, Judge McKinstry, John T. Doyle, George G. Blanchard of El Dorado, Grove L. Johnson of Sacramento, C. T. Ryland of Santa Clara, Judge Williams of Ventura, Carl A. Lindsey of Santa Cruz, W. M. Hatton of Modesto, James F. Peck of Merced, and others of similar standing—men who represent both the sides of legal life

which in England are represented by barristers and solicitors.

Among its members should be the wholesale merchants, commission merchants, importers, and shipping men, such as Adam Grant, J. D. Spreckels, Charles Goodall, George C. Perkins, W. H. Dimond, H. H. Sherwood, A. Cbesborough, F. W. Dohrmann, Raphael Weill, Charles Holbrook, William L. Merry, M. P. Jones, S. N. Griffith of Fresno, Robert Watt, Isaac Upham, A. J. Marcus, J. B. Stetson, Louis H. Bonestell, and Henry A. Willey of Santa Cruz.

Among its members should be the wine and raisin men, such as John T. Doyle, E. F. Preston (viticulturists as well as lawyers), C. A. Wetmore, Alban Butler of Fresno, William Forsyth of Fresno, Arpad Haraszthy, Captain Niehaum, and C. Carpy.

Among its members should be the leading real-estate men, such as Thomas Magee, Wendell Easton, A. S. Baldwin, W. J. Dingee and E. C. Sessions of Oakland.

Among its members should be the prominent representatives of the agricultural interests, such as John Boggs of Colusa, John L. Beard of Santa Clara, Richard Gird of San Bernardino, John Bidwell of Butte, James A. Lynch of Watsonville, Elwood Cooper of Santa Barbara, and Edwin F. Adams of Highlands.

Among its members should be the manufacturers, such as Irving M. Scott, Henry T. Scott, A. S. Hallidie, Robert S. Moore, W. T. Garrett, H. P. Gregory, Frank J. Symmes, and Vanderlynn Stow.

Among its members should be the practical bankers and the capitalists, such as John J. Valentine, William Alvord, Thomas Brown, Homer S. King, C. F. Crocker, George Crocker, W. H. Crocker, George Whittell, George W. Beaver, E. W. Hopkins, J. G. Eastland, Daniel Meyer, S. G. Murphy, James D. Phelan, A. H. Payson, Claus Spreckels, I. Steinbart, L. P. Drexler, P. Lilienthal, C. de Guigné, E. B. Pond, Jerome Lincoln, C. G. Hooker, Louis A. Garnett, F. A. Hihn of Santa Cruz, Albert Miller and Thomas Prather of Oakland.

And among its members should be the mining men, such as Alvinza Hayward, W. E. Dean, George W. Grayson, W. A. Nevills, Robert McMurray, James Cross, and Charles D. Lane.

The meeting in convention of these last two elements—the bankers and the silver-mining men—would certainly prove that the body was an honest one, and that it was not packed.

Now most of those whom we have named above are quiet men, not fond of figuring in the newspapers, and averse to notoriety. But they should remember that there are times when every citizen owes his services to the commonwealth. This, we think, is one of them. The State is apparently undecided. It is by no means divided on party lines. The deliberations of such a body as we have indicated would have no partisan tinge, and would have an almost irresistible effect upon the opinions of the vast mass of men who have not made up their minds. If of the gentlemen whom we have enumerated there are those who honestly believe that the present demonetized condition of silver is the cause of the long depression from which we are suffering, is it not a patriotic duty for them to warn their fellow-citizens of that fact? If those of them who are of the contrary mind believe that free-silver coinage will bring on panic and disaster, and involve the country in almost irretrievable ruin, is it not a patriotic duty for them to sound the alarm?

There is an anecdote told of the days of the famous "Albany Regency," when Martin Van Buren was at the head of it, and when New York was engaged in directing the politics of the nation—as she has been doing, or trying to do, ever since. Van Buren had just performed some act of pseudo-self-sacrifice, and one of his henchmen, upon the floor of Congress, likened him, in an enthusiastic speech, to that Quintus Curtius, of ancient Rome, who leaped into the breach to save his country. But the speaker followed him remarked dryly that in his opinion "Van Buren had not

leaped into the breach to save his country, but to save himself."

Correspondingly, we urge the leading citizens of California to take action in this matter. If what they say in private conversation is true, the danger is great—either in remonetizing silver, or, on the other hand, in adhering to the standard of gold. If they will not leap into the breach to save their State, they should do so to save themselves.

Some weeks ago, the *Argonaut* commented on an argument made by Mrs. Ellen Battelle Dietrick concerning woman suffrage. Mrs. Dietrick maintained that there was absolutely no reason why women should not be granted the ballot. This journal, in commenting on her argument, remarked that there was an excellent reason, and an unanswerable one so far as we knew, which was this—that all voters should be able to hear arms in a republican government. We laid down the theory that the voter, in a government by the people, must be prepared in certain contingencies to back his ballot by a bullet—that behind a court there must be a power, behind a law there must be a penalty, behind a ballot there must be a man. Governments may be theoretically based on reason, but in case of necessity they can only be maintained by an appeal to force.

Mrs. Dietrick replies to these arguments by some very curious ideas. She says: "No government in the world was ever founded on physical force. Our government in particular is a protest against that fallacious assumption." To this we may reply that if our forefathers in the revolutionary times had not mustered sufficient force to defeat the British soldiery and their Hessian allies, we should never have had any government at all. Mrs. Dietrick goes on to say: "Ours is a government based on the justice of guiding the people with their own consent or not at all, that consent to be expressed by the ballot. It was not physical force which held people of old in abject subjection to a cruel despot." If it was not physical force, we should very much like to know what it was. But Mrs. Dietrick goes on to tell us: "That which really ruled was the people's own fallacious idea that there is such a reality as the divine right of kings. When the idea was exploded, the people were free." Certainly they were, and they freed themselves by physical force. When the people of England overthrew the corrupt government of the Stuarts and beheaded Charles the First, they did it by physical force. When the people of France overturned the lecherous line of the Bourbons and beheaded Louis the Sixteenth, they did it by physical force. When the people of Italy overturned the vile and mediæval governments of Italy, from the two Sicilies to Tuscany, they did it by physical force; when they turned out those congeries of petty potentates, from King Bomba of Naples to the grand dukes of the fertile plains of Tuscany and Lombardy, they did it by physical force. When the people of the Roman states—descendants of those legionaries whose city was the ancient mistress of the world—made the Pope a priest instead of a king, and drove him across the Tiber, where he has since remained, they did it by physical force. When our forefathers threw off the English yoke, and made this a great nation instead of a petty collection of tributary colonies, they did it by physical force. And when some of the States, thinking as Mrs. Dietrick does, that "humanity is governed by ideas," endeavored to break up this Union which had been cemented by so much cost of precious lives, the people of this country crushed that rebellion and again erected a homogeneous government, and they did it by physical force.

It is difficult to understand how Mrs. Dietrick, who seems to be a most intelligent woman, can believe what she says. Listen to this: "Many foolish people maintain that it is the police who keep order, the military which quells mobs, and that physical force upholds the government generally in the United States. Nothing could be more laughably absurd." Mrs. Dietrick would not have to go back very far to prove the exact reverse of what she has just said. When the draft riots were raging in New York during the dark days of the war, all the troops, both State and national, which had been in and around New York, were ordered to the front. There remained in the great city of New York only the police force, and for days that city was given over to the mercy of a mob. If the mob had been organized, as mobs never are, and if it had known its power, all of the city would have been given over to sack and plunder instead of a part of it. In the light of history, and in the developments of the secret records of the police bureau of that time, it is evident that New York was nearer to destruction than she ever was before or has been since. But she was saved from that destruction by her police force and a handful of marines and blue-jackets from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Having argued for some time to show that governments are not based on force and that there is no necessity for

fighting, Mrs. Dietrick starts in to prove that women could exercise physical force if they chose. She says: "All British and French army officers who have visited Dahomey agree that the female soldiers of Dahomey are superior to the male soldiers, both for courage and physical force. As history is filled with instances of woman's valor in war, I maintain that it is absurd to say that women can not fight. The reason why women do not fight is not because they can not, but because they are too civilized." With these statements of Mrs. Dietrick we can not agree. History is not filled with instances of woman's valor in war. There are cases of abnormal women as there are cases of abnormal men. It is not the rule with men in battle to run away, but there is always a certain percentage of cowards. Correspondingly, among the millions of women there is always a certain percentage who have physical courage, but the rule is that men are stout-hearted in battle and that women when exposed to physical dangers are timid. It is ingrained. It is rooted in the race. It can not be changed. As to the remark of Mrs. Dietrick, that "the reason why women do not fight is not because they can not, but because they are too civilized," this also is based on error. It is a melancholy fact that even among civilized races, women have done the most uncivilized things in times of riot and of war. The squaws in our Indian wars have performed acts of the most frightful mutilation upon wounded prisoners. When the New York draft riots were raging, the women in the disaffected quarters were also known to mutilate those unfortunate policemen who fell into their hands. And it is a notorious fact that at the second siege of Paris the Versailles troops were forced to shoot down like mad dogs the women of the commune, the *petroleuses*, who were slinking about the city with petroleum, endeavoring to fire buildings. This is not bravery, but it is the unreasoning ferocity which frequently goes with physical cowardice when it has no fear of punishment.

We fear that Mrs. Dietrick's arguments are lacking in mental force. Governments may be based on reason, but all the governed are not reasoning people. When unreasonable people attempt forcibly to overthrow governments based on reason, they can only be maintained by physical force.

The *Colima* catastrophe has now reached the stage of legal contentions, and one of the most interesting of the questions that will arise is that growing out of the deaths of Professor Whiting and his family. It will be remembered that the professor, his wife, and four children were among those who perished in the disaster. Just prior to leaving here, Professor Whiting made two wills, in one of which he left his property to his wife and children, while in the other he provided for dividing his estate among certain of his relatives in the East in case he, his wife, and children should die together. The question that arises is whether he, his wife, or any of the children survived each other. In case the wife survived, no matter for how short a time, the property would go to her heirs. In case of his survival, the title would go to his heirs. Should any of the children have survived, the property would then pass in succession through them to their heirs, whoever they might be.

In the absence of direct or positive evidence, the presumption that is to be raised in regard to the priority of death of various persons who are killed in some catastrophe, such as a shipwreck, an earthquake, a general conflagration, or a battle, is one that has been much disputed among jurists. The civil law provides in this case a series of presumptions based upon the strength and probable capacity of the survivors to fight against death; while the common, or English, law declares that no presumption will be raised, that the question must be one of evidence to be submitted to the court, and that the person who seeks to succeed in the contention must establish by a preponderance of evidence the survivorship of the person through whom he claims.

The case of *Newell versus Nichols*, decided in the New York courts some fifteen years ago, is the leading case in this country, which held that there is no presumption as to survivorship that is raised by the law. The law will not assume that any of the decedents survived any other, but requires positive evidence to be presented. The court claims that the question of survivorship does not rest solely upon general questions of strength, or sex, or age, but that in some cases the personal characteristics of a person—the tenacity of life, skill, or general bravery—will reverse the general presumptions of the civil law.

The French law raises a series of presumptions covering practically every case that can arise. The decedents are divided according to age and sex, those under fifteen years of age being taken in one class, those above sixty in another class, and those between those ages in a third class. If all of those who perished were less than fifteen years of age, the oldest is presumed to have survived. If all were above sixty years of age, the youngest is presumed to have survived. If some were less than fifteen and others more

than sixty, the presumption favors the youngest. If they came within the class between fifteen years and sixty and were of different sexes, the male is always presumed to have survived where their ages are within one year of each other. If they were of the same sex, the presumption is that the later in order of succession survived, and in most cases this would be the younger. These presumptions are raised by the law only in the case of failure of evidence as to the actual facts. Where direct evidence can be obtained as to the survivorship, the law of succession would be applied to the facts as proven.

The law in this State in regard to these presumptions has followed the civil instead of the common law. The code provision in this State differs only slightly from the provisions of the Code Napoleon. With those under fifteen years of age, the elder is presumed to have survived; with those above sixty, or where one is under fifteen and the other above sixty, the younger is presumed to have survived. The next provision differs from the French in providing that where they are between the ages of fifteen and sixty and the sexes are different, the presumption favors the male; if the sexes are the same, the elder is favored. If one be under fifteen or over sixty, and the other between these ages, the latter is presumed to have survived. The provision of the law in this State, it will be seen, is more complete and at the same time more compact than that of the French law. It differs from the law of the other States in this country, with the possible exception of Louisiana. In speaking of the provisions of the California code, Rice, in his work on "Evidence," declares that "as a monumental exhibit of condensation and statutory law, they are of ideal excellence and singularly pertinent in their relations to the law of evidence." Whether it is advisable for the law to step in and draw conclusions where there is no direct evidence upon which to base them, may be open to question, but such presumptions are applied only when better evidence is lacking, and in many cases they settle what would otherwise be difficult questions.

Is the New Woman indeed immodest? Recent events would seem to point that way, and to suggest that the freedom she has secured threatens the eternal welfare of society. The Rev. Mr. Baker, a clergyman in this city and a God-fearing man, has discovered a growing tendency among the innocent young girls of his flock to indulge in the soul-destroying practice of dancing; the bloomer girl has disported herself through columns and pages of the daily press, and the discussions she has evoked seem to have decided not only that her costume is immodest in the eyes of her critics, but that she rather glories in her newfound freedom and intends to continue wearing the obnoxious apparel. But it was left for a foreign observer to discover the most recent and most serious abuse that is creeping into modern society and threatens to undermine Western civilization. Shahzada Nazrulla Kahn, son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, has been visiting England, and at a recent dinner was so pained by the very low cut of the ladies' gowns that he not only openly protested, but felt constrained to walk in to dinner several feet in front of the lady whom he had been delegated to escort, with averted eyes and cheeks suffused with blushes. It is possible that somewhat similar strictures were passed upon the Unemancipated Woman who preceded the New Woman; in fact, we believe we have at times heard of them. But the Unemancipated Woman never answered back, while the New Woman does. She says that the immodesty of an exhibition lies in the mind of the observer and not in the thing exhibited.

The Idol of the Cuckoos has made a bid this week for the title of the Great Decliner. He has declined a renomination to the Presidency and he has refused an honorary title from a negro college in Ohio. Like the mighty Cæsar, he has thrice declined to have honors thrust upon him, but, like that great leader of Rome, he has ever shown a disinclination to dodge with sufficient energy to avoid being hit. His declinations this week have been thoroughly characteristic. The declination of the title of L.L.D. from Wilberforce University was unqualified and without unnecessary verbosity, for the negro vote was hardly worth striving for. The Democrats of the South have a far more effective manner of handling that vote than making bids for it. The declination of a renomination was more artful, and indicates how far he has progressed in the arts of the politician since the days when he positively declared that it would be un-American to accept a third term. He now declares that he is not seeking a nomination. And he further makes the implied declination through a friend, who can, if necessary, at some future time, admit that he misunderstood what was said to him. Altogether there is nothing in this guarded statement to prevent Grover Cleveland leading the Democratic forces to defeat next year.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE PAPACY."

We have already made, in an earlier issue of the *Argonaut*, a brief mention of Mr. John S. Hittell's new book, "The Spirit of the Papacy," but it is so thoroughly in line with the thesis that this journal has maintained since its first issue—that the Roman Catholic Church is inimical to the spirit of progress and that its influence is against personal freedom, independence of thought, and the best interests of a republican form of government—that we deem it advisable to make the book as widely known as possible. To that end we have chosen a few extracts, which are here reproduced, to show both the tone of Mr. Hittell's work and the clear, incisive, and authoritative manner in which he sets forth the facts of history.

In his chapter on personal freedom, Mr. Hittell shows that the spirit of the Papal Church has from the first been favorable to that most odious of institutions, human slavery, and abandoned it only when all civilization had denounced it. He says:

Before the nineteenth century, slavery was treated by the leading Papal authorities as an institution that, considered in itself, had no taint of sin. The ownership of slaves was regarded as not more immoral than the ownership of horses. By such eminent doctors as Anselm, Thomas Aquinas, and Buonaventura, it was commended to the slaves as a source of righteous humility, and of other pious sentiments. A Papal bull authorized the Portuguese to enslave the negroes of Africa, and to transport them to other countries for the purpose of holding them in hereditary bondage; the slave-trade between Africa and America was maintained throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries by Catholics, and even the priests held great numbers of slaves; and Papal bulls commanded that all Florentines, all Venetians, all Protestant Englishmen, all Lutherans, and other enemies of the Papacy, or of the pontifical state, should be reduced to hereditary slavery.

In the formation of public opinion and in the enactment of laws hostile to slavery, no Pope and no Papist took a leading part. Protestant England was the first state to lay down the rule that every man who trod on her soil should be free, and the first state to declare that the slave-trader should be treated as a pirate and an enemy of the human race. Republican and anti-Papal France was the first state to emancipate all its subjects in the colonies as well as in the mother country. Among the greatest names in the history of personal liberty are those of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Garrison, Lincoln, and Czar Alexander the Second, not one of them a Papist. Among all the Catholic priests of the United States in 1860, not one was prominent as an abolitionist; in 1863, one of them, Father Ryan, was a most bitter enemy of the Union and of freedom, and his political activity provoked no censure from bishop or Pope. While slavery existed in the United States, it was always treated by the Roman hierarchy as a proper institution, not inconsistent with the morals of the church or the rights of the bondsmen. . . .

After the emancipation of the slaves in Spanish America, the United States, and Brazil, and of the serfs in Russia, and after the public opinion of all enlightened nations had declared that these triumphs of personal liberty were among the greatest glories of the nineteenth century, and when the exclusion of slave-holders from absolution would not seriously diminish the income of the Roman clergy, then in the fullness of time Pope Leo the Thirteenth declared indirectly that slave-holding is a sin.

In the last pages of this same chapter, Mr. Hittell gives two anecdotes to illustrate the arrogance of the Roman Catholic Church, which, until the march of enlightenment made them throw off the thrall, regarded the rulers of the earth as little better than slaves of the Pope. One is as follows:

The scene at the coronation of Emperor Frederic the First was striking. After an angry quarrel with Pope Alexander the Third, Frederic was compelled to humiliate himself. He went to Venice to meet the pontiff, and having been admitted to an audience, knelt on both knees and bowed his head to the earth. The Pope put his foot on the neck of the monarch, and a cardinal said in a loud voice, "Thou shalt tread upon the cockatrice and crush the lion and the dragon." Frederic exclaimed, "Pontiff, this predication was made of St. Peter, and not of thee!" The Pope replied, "Thou liest; it is written of the apostle and of me." It was not until after he had made this reply that Alexander took his foot from the neck of Frederic.

One of the most monstrous claims of the Roman Catholic Church, one that the *Argonaut* has often denounced, is that it alone can perform a legal, valid marriage ceremony. In his chapter on "Constitutional Government," Mr. Hittell cites this case in point:

The Papists assert that the church has exclusive jurisdiction over marriage, that all State laws on the subject and all ceremonies performed under such laws are void, and that Protestants or Jews living together under the authority of such ceremonies are not married and their children are not legitimate. It was in accordance with these ideas that Benedict the Fourteenth decided that a Jewish marriage ceremony had no legal validity, and that a Jew having declared himself a Catholic was allowed to desert his wife who remained a Jewess in faith, and to marry a Catholic wife without the ceremony of a divorce.

About tells us the following story of life in the Papal state: "P. Cadova lived at Cento, in the Province of Ferrara. He had a pretty wife and two children. His wife was seduced by one of his clerks, who was a Catholic. The intrigue being discovered, the clerk was driven from the house. The faithless wife soon joined her lover at Bologna, and took her children with her. The Jew applied to the courts of law to assist him in taking the children from the adulteress. The answer he received to his application was that his wife and children had all three embraced Christianity, and had consequently ceased to be his family. The courts further decreed that he should pay an annual income for their support. On this income the adulterous clerk also subsists. Some months later, Mgr. Oppizoni, Arch-

bishop of Bologna, himself celebrated the marriage of P. Cadova's wife and P. Cadova's ex-clerk. Of course you will say P. Cadova was dead. Not a bit of it. He was alive and as well as could be. The church then winked at a case of bigamy? Not so. In the states of the church, a woman may be married at the same time to a Jew and a Catholic, because the marriage of a Jewish couple is regarded by the church as an empty formality.

And in this same chapter Mr. Hittell quotes Taine to show the corrupt government which the Pope gave Rome even so late as thirty years ago:

Taine, who studied the Papal system of government in 1864, speaks of it with indignation and scorn. He found that every department of the administration was inefficient and corrupt, indicative rather of barbarism than of civilization. There was "no commerce, no manufactures, no army." The city was full of asylums where criminals could not be arrested. Among them were the churches, the dwellings of the cardinals, the inclosures of the ambassadors. The police carried maps which they had to examine before arresting a murderer or thief, lest they should trespass on some sacred privilege. Everybody had a protector, whose influence secured him against official oppression; it was "impossible to live without one." The advice to the new-comer who intended to remain in Rome was: "Keep a pretty, complacent woman in your employ, or in your family, and you will come out of all difficulties as pure as snow." The government habitually humiliated the laymen, and they, accepting their degradation, made a custom of kissing the hands of the arrogant priests. Self-respect and manliness were "extirpated as noxious weeds." The officials regarded the common people who could read, and were in the habit of reading, as enemies; they persecuted all who criticised the abuses of the administration; they banished and impoverished Romans for cheering the Italian flag in Italian territory; they would not allow instruction in the Italian or French language in their seminaries; and they habitually protected fraud.

The entire history of the Papal Church has shown its terror of the spread of enlightenment and education. Mr. Hittell says:

Free inquiry, free conscience, free press, free speech, and free thought, the companions and guarantees of secular education, are hateful to the Papist. In his opinion they are hostile to true faith, to ecclesiastical discipline, and to sacerdotal authority. They are destructive to that tone of submissiveness with which he thinks all laymen should accept the doctrinal instruction of the infallible See of Rome. By developing the spirit of personal independence and the habit of asserting intellectual rights, they prepare the people for rebellion against the church. It is weak wherever they are strong.

These are the main reasons why the Papal clergy never educated the multitude in the pontifical state; why they never educated the multitude in any state where they had control; why they never originated a system for the education of the people; why they never copied one, except under compulsion of adverse public opinion; why they are everywhere the declared enemies of state schools; and why those countries where they have had the most influence have taken the lead in illiteracy.

From 1700 to 1800 the Papacy, which then enjoyed its golden age, was the predominant power of Western Europe. It controlled one-third of the income, and had great influence in the legislation and administration, of every country. It possessed most of the learning, and books, and men who had leisure for study. It had thirty thousand monks in fifteen thousand monasteries and a score of different monastic orders; and among all these not one devoted to the cause of popular education.

The first schools founded by a Christian state for the education of the children of the common people were those of Lubeck, Hamburg, Stettin, Rostock, Nuremberg, Augsburg, and other German cities in the fifteenth century—cities which hated the Papacy and were hated by it in return. Nearly all these cities had trouble with the priests, who complained that the schools were not conducted with due regard to the interests of their church—a complaint abundantly justified by the conduct of those cities when Luther called on them to follow his banner.

In many official documents the Papacy has claimed the right of supervising all educational institutions, and in the syllabus of December 8, 1864, it has condemned as an error, deserving of punishment by eternal damnation, the doctrine that "the entire direction of public schools, in which the youth of Christian states are educated, except (to a certain extent) in the case of episcopal seminaries, may and must appertain to the civil power, and belong to it so far that no other authority whatsoever shall be recognized as having any right to interfere in the discipline of the schools, the arrangement of the studies, the taking of degrees, or the choice and approval of teachers." This means that the Papacy has the right to interfere in all these matters. . . .

But this arrogation of right has not been accompanied by an appropriate sense of correlative duty. In the six centuries preceding 1700, not one Pope, not one general council, not one provincial council ordered the establishment of schools for the multitude. Nor can their conduct in this matter be excused by the spirit of the times, by the lack of means, or the want of example. In 1300, nine Florentines out of ten and only one Roman in ten could read. In 1400, the cities of the Netherlands had, and those of the pontifical state had not, schools for the poor. Luther and Calvin and Knox urgently and persistently demanded the education of the multitude, and obtained it; but neither in their century nor in the next one was a similar demand made by any leading Papist, or was any similar action taken by any Catholic state.

Within recent years the Papists maintain schools for the poor, but they do this only in countries where Protestantism or the state has similar institutions to which Catholic children would otherwise be sent. Though these Protestant or state schools carefully abstain from teaching anything contrary to the Papist faith or anything discreditable to the Papal clergy, still their influence is adverse to the Papal interests, and, therefore, the Papists feel themselves under compulsion to provide schools of their own, wherever they are able to do so, in the districts where hostile institutions exist, but not elsewhere. If the rival schools were closed permanently, the Papal schools would probably soon follow their example.

Even the Bible, on which the church bases its claims to both temporal and spiritual supremacy, is considered too

dangerous a document to be submitted to examination by the people:

For century after century the Popes did their utmost to prevent the general use of the vernacular Bible. They never ordered the translation or publication of one; they never approved the publication of one in a cheap edition; they never urged the members of the church to make a habit of reading one; they never permitted the use of one in any church; they never gave their formal consent that one should be used by a layman without the written permit of his bishop.

The Bible is not a common household book in any Catholic country; and in Italy and Spain there are, or recently were, many persons who, though in the habit of reading, had never read a sentence in either the Old or the New Testament. The feeling of the Papist toward the Bible is indicated by Mivart, a leading English Catholic, in an article relating to the works of Kuenen and Wellhausen. Mivart says: "The English Catholic laity . . . are commonly so little acquainted with Scripture that I should not be surprised if some of them were disposed to chuckle over a disproof of the Bible's truth as being a matter likely to 'dish' the Protestants, and so make their own position more secure and more evidently the true one."

The genesis of miracles is another interesting point on which Mr. Hittell touches. He says:

Appealing to the miracles wrought by its saints as proofs of its divine commission, holding them up to its followers as among the most instructive subjects of study and the most potent stimulants of faith, the Roman Church, from early mediæval times, devoted a considerable part of its revenue and intellectual energy to the discovery, verification, and history of these wonders, but in such labors it pursued methods so uncritical that among all the collections of sacerdotal writings none other approaches that of the lives of the Papal saints in the magnitude and extravagance of its mendacity. It is a most curious monument of credulity, folly, and fraud. . . .

Among the lives of the saints, that of Francis Xavier, written by Bartoli and Maffei, is one of the best, as the subject was one of the ablest, most learned, and most recent of the men canonized by Rome. Xavier was an associate of Loyola in founding the Jesuit society; he was its pioneer missionary in Asia; in the number of his converts—he is credited with one hundred thousand—he is the greatest of all missionaries. He labored in India, China, Japan, and Malaysia for ten years, and during that time he and his Jesuit associates made full and frequent written reports—in accordance with the rules of his society—of all that he did. Besides letters, numerous reports of his success were made by the Portuguese merchants and officials then in Asia.

The credit of the Jesuit society and the importance of his work demanded that he should be canonized; but before that could be done, proof must be furnished that he had wrought at least one miracle. Yet, unfortunately, his letters and those of his associates made no mention of anything supernatural in his achievements; and if there had been any such thing, nobody could know it better, report it more accurately, or have a stronger motive to make it public.

Two years after his death, three miracles were attributed to him; the following year, six more; and their number increased until, in 1622, seventy years after his death, when living witnesses could not contradict the miraculous stories that then took an official shape for the first time, he was declared a saint by a Papal bull, which recounted the occasions when he had violated the laws of nature, including the restoration of dead people to life, the healing of the sick by his word, the casting out of devils, the punishment of an unbelieving village by an earthquake, and the acquisition of a mastery of foreign tongues by immediate inspiration.

Not one of these stories of miracles deserves credence, but one among them is especially offensive to common sense, and is valuable as an illustration of Papal reason. The bull canonizing Xavier says: "He found himself on a sudden gifted by God with a knowledge of the languages of various nations, till then wholly unknown to him, so as to speak them as fluently as if he had received his education in those countries. . . . When he was preaching to persons of several nations [in the same congregation], . . . each . . . heard him . . . in the language of his own country."

That was asserted in defiance of numerous passages in the letters of Xavier and his associates complaining of the difficulties which he encountered because of his ignorance of the tongues of Malabar, Malacca, Japan, and China, the countries where he made most of his converts. His first missionary work was in Malabar, and of it he wrote: "What could I do here since I neither knew their language nor they mine. My only plan was to choose some of the best educated among them, who, besides their native idiom, had some knowledge of Portuguese; by working assiduously together for several days, we translated into Malabarese . . . the Apostles' Creed . . . the Commandments," and so on. He not only had trouble in learning the Malay language, but he used it in addressing people who understood it though it was not their native tongue. When he needed a knowledge of the Japanese speech, "he applied himself to the study, . . . learning the signification of the words, one by one."

After giving all the passages quoted in this section, and thus proving conclusively from the letters of Xavier and his associates that he had no supernatural linguistic powers in his missionary labors, the authors of his standard biography, used by the Catholics of the United States, say that, "although . . . he had been favored with the [miraculous] gift of tongues, the gift was not so perpetual as to enable him to converse in a foreign tongue the moment he landed in a foreign country."

The publication and circulation of this book in England and the United States, in the middle of the nineteenth century, with the approval of the highest Papal authorities of both countries, leads us to the inference that they have no distinct idea of the rules of historical evidence, or that they care little about the truthfulness of the books which they recommend.

We have here reached the limits of our space, and must therefore bring our extracts to an end. But not for lack of material. There is not a page in the book that is not as striking as those quoted above, and as each statement is supported by recognized authorities, "The Spirit of the Papacy" is a work which should be carefully read by all who have at heart the advancement of truth and the preservation of the republic.

A RETURN TO NATURE.

How a Sioux Minister Obeyed the Spirit of his Fathers.

"Rev. Augustine St. Gregory, Miss Helen Mackintosh. Married."

"Tear up the wedding-cards!" interrupted Pris Armstrong. "It was infatuation—fanaticism. How could a Boston girl, brought up with every advantage of education and association, marry a full-blooded Sioux! I went to the wedding under protest; as Helen's nearest friend, I sat there under protest; and it required all my self-control to refrain from shrieking aloud at the words: 'If any man can show just cause why they should not lawfully be joined together.'"

"You talk as though he had just arrived from the plains, in wampum and war-paint," returned Annie Chesley, indignantly. "I met him at Mrs. Cotting's reception, and thought him perfectly fascinating. He has the loveliest manners—so gentle and subdued, and, with his soulful dark eyes and melancholy face, he reminded me of Edwin Booth in 'The Iron Chest.' Such an interesting history as he has, too. He lost his father at the battle of the Little Big Horn, and after the flight of Sitting Bull and his men into Canada, the poor little fellow was found by a missionary and sent to Hampton. Later, by means of an old lady's bequest, he was educated for the ministry, preparatory to going as missionary to his own people. If you had heard him speak, the last Sunday in Advent, when the collection is taken for the Domestic Mission, you would realize what religion has done in transforming a savage into a Christian gentleman and clergyman."

"Helen was taught from babyhood to save her pennies for the Domestic Mission," said Pris, slowly. "In Lent, her childish sacrifices were for the benefit of some Indian school. Her cast-off toys were sent to Hampton; her Sunday-school class supported an Indian there. Later, she attended all the meetings for the benefit of the Indians, has been an active member of the Dakota League, and devoted all her charitable energies—and a Boston girl must have some outlet for philanthropy, as imperatively as for her love of music, books, and art—to collecting funds and packing barrels of clothing for the Indians. As she stood by the altar, it seemed the culmination of a life-long fad—an earnest and religious one, if you will, but still merely a fad—in which love bore a minor, if not a doubtful, part. There was a delay in getting to the carriage, and I waited. No, not to throw rice, but—to see Helen once more. Captain Carter, Helen's cousin—he was best man—closed the carriage-door, with a gay good-bye. He stood, with uncovered head, in the fog and drizzle, and I saw the look upon his face."

"They say he has always been in love with Helen."

"It was not that. Insight gave foresight, and on the pavement, in Copley Square, he saw the future, somewhere on the Western plains."

* * * * *

"You are tired, August?"

Helen St. Gregory arose from the piano—the one article of luxury she had permitted herself—and leaning over the back of her husband's chair, played with his hair. It had been allowed to grow somewhat long in the last few weeks.

He had just returned from a visit to a settlement, a few miles distant, consisting of a few wretched, scattered huts. His hand sought his throat and loosened the stiff, clerical bands with an impatience that seemed uncontrollable.

"It is stifling here," he said; "the air of a room makes me cough."

"I will open the window."

"Open both windows."

"I can not," returned Helen, with some surprise at his imperious tone. "The other window is sealed, hermetically, with *papier-mâché*, manufactured out of soaked newspapers, after Frank Carter's recipe."

Her husband strode across the room, and with one blow of his clenched fist he broke away the lower part of the sash.

"August! How could you—oh, your hand is bleeding!" reproach changing to commiseration.

She caught up a web of soft linen upon the work-table.

"It is nothing," said her husband, almost haughtily, drawing himself so quickly away that the linen fell beneath his foot.

The next moment there was an exclamation from both, for it was the surplice, with the circle-emblem of immortality embroidered upon its front, that lay there, blood-stained and trampled.

He sank into the chair again, and she, who had learned in the last few months that there were times when it was best to leave him undisturbed, silently closed the shutters outside the broken window and pinned closely over it the heavy curtains of Mexican blankets. The room was both sitting-room and study. In the corner, a *prie-dieu*, with a threadbare cushion, testified to the length and frequency of his devotions.

Presently Helen looked anxiously up from the altar-cloth she was embroidering.

"I wish you would not watch me in that covert manner," said her husband, with new irritability.

He was tired; her woman's heart chid her, after that moment of strange and chilled misgiving. It was a long, cold walk to the settlement, and the people there were the most degraded of his pastoral charge. They consisted only of old men, women, and children; the young men were out hunting—a euphemism for having joined certain hostile tribes in the north-west.

"I have questioned lately, Helen," he began, presently, "whether I have not, after all, mistaken my vocation. The fire has died out of my utterances, my prayers no longer ascend as on wings of light, but fall crushingly back upon my heart. The meaning has gone out of the

Holy Scripture; its words are as 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'"

She spoke gently, reassuring words, and the strange foreboding vanished from her heart.

Long after she had gone to bed, he was kneeling at the *prie-dieu*. In the days that followed, she noticed that he was unusually silent; that the early services, the prayers, and fastings became more frequent—the last so rigorous that she begged him to have care lest his health suffer.

"We are commanded," he replied, solemnly, "to 'crucify the old man and utterly abolish the whole body of sin.'"

He went about his work like a man in a dream. The melancholy that had always characterized him had become moodiness, a taciturnity that his wife learned was best left unquestioned. His favorite subjects of conversation had formerly related to his work; now he never alluded to it. His texts had been chosen from the New Testament, that upon which he had most frequently dwelt being: "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." Now his sermons were drawn from the Old Testament, and particularly from those accounts that dwelt upon vengeance and bloodshed. When he read the lesson telling of the killing of Sisera, there was a repressed force in his utterance, an intensity of dramatic action in the gestures of his slender hand and flexible wrist, that brought the scene with awful vividness before his listeners.

"She smote the nail into his temples—for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died." His personality was merged into that of Jael, and exaltation was exultation over the treacherous and savage deed.

His manner in speaking of his own people had formerly been tinged with sadness. Was it a wild fancy of his wife's that it now held a subtle pride? A distinction, too, had evidently grown up between "these people"—of his flock—and those amongst whom his childhood had been passed.

His walks over the plain became more frequent. Helen had supposed their object was the settlement, till an allusion to his work there undeceived her. "I have not been there. I walked twenty, thirty miles over the plain," he said, with an excitement that all her efforts at restraint could not allow to pass unnoticed.

"Listen!" and the words that followed were strange to Helen. "It is the tongue of my fathers," went on her husband, with solemn pride. "Upon the vast empty plain, there was a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and even as the tongues were given to the disciples at the day of Pentecost, was the language of the warriors given back to me. With such words did my father speak when he told of his great deeds in the council. My father was a great brave. He did not live amongst the women and children. He was not a squaw-man. He was Black Kettle!"

Bewildered at this strange outburst, Helen called beseechingly to her husband. He made no reply. It was morning when he arose from the *prie-dieu*.

For the next few days, except for an almost unbroken silence, he seemed more like his former self. Late one afternoon, word was brought to Helen that a woman had been confined in the settlement and was dying for lack of food and clothing. The circumstances appealed to her with peculiar force. Filling a basket with food and hastily selecting such articles as seemed most needful, she set out on her lonely walk.

The door of the hut was ajar. The one room was empty. In her charitable visiting in Boston, a similar experience had often confronted her, and now, as then, an involuntary vexation arose at having been made the dupe of her sympathies. She made her way to the next hut, but, to her surprise, it too was empty. The village was deserted!

The last hut stood on the brow of an incline. In the hollow beyond was a strange sight.

Shrinking back into the shadow of the hut, petrified with horror, she stood watching a circle of savage figures, men and women alternating, holding one another by the hand, revolving slowly around a large tree. A dirge-like chant filled the air, as round and round the dancers went, in the same direction, with eyes closed and heads bent toward the ground. There were young men in the circle. Had they returned, then, from their "hunting expedition"?

Chained to the spot by the mystic spell of the "ghost-dance," her own body swayed to and fro in unison with the dancers.

One figure seemed to exercise a particular fascination over her. It was that of a young brave, naked to the hips, and with streaks of red and yellow paint across his breast. Darkness had long ago fallen, and fires were gleaming in the hollow. By and bye, one after another of the dancers fell forward on his face, but the circle was instantly reformed. The young brave who had held her gaze was prostrate at last, in the kind of swoon to which the others had succumbed.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"I have seen the Great Father," he cried, "and he will not talk to me, because I have married a white woman!"

It was the voice of her husband!

Half-frozen, blinded, and staggering, she reached her own door at last. She must have wandered many times from the path, for the cold, gray morning light was breaking. She dropped, from force of habit, into the chair by the work-table. She must darn those stockings of August's. It was the morning for early service. There was a little illuminated book of devotions in which it was her daily habit to read. Was she going mad? The words were revolving in a circle over the page. A capital A, in scarlet and gold, bore a fantastic resemblance to the paint-bedeized figure of the dance.

There was a sound without. The door was pushed open and a naked savage strode into the room. She saw his purpose.

"August! For the sake of our unborn babe!"

What followed may not be told.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1895.

EDITH ROBINSON.

OLD FAVORITES.

Her Treasures.

I keep them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
At waiting in the lower bay.
I thought my heart would break that day!

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize;
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay.
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.
I used to visit at his home—
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee—
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh, no! I sent his letters back.
These came to me from Washington.
But look, what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill—
Poor Jack! he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps;
Those foreign lovers act like geese.
But, dear, they are such handsome men.
We go to France next year again.

This is the doctor's signet ring.
These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it—Count de Twirl:
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red. You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that look forsook;
You know, but you could never guess!
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most because—don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf—
He's not a bygone. In a year
I'll tell you all about him, dear.

—Mary Ainge de Vere.

Telemachus Versus Menor.

Don't mind me, I beg you, old fellow; I'll do very well here alone;
You must not be kept from your "German" because I've dropped
in like a stone;
Leave all ceremony behind you, leave all thought of aught but yourself,
And leave, if you like, the Madeira, and a dozen cigars on the shelf.
As for me, you will say to our hostess—well, I scarcely need give
you a cue.

Chant my praise! All will list to Apollo, though Mercury pipe to a few;
Say just what you please, my dear boy; there's more eloquence
lies in youth's rash
Outspoken heart-impulse than ever growled under this grizzling
moustache.

Go, don the dress-coat of our tyrant—youth's panoplied armor for
fight—

And tie the white neck-cloth that rumples, like pleasure, and lasts
but a night.

And pray the Nine Gods to avert you what time the Three Sisters
shall frown.

And you'll lose your high-comedy figure, and sit more at ease in
your gown.

He's off! There's his foot on the staircase. By Jove, what a
bound! Really now

Did I ever leap like this springald, with Love's chaplet green on
my brow?

Was I such an ass? No, I fancy. Indeed I remember quite plain:
A gravity mixed with my transports, a cheerfulness softened my pain.

He's gone! There's the slam of his cab-door, there's the clatter
of hoofs and the wheels,

And while he the light toe is tripping, in this arm-chair I'll tilt up
my heels.

He's gone, and for what? For a tremor from a waist like a
teetotum spun;

For a rosebud that's crumpled by many before it is gathered by one.
Is there naught in the halo of youth but the glow of a passionate race—

Midst the cheers and applause of a crowd—to the goal of a beau-
tiful face?

A race that is not to the swift, a prize that no merits enforce,
But is won by some *faineant* youth who shall simply walk over
the course?

Poor boy! Shall I shock his conceit? When he talks of her
cheek's loveliness,

Shall I say 'twas the air of the room, and was due to carbonic excess?
That when waltzing she drooped on his breast, and the veins of
her eyelids grew dim,

'Twas oxygen's absence she felt, but never the presence of him?
Shall I tell him First Love is a fraud, a weakening that's strangled
in birth,

Recalled with perfunctory tears, but lost in unsanctified mirth?
Or shall I go bid him believe in all womankind's charm, and forget
in the light ringing laugh of the world the rattlesnake's gay castanet?

Shall I tear out a leaf from my heart—from that book that forever is
shut

On the past? Shall I speak of my first love—Augusta—my Lalage?
But

I forget. Was it really Augusta? No. 'Twas Lucy! No. Mary!
No. Di!

Never mind; they were all first, and faithless, and yet—I've forgotten
just why.

No, no. Let him dream on and ever. Alas! he will waken too soon;
And it doesn't look well for October to always be preaching at June.

Poor boy! all his fond foolish trophies pinned yonder—a bow, from
her hair,

A few *billets-doux* invitations, and—what's this? My name! I de-
clare.

Humph! "You'll come, for I've got you a prize—with beauty and
money no end;

You know her, I think; 'twas on dit she once was engaged to your
friend;

But she says that's all over." Ab, is it? Sweet Ethel! Incompar-
able maid?

Or what if the thing were a trick?—this letter so freely displayed.
My opportune presence! No! nonsense! Will nobody answer the
bell?

Call a cab! Half-past ten! Not too late yet. Oh, Ethel! Why
don't you go? Well?

"Master said you would wait—" Hang your master! "Have I
ever a message to send?"

Yes, tell him I've gone to the german to dance with the friend of his
friend.—Bret Harle.

M. WORTH AT HOME.

An Eccentric Interviewer's Visit to the Great Man-Milliner—
Mme. Worth and her Satin Gown—A Pleasant
Glimpse of a Noted Man.

[There is a curious article in the current *Blackwood*, written apparently in 1871, and now made timely by the death of the famous man-milliner, M. Worth, of Paris. The writer interviewed M. Worth just after the Franco-Prussian War, on "The Influence of the Siege of Paris on the Art and Trade of Dressmaking," but in his questions he kept wandering off into the metaphysical aspects of dress and propounded inquiries that M. Worth could not understand and which are equally incomprehensible to the reader. In the course of his article, however, he brings out an interesting picture of the great couturier's home life. The passages which make this picture are here reproduced:]

At five o'clock, I walked into the first floor of No. 5 Rue de la Paix. M. Worth was in. I sent my card to him. Within five minutes he was standing before me.

I said to him: "Forgive me for disturbing you. I know how occupied you are, and yet I have come to ask for an hour of your time. I want to write an article on the influence of the war on the dressmaking trade of Paris. Such an article would, I am sure, be read with interest, in the present condition of public feeling. You typify, for everybody, the entire idea of Paris dressmaking. I want to ask you questions. Will you kindly listen to them? Will you, still more kindly, answer them?"

He stared curiously (perhaps rather suspiciously) at me, hesitated for a few seconds, and then said, rapidly:

"Yes. I shall be very pleased to have a chat with you and to tell you what I can. I never was asked about such things as that. But we can't talk here. At this instant seventeen persons are waiting for me in nine rooms. Come to dine with me to-morrow at my country-house. Take the six-thirty train from St. Lazare to Suresnes. My son will meet you at the station and will show you the way. *A demain*. Glad to make your acquaintance. Of course you won't dress."

Next day, at seven, I got out of the train at Suresnes. On the platform I found waiting for me a very good-looking, charmingly mannered young man, who introduced himself as M. Worth's *filz* (he is now the head of the firm, I believe), and in his agreeable company I walked to the great red brick chateau. He told me that his father had not arrived from Paris, but that he would be down directly. This was so true that, before I had passed a minute on the terrace gazing at the view over the Bois toward Paris, I heard the gallop of a horse tearing up the hill, and M. Worth, splattered with mud and foam, rode in at the gate. He had come down, he said, in a quarter of an hour.

We stood chatting for a couple of minutes, and then he turned to the house to change his clothes.

At the same instant I saw appear on the veranda a lady in white. Her elegance, her grace, her winningness were such that I stood still in admiration.

"My wife," observed M. Worth. "Let me introduce you to her."

Now, I had heard from public rumor that M. Worth, when he was cutter at Gagelin's shop in the Rue de Richelieu, had married one of the young persons employed there. I had heard additionally, from the same source of information, that Mme. Worth, with the adaptability of many of her race, had fitted herself admirably to her new situation, and had become in everything a lady. But, though I had seen many transformations of that nature, no previous experience had prepared me for what I beheld at that moment. With the ease of an accomplished woman of the world, with combined dignity and simplicity, with infinite gentleness of movement, she made two steps toward me, smiling graciously, bowing slightly, welcome on her face. She wore a high but short-sleeved white satin dress, striped with bands of black velvet; a profusion of lace hung over her; long suede gloves reached almost to her shoulders; two or three bracelets were on her arms; a diamond was half hidden here and there in the lace. Never did white satin appear to me to be so completely absorbed into the person of its wearer; she and her gown were so absolutely one that, for months afterward, Mme. Worth and white satin presented themselves to my thoughts as synonymous, simultaneous, identical, unseverable. I could neither disjoin them nor conceive one without the other. All other women in white satin appeared to me impostors. It never occurred to me, as I looked at her, that such a gown was at all out of place, where no one else was dressed. She was Mme. Worth: her name purported dress; who on earth should wear white satin, even at six o'clock in the morning, if she did not? Her right to the extremest elegancies of raiment, to the most excessive daintiness of finish, was more complete than that of any other woman whatever. Besides, she was so sympathetically attractive and had so grand an air that the dress was, after all, merely one of the details of her presence. With all this I noticed instantly that she, a Frenchwoman, had a charm that was distinctly Spanish, far more Spanish than Slav (the only two purely national types of charm); so Spanish, indeed, was it—of the fair variety—that if I had seen her in the drawing-room of a great house, and had been told she was the Marquesa de la Vega de Granada, daughter of the Conde Duque de Valladolid y de Burgos, I should have thought the statement perfectly natural.

As her husband went into the house, she turned to stroll with me on the terrace, saying, in a soft voice: "I hear you want M. Worth to give you information about the effect of the siege upon our business. He will be very pleased to do so, and I hope you will let me read what you write about it."

The conversation, however, was not active. The delightful woman was a little silent: I perceived during the evening that it seemed to her practice to leave talking to her husband. But what a delicate picture of a delicate woman! I remembered Napoleon's exclamation: "Nothing on earth is so pretty as a woman in white in a garden!" I agreed entirely with Napoleon.

Presently M. Worth came out again, in a rusty-brown jacket and a battered straw hat without a crown; whereon it occurred to me that Mme. Worth was dressed for hotb of them (and, indeed, for all of us), which still further explained the white satin.

We dined (M. Worth keeping on the crownless straw hat at table) in a vast greenhouse which seemed to cover an acre of surface, amid a forest of palm-leaves, tree-ferns, variegated verdures, and fantastic flowers. Some quiet persons, who did not speak, and who, I gathered, were relatives from the country, joined us at dinner. There was a perplexing mixture of patriarchal simplicity and of the assertiveness of modern money, of thoroughly natural unaffectedness and of showy surroundings, of total carelessness in some things and of infinite white satin in others, which was so new to me that, at first, I felt a little bewildered, and wondered whether I was dining with Haroun al Raschid in one of the disguises he so often wore.

After the soup, M. Worth began: "Now put your queries. I am ready."

"To put the matter, to begin with, in a narrow form, with what object do women dress?"

"What a question!" laughed M. Worth. "Do you mean to say you don't know? Why, women dress, of course, for two reasons: for the pleasure of making themselves smart, and for the still greater joy of snuffing out the others."

"And never for their own persons only? Never to frame in and set up their individuality by clothing it in what befits it best? Never to harmonize their essence with their substance, their self with their surroundings?"

"I must say again that I don't quite follow you. If you mean whether they dress to suit their hodies, according to their own ideas of suitability, I should say no at once; because, you see, the women who come to me want to ask for my ideas, not to follow out their own. They deliver themselves to me in confidence, and I decide for them; that makes them happy. If I tell them they are suited, they need no further evidence."

"Do you never find a rebel among them? Does no one ever claim the right of personal invention and choice?"

"Choice! yes, certainly; but only between my various suggestions. And very few do even that; most of them leave it all to me. But as for invention, no. My business is not only to execute, but especially to invent. My invention is the secret of my success. I don't want people to invent for themselves; if they did, I should lose half my trade."

Mme. Worth looked affectionately at her husband (they seemed to be a most attached couple); then turned to me, raised her finger to her forehead, and said: "It is here, you know; here lies the secret of his success."

I went on all the same: "What a pity it is you will not enlighten me as to the influence of dress on character!"

"I tell you I don't see it," answered M. Worth. "Perhaps I'm too busy to have time to make observations of that sort. I've a deal to do, you know; I've twelve hundred people in my employment, who need some looking after; and I can't stop on the road-side to pick flowers. I thought it was about the war that you wanted to know?"

"So I do. But the truth is, the subject grows upon me. As I talk to you, I see more and more in it. If I were not afraid of being indiscreet, I should put a hundred questions to you about its endless developments. The whole thing grows bigger to me as I sit opposite you and imagine all that you must know about it."

"Oh, of course, I do know a good deal, but it's all personal. There's the subject of payments, for instance—a very big subject, indeed, from my point of view. Then there are the jealousies, and the envies, and the hatings, and the love-makings. Oh, I know a quantity about all that."

[Here M. Worth began to pour forth a series of anecdotes which were not to the interviewer's point and are, unhappily, not reproduced.]

At last I ventured to put in an interruption and to ask: "Now, out of all that, what is your impression (to take one single point) as to the average amount which women spend on dress?"

"There is no average at all. How could there be? In every case the expenditure is individual and is governed by circumstances. There are quantities of very respectable women in Paris who don't spend more than sixty pounds a year on their toilet, and who, for that sort of type, really don't look bad. But you mean, of course, the women who come to me, who are of a different class. Well, they get through anything you like, from a minimum of four hundred pounds to a maximum of four thousand pounds. I know several women who reach four thousand pounds on an average; not every year the same sum—sometimes more, sometimes less. Why, some of them—especially Russians—get through one hundred and fifty pounds a year for shoes alone, without counting hoots."

"Are the Russians more extravagant than all the others?"

"It doesn't run in nations, exactly. Often it's a Russian, as I say, or it's an American. Sometimes it's a Peruvian or a Chilean; sometimes, even, it's a Frenchwoman, though the French are usually rather careful; economy is in the blood, you know. Here and there a Spaniard or a Southern Italian may turn prodigal, or people of some of the outlying races. But rarely does an Englishwoman get really wasteful, and I have not known a single case of a German reaching any such amount as I am talking of. Some of the Americans are great spenders; all of them (all of them that I see, I mean,) love dress, even if they are not extravagant over it. And I like to dress them, for, as I say occasionally, 'they have faith, figures, and francs'—faith to believe in me, figures that I can put into shape, francs to pay my bills. Yes, I like to dress Americans."

[Again the interviewer brought the conversation back to the incomprehensible problem that he could not express. He asked M. Worth: "When women order dresses, are they enthusiastic or indifferent? Does the process fill them with emotion, as if it were a highly exciting ceremony; or do they perform it as if they didn't care?" to which the arbiter of fashions replied:]

"That depends. Beginners are almost always stirred up

Clients who come to me for the first time show generally very perceptible flutter. But habit quiets that; after a time they cease to be fussy, and take things quietly. Your question means, I suppose, judging from what you have said about the moral effects of dress on women—whether the ordering of new gowns is a cause of deep palpitation to them. I answer that by saying that they pass through two stages: at first, as a rule, according to my experience, they are distinctly agitated; afterward they become calm. But always, no matter at what age, the discussion of the composition of a new dress fills every one of them with joy. I will give you some examples."

Then he began a third series of gossip tales, which lasted for another half-hour (he certainly had a great liking for personal stories, and a great stock of them; and he told them vividly). But, as before, there was nothing in them that could be made instructive.

It became evident to me that I had failed. My expectations were not—and were not destined to be—realized. I had met most pleasant people; I had listened to many diverting experiences of a strange sort; I had had a glimpse into the inside of a life that was new to me; but I had obtained nothing of what I came to seek. I was very disappointed. But I had been treated with such kindness that I felt it would be ungrateful to allow my disappointment to show itself. So I chatted on as if I were delighted.

"What a charming house this is, and what a collection of beautiful things you have in it!" I exclaimed, trying a new direction of thought.

"I'm glad you like it," answered M. Worth. "The ladies who come down here to tea—clients, you know—are all good enough to say it pleases them. By the way, would you like to hear some stories of my tea-parties?"

"Thanks very much," I replied; "I am afraid they would scarcely fit in with what I want to do. Besides, the hours have passed so quickly that we have almost reached the moment when I must go to catch my train. I thank you very warmly for your charming hospitality, and for all that you have told me, though I fear that I shall scarcely be able to build much on it."

"Well, if you do write anything, you will let me see it. Of course you will not repeat any of the anecdotes I have told you; they are confidential, you know."

I took leave of them all with renewed thanks, with the sentiment that I had made acquaintance with most excellent people, and that I had passed a very interesting evening, and with a strong addition to my many previous reasons for knowing that the best-planned and best-intentioned efforts often fail.

Mr. Mitchell Vincent, a professional engineer and draughtsman of Onawa, Iowa, has had the happy thought to plot the course of the Missouri in 1804 as laid down in the manuscript journals of Lewis and Clark, at least for the Iowa portion of the river. A few blue prints of this map are in private circulation. The plotting possesses an extraordinary interest and no small hydrographic value, inasmuch as it includes the United States survey of 1852 and the county survey of April, 1894, and thus exhibits the changes in the stream at two intervals of approximately forty-five years. The antics of this mighty river in alluvial soil are almost incredible; one who should attempt to follow literally in the track of Lewis and Clark in their ascent of the Missouri would have frequently to convert his pirogue into a "prairie schooner." The tendency of the river, on the whole, at this particular point, has been to straighten itself, and Iowa has been the gainer by the operation at the expense of Nebraska.

There have been in England recently two examples of the recovery of lost wills found in Bibles. One was made more than thirty years ago, and leaves sixteen thousand pounds to certain missionary societies. It was an illustrated Bible, which attracted the attention of a little girl; if there had been no pictures, it is sad to reflect that nobody would have looked into that Bible. It is curious how the old custom of looking into Bibles—not indeed for wills, but for hank-notes—has gone out. It used to be the way of religious folks to give the sacred volume to their god-children, interleaved in this excellent fashion. In Captain Marryat's novels, the first act of a young midshipman upon receiving this present used to be to go through it very carefully from Genesis to Revelations.

Female nudity in art comes from prehistoric Greece, and not, as is commonly believed, from Babylonia, says M. Salomon Reinach, of the French Academy of Inscriptions. Istar (Astarte) as a warrior goddess is fully clothed and in armor; it is only in her humiliation, when she goes down into hell, that she disrobes. On the other hand, statuettes of nude females have been found in the Archipelago, at Troy, and in Thrace that go back to 1200 B. C. He infers that nude divinities penetrated from prehistoric Greece to Babylonia; that the type was preserved in Phoenicia, and thence passed back to historic Greece and Rome.

A Velasquez lately presented by Lord Savile to the National Gallery in London, representing a hetrothal, is believed by him to be the last picture painted by the artist, and to contain portraits of himself in his dress as a knight of Santiago, of the poet Quevedo, and of Velasquez's favorite slave, Juan Pareja.

A society for the suppression of scandal has just been started at Interburgh, in East Prussia. Every scandalous story spread in the town will be traced, and the originator prosecuted by the society.

Vesuvius is again active. The crater of 1862 is rapidly filling, and a new cone, which is already six feet higher than the edge of the crater, is rising at the western end.

SENSATIONS OF THE SALON.

Some Striking Pictures at the Champs-Elysées—Sordid, Cruel, and Disgusting Scenes—The Portraits, the Millinery Prize, and the Nudes.

"I declare it's pandering to a vicious taste! Artists ought not to be allowed to exhibit such horrors!"

I heard this said a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, and oftener, in the vicinity of one of the obnoxious pictures.

"It makes me sick to look at it!" chimes in one voice after another in the little crowd congregated in front of "L'Eternelle Convoitise." There is no doubt it is a sorry spectacle—those poor, deformed wretches, fighting like demons for a pocket-book which some one has let fall in the gutter, biting, tearing, grabbing ferociously at each other. Why, then, do people hustle one another to get a glimpse of it, and why do they blame the man who painted it—for no other reason than to attract attention? Persons also ask to be directed to "The Carcass," for another artist, also intent on shocking the *bourgeois*, has painted the carcass of an ox dripping with gore, which a bull-terrier is greedily lapping—a loathsome sight, yet which none of us would miss for worlds.

On the very threshold of the Salon, our steps are arrested by a composition that sends a thrill of horror into our marrow. It appears that Elizabeth Bathari, who flourished—as the historians say—in the thirteenth century, beguiled her leisure hours in watching the agonies and death-throes of miserable serfs whom she had stripped and alternately flogged and deluged with ice-cold water. The scene has been portrayed in all its horrors by the Hungarian artist, Csok, who has obtained a most dramatic effect by the contrast of the dainty queen, with the soul of a fiend, on the one hand, smiling serenely, and the martyred wretches before her undergoing this terrible torment.

I am happy to say these are not the only pictures that create a sensation at the Salon of the Champs-Elysées, which, after all and in spite of the growing interest felt in the show at the Champ de Mars, is the real Salon. If you had seen the crowd that gathered there on Varnishing Day, you would be well convinced of this. Every one, of course, was eager to see the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught painted by Detaille. A huge picture it is, and not, perhaps, handled in a very artistic spirit. The princes are both on horseback, and they wear splendid uniforms and they ride a pair of fine bays; the elder, portly and bland, the younger, thin, pale, and solemn. The officers of the staff have got entangled in a pine forest, whose sombre tones set off the rich trappings and fluttering plumes; on the right, the "Black Watch" in double file crown the commons.

Felix Faure is still a new broom, and his portrait, therefore, by Bonnat held more interest for us than do official portraits generally. Bonnat is celebrated for never flattering his sitters, and it must be confessed he has given the president a slightly broken-down appearance, though he has dressed him well enough in a correct evening-suit and placed a shiny black hat and a new pair of gloves in his hand. That so many of the first men should prefer the more profitable part of their profession, and give up painting pictures when portraits pay so much better, is a disappointment to the public. A prince, a president, or even a prime minister does not lack interest; but Mr. A's and Mr. B's faces we care little about, and unless Mme. C and Mme. D happen to be pretty or particularly well gowned, we can not feel any great amount of interest in them. There are faces and names that arrest attention: few would pass carelessly by that of Ambroise Thomas, for instance—his head bent somewhat, his lean body ensconced in the depths of a crimson arm-chair, a pair of keen gray eyes shining beneath bushy eyebrows. Bouguereau, who is not a portrait painter, has nevertheless given a fine, faithful likeness of himself, and Breton has done as much for his own physiognomy; while Salgado, a Portuguese artist, shows us the natty figure, imprisoned in a trim habit, of Queen Amelia on horseback, and also that of the great little artist, Virginie Demont Breton, mounted—on her painting ladder. All these we look at, tracing the various familiar expressions lingeringly.

The millinery prize—if such there were—must be given to Juana Romani. She has painted a nice-looking blonde in an exquisite green dress, with a bodice of verdant sequins and draperies of translucent gauze falling over palest green satin, which she entitles "Primavera." I was speaking admiringly of the rich tone and technique of this picture to a friend, who rather quenched my ardor by assuring me that Roybet had certainly had a finger in it. About Roybet's own exhibit we, of the press, all felt rather sore, because he did not send it in until the eleventh hour, on the very morning of Varnishing Day, which we considered was depriving us of our lawful rights. Possibly the delay helped to stimulate the curiosity of the public; at any rate, the room where it hangs was one of the thronged. This year, instead of buxom wenches and tipsy swaggerers, the artist has exhibited a composition after the manner of Velasquez. Two children, garbed in the stiff robes of the seventeenth century, are gravely footing a saraband before a cavalier in a plumed hat and a lady richly robed in white satin—a superb piece of coloring. Juana Romani's handsome brunette face has served as a model for the lady in white satin, which adds a modern interest to the work for those who love the chit-chat of the studios and are well posted on the private affairs of the art world.

Another sensation is the "Muse Verte" of Maignan—a fit subject for a temperance hall, the green muse being the spirit of the absinthe bottle. A young man, apparently much addicted to this liquor, has just poured himself out a glass of the sickly looking stuff from a bottle that lies broken at his feet, and a gloating figure in green capery is passing her hand over his bloodshot eyes, blind-

ing him by her insidious touch. Within the room there is heavy shadow, while beyond, outside the open window, the sun shines and the birds sing, unnoted by the victim of "La Muse Verte."

Chirp, chirp, twitter and twitter do the birds in Rochegrosse's "Babel d'Oiseaux"—birds of rare plumage fluttering behind the golden bars of an aviary, and the bird-like voices of a bevy of fair Assyrians grouped on a couch in front of the cage, dressed in robes as brilliant as the plumage of their pets. A strange picture, full of sound and color. What a contrast to the quiet tones and reposeful harmony of Orchardson's "Salon de Mme. Récamier"; statesmen, princes, poets, crowd around the sofa whereon the lovely Récamier sits enthroned, their eyes full of admiration for her charms, but held in thrall by her impassive, passionless loveliness.

The nude has not tempted so many artists as usual this year. Herkomer is one of those whose efforts in this department of art are most successful. "Toute Belle, Toute Pure" is an exquisite study of a beautiful female figure. Le Quesne, whose torrent of nymphs last year produced such a sensation, has contributed a tiny picture—a small nude figure, with an arch smile, standing against a huge domino—the arch spirit of the *double six*—which attracts almost as much attention. Of course there are nymphs disporting themselves in the wood enameled with spring flowers or tinged with the gold of autumn; bathers reclining in cool, shady nooks; sultanas exhibiting their exuberant charms, before which elderly men are wont to linger. When was there a Salon without them? William Dodge, of Virginia, has sent a "Danse du Soir"—a beautiful, fair-haired nymph dancing lightly in the rays of the dying sun. One artist obtains a success *de fou rire* with an Adam and Eve after the fall—a couple of muscular giants weighing their fifteen stones each. Did Danton mean to be pathetic in his "Le Temps Passe vite"? With such a pair of legs, no wonder Time gets over the ground quickly, and he is certainly making tracks now, as the pair of lovers from whom he is striding away so fast seem to think.

Talk of running, however, here are twenty well-knit fellows running full tilt along, the foremost taking a header out of the canvas. This is a huge panel for the decoration of some public building or other, entitled "Exercices Physiques," one of the best works in the Salon. A golden haze overspreads the scene, and in the distance is a placid river and tall poplars. I think I recognize the landmarks; yes, it is Suresnes, and there to the right is the Longchamps race-course, but the spectators are not of to-day, they are dignified Romans in togas.

The number of Americans who exhibit at the Champs-Elysées is limited, but among the pictures that everybody looks at is the "Clothilde" of F. M. du Mond. In the days of the Merovingians, people traveled by slow and not easy stages. Queen Clothilde is seated in a rough cart of unknown build which jolts along over stones and brushwood, escorted by a long procession of men on foot, among them a mitred bishop. Somehow I am reminded of an old caricature in *Punch*—the Prehistoric Hansom Cab. It is a capital picture, however. Walter Gay takes kindly to *cigaritas*, and thinks the public can not have too much of a good thing, so here they are again at work in the dim, arched room of the tobacco-factory of Seville. And Ridgway Knight never painted anything better than "Aubepine"—a fresh young peasant girl breaking off boughs of the stem covered with many blossoms; it is redolent of early spring, youth, and balmy breezes, a sensational picture in the very best acceptance of the word. PARISINA.

PARIS, May 9, 1895.

Mr. Rivington, a wealthy English amateur artist and philosopher, has been investigating the theory of the intimate connection between sound, form, and color for years past, and showed the result one night, a fortnight ago, in St. James's Hall to a vast invited audience, which included the greater part of fashionable London society. Mr. Rivington explained his views upon what he calls the new art of color music. He has constructed, at a cost of nearly ten thousand dollars, a "color organ," by means of which (says the *Sun's* correspondent) he has produced results inexpressibly beautiful. According to the undulatory theory of light, the rates of vibration producing different colors vary in much the same ratio as the intervals in vibrations producing musical notes. Mr. Rivington in his color organ has provided a practical means of delighting the eye with music played in color. There is a keyboard attached to delicate mechanism, and upon depressing any key the color answering to that note is flashed upon a screen at the end of the hall. Thus, taking middle C to correspond with the low red of the spectrum, the ultra violet spectral rays are considered as analogous to B, while the hypothetical low red of the spectrum repeated, which is even now within a measurable distance of demonstration, corresponds to C sharp of the new octave. While some of Chopin's preludes were played, the pianoforte screen was flooded with successive rhythmical waves of harmonious color from simple to complex, glowing scarlet, gold deepening to orange, exquisite half-tones in mauve, grays, and browns and turquoise blue. A waltz of Dvorak's showed the higher possibilities of lovely complexity, and the overture to "Rienzi" was strikingly beautiful in half-tones of color. Everybody agreed that Mr. Rivington has provided a new joy for cultured humanity, and everybody was equally unanimous that the evening was very fatiguing, for the rapidity with which color ousted color from the retina produced a painful effect upon all observers.

"Groot Schuur," Premier Cecil Rhodes's estate near Cape Town, South Africa, is laid out on an ambitious scale. Among its features are a preserve for big game, containing lions and antelopes, several miles of fine avenues, a glen carpeted with violets and hydrangeas, and a museum of Cape curios and Matabele relics.

MORE ABOUT CHIMMIE FADDEN.

His Success in "An Impromptu Comedy"—What to Do "When It Doesn't Rain in London"—"A Sporty Boston Boy"—"The Degeneracy of his Whiskers," and Other Tales.

Since Thackeray discovered the Bowery boy, he has remained almost an unknown quantity in literature, until this end of the century, when Edward W. Townsend came out of the West and revealed him to the world as one of the most picturesque figures in our modern life. Thackeray's Bowery boy was what we might now call a "tough," and the same character has figured in the American drama, in such plays as Augustin Daly's almost forgotten melodrama, "Under the Gaslight"; but it has remained for Mr. Townsend to recognize the possibilities of the New York arab, and to paint him for us as he is.

"Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and Other Stories," published only a few months ago, has swept over the country like wild-fire. It is now in its twenty-seventh thousand. Everybody was reading about the outcast lad who saved Miss Fannie from one of the pests that infest large cities, and so became a privileged servitor in her father's house, and his favorite phrase, "What t'ell," exclamatory, interrogative, and simply as a stop-gap in lagging conversation, has crept up the back-stairs, and is even audible to the sharp-eared in my lady's chamber.

And so a new series of Chimmie Fadden stories is sure of a warm welcome. The second series, as we stated in our issue of last week, is now to be had at the book-stores, and a wide popularity may be bespoken for it. The tales which compose "Chimmie Fadden Explains: Major Max Expounds" are not the product of a successful hit, in the sense of being written to meet a demand created by a popular book. They appeared originally in the New York *Sun* because, in newspaper parlance, they were "good stuff," and they were good enough stuff to warrant their preservation between covers. In book-form they will enliven many a long summer afternoon, and, though they may not endure as literature, they are worthy of examination as precursors of future work that Mr. Townsend is destined to put forth. For these reasons, we reproduce here some of the passages that seem to us particularly entertaining and especially indicative of a power, on the part of the writer, which shall bring to the front an author whom the *Argonaut* is proud to have introduced—for, outside of his routine newspaper work, Mr. Townsend's first stories were printed in this journal. Each story is complete in itself, and so, to plunge *in medias res*, here is the story of "An Impromptu Comedy":

"Miss Fannie was goin' t' give a house-party de odder day, which was t' last t'ree days, wid felleys and ladies t' come down from de city to our house in de country, where we is staying since Miss Fannie came back from her weddin' journey."

"Well, as I was tellin' you, Miss Fannie wanted it t' snow for de house-party, so as de folks what comes down from de city could have sleighin' and slidin' and all dose t'ings what dey don't has in de city, and what makes you feel all de better when you ain't in it, but is sittin' 'round de big log fire in de hall, wid Mr. Paul kinder loafin' 'round t' see dat no one don't die of de first."

"Say, dat Mr. Paul is de funniest mug you ever see. He ain't 'fraid of nothin' in de world 'cept dat somebody will die of 'tirst. He has some po'try he speaks, what was writ by a kinder dago, near as I can make out, more years ago dan when de steam-cars came down de Bow'ry."

"Here's de way it goes, somet'ing like dis. See?"

"Drink—"

"Dat's de way it starts."

"Drink, for you're not on t' where you sneaks from, nor what was de reason why—"

"Dat's de first line, only not quite de way Mr. Paul says it; but it's what de dago was gettin' at when he writ de piece. Den he says: 'Drink—'

"See, dat's de way de second line begins; just de same as de first. Now watch: 'Drink, for you don't know where you'll skate to, nor when you'll get de t'row down.'"

"Say, dat's pretty slick, ain't it? Well, Mr. Paul is always spoutin' dat and den kinder lookin' 'round t' see if it don't give his Whiskers a t'irst, which it mostly does."

"So one day, Mr. Burton, what's Miss Fannie's husband, he says t' Mr. Paul, says he: 'Paul,' he says, 'I'm sure you must be pretty fit for writin' po'try yourself; you recites it so beautiful,' says Mr. Burton."

"Den Miss Fannie laughs in de easy little way what she laughs—like w'en de mug what plays de flute has de music all t' himself when de odder mugs in de orchestra don't do nothin', and she says: 'I know dat Mr. Paul has a swift Peg Gussie'—which I don't know wedder dat's a bull pup or a quarter horse—for he user write lovely po'try t' me,' says Miss Fannie, 'when I was a little girl.'"

"Den Mr. Burton and his Whiskers dey laughed till dey near bad fits, and Mr. Paul he looks solemn, and he says dat dose was only practice balls, t' get down t' his curves; but dat he'd done some real ball-playin' wid Peg Gussie since den; what makes me t'ink dat Gussie must be one of dem new players dey's signin' for de New York nine."

"Well, Miss Fannie says for Mr. Paul t' read his piece, and he sends me up t' his room after a lot of paper on what de po'try be writ was wrote."

"Say, I made all kinds of bluffs 'bout de room, like I was gettin' busy wid doin' t'ings, just t' hear Mr. Paul read dat piece, for it was outer sight. It was good as anyt'ing I ever heard on top of de stage in de Bow'ry teater. Sure. It was up t' de limit. It was a play, see? And Mr. Paul he spoke all de pieces what de different folks had t' say."

"I knowed it would kill 'em dead; and when Mr. Paul was done, Miss Fannie said dat de folks what was comin' from de city would play de play, and we'd have it in de room what we calls de music-room."

"Well, dat's de way it was. Dat Farmer Dunn I was tellin' you of, he knows his business, for he sent de snow Miss Fannie was wantin', and de folks what come t' de house-party dey had more fun dan a circus slidin', and sleighin', and snowballin' till dey didn't evenin', when Miss Fannie sprung de play on dem. Den dey all first den, den nottin' but just get stage-struck. Mr. Paul was de boss, what dey call de stage-manager, and I was prop'ty-man, and de Duchess was de costumer, and Miss Fannie was de prompter, so dere never was a minute de Duchess and me wasn't in it, which we mostly is."

"Say, dose folks was so dead stuck on it dat dey hardly laid off long enough to eat dere grub. Miss Fannie she gives a bid for all de swell folks what lives down near where we does t' come t' de show, and on de night we gives it de music-room was jammed like a cable-car, and all of us what was behind de stage was like chickens widout no beads, 'cept Mr. Paul, who was cool as a small bottle."

"Dere was one Willie-boy in de play what had a scene wid a lady dat I was dead stuck on; I mean de scene I was stuck on, not de lady, 'cause he had such a corkin' piece t' say t' her."

"I knowed his lines better dan he did wid hearin' him say dem."

De lady she knowed her busiess, too, hut de Willie-hoy was furdur off dan Sandy Hook.

"Well, oo de evenin' of de play I seeo dat little dude tankin' up like he had a real mao's first oo. Mr. Paul seen it, too, and he says t' me, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'keep de small bottles away from dat hoy, or we'll have t' carry him on de stage,' he says.

"Say, dat gives me a jolt in me tinker, see? I was t'inkin' dat if de Willie-hoy got a load on I'd speak his piece, and paralyze de folks. Well, I oever hoped t' paralyze 'em de way I did. When de time was comin' oear for de curtain t' be pulled up by his Whiskers—what dat was his job—everybody was so busy dey forgot de dude, 'cept me; and I wasn't doin' notin' hut just touchin' me fore'd and sayio' quiet and polite like, 'Glass of wine, sir?'"

"Pretty sooo he was so muggy in his little head he didn't know wedder he was in Westchester County or Hoboken, and I was just takioin' him along till he was clean dead t' de world.

"Say, dat's de time I got to me smood work. I took de loog coat he had t' wear, and de big, soft dicer wid a fedder into it, and de mustache and goatee, and de sword, and I puts 'em oo. See?"

"Well, de play was goin' loog like a amh'lance—it was knockin' de folks silly—when de lady de dude was t' say his piece wid gives his cue, what's de word for him t' get a move on.

"Say, me heart was tumpin' de ribs outter me oearly and de aud'nce was still as a mice, for de dude has money t' huro a wet dog wid, and was sweet oot dat lady besides. De lady gives de cue again, hut Willie was just snorin' in de coroor, so I says t' meself, 'Chimmie,' I says, 'here's where you dese yourself proud,' and I rushes on de stage. De lady wasn't on t' me, oeder was de aud'nce, hut I heard Mr. Paul and Miss Fannie give a groao; hut me ooce hein' in de ring, I couldn't look back.

"Me busiess was t' skate up t' de lady, kneel down, grah her haod, which was what I dooe, and den I says:

"'Needer war nor wair alarms,
Flood, nor fire, nor friend, nor foe,
Can detain me from your charms—'

"But, holly gee! Just den I seed de Duchess in de wings havin' seven fits, and I clean forgot de next line, and so I yells out, just t' make up de jiggle:

"'Lady, lady, let her go!'"

"Deo de aud'nce was howlio', and near hustin' derselfs wid laughin', hut de lady oo de stage was so rattled 'bout her own busiess dat she never tumbled what was up, and she gives me a kiss, what was what she had t' do, and deo de curtain come dowd wid all de folks chokin' derselves blue.

"Say, when de curtain was down, Miss Fannie comes t' me cryio'. Mr. Paul looks like he was goin' t' scrap wid me right dere, and his Whiskers was lookin' he didn't know what t'ell.

"Den de lady begao t' tumble, and she asts what t'ell, only not dose words, and I says I ooly weot oo 'cause de geot what was t' speak de piece was tired. Say, what do you t'ink dat lady done? She's a dead-game sport, she is. She went over t' de corner where de Willie-hoy was snoozing, gives him a look, and comes hack t' Miss Fannie, and says dat she wanted de play finished wid me in de part. I'd radher go oo wid a soher man dan a drunkeo gentleman,' says she, lookin' kinder w'ite round de gills.

"Say, dat's what we done. I'm givin' it to you straight. De lady says t' me, 'Chames,' says she, 'I guess Mr. Paul didn't write our scenes for comic sceoes, but we'll give 'em dat way,' says she, sure.

"Say, I showed 'em what was actin'. I give 'em de real Bowry touch. Dat's right. De lady was dead-game sport, and we killed de whole aud'nce dead every time we was oo.

"Early de next day dat Willie-hoy chases back t' de city, and dere wasn't nobody up t' see him off, needer. But, say, he was kinder sporty himself, for he never give it away dat it was me what tanked him up. I'd lose me joh if he did."

The very next sketch, one of the most amusing in the book, informs the outer world what to do "When It Doesn't Rain in London":

"Well, did you see what de papers is priotin' 'bout de dudes' close? I mean dose pieces what says what mug has de dead cioch on hein' de dandiest dresser on de avnoo?

"Say, what's de matter wid me in dat game? I wears, when I comes t' town, Mr. Paul's close, and me and him is just a fit, 'cept dat I has t' turn up his pants 'bout a mile, and his sleeves comes over me knuckles. Dat's right. He's de longest slim-chim you ever see.

"He seed me de odder day wheo I was all harnessed up in his close t' come in t' de dog-show t' see could I get track of a good bull-pup what Mr. Paul wants t' give t' Miss Fannie. Was I tellin' you 'bout dat hull-pup?"

"Well, he sees me, and he looks at me solem'-like, and he says t' me, says he: 'Chames,' he says, 'hold up de tails of your overcoat,' he says.

"'What for?' says I; and he says: 'I waots t' see how far your trousers is turned up'; what is what he calls paots.

"Den I hoists me overcoat like I was a lady crossin' de streets in de mud, and Mr. Paul looks at me pants, what was turned up back so dat de bottoms was near me knees, dey heig his pants, like I was tellin' you what he give t' me, and he looks at den a while, smokin' his cigar like he was t'inkin', and den he says, says he: 'Chames,' he says, 'if de little boys in de club windows ever seen you in dose trousers widout de overcoat hidin' de roll-up, you'd break dere hearts,' he says, 'cause den dey'd know dat none of dem wasn't no looger in de race t' be king of de dudes."

"Say, I taut he was just stringin' me, and I only touches me hat and says dat I'd keep me coat on so's I wouldn't break dere hearts wid me pants, and den I forgot 'bout it and come down t' de dog-show wid de Duchess, what had some errants t' do for Miss Fannie.

"What do you t'ink happens den? Say, dis is straight. De Duchess and me was skatin' 'round de show, and I was near dead wid de heat, so I took off me overcoat and carried it on me arm. De first t'ing I know'd, everywhere de Duchess and me stopped t' look at a dog, dere was always a lot of dose little Willie-boys. Dey would come and stand 'round wid dere sticks in dere mouts' and dere eyes open like dolls'. Pretty soon I says t' de Duchess: 'What t'ell!' I says.

"Does dese kids t'ink we is farmers, or what t'ell?' says I.

"Den de Duchess looks at de little dudes, den she looks at me, and when she seen me pants what went all de way down to me heels and hack again t' me knees, she give me de wink t' look at de Willie-boys.

"Say, I taut I'd have a fit. Sure. Every one of dose muglets had tured up his paots as far as mice, and dat left all dere stockings on show. Dey was all lookin' as puzzled as if some one had suddoot asked 'em what day it was, or somethin' hard, like dat, and after awhile one of 'em comes up t' me, and he says, 'Beg pahdon,' he says, like de way dey talk, you know—'heg pahdon,' says he, 'but would you mind tellin' me how you do it?'"

"'How I does what, Willie?' I says. Den he says: 'Beg pahdon, my oame's not Willie; it's Chawley. How do you turn your trousers up t' your knees, and keep 'em down t' your shoes at de same time?' he says.

"All de other little dudes crowded rouud t' hear how I done it, and dey near made me crazy wid de way dey didn't wink, never.

"Den I says: 'Children,' I says, solem as de judge in de Tombs, says I, 'Children, I has me pants made a extra foot loog on purpose, and dat's de way I does it.'

"Dey all taut awhile, and den Chawley says to me, he says: 'Beg pahdon, hut what do you do when it doesn't rain in London, and you don't turn up your trousers?'"

"Say, I taut for a second dat de dude had trun me down, hut I happens to t'ink 'bout de way dat I was a lord chap in Chicago dat time wid Mr. Paul, and I says: 'Dere is no use in tellin' you unless you is Scotch,' says I. 'I'm Scotch on me modder's side, she hein' Lady McFadden-Fadden of Gahherdow, so when it doesn't rain in London I don't wear no paots, I wears a kilt.'

"Say, I was stuck on meself for t'inkin' of dat, for it made every little Willie-hink. If dey had kept dere eyes starn' much looger I'd had t' tump some of 'em just to get a hink out of 'em, or else I'd gone clean daffy."

"Den de Duchess and me chases ourselves out of de gardeo wid all de little muglets trottin' after us till de Duchess made me put on me overcoat, for fear some of 'em might folley us clean home, when Mr. Paul would t'ink I'd b'ought home more puppies dan he wanted."

Immediately following this is the story of "A Sporty Boston Boy":

"If ever I get old enough t' know what's good for me, I'll go into de freak-shows as de mug what discovered Harlem. I always upsets de growler just when it's full, and dat's why I ain't stuck on meself. See? Everyt'ing up to our house was runnin' slick as a amh'lance, and t'ings was comin' my way so fast I was near breakin' me neck dodgio' 'em. Dat's good 'ough for a mug like me, aint it? Sure."

"Well, lemme tell you. I was out in de barn teachin' de coachman's kid dat old song which, him being a farmer, he didn't know:

"'Daddy wouldn't buy me de Bow'ry,
Daddy wouldn't buy me de Bow'ry,
He bought me Central Park,
But dat's no good after dark,
And I'd radher he had bought de Bow-wow-wow-ry.'

"Say, I was just tellin' him I'd give him ooe more chance to sing it right or I'd tump him, when it comes his Whiskers, wid a mug what comes from Boston t' visit us. Say, I was on t' dat mug when he was to our house before, and I puts him up for a sporty hoy. See?"

"Well, he comes out dere t' look at a horse what his Whiskers got for Miss Faoy to try. He knows a horse, dat Boston mug does, when he sees one. I fetches de horse outter de stall and was holdio' him while dey was pipio' him off. All of a sudden dat Boston mug says t' his Whiskers, he says, 'Doo't you know aoy sloggio'-match on for to-night?' says he.

"Say, his Whiskers looked like he was paralyzed, and I seen him wink at de mug and tip me off like he was tellio' him for t' hold his mout' to froot of me. See? Say, dat mug was a sport, sure, for he let on he didn't tumble t' what t'ell his Whiskers was givio' him, and he says, givin' me de wink oo de dead quiet, says he, 'Dis hoy of yours looks like he would know where a iooocent gent from Boston could find a little scrap on de quiet,' he says, like dat. See? Dem's his very words. 'A iooocent gent from Boston.' Aint dey great? Say, dat mug is no farmer, if he does live a long way from the Bow'ry. Sure."

"Deo his Whiskers he kinder laughed and called him de worst oame I ever heard in me life. I couldn't just get on, hut it was something like 'uocorgihle,' not just dat, hut like dat. It was a corker."

"Wid dat his Whiskers sent de coachman's kid away, and he shut de door and he says t' me, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'Chames, me frieod from Boston is a student of human nature,' he says like dat. 'And if you are oo to a boxin' match anywhere to-ought,' he says, 'p'raps you could bring us dere widout de Miss Fannie knowin' it.' Dat's what he says. Jollyin' me, see? Say, I taut I'd die, 'cause I couldn't laugh, but I says, says he, 'Judge as de Tombs, I says, 'De Rose Leaf Social Outin' and Life Savin' Club has a scrap on to-ought,' says I, and I could get you in dere for a plunk each."

"I knowed de tickets was only twenty-five cents, hut I taut as his Whiskers was jollyin' me I'd jolly him. See? Den de Boston sport, he says, soher as me, says he, 'You go and fix t'ings, and we'll meet you after dinner,' says he, and he flashed up a fiver. Dat's straight; a clean green fiver. He's a dead sport, dat mug."

"Well, I told 'em where t' meet me at nine o'clock, and I made a sneak down t' de Bow'ry t' fix t'ings wid me frieod de harkeep', what's president of de Rose Leafs. When I told de harkeep' dat de swell geots was comin' t' meet me in bis place, he never charged nottin' for de tickets."

"Well, at oine o'clock dey comes chasin' up t' de door in a hack and, holly gee! who do you t'ink was wid 'em? Mr. Burton, Miss Fannie's husband, sure. Mr. Burton says, wheo dey chases in de place, says he, 'Good-evenin', Mr. Fadden,' he says, as polite as dat; 'Good-evenin', Mr. Fadden.' Dat was because he was tryin' t' string de crowd dere, and make 'em t'ink de swells wasn't no swells, but was frieods of mine; was coachmen or butlers or t'ings like dat. See? Say, dat's where dey was farmers. De crowd dere was dead on to oint. Dere ain't nobody can strig dose Rose Leafs. Dey don't live far from de Bow'ry, and none of 'em has been doing any farmin' since yesterday. But me frieod de harkeep' he gives de gang de wiock, and den de gaog pretended not t' be on to me company."

"Next, me frieod de barkeep' tips us de wink, and we makes a sneak after him t' de hack room, where de scraffin' was. Say, you would a' died t' see de sporty hoy from Boston jolly up de game. He chipped in for de purse, and be t'rowed schooers down his face, till de gang was all stuck on his style. But his Whiskers was kinder cranky and off his hase, and kept his eye on de door all de time. Well, two mixed-ale fadder-weights was sloggion' each odder good for de first purse, when his Whiskers, all of a sudden, near fell off his chair, and he groaos, 'De police!'"

"Dat's what dey was, sure 'nough; de cops. Dey come in de front door and de hack door, and dere was a cop at de window. De gang was near paralyzed. Say, I didn't know what t'ell, 'cause, I was t'inkin' what Miss Fannie would say if she ever heard. De first t'og de sporty hoy says was t' tell me to fix de cops, and he showed a wad in me fist. I knowed de cop what was hossin' de raid, and I knowed dere was no fixin' him wid de stuff. But I collared de wad, just as hard, and went over and whispers to de cop. 'Do you know Senator Burton?' I whispered."

"'Sure,' said he."

"'Well, dat's him,' I says, noddio' to Miss Fannie's husband."

"De cop looks over and says, says he, 'What t'ell! dat's straight sure; hut what's he doin' here?'"

"'He's wid a couple of members from Albany,' I says, 'vestigatin' de shums,' I says."

"Say, I give him de glad lie so straight dat it went. See?"

"De cop says, 'Soeak 'em outter here quick,' he says, and he give de tip t' de cop on de door, while I chases out wid me swell company. De hack was outside and dey all jumps io, and I jumps on de box wid de driver. All de way up t' de club I heard 'em laughin' inside, and when I gets down to open de door his Whiskers was tellin' 'em not to give him away to Miss Fannie."

"Den his Whiskers says to me, 'Chames,' he says, 'you go home and keep your mout' shut,' says he."

"'Yes, sir,' I says, and hands back de wad t' de sporty Boston."

"He looks at it, and den at me, and he says, 'What's dis? Didn't you use it?' says he."

"'No,' says I, 'I squared it wid de senator's pull,' I says."

"When dey heard how I dooe it, dey gives me a great jolly, and de Boston mug gives me back de wad and says, 'Chames, let dis be a lesson to you,' he says, and lead no more innocent gents from Boston t' de Bow'ry no more, says he, and dey all chases io de club."

"Say, what do you t'ink dere was in dat wad? Dere was fifty plunks. Dat's right. Fifty good loog greoes."

"De next day I gives me frieod de harkeep' twenty-five plunks, for dat's what de judge fined him; and I was feelin' pretty good, till I got home, and holly gee! how de Duchess did jump me wid hot feet. De Duchess never let up on me till I had coughed up dose twenty-five plunks."

Omitting several adventures in which Chimmie, the Duchess, Mr. Paul, and "me friend, de harkeep'" expose their peculiarities, we come to the tale of "The Degeneracy of His Whiskers." It runs as follows:

"Was we at de fight? We was dere wid hote feet; me and Mr. Paul and his Whiskers and who do you t'ink?—dat sporty hoy from Boston."

"Well, I weot t' dat place, Jacksonville, Florida, ahead wid Mr. Paul, and he told me not t' sign me name as his servaot, hut just de same as all de odder mugs dere, as a real gent. Mr. Paul he says t' me, says he: 'Chames,' he says, 'I shall require de estimable 'vaotage,' says he, usio' dem dude lanwudge what he says when he looks solem and jollies—'I shall require de estimable 'vantage' of your company when I 'cause,' says he, 'cause, Chames, it is oot well for a man t' drink alone; and from de names I seen in de papers of mugs what is goin' t' de fight, I should judge dat me and you is likely t' be de only real gents dere,' says he. So I chases meself down dere, what you ride turo a million miles of swamp t' get dere, and I writes me name on de book of de Hotel Saint Chames, what's named de same as me, 'cept dat it ain't no Fadden and I ain't no saint—yet. Well, after eatin' me dinner, what dey has in de middle of de

day down dere—'cause it takes so long t' digest it, Mr. Paul says—I goes out on de verandy t' smoke me cigarette, when long comes me frieod de harkeep'. All de gang was makin' a dead break for me frieod 'cause he'd seeo hote de fighters, and he's de best judge of wedder a scrapper is fit dat dere is, oo or off de Bow'ry. He was preteodio' t' be mighty leary 'bout sayin' ootin', hut all de same was tippin' off Mitchell for a wioner. When he sees me, he gives me de wink t' keep still, and after a while, when he gets a chanst, he gives it t' me straight dat Mitch would have t' fight wid a axe t' de Corbett. He was tippio' Mitchell just t' get some hettin' started, and dat night we weot t' de pool-room t' see how de game lay."

"I had a wad what Mr. Paul staked me wid t' het for him, and me frieod de harkeep' had money t' huro a wet dog wid, what his friends on de Bow'ry had give him to bet."

"Say, de very first pool I thought on Corbett, I heard his Whiskers take de odder end of it oo Mitchell, and den I nearly had a fit wheo me frieod thought a Corbett pool t' hear de voice of his Whiskers' frieod, de sporty hoy from Boston, take de Mitchell end of dat bet. Me frieod seeo 'em dere, and he laughs and told me dat dey was two geezers he had givoe de Mitchell tip to dat afternoon. 'What t'ell,' I says, 'dat's Miss Fannie's fadder and his frieod,' I says. 'Dey don't get no t'row-dow here,' says I, 'Sure,' says me frieod, 'any frieod of my frieod, oot on your life!'"

"Say, I pushes me way over t' where his Whiskers had de sporty Boston hoy was, and, holly gee! dere dey stood wid dere mouts' opeo, dere coats open, and dere jackets open; dead marks for crooks t' touch."

"I didn't t'ink of me maoners when I seeo what sillies dey was, and I just whispers t' his Whiskers, I says, 'If you ain't got oo furdur use for your watch and chaio, and your wad,' says I, 'you might give 'em t' me, 'cause I'm a orphano'."

"Say, his Whiskers turoed red, and tried t' run a bluff 'bout hein' 'fended, and says for me t' mioid me busiess, and oot be pertioent. Den I happens t' look at his scarf, and de sporty hoy's scarf, and I says, 'Scuse me, sir, hut you forgot t' wear your scarf-pios dis eveoio', I'm t'lokin'."

"Den dey hote claps dere hands t' dere scarfs, and looks scared and foolish, for dey'd hote been touched. See?"

"His Whiskers didn't put oo oo more airs deo, needer did de sporty hoy; and wheo I tells 'em t' chase dereselves outside and hut-toot up dere coats, dey chases dereselves. I folloyed 'em out and told 'em dat if dey'd go t' dere hotel, I'd do dere hettio' for 'em. Say, de sporty hoy laughs at dat and says, 'Dis is Mr. Burton's youog mao, if I remember,' says he. I told him he was dead on, and he says dat t' seemed t' be a youog persoo of much streeo' of mioid and purity of heart,' usin' words like dose Boston folks talks, what doo't me nentio'."

"I told him dat anyhow I waso't oo farmer, and de hest t'ing dey could do was t' go t' dere hotel, leave dere stuff in de safe, and play pool."

"Wid dat his Whiskers says t' his frieod somethin' 'bout de wisdom what comes out of de mout' of kids, and I huddle 'em in a hack and seeds 'em off home."

"Well, de next day Mr. Paul comes, and when I tells him 'bout his Whiskers and de sporty Boston hoy, he says dat dere ain't no gilly like a old gilly; hut as his Whiskers was Miss Fannie's fadder, he would help me take care of 'em."

"Well, seoin' as how we was all dere, Mr. Paul told me t' get four seats t' de fight all togedder, for fear dat if we'd let de old boys go alone dey'd get lost in de shuffle. Say, when we got dere, de old boys hegan tellin' 'bout how dey'd hedged on dere bets, and showed dere pool tickets; and what do you t'ink? De way dey'd hedged made 'em stand t' lose no matter who wio de fight. Dat Boston must be a great farmin' country."

"When we first got dere, de old boys was singin' a great song and daoce 'bout ooly wantin' t' see a scientific glove contest, and said dat dey'd leave de rena if dere was aoy sloggion' or blood. Well, in de second round, when Chim began pastin' Charley all over de riog, I taut de geezers would make a sneak, hut not on your life. Dere was his Whiskers and de sporty Boston hoy standin' on dere seats, wavin' dere dicers and yellin' for Chim t' knock de head offen de Englishman, and Mr. Paul and me couldn't drag dem down dough we nearly pulled dere coat-tails off. In de last round, when de blood was flyin' and de old boys was splittin' dere throats wid cheerin', Mr. Paul, who stood t' win big money, was cool as a small hottle, and whispers t' me, he says: 'It's touchin', Chames,' says he, 'it's touchin' t' see how pleased de old gent is, dat dis is a bloodless and scientific glove contest.'"

"Den he gives me de wink and asks did I remember t' order some small hottles on ice t' be ready when we gets t' de hotel."

"Well, dat night, when it was all over, his Whiskers comes t' me and says dat as he was dere by accident, hein' on his way t' St. Augustine wid his Boston frieod, whose heart was poor, dat dere was no use in me savio' anyt'ing t' Miss Fannie 'bout hein' him dere."

"I says sure, and he gives me his winnin' pool-tickets t' cash, which de Duchess collared wid me odder stuff."

"When we gets home, Miss Fannie says t' me, 'Chames,' she says, 'was it Mr. Paul or me fadder what sent dat big box of oranges t' me from Florida?' says she. So I says, 'How could it be your fadder, Miss Fannie, when he was in St. Augustine wid a sick frieod?' I says."

"But it wasn't Mr. Paul what sent her dose oranges, nor her fadder, needer, hut I didn't tell her who it was, 'cause she might t'ink I was gettin' above me place, sendin' her a present."

We have taken a number of amusing passages from the book, hut this by no means exhausts its possibilities of entertainment. There are the stories of "A Kiss is Fair Game," "At the Ulaalee Club," "The Duchess Plays Even," "Miss Fannie's Music Gale," and so on to the end of the chapter; and after them come all the weighty matters of gastronomy, and military adventure, and etiquette that that accomplished *viveur* and charming *raconteur*, Major Max, expounds, as well as the other stories that have to do with neither Chimmie Fadden nor Major Max. Altogether the book is a treasure for the summer reader.

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A typical and pathetic story of the last words of the late Professor Blackie is vouched for by the London *Daily Chronicle*. His wife was talking with him of charity. "Ah, yes, Hans," she said, "you have always been so fond of speaking of the three—Faith, Hope, and Charity—he *agapé*, as you call her." The dying man, following the more accurate pronunciation of Greek which prevails in Scotland, gently corrected the misplaced accent—"agapé, my dear." Those were his last words.

Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider, he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs, and four barrels of fish.

Turin has just opened a great public bath, where for three cents a hot or cold hath may be had in a separate room, with service and linen. It can be used from five in the morning till eight at night.

Queen Victoria once said of the women of Ireland that every third Irishwoman she saw was beautiful.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Americans figure largely among the staff correspondents of the *London Times*. In addition to Mr. G. W. Smalley, for many years the *Tribune's* London correspondent, who is now to represent the *Times* in New York, there is Mr. Stillman, the distinguished archaeologist and art critic, who has for several years been the resident correspondent of the *Thunderer* at Rome; and Mr. William Morton Fullerton, a Yale man, is one of the two assistants of M. de Blowitz at Paris, the other being Mr. John Alger, well known in connection with his history of the French Revolution.

The late Sheridan le Fanu left a large number of unpublished poems, which are to be issued soon with an introduction by Mr. A. P. Graves.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who was a popular novelist before her son "Dick" was born, has just completed a novel that will appear serially in a New York weekly publication. It is called "Dr. Warwick's Daughters," and Mrs. Davis was six years in writing it.

The short work of fiction entitled "Some Good Intentions and a Blunder," which was issued about a month ago by the Merriam Company as a work by John Oliver Hobbes, was really written, not by her, but by some other person in imitation of her style. James Richards, an uncle of John Oliver Hobbes, has explained to the New York *Times* the circumstances in which the unfortunate mistake was made:

"The English newspaper called the *Gentleman* caused two short stories to be written for its pages 'in imitation of the supposed style of two contemporary authors, without disclosing, at the time the novels were published, the names of the authors whose style was imitated. It was then given out as a prize problem for subscribers to discover the supposed authors, and to those who discovered both, the prize was to be given.' Two ladies successfully solved the problems by sending in the name of John Oliver Hobbes as the author imitated in one story and Stevenson as the author imitated in the other. From this occurrence arose the mistake of attributing the authorship of an imitation piece of work to the author imitated."

The Merriam Company says it published the work in good faith, and has withdrawn it from sale.

The Messrs. Appleton will add to their Useful Story Series volumes, giving "The Story of the Plants," by Grant Allen, and "The Story of the Earth," by H. S. Seeley.

Among the verse-writers whom Canada has given to the world during the last few years may be mentioned Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, J. H. Brown, W. W. Campbell, Frederic George Scott, and the late George Frederick Campbell.

Thomas Hardy has considerably modified for serial publication his story of "Hearts Insurgent." It is said that when it comes out in book-form it will be restored to its natural state.

Mme. Alphonse Daudet is to publish a book of poems. It contains about twelve hundred verses of intimate and familiar inspiration, in simple form, not indicating in the least the writer's predilection for the last formulas of symbolist poetry.

"The Tenth Muse," Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume of poetry, is dedicated to the Duchess of York. The Tenth Muse is "Ephemeria," the Muse of Journalism.

Of her first visit to Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous home, the Old Manse, Mrs. Howe recently said:

"The first time I went to see Hawthorne, I didn't see him. I just got a glimpse of him. His wife received us in the parlor, and presently I heard a slight noise and saw a slim figure coming down the stairs. 'Husband, husband,' Mrs. Hawthorne called. 'Dr. Howe and Mrs. Howe are here.' Hawthorne halted across the hall and out through the door, without ever so much as looking in our direction. He was savagely shy at the time."

Rudyard Kipling, it is understood, proposes to write a book on American backwoods life. It will contain "The Walking Delegate," among other stories. In the autumn, he and Mrs. Kipling will sail for India.

The Spanish novelist Galdos, who is called great even by his contemporaries, is a bachelor of fifty, who leads a very simple and retiring life. He has written twenty volumes of "national episodes," historical romances that have been uniformly popular since the first of them, "Trafalgar," was published in 1873. They form a continuous story of Spain's efforts to throw off the yoke of Napoleon.

Frances Eleanor Trollope, the widow of T. Adolphus Trollope, is writing a memoir of Mrs. Trollope, the mother of her husband and of Anthony Trollope.

Mrs. Margaret Deland is giving the finishing touches to a new novel. While this announcement may seem to follow pretty close upon the publication of "Philip and his Wife," the two books were not written in rapid succession. The earlier story had its first writing more than three years ago; then it was worked over for a year before it appeared in print. Although the new novel is virtually finished, it is not yet ready for publication.

It is reported that Tolstoy has become an enthusiastic bicyclist, and joined the Moscow Cycling

Club. He rides for an hour every day, accompanied by members of his family.

There will not be so many English books imported this summer as last. The reason is thus given:

The international copyright law has made it more advantageous for publishers to publish than to import. Now the importing business is small compared to what it was. The English author, and the French, too, for that matter, is disappointed in the working of the new law. The foreign author had an idea that his everlasting fortune would be made when this law was declared. No law is perfectly simple, and this one of international copyright is a particularly complicated one. Simultaneous publication is insisted upon, and that makes a thousand and one complications. Foreigners move slower than we do, and the American publisher is often not given time to meet the law requiring simultaneous publication.

F. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, has been trying his hand at a play. "Kitty Clive" is its title, and it is a dramatization of a magazine story published not long ago by the author. Mr. Moore is a quick writer. His new book, "The Sale of a Soul," was written in eight days. This young man was born in Ireland, and he is an accomplished journalist and something of a traveler.

James Darmesteter's wife, Mary F. Robinson, is to publish, in one or two volumes, essays philosophical and moral, and impressions of travel in England and Ireland, which the regretted writer left unfinished.

Chambers's Journal, telling of the earnings of those novelists who have been or who are to-day at the top, says:

"A man in vogue may command from £1,000 to £1,500 for a romance. Mr. Froude made more money than Alfred Tennyson, the estate of the poet having been valued at £57,000. Victor Hugo's personal estate in England was £98,000. For 'Edwin Drood,' Chapman had agreed to pay Dickens £7,500, with a share in the profits. George Eliot was paid to cash down £40,000. No wonder Mr. Grant Allen turned his back, in 1885, 'on the fight against poverty and scientific writing and took to penny-a-lincoln at vulgar stories.' But the prizes are not for the many. No one did better or more conscientious work than Mr. J. A. Symonds, and for the eleven years of labor he put on 'The Renaissance in Italy' he received £50 a year. The English and the American reader of novels is a fickle personage and ever craves for the new."

R. D. Blackmore made up his mind originally to storm fate as a poet, and not as a novelist. His first five books were all poems. His novel "Clara Vaughan" did not come out till he had been publishing for ten years.

It was to M. Auguste Vacquerie, who recently died in Paris, that Victor Hugo handed not long before his death the following memorandum: "I give fifty thousand francs to the poor. I wish to be carried to the cemetery in their hearse. I refuse the prayers of all churches; I ask for a prayer from all souls. I believe in God."

Sarah Grand, the novelist, married at the age of sixteen. For some time she lived with her husband in China, and afterward traveled all through Japan with no escort but her maid.

A life of Sarah Bernhardt, which is being written by R. H. Sherard, the biographer of Zola and Daudet, will be published shortly in England. The actress has cooperated with Mr. Sherard in his work, and his book will bear her special authorization.

D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements for June include:

"The Story of the Plants," by Grant Allen; "European and American Cuisine," by Mrs. Gesine Lemcke; "A Street in Suburbia," by Edwin Pugh; "A Study in Prejudices," by George Paston; "The Mistress of Quest," by Adeline Sergeant; a new edition of the "Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders," by Roger S. Tracy, M. D.; and new editions of the Appletons' Guide-Books.

Over 673,750 copies of "Pickwick" have been sold by Dickens's own publishers since its first publication. The sales have very decidedly increased during the past few years.

The Pope has granted the French author, Boyer d'Agen, permission to write his biography, and for this purpose has given him access to the family archives of the Counts Pecci in Carpineto. M. d'Agen has found, among other things, a number of interesting letters which the Pope wrote to one of his brothers while a student of the Collegium Romanum. He was then nineteen years old.

William Black started out as a portrait-painter, and might have been a success had he not found greater success as an author.

Thomas Hardy sadly gives us to understand, in his preface to the new edition of "Far from the Madding Crowd," that his delightful Wessex rustic, the inimitable characters of "Under the Greenwood Tree," have disappeared forever. The change, he thinks, is due to the recent supplanting of the class of stationary cottagers by a population of migratory laborers.

In "The Sea Wolves," Max Pemberton, after a careful study of the modes of transporting gold to Russia, conceived the idea of an immense amount of bullion being stolen in the course of transit from the tugs to the steamers, and worked out such a scheme in the course of his novel. It seems that certain well-known firms of English financiers have noted the story, and recently held searching inquiry with a view to ascertaining whether the methods described in "The Sea Wolves" were feasible

of accomplishment. As a result, it has been decided to make a fundamental change in the mode of sending gold abroad, and to discontinue the use of tugs in its transport.

A High-Class Publication.

A joint-stock company of artists, men of letters, and patrons of art has been formed in Berlin for the purpose, among others, of publishing a periodical "devoted to creative art and to all the interests which spring from art and have no purposes but the promotion of art." *Pan* is the name selected, as well for the association as for the periodical, of which latter the first number is out. Says the *Nation*:

"In more ways than one it departs from the beaten path of art magazines. Its size is quarto, or, to be exact, eleven by fourteen and one-half inches; and although it contains only forty-eight pages and twelve full-page plates, it is printed on such heavy paper that its thickness is half an inch. Everything about it is lavishly artistic, even down to a minor detail like the tissue-paper which protects the engravings, and each sheet of which differs from the others in the design embossed on it like a water-mark. The typography is in itself a work of art, and offers a bewildering variety, a fantastic attempt being made to use for each article the precise kind of type adapted to the subject. Thus, a metrical translation of a weird Norwegian poem by Arne Garborg is so printed and illustrated as to resemble the medieval German chap-books. The 'motive' of the poem is a dance of villagers, every one of whom is shadowed by a beast expressive of his or her inmost character, as a bear, a goat, a sow, a goose, etc. Then, again, a French sonnet of Stéphane Mallarmé is reproduced in autograph. The illustrations offer specimens of the various species of engraving and process work. There is a fine heliogravure of a painting by Arnold Böcklin, 'Perseus and Andromeda,' an original etching by Max Liebermann, an original 'verniss-mou' by Félix Vallotton, reproductions of two of Albrecht Dürer's rarer woodcuts, process-etchings of paintings by Fritz von Uhde and James Whistler, and of sculptures by Gustav Vigeland and Max Klinger. There is an original 'glyptograph,' a Sappho, by Maurice Dumont. The term glyptograph is a new name for a new thing—an embossed or relief print in water-color produced by pressing a sheet of damp paper into the depressions of a mold. The French call such prints *estampes de sculptures*.

"The letter-press has somewhat of a *fin-de-siècle* cast, and several of the contributors belong to Max Nordau's company of degenerates, notably Friedrich Nietzsche and Paul Verlaine. The French poem of Verlaine, however, is unusually sane and intelligible, and inspired by a grim and acrid humor. Of indubitable literary importance is the opening chapter of a forthcoming volume of reminiscences by Theodor Fontane, poet and novelist, who has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. Here, too, there is humor, but of a delightfully sunny and genial kind. If the whole book continues in the same strain, there is little risk in promising it an enthusiastic reception and an enduring fame. There is also an extract from another work soon to appear, a treatise on medals, by Alfred Lichtwark.

"The mode of publication of *Pan* is quite original. For its first year five numbers are announced, three of them bi-monthly, the other two quarterly, with a total output of two hundred and forty pages of text and seventy plates of illustrations. There are three editions: the general one of fifteen hundred copies, of which the subscription price is seventy-five marks (eighteen dollars) a year; the *édition de luxe*, seventy numbered copies, one hundred and sixty marks; and an artists' edition of thirty copies, not offered to the public, but reserved for stockholders; the owner of thirty one-hundred mark shares receiving a copy free, in *perpetuum*, while the owner of a single share pays three hundred marks for it, with a sliding scale between these two extremes. The holder of twenty shares receives the *édition de luxe* free; of ten shares, the ordinary edition. Single copies of the latter cost twenty and thirty marks, according to size. *Pan* contains no advertisements."

An Unpublished Letter of Robert Browning.

The subjoined letter of Robert Browning was written to his uncle, then a clerk in the house of Rothschilds, and always helpful to his eminent nephew. It was sold at a recent sale in London, and Moncre D. Conway had it copied and it was then first printed in the *Independent*. It runs as follows:

"MY DEAR REUBEN: I wrote to you a week since, begging you to let me know, with your usual kindness, the October bank dividend, in order that I might draw for it with the previous balance in my favor—being about to go to Rome. I also enclosed Arnold's warrant for Boddington's delivery of the ship money. I am going to trouble you further, if you can bear it. My wife has sent a few poems to a New York paper, for which they pay her one hundred dollars each. They sent a draft for the first two hundred dollars, which I cashed here at considerable loss. A month ago they wrote as follows: 'We neglected to ask how you preferred to receive money, and the publisher suggests that there is some risk in sending drafts as before—risk of miscarriage by mail. This office therefore has placed to your credit two hundred dollars, which you may draw at such time and in such way as you prefer.' I find that by drawing here I lose even more than by the first method, the bankers saying that as they can't tell the actual exchange, they must protect themselves by rating the dollar at its lowest possible value, and they advise me to 'draw in England.' Will you have the goodness to draw, on the part of Robert Browning, for this sum on Joseph H. Richards, office of the *Independent*, 3 Beekman Street, New York? We apprise him that we have sent you instruction to do so, in a letter dispatched to-day. Will you finally deduct faithfully any incidental expense, and adding the remaining money to the dividends, let me know the amount? I will just add that it will be advisable to draw at once, as we shall soon have to draw another such sum.

"Don't you think they treat us well in America? If you only knew what they offer us for a little more than we are inclined to give them! This very letter contains an offer of two thousand six hundred dollars a year for an amount of labor which would cost myself or my wife one morning's work.

"We are very well—I mean my wife is so, but Pen has had the worst cold I ever remember to have plagued him and us. He is getting well, however, to our great relief. "Don't imagine I forgot your letter of criticism and inquiry about 'The Blot on the Scutcheon,' etc. The fact is, I have not got a copy of my things, but I keep your letter in my desk, and will satisfy you on the first opportunity. My wife's kind love goes with that of yours affectionately ever.

R. BROWNING."

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Not of the preparations of coloring matter and essential oils so often sold under the name of rootbeer, but of the purest, most delicious, health-giving beverage possible to produce. One gallon of Hires' is worth ten of the counterfeit kind. Suppose an imitation extract costs five cents less than the genuine Hires; the same amount of sugar and trouble is required; you save one cent a gallon, and get an unhealthful imitation in the end. Ask for HIRE'S and get it.

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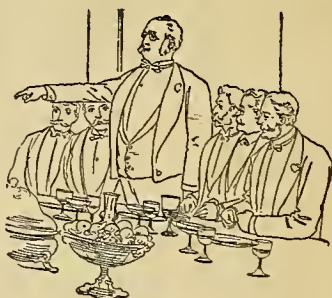
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Will begin on MONDAY, July 22d, 1895.

Examinations for admittance to Yale University will be held at this school on June 27th, 28th, and 29th.

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PANTOUM AND SESTINA.

Swinging.

[The poem which we here present is in the form called "pantom," a Malayan verse, which was first brought into notice by Hugo, and afterwards used to advantage by Gautier, De Banville, and Dohson. It consists of a series of four-line stanzas, the second and fourth line of each stanza reappearing in the first and third of the next stanza, and so on through all the verses, the rhyme of the first and third lines of the first stanza appearing again in the final one.]

Birds in the tree-tops were singing—
It was the middle of June;
Dolly sat dreamily swinging—
Coming was Somebody soon.

It was the middle of June,
All the green leaves were a-flicker;
Coming was Somebody soon—
Surely, he might have come quicker!

All the green leaves were a-flicker,
Hid they a glimpse of the gate;
Surely, he might have come quicker!
What could have made him so late?

Hid they a glimpse of the gate,
Roses, with humble-hees humming—
What could have made him so late?
Hark! now a footstep was coming!

Roses, with humble-hees humming—
Dolly swung on at her ease;
Hark! now a footstep was coming!
Could she be seen through the trees?

Dolly swung on at her ease,
Forward and backward, half dreaming—
Could she be seen through the trees,
White in the walnut-boughs gleaming?

Forward and backward, half dreaming—
Let him come find her, she said—
White in the walnut-boughs gleaming—
She would not call him instead!

Let him come find her, she said—
Oh, she would show herself haughty—
She would not call him instead—
He was so lazy and naughty!

Oh, she would show herself haughty!
Oh, he should meet with his match!
He was so lazy and naughty—
Click! went the sound of the latch.

Oh, he should meet with his match!
Sudden, or ever she reckoned,
Click! went the sound of the latch—
He would be here in a second!

Sudden, or ever she reckoned,
Blushed she as red as a rose—
He would be here in a second!
Perhaps he had hurried—who knows?

Blushed she as red as a rose,
Looking so doubtful and pretty—
Perhaps he had hurried—who knows?
To quarrel would he such a pity!

Looking so doubtful and pretty—
Speak, or allow him to pass?
To quarrel would he such a pity—
There was his step on the grass!

Speak, or allow him to pass?
Let him go by without stopping?
There was his step on the grass!
Ah, how the roses were dropping!

Let him go by without stopping?
Up, and to meet him she flew!
Ah, how the roses were dropping!
Sweetly the summer wind blew.

Up, and to meet him she flew—
Arms round his neck she was flinging—
Sweetly the summer wind blew—
Birds in the tree-tops were singing.

—May Probyn.

Thelga and Ethred.

[The sestina is the most complicated and difficult of all the old Provençal forms of verse. It is believed that the one below is the only one ever written in America, and the second of its kind in the English language, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse having published the first. There is also a rhyming sestina by Mr. Swinburne.]

Once on a time there dwelt Siehild, a king,
Far to the Northward, in the icy heart
Of harren peaks that lift their heads to kiss,
All passionless, the sun, their senile love;
Rich booty from the merchant seas he won,
And with a despot's sceptre ruled the land.

She who was famed as fairest in the land,
Was Princess Thelga, daughter of the king,
Prized by him more than all the spoils he won.
Gentle and proud, till Ethred came, her heart
Had never felt the stir of nestled love,
Her lips ne'er known the spasm of love's kiss.

And old Siehild had sworn that such a kiss—
By all the treasures of the sea or land!—
Should never consecrate his daughter's love
For any suitor save the hustering king
Who ruled the realm adjoining, and whose heart
Chaste Thelga all unwillingly had won.

Hers Ethred, young and powerless, had won,
Unnoted by Siehild, until a kiss
The tyrant caught him stealing; then his heart
O'erran with rage that one with goods nor land
Should dare to woo the daughter of a king,
And hark a brother monarch of his love.

"Now, hy my ships!" he stormed, "thou say'st thy love
By this unfiled damsel has been won;
I'll prove you then: If you can tell your king
Of aught, ha, ha! that's sweeter than the kiss
You gave to her, dowered with goods and land,
Her hand is yours—as is, she thinks, her heart!"

"I can!" and Thelga pressed her angered heart
As Ethred, "Then," roared the king, "your love

Is false if aught's more sweet in all the land!"

"Nay," Ethred said, "I claim that I have won:

Sweeter than that I gave her was the kiss

She gave to me!" "I yield," confessed the king.

Ah, happy heart! the royal largess won
Of voluntary Love, in its one kiss,

Is more than sea or land can give a king.

—Harrison Robertson.

LITERARY NOTES.

Tolstoy's New Story.

"Master and Man," Count Leo Tolstoy's newest literary production, has just been translated by A. Hulme Beaman and has been issued, furnished with an introduction by W. D. Howells. "Whenever I read a page of Tolstoy's," Mr. Howells says, "I am aware of the thrill and glow of wonder that filled me when I first began to read him. It is like the clasp of a great warm hand, with the beat of a friendly heart in it, the heart of a man who neither looks down upon his fellow-man, nor up to him, but meets him on the common level of their humanity, and begins at once to live with him in the real things of his soul. . . . His truth . . . confesses you; though it seems to be his truth, you find it is your truth; you have to own it, and that makes it yours."

This is especially true of "Master and Man." It is a very simple story, devoid of all appearance of art in the telling and yet a masterpiece, "a drama of the race, playing itself in a moment, in a corner, as it has played itself through all history on the stage of the world." It concerns only three personages: Vassili Andreitch Breckhunoff, the master; Nikita, his servant; and Mukhorty, their brave pony—for Tolstoy raises the animal to a leading rôle in the little drama, and its death is as affecting as any part of the tale. They are overtaken by a storm, and the rich man thinks only of schemes to increase his wealth: he has no sympathy for his servant or his horse, while Nikita deems it no more unusual that he should give up his wraps to keep his master from freezing than does the pony that it should struggle on till it drops. Vassili wanders on alone, but he wanders in a circle, and at last he finds himself where he had started, beside the bodies of Nikita and Mukhorty.

Then his better nature awakes, and he covers Nikita with his own body to keep him warm. In the morning Nikita alone was left alive; but the master had died in the happiness of doing good to others, and the servant lived on, to remember always his master's sacrifice.

"Master and Man" is only a brief sketch, but it reveals a wonderful knowledge of the workings of the human mind—of the natural impulses and of the conventional habits that spring from environment and education—and it tells a tale that not only stirs the emotions, but gives us a better insight into our own hearts.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

New Publications.

A visit to the home of Victor Hugo is the latest of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great" published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents.

"After To-Morrow," containing two short and very modern and "society" love-stories by the author of "The Green Carnation," has been issued in the Violet Series published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 40 cents.

"Margery of Quether," by S. Baring-Gould; "Morial the Mahatma," by Mabel Collin; "Wedded to Sport," by Mrs. Edward Kennard; "Betty," by Anna Vernon Dorsey, have been published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"Madame de Staël: The Rival of Napoleon," by Helen Hindsdale Rich, a lecture which has been delivered before many prominent societies in the United States, has been issued in book-form by Stone & Kimball, of Chicago, for the American News Company; price, 15 cents.

The latest issue of "The Descriptive Lists of Novels and Tales," which William M. Griswold has been preparing and issuing for some years past, is a list of romances dealing with the history of North America. The plan of the work is to give an alphabetical list of American historical novels, following each entry with a brief critical description, showing the historical period and geographical section with which the book is concerned. At the end of the list is an index to authors, titles, scenes, characters, and events described. Published by William M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass.; price, 50 cents.

"In the Land of Lorna Doone, and Other Pleasurable Excursions in England," by William H. Rideing, is a pleasant little book of travel. It contains only five sketches, but these cover the most interesting places, from the book-lovers' point of view, in the tight little isle. The titles of the essays are "In the Land of Lorna Doone," "In Cornwall with an Umbrella," "Coaching Trips Out of London," "A Bit of the Yorkshire Coast," and "Amy Robsart, Kenilworth, and Warwick," and Mr. Rideing writes of them with keen appre-

ciation, not only of their natural beauties, but of their literary associations as well. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A new edition of "The Complete Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott" has just been issued, with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton and a biographical sketch by Nathan Haskell Dole. It is carefully edited and well made, being intended for the use of teachers and students. An index of first lines is given at the end of the volume. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The present lively interest in Alaska and its gold-fields has created a need for a proper guide-book of our northern territory. Such a book is "Alaska: Its History and Resources, Gold-Fields, Routes, and Scenery," by Miner W. Bruce. The author is a newspaper man who has spent six years in the country, and this book is the result of his careful study and observation in that period. He tells briefly the history of the Territory, and then describes at great length its topography, climate, agriculture, minerals and timber, land and sea animals, and its industries. The book is illustrated from photographs, and has a large folding map in a cover-pocket. Published by the Lowman & Hanford Printing Co., Seattle.

It is probably to the Napoleonic revival that we owe a new edition of Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Buonaparte." First published anonymously in 1819, this famous brochure has gone through many editions, and it should enjoy a new lease of popularity in its present handsome dress. An appendix contains the postscripts to the third, ninth, and eleventh editions; and several autographs of Napoleon are reproduced, seeming to lend strength, by their *diminuendo* from a written name to a mysterious scrawl, to Bishop Whately's ingenious argument that Napoleon is as much of a myth as Saurey Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

George B. Clementson, of the Wisconsin bar, has prepared a little hand-book which will be very useful to the many bicyclists throughout the country. It is "The Road Rights and Liability of Wheelmen," and it covers the law of the road for bicyclists so far as it has yet been laid down. The first chapter classifies and defines the wheelman and the road; the second discusses the liability of municipal corporations for injuries occasioned by defective highways; the third, the liability of individuals for defective highways and under the law of the road; the fourth concerns itself with the use of bicycles in the streets of cities and villages; and the fifth considers the subject of negligence and its redress. The book is carefully indexed. Published by Callaghan & Co.

Georg Ebers, the author of "Cleopatra" and "An Egyptian Princess," seems to be working his way back through the ages, for his latest novel, "In the Fire of the Forge," is a romance of old Nuremberg. It gives a very full account of life in the imperial free city of Nuremberg in the Middle Ages. The human interest of the story is concerned with the loves of a beautiful young girl, destined to become a sister in one of the most noted convents of Europe, and a Swiss knight. He had been a man of the world, but her influence leads him to become a member of the then new Order of St. Francis; and the author, in following their self-sacrificing lives, presents a series of striking pictures of the life and good works of the early convents and monasteries. The translation from the German is by Mary J. Safford. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, for the two volumes, \$1.50.

"The Female Offender," by Professor Caesar Lombroso and William Ferrero, has been issued in the Criminology Series, which is edited by W. Douglas Morrison. The editor provides an introduction for this volume in which he presents some startling facts. Crime, it seems, is heavily on the increase, out of proportion, in fact, to the growth of population, and criminal legislation he shows to be entirely inadequate to the conditions. That punishment should be adjusted to the condition of the offender, as well as to the nature of the offense, is a principle now generally recognized, and it is for that reason that this translation has been made of the portion of Dr. Lombroso's "La Donna Delinquente" which deals with the female criminal. The work is eminently a scientific one; it discusses with a wealth of technical detail the formation of the skull of the female offender, her pathological anomalies, the brains of female criminals, the anthropometry of female criminals, and their other physical deviations from the normal. A chapter is devoted to a discussion of photographs of criminals and prostitutes. Tattooing is shown to be less characteristic of female than of male criminals. Their vitality and their comparative acuteness of sense and visual area are investigated in two interesting chapters. The heads of the remaining chapters are: "The Born Criminal," "Occasional Criminals," "Hysterical Offenders," "Crimes of Passion," "Suicides," "Criminal Female Lunatics," and "Epileptic Delinquents and Moral Insanity." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

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Unless a second Offenbach appears—and that is as unlikely as that a second Browning will—comic opera is doomed. There is no one to wear the fallen laurels of the brilliant Franco-German; there are no shoulders upon which his mantle can comfortably rest. Lecoq is gone, and Audran is written out. Von Suppé and Mülloker seem to have hung their harps on willow-trees. Sullivan has grown serious, and Cellier is mute. If things do not brighten up, De Koven will be left, like the last rose of summer, blooming gladly alone, and those who still adhere to comic opera will have to solace themselves with "The Knickerbockers" and others of that ilk.

They are playing "La Perichole" at the Tivoli, and when one hears that delicious creation of a composer who was the one and only master in his own line, one marvels at the slowness of the world of art in recognizing the unique distinction of his gift. For Offenbach, in his own day, lauded by the people, the king of comic opera, never received the recognition of the cultured few. If Rossini, half admiring, half derisive, called him "the Mozart of the Champs-Élysées," there were others of Rossini's standing who had only the side-glance of tolerant amusement for the composer of "La Belle Hélène" and "Orpheus and Eurydice." His music was a joke, a tuneful huffoonery, legitimately descended from the song-and-dance performances of the merry-andrews of the great fairs which were in full swing when Piron wrote the first opera bouffe.

The originality of Offenbach startled, attracted, but did not, until after his death, win the recognition it deserved. He was, in fact, slightly ahead of his time. Society, already assuming the air of mocking derision against the established and traditional that the Second Empire had brought about, was not yet ripe to see its own point of view travestied on the stage. The picture of the *vie intime* of the gods on Olympus was *risqué* and funny, but the real satire darning of the burlesque was not fully realized by an audience who were a long league behind the composer. The spirit of a devastating mockery, which jeered at the most dignified and sacred relations of life, found a brilliant expression in such pieces as "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Perichole." The crisp wit, the inimitable gaiety of it all, captivated, but the stinging sharpness of the satire made no mark.

In his little theatre on the Champs-Élysées, which he had himself taken, finding it impossible to induce any manager to bring out his compositions, Offenbach reigned as the deity of opera bouffe—the funny man, the excellent huffoon. In the height of his fame, all the world, big and little, were ready to rush to hear his new piece. He enjoyed a dazzling vogue, and made large sums of money. Schneider, who was fat, and coarse, and not young, appeared in the nick of time to take the leading rôle. She had the sportive spirit of opera bouffe in her, and, if she was ugly, she could sing and dance. These were great days for Offenbach and comic opera, when the dignitaries of all Europe crowded into Paris for the exhibition, and, once there, crowded the theatre to see Schneider in her diamonds do the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Still the composer went without the crowning glory of fame—the recognition of the discriminating few. To these he was the clever jingler of cheap melodies, the smart craftsman who manufactured operas with mechanical dexterity.

It was not till after his death—till time had shown the difference between his work and that of his numerous followers—that the talent of Offenbach began to be estimated at its real worth. Then the world that had inconspicuously raved over the dainty charm of "Orpheus and Eurydice" and "La Perichole" began to realize that a star had gone out. Beside him, the other makers of light operas were commonplace. Compared to the coquettish lightness of his tripping measures, theirs were laborious and heavy. Even the music of Lecoq's operas had only a dull sparkle when contrasted with the diamond-like brilliancy of the works of the Franco-German.

It is almost impossible to define the vivacious charm of Offenbach's melodies. There is the distinction about them that belongs to the absolutely original talent. Though they were elaborated with patient care and study, they have an effervescent spontaneity which makes one imagine the composer dashing them off between a sip of absinthe and the puff of a cigarette. While they are essentially *gamin* in character, they are never vulgar or meretricious. There is not a touch of Philistinism in their gay, *canaïlle* tunefulness; they are absolutely

lacking in that kind of mediocrity which certain people call respectability.

Offenbach's muse was no more respectable than she was vulgar. Her style was the very essence of an exquisite and dainty Bohemianism. She was *chic* from the topmost feather in her hat to the pointed tip of her shoe, but was never tawdry, nor loud, nor flashy. She had all the audacity, the gaiety, the piquancy of a Bohemia which has elegance as well as wit, charm as well as brilliancy. She had no more of conventional gentility than she had of conventional prettiness, but possessed what Zola describes in one of his characters as "cette adorable laideur de gamine Parisienne."

Of all his works, "La Perichole" stands first. In it his peculiar talent reached its highest expression. Here his effervescent gaiety, the exquisitely refined frivolity of his manner, the gleeful lightness of his mocking *diablerie*, expressed themselves in rhythms of enchanting vivacity. Schneider, who created the part of the street-singer to the enraptured joy of crowded houses, has been followed by most of the comic-opera divinities of the day. Judic, Théo, Soldene, have distinguished themselves in this, the great part of the opera-bouffe stage.

To-day it stands as fresh and vivacious as it did when Schneider first introduced it to a delighted Paris. While they produce it at the Tivoli in San Francisco, in Paris they are giving a fine revival of it, with Jeanne Granier, the present queen of comic opera, in the title rôle. Our own airy-fairy Lillian has recently tried it. Its takes, however, a Frenchwoman, and a Frenchwoman playing to a French audience, to give the true Offenbachian flavor. The Anglo-Saxon is too straightforward, has sometimes too little subtlety and sometimes too much respectability, to be able to render the Offenbach operetta in the Offenbach way. The sprightly Gaul, when playing to American audiences, is apt to broaden and roughen her performance, that it may meet with the barbaric appreciation of the untutored child of the prairie. All the fineness, the delicate shadings and refinements of effect, are left out; the portrayal being like the rough, original sketch of the completed whole.

This revival of Offenbach shows the moribund condition of comic opera. The art seems to be dying out, for the inducements to write this sort of music are great. The success of such a piece as "Robin Hood" would bring, one would suppose, thousands of aspirants clamoring into the market. If it does, there is not among all those thousands one who can compose even like a De Koven. The great father of this captivating art has only had a few really gifted followers, and none of these have touched so much as the hem of his garment.

With the popular taste for comic opera still unabated, and the composers of it dying out one by one, there will be nothing for it but to go on reproducing the old pieces. When the repertoire of Offenbach is exhausted, the impresarios will have to trace footsteps in the sands of time back over the centuries to Piron. Piron is supposed to be the real ancestor of opera bouffe, sitting far back in the mists of the eighteenth century. His "Arlequin Deucalion" is the first savage attempt at light opera, and, in its day, enjoyed a vogue fully as flattering as that of "La Perichole" itself.

Whether or not we should like Piron now is a question. The wit of the eighteenth century was not as our wit is. Piron, too, had things very much his own way. When the theatre, despite Molière, was at a low ebb; when the opera was all Sully, varied by the vocal performances of people of fashion, who were permitted to appear among the professionals; when the Italians had been forced to flee for having derided De Maintenon in "La Fausse Prude"; when even the merry-andrews at the fairs were restrained from performing by an interdict, Piron rose upon the horizon with his original, farcical, first opera bouffes. His success was nearly as dazzling as Offenbach's, a century and a half later. Now, however, his works are dead and laid away in lavender, only to be moved by the curious student. That he had one attribute which would have recommended him to the audiences of to-day, can be inferred from the fact that he studiously cultivated the habit of making epigrams, and, at his death, left several hundred choice ones carefully stored away in a box.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Fanny Rice comes to this city next December in a new comedy.

Gillette comes to the Baldwin with "Too Much Johnson" later in the season.

Pauline Hall will present her new opera, "Dorcas," at the Baldwin in the late summer.

Alfred Dampier will appear in "Hearts and Homes" at the Alcazar next week, under the management of Wallenrod, Jr., Rich & Co.

Denman Thompson's popular play, "The Old Homestead," is to open the regular season at the California Theatre on Monday evening, June 24th.

Arthur Shirley's farce-comedy, adapted from the French, "Three Hats," will be one of the early productions at the Columbia Theatre by the Frawley company.

L. R. Stockwell will be at the head of the company at the Columbia Theatre. Five or six new and successful plays will be presented and the company will be one of the strongest ever seen in San Francisco.

The Press Club entertainment at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, June 27th, will be very interesting, and notwithstanding the fact that all the leading theatres will be represented, the programme will run just two hours.

Georgia Cayvan surprised New York by turning up on the Rialto a few days ago. She was fresh from France, and she returned there within the week. It was six months ago that she suddenly left the Lyceum Theatre, for reasons which she has not divulged, though she has announced that she will never play there again. She is coming back to America in the autumn, and will then try a starring tour.

Sarah Bernhardt's long waits between the acts, which delayed the close of her first performance of "Gismonda" in London until half an hour after midnight, and an unpleasant revelation to that portion of the British public that sits up aloft. It was very philosophic, however, and enlivened the entr'actes by singing "God Save the Queen," "Auld Lang Syne," and "We Won't Go Home till Morning."

Managers Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. announce Bronson Howard's well-known society comedy, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," for the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for the week commencing Monday evening next. The entire Frawley Company will be in the cast, including Miss Charlotte Neilson, who will appear here for the first time. After "Young Mrs. Winthrop" comes "The Senator," Crane's comedy success.

An entire change of programme will be given at the Circus Royal and Venetian Water Carnival next week. In the first part, the leading features of the bill will be Leoni, "the aerial wonder"; Peter W. Barlow, an English equestrian; Siegrist, the clown; and Miss Newman, a clever rider; and the water carnival will comprise several new floats and some pretty music by Joseph Ramirez and his quartet of mandolins and guitars.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre company will make its reappearance in this city at the Baldwin in a few weeks, after an absence of two years, during which time the organization has produced several new plays, all of which we are to see during the engagement at the Baldwin. Three of them are: "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "An Ideal Husband," and "The Amazons," the latter being the comedy in which the company played such an extended season in New York last year.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whom the Londoners consider incomparable as Mrs. Tanqueray and the notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith, has revived "Fedora" in London. The event called out a brilliant audience, and the general opinion of the actress's rendering of the part is thus summarized by the *Daily Telegraph*:

"For three acts she was in a daze or a dream; for one act, that the last, she played Fedora with a pathetic beauty, a natural charm, and a passionate tenderness such as have never yet been applied to this most difficult part by Sarah Bernhardt or any of her successors. Had Mrs. Patrick Campbell played the first three acts as she did the last, she would have stood without a rival. Unfortunately she did not, and in searching for an excuse, we can only suggest two things: the actress was either suffering from that paralysis of nervousness that fetters the will and deadens the power, or she deliberately set herself, in her horror of point-making and imitation, to give a new—which turns out to be a false—reading of Fedora."

Czibulka's romantic opera in three acts, "Amorita," will be presented next week at the Tivoli Opera House, with a good cast, enlarged chorus, and augmented orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer, who will resume the musical directorship at this house for the season. Miss Laura Millard will sing the title-role; Miss Royce, the sculptor, Angelo; Mr. Raffael, the dictator, Fra Bombarda; Mr. Hartman, the furrier, Castucci; Fanny Young, his strong-minded wife; Phil Branson, Sparacani, the fop; and W. H. West, the rightful duke, Lorenzo. Following this opera, a revival of "Tar and Tartar" will be given for the midsummer holidays.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Emily Faithfull during the latter years of her life smoked cigarettes incessantly for nervousness.

It is said that the Marquis of Queensberry gives away more in proportion to his means than any other man in the British peerage.

A recent suit in New York shows that the late Henry S. Ives, Napoleon of finance, left four thousand five hundred and ninety dollars.

Du Maurier has declined a Boston manager's offer of an American lecture tour on the plea that he does not feel physically able to bear the fatigue of it.

Prince Edward of York has made his first public appearance in London. He was driven through St. James's Park in an open carriage, propped up by his two nurses, and was cheered as he went by.

Frederick Swift, a son of Mayor Swift, of Chicago, has just been initiated into the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society of the University of Chicago in a unique way. He was compelled to parade the streets of Chicago bearing an inscription, "I am the son of the mayor."

Herbert Spencer, who was one of the three men outside of Germany who were recently appointed by Emperor William Knights of the Order of Merit, has declined the proffered honor on the ground that his opinions, repeatedly expressed in his writings, debar him from accepting it.

The new Attorney-General of the United States, Hon. Judson Harmon, of Ohio, is one of the ablest and most popular lawyers of that State. He is forty-nine years of age, is about six feet two inches in height, athletic in appearance, and well preserved, though his hair is slightly tinged with gray.

Mrs. Phil Sheridan is said to be one of the prettiest of the numerous young widows in Washington. She was married when only nineteen, and she is still of slender and youthful appearance. Mrs. Sheridan has four children, the eldest of whom, his father's namesake, is a fine boy of fourteen.

The Duchess of Devonshire is mistress of eight magnificent country-seats and town houses, a château in France, a villa in the Riviera, and has a daughter married to a man who bears three dukedoms—Hamilton, Brandon, and Chateaufort. She herself has been twice led to the altar by a duke.

The Empress of Austria spends two hours over her toilet each day, her beautiful hair having special care bestowed on it. After a lunch of strong broth and some light meat, she starts off on a five-hour walk, wearing a short black dress just reaching the ankle and carrying a dark parasol and a dark fan.

Mlle. Gluck, the great-granddaughter of the composer, was convicted in a Paris police court recently of stealing a jacket from a *concierge* who had sheltered her. She is a school-teacher, and unable to find work. She was sentenced to two months' imprisonment; but as it was a first offense, under the Berenger law the sentence was not enforced.

Secretary Gresham had not the money-making faculty. A few months ago he remarked to a friend: "I have a farm in Indiana and a house in Chicago, which is mortgaged almost to its full value. I think if I could sell out everything that I have under favorable conditions, I could realize about fifteen thousand dollars, and this is all I have to show for my life's work."

Guerrita, the bull-fighter, established a record for a day's work recently. He began at seven o'clock at San Fernando, near Cadiz, killing three bulls and putting the *banderillas* in the other three. He then took a train to Xeres and did the same thing there between eleven and three, and wound up the day by reaching Seville in time for another fight at half-past five. In this last fight the bulls were unusually fierce, killing nineteen horses before they were dispatched.

Having grown tired of organ-grinding in the streets of London, Viscount Hinton is now acting as a showman to a kinetoscope entertainment. The affable and condescending viscount shakes you by the hand as you enter the establishment, and shows you how to put your penny in the slot. Of course the thing is taking immensely in Leather Lane. It is much better than organ-grinding, he says—the labor of which, he explains, has permanently crippled his right arm.

The young Queen of the Netherlands is credited with a strong will of her own, and there are said to be stormy scenes once in a while when her will conflicts with that of the queen regent, her mother. The latter seems to have forgotten her German birth, so thoroughly has she identified herself with the Dutch, and she has trained her daughter in all the traditions of the House of Orange. The young queen is the idol of her people, who look upon her as a worthy representative of their royal house.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Fly.
"Should I fly with Edwin, papa,
Would the hills be paid by thee?"
The old man sternly chid her
And replied: "No flies on me!"—Puck.

Making the Best of It.
"Mother, may I go out to wheel?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
I suppose, of course, you won't wear skirts,
Although I think you'd ougter."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Vassar Pie.
Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose:
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat;
And hand me the oxygen-hottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat;
And if the electric oven's cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.
Now pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine,
And the phosphate, too, for now I think,
The new type-writer's quit,
And John will need more phosphate food
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to household work, to the scrubbing brush and bucket, to the dish pan and housecloth. That was woman's position until

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VANITY FAIR.

An American woman who, while visiting friends in the Highlands, was privately presented to Queen Victoria, sends this account of the event to the *Bazar*: "The next morning, after a late breakfast, several parties were formed for the day's outing. There was no mention made again of the queen's visit, until our host said that if any of the party returned after the red cloth had been placed at the front door for the queen, he would ask them to kindly use the side door. Lady Katharine took compassion upon us that morning, and began to reveal to us some of the mysteries of the *illuminati*. She explained to us the attending ceremonial of the reception by a subject of royalty. The queen is mistress *pro tem* of the house. She indicates her desires, and the subject who is entertaining her majesty, if such term can be used, makes no suggestion for her comfort after her arrival. Where the queen comes for a visit of several days, there is vast preparation. New furniture is bought, new decorations, limitless expense, the family retiring into an out-house or wing, where they wait the summons of their sovereign. In this instance, the visit being informal, there was no preparation beyond the red cloth, the flag, and tea. All the guests staying in the house were expected to go to their rooms. Her majesty usually asks for the 'house-book,' in which visitors write their names, and as she inscribes her own, would probably then summon those she wished to see. A little before four o'clock the royal carriage was seen sweeping around the curved roadway leading to the house. It was a simple barouche drawn by four horses, the driver in red, postilion fashion astride his horse; and in the driver's seat were two gillies in Highland dress, while behind, on a rumble, sat the two Oriental servants who accompany the queen, and lend their picturesque appearance as a decorative quality to the coach of the Empress of India. The queen sat on the hack seat, Lady Churchill by her side, a maid of honor *en face*. The carriage stopped. Our host and hostess hastened forward in attitudes of deference, and assisted the queen to alight. Ethel and I spent an hour in excited parleyings with each other over the vexed question of our presentation. Our hope was fulfilled when our host tapped at the door, and said: 'The queen has been pleased to send for you. Come!' 'What must we do?' queried Ethel. 'Make your prettiest courtesy,' he replied; 'remember, you do not take the queen's hand if she extends hers, but slip your own under it. It is a touch, not a grasp. You wait until you are spoken to, of course, and in replying say "Your majesty" only once; after that say "ma'am." Now the pronunciation of that "ma'am" is subtle—the a-sound is fugitive, and instead of the bold subservience as on the lips of a serving-maid, it struggles between a euphonic m'em and m'um. We murmured this phonetic word as we trotted behind our host until the door was opened, and then we heard our names mentioned by the hostess, and we were presented. As I made my courtesy and felt the touch of the queen's beautifully modeled hand, a sensation of being in the presence of the epitome of English history possessed me. Her photographs give but a poor impression of her. Her voice is exquisite. She spoke a few words to us, and then she turned away, and our brief contact with the most important sovereign of this age was over."

Those who profess to be horrified at women cyclists are advised by the *New York Times* to read the accounts of horse-racing in the last century, in which women of recognized position might frequently be seen riding on high-spirited horses on the race-course, hacked heavily by betting men. A notable race was run at Ripon in 1725, in which the Ladies' Plate, to be contended for only by women jockeys, was one of the most attractive features. At Briskwith Hall, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, there is still preserved a silver teapot won by a woman jockey. It bears the inscription, "Well-Ridden, Miriam Wrightson."

In support of the idea that it is not easy even for the practiced eye to detect the false from the real in diamonds, a writer in the *Sketch* repeats this story of an actor's experience: "A very popular melodrama had been produced in London, a piece in which the heroine did as New Women are popularly supposed to do, and then repented in the last act. To emphasize her repentance, she took the diamond necklace from her neck, cast it upon the ground, and spurned it heavily. The long-suffering necklace was made of paste stones, with strong gold setting, and had to be repaired two or three times a week, owing to its cruel usage. After a very long run in town, the piece was sent into the provinces, and the poor necklace was, as usual, thrown about and trodden on, until it came to grief once more, and was sent to some provincial jeweler for the usual repairs. Toward the evening, the manager sent a man to fetch it in time for the performance. 'Where is your written order?' said the man of jewels. Said the messenger: 'Ain't got none—it's only a property necklace,' or words to that effect. 'Well,' said the tradesman, who knew a good thing when he saw one, 'you go back

for a written authority; I don't give diamond necklaces worth more than a thousand pounds to the first man who calls for them!' When the manager received this message, he was furious, and went to the shop at once. There he found, to his amazement, that the necklace so recklessly treated o' nights was composed of genuine diamonds, worth a large amount. For a long time nobody could understand the mystery, but it was afterward cleared up. At the shop in London where it was regularly repaired, the stones had once been set aside by those belonging to a noble lady's tiara. They were, by some strange chance, very similar in size, shape, and number, and, by mistake, the paste went to the tiara and the diamonds to the property necklace."

In the Bois de Boulogne the *jeunesse d'orte* of Paris now drive American buggies—they call them "hogbeis"—in lieu of the former phaetons or T-carts, while the *calches*, the *daumonts*, and the showy equipages which in days gone by used to give such a picturesque appearance to the Allée des Acacias have now given way to the most sober and simple of English victorias. This is not only the case with the *grande monde*, but also with that which has the qualification of "demi" prefixed to it. The only apparent difference between the two is that the former, no matter whether their carriage is drawn by a single horse or by a pair, invariably have a footman on the box with the coachman, whereas, as by some tacit agreement, the others do not. Another peculiarity of the drives in the Bois this season is the expression on the faces of the gilded youth who drive in person. In years gone by it has been considered good form to look as imperturbable as possible; the next season they assumed as contemptuous a look as they could create; after that, to be as mournful as possible. This season, on the contrary, it is considered the correct thing to look as happy and as pleased as one can, and the result is that one sees any number of young dandies dressed in the very height of fashion driving alone and with their faces wreathed in broad and somewhat insane grins.

"There's one thing about the bicycle craze," said a tailor, the other day; "I believe it is going to revolutionize men's attire, which has been so sombre for so many years. Dress-reformers have done much for women, but men's clothing is practically the same year in and year out. The leaders of fashion are not, as a rule, robust, and the chaps who lead cotillions have small legs. If the wheel develops their calves, as it will, I believe the age of short clothes will return, and knee-breeches for evening-dress may be seen again in drawing-rooms."

Speaker Gully, it appears, has been appealed to, as Speaker Peel was before him, to allow members of Parliament to present themselves at his levee in ordinary dress. The court suit, which is so attractive to many people, has no charms for them. None of the petitioners possess such a thing, and it costs three or four guineas to hire one. This is of some consequence in these hard times to other than labor members. With the majority, however (suggests James Payn), their objection to appear in knee-breeches is probably because (like the Queen of Spain) they have no legs. Of course in court-dress one has a sword, but one could hardly cut down a street-arah with it for calling out in a shrill treble that one's calves had gone to grass; and if one did, the punishment would be inadequate, since the sword is always "tailor-made." It is true that some persons are quite aware of their "small chance of legs," or are even (like Simon Tappertit) proud of it. No one can doubt this who has seen his friends drop into lunch at the club on levee days in this trying garb. How they would look in kilts is shocking to contemplate, but if kilts were *de rigueur*, in kilts one feels certain they would come.

The latest fad of the Parisian swells is the aluminum time-piece. They are very light in weight, but a trifle more than the works. The cases are in a dull black color—very effective. Some are open-faced, some are open in a small three-quarter-inch disk in the centre, with small gilt hands on the black face of the watch, but they are in all sorts of inlaid decoration in colorings, and the best of it is they are very reasonable in price. It is the custom at the gay capital for the gentry to carry this time-piece in the right-hand trousers-pocket along with the keys, coin, match-box, and other paraphernalia of the masculine pocket. It is, moreover, the wont of the owners to rush the hand down in the pocket with great show of devil-may-care and bring forth the watch, of which the material is unscratchable, from among the other articles, glance at the time, and carelessly replace it with an air of certainty in its infallibility.

The women of the Southern States have been much slower than their Northern sisters in the utilization of the bicycle. They are affected by the conservatism of the South, which looks askance at any novelty, and very many of them yet think that bicycling is highly improper for a woman. We have frequently noticed remarks to this effect in Southern papers, and we recently learned that

women in several places there had been brought under social discipline for bicycling. The prodigious cycling boom of this year has already told upon the South. By this time there are lots of women bicyclers in Virginia and Georgia; there are a smaller number in Alabama and Louisiana; there are fewer yet in South Carolina; there are very few in Arkansas; we have not heard of any in Mississippi; the Northern women in Florida have introduced the wheel there. We do not believe that the conservatism of Southern women can much longer resist the wheel; the Texas and North Carolina girls seem to be ready for it; we think it is bound to attract the fair sex even in the Bayou State.

Dodge—"I attended a *stance* last night. The medium called up the spirit of Napoleon." Lodge—"What message does he send?" Dodge—"He denies everything and demands an investigation."—*Truth*.

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DR. J. C. ANTHONY, Chronicle Building, S. F.: "Dear Doctor"—Having watched the course of three cases of the opium habit which were treated with your "Soteria" in San Francisco, and having treated a brother physician with the same "Soteria" successfully, and after an extended observation of four years with hundreds of such cases, I can truly without exaggeration say that "Soteria" is the only antidote and specific for the opium and cocaine habits that removes the desire and cures the patient. All medication as well as the desire being removed or ceasing within a week's treatment, I can truthfully say that it is the most wonderful specific yet discovered. I shall continue to use it in my practice, and wish you much success, and can recommend it in all confidence to my brother physicians in the treatment of the above mentioned habits. Yours truly, W. E. FISHER, M. D., Late A. A. Surgeon, United States Army.

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He—"And would you think of me much if I were to go away?" She—"Much?" I would think even more of you."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.



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Three qualities, all good: Pure Ceylon, Gold Label, \$1.00 per pound; No. 1 Yellow Label, 75 cents per pound; No. 2 Green Label, 60 cents per pound. For economy these teas are unsurpassed.
If your grocer does not keep these packages, write to M. HANKIN, Sole Agent, 506 Battery Street, San Francisco. Samples sent free.



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Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Massimi claim descent from the great Fabius Maximus of early Roman days, the originator of the "Fabian" policy of delay. There is an anecdote to the effect that Napoleon once asked a Massimo in a rough and skeptical way if the story of his family origin were true. "I can not prove it," answered the Roman noble, "but it is a tradition that has run in our family for more than two thousand years."

The Comptroller of the Treasury is an autocrat whose decision overrides even that of the chief magistrate of the nation. Some years ago, the then incumbent of the office refused to sign a warrant for money which General Grant thought it proper to expend. "That is right," the President said; "I admire your firmness. Where your conscience is concerned, never permit yourself to be coerced. You may consider yourself clear in this affair, for I shall appoint a new comptroller to-morrow."

The new Canon of Westminster was once terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereon he suddenly paused in his sermon and interjected the remark: "Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales." The effect was miraculous, and a deathly silence reigned as the preacher continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."

A ukase issued by the Governor of the Woolwich Academy many years ago decreed that three guineas of pocket-money should be considered sufficient for the term. That this was scarcely consonant with the cadets' expenditure may be gathered from the fact that one of them kept a pack of hedges. However, each was requested to state the items of his expenditure for the current quarter. The returns were a little vague, one of them reading, "Lucifers and sundries, forty pounds."

When Rudyard Kipling was twelve, he went on a sea voyage with his father. The elder Kipling became very seasick and went below, leaving the youngster to himself. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he called out, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he let's go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

Julian Ralph, when he went to China, prepared himself very carefully in pigeon English, which he had been told he would find useful, and on discovering a Chinaman in his bedroom at a hotel in Shanghai, remarked: "Hello! What ting? What fashion man you heling? What side you come?" To which the Chinaman replied: "This is Mr. Ralph, I presume. We have mutual friends who suggested my calling on you. Oh! that's all right. I spent eight years at school in Norwich, Connecticut." "Ah!" said Mr. Ralph, partially recovering his presence of mind, "very well, very well."

In St. Paul's one day, a London guide was showing an American gentleman round the tombs. "That, sir," said the man, "his the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin 'holding the hashes of the great 'ern.' "Well," said the Yankee, after thinking awhile, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets nut of that, telegraph me at my expense."

A lawyer in Australia was defending a young man whose record was malodorous. Ignoring the record, however, the lawyer proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of two gray-haired parents in England looking anxiously for the return of their prodigal son to spend the next Christmas with them, and he asked: "Had they the hearts to deprive the old couple of this happiness?" The jury, however, found the prisoner guilty. Before passing sentence, the judge called for the prisoner's jail record, after examining which he blandly remarked that "the prisoner had some five previous convictions against him, but he was glad to say that the learned counsel's eloquent appeal would not remain unanswered, for he would commit the prisoner to Maitland Jail, where his aged parents at the present moment were serving sentences respectively, so that father, mother, and son would be able to spend the ensuing Christmas season under one roof."

On one occasion a gentleman had a dispute with a laborer over some trifling matter, and the hired man made complaint to Judge Charles Reaume, of Wisconsin, when began his judicial career in the

latter part of the eighteenth century. The justice sent a summons to the gentleman to appear before him to answer the charge. Instead of a writ on paper, with name and seal, the constable bore a large jack-knife belonging to Reaume, which had often been made to serve the same purpose. When the gentleman approached the judge's office, Reaume was standing in the door. "You may go away!" exclaimed the judge, in his broken English; "go away; I have given judgment against ye." "Ah, good-morning, judge, good-morning," said the gentleman, suavely. "Good-morning. I have given judgment against ye," returned Reaume. "Coming along by Burgan's store I saw this coffee-pot hanging out," said the gentleman, "and I bought it as a little present to you, judge; will you do me the honor to accept it?" "Oh, yes, thank ye, thank ye kindly, very much obliged to ye," replied the judge, his face broadening in a smile. "Oh, by the way, judge, I don't nwe that fellow anything," said the gentleman. "You don't?" repeated Reaume, doubtfully. "No, I have really never paid him." "The rascal!" said Reaume; "what's he come here for with a lie in his mouf? I reverse my judgment, and he shall pay de costs."

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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Roche's Herbal Embrocation. The celebrated and effective French Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of E. Fougere & Co., 30 North William St., N.Y.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets:

SS. Aztec... (Freight only) June 28th
SS. Acapulco... July 8th
SS. City of Sydney... July 18th
SS. San Blas... July 29th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA: China... Tuesday, June 4, at 3 P. M.
Peru... Monday, June 24, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro... Saturday, July 13, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking... (via Honolulu)... Sat., August 3, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent,

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 14, 1895.	ARRIVE.
6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.	4.15 P.
8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.	7.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	12.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.	1.45 P.
10.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.	7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Yerrano, and Santa Rosa.	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7.15 P.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	10.45 A.
5.30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.	7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	11.20 A.
11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.	7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5.50 P.
8.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.	11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.	1.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, Santa Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.	7.05 P.
9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5.00 P.
1.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5.00 P.
2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.	10.40 A.
3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	9.47 A.
4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8.05 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.	7.40 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only.

¶ Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 8 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1895. Captic... (via Honolulu)... Wednesday, July 3 Gaelic... Tuesday, July 23 Belgic... Saturday, August 24 Celtic... (via Honolulu)... Thursday, September 12 Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. June 9, 19, 24, July 5, 9, 19, 24, August 3, 8, 18.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, June 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, June 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping over at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, June 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer Pomona, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, leaves Broadway wharf 11 Saturdays at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer Willamette Valley, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Adriatic... July 3	Germanic... July 31
Teutonic... July 10	Teutonic... August 7
Britannic... July 17	Britannic... August 14
Majestic... July 24	Majestic... August 21

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$25. Steamer tickets at low rates. Tickets for all the leading railroad and steamship agents, San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSE, 29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon and Lady Hesketh arrived here last Saturday from the East, and are at the Palace Hotel. They will remain here about one month. Mrs. Edington Detrick is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. C. Tucker, at Belvedere, during Mr. Detrick's absence in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan and family are visiting Coronado Beach.

Mr. C. A. Spreckels and Mr. Irving M. Scott, Jr., left last Saturday on a trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Miss Alice McCutchen, and Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell left last Saturday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Freyfogel have been enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Henry L. Simpkins will soon leave to make a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace and Miss Romie Wallace are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and her sister, Miss Stone, have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. E. A. Bruguere, Jr., has gone to Castle Crags to remain a month.

Miss Rutherford has returned from Europe, and is visiting Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at her villa in Newport, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith will remain at Sunshine Villa in Santa Cruz about three months more, before going to Paris.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, are occupying Golden Gate Cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams will soon go to Santa Cruz to remain during the season.

Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle are at Santa Cruz for the season.

Mrs. Frances E. Edgerton is passing the summer at Delta Lodge, in Napa County.

Mrs. James Phelan, Miss Phelan, and Mr. James D. Phelan are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cunningham are at Castle Crags for the season.

Mrs. W. P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Therese Morgan left last Wednesday for Castle Crags, and will remain there about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin and family are at Castle Crags for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose sailed from New York last Wednesday for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Mann, nee Gage, will soon occupy their new residence on Washington Street near Laurel, which Mr. W. S. Gage is having built for his daughter.

Mrs. F. L. Whitney and Miss Grace Whitney will pass the summer at the Blue Lakes.

Dr. Clinton Cushing has returned from a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hyman and family have gone to San José to remain during the summer.

Mrs. J. Underwood Hall, of San José, is passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. William F. Taaffe is passing the summer at her villa, near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile are passing the season at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Orndorff are at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. J. C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, and Miss Lillian Follis have gone to Castle Crags for a few weeks.

Mrs. Henry L. Davis and family are visiting Newport, R. I.

Mr. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook have been visiting friends in Boston recently.

Mr. J. B. Crockett arrived in Bremen last Monday.

Mr. William S. McMurtry has arrived in London.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness are enjoying a visit at Santa Monica.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt and Mr. O. C. Pratt, Jr., are passing a month at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire are passing the summer at the Hotel Arcadia in Santa Monica.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele and family and Miss Bennet, of Oakland, are passing the summer at the Steele villa, "Felicidad."

Mrs. W. B. Bourn and the Misses Bourn are passing the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Joseph Clark, and Mr. Harry E. Hall left on Friday for Santa Cruz to enjoy salmon-fishing for a few days.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue returned last Tuesday from Santa Cruz after a successful fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin, and Miss Nellie Wood are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Castle are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Misses Grace and Lillian

Spreckels, Master Claus Spreckels, Mrs. C. Mangels, Miss A. Mangels, and Miss Bigley are at Coronado Beach, where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones and Miss Anna Hohs have returned from a visit at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Duke Baxter has returned to Santa Barbara, after a visit to her parents, Colonel and Mrs. William Macdonald.

Mrs. E. B. Young and family are passing the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald are in New York city. Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., is at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg and family are at Santa Monica for the season.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are at Santa Cruz. Mr. William H. Keith sailed from Europe for New York on June 20th.

Mrs. Luke Robinson and family are at Santa Cruz for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are visiting various summer resorts in Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Gilman Thompson, of New York, are visiting Mrs. John Norton Pomeroy at her residence, 1327 Leavenworth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant are at Menlo Park for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tuhhs are visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tuhhs at Calistoga.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder are en route here from Europe, and are expected next Tuesday.

Miss Della Davidson has returned from the East, and is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson, at San Rafael.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officials at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, arrived here last Saturday from Washington, D. C., on a tour of inspection of the posts on this coast. He was accompanied by Mrs. Schofield, Miss Kilbourne, Mr. R. M. Schofield, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles B. Schofield, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Sanger, U. S. A., and Captain J. Pitcher, U. S. A.

Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., the Misses Marjorie, Edith, and Grace Young, and Lieutenant W. M. Crofton, U. S. A., left last Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Major Charles Bentzoni, U. S. A. (retired), is passing the summer at 2921 Grand Avenue, in Los Angeles.

Captain G. C. Remy, U. S. N., has been granted permission to leave the United States for three months from July 1st.

Captain Frank de L. Carrington, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed Inspector of National Guard Camps held in California this year. He has been at Ukiah since last Wednesday.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., left last Saturday for Honolulu to join the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant George H. Cameron, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence from duty at the Military Academy, to take effect August 13th. He also has permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant Edward D. Anderson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea, to take effect September 1st.

Lieutenant C. P. Rees, U. S. N., left last Saturday for Tientsin to join the *Albatross*. He will relieve Lieutenant F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., who has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Ensign S. R. Hurlbut, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Academy and ordered to the *Mohican*.

Ensign B. W. Wells, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Academy and ordered to the *Thetis*.

Ensign Victor Blue, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Thetis* next Tuesday, and will leave on June 27th to join the *Bennington* at Honolulu.

Mrs. Alexander T. Dean, wife of Lieutenant Dean, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is visiting friends in New York.

Doctors' Excuses to Book-Agents.

Building new house.
Bought new house.
Going to Post-Graduate.
Just returned from Post-Graduate.
Going to Europe.
Just returned from Europe.
Spent all money at World's Fair.
Horse died yesterday.
Bought new horse.
Bought new wagon.
Sending son to college.
Sending daughter to college.
Sending wife to health resort.
Just bought large bill of books.
Expect to move away.
No time to read.
No money for hooks.
Buying large invoice of instruments.
Indorsed note for brother-in-law.
Town distressingly healthy just now.
Going out of business (gradually).
Books cost too much.
No time to be canvassed.
Death in the family (dog).
Had long sickness.
Cotton crop a failure.
Peanut crop a failure.
Potato crop a failure.
Tobacco crop a failure.
Barn burnt.
Office burnt.
Lost money in bank failure.
Lost money in Sioux City.
Lost money in Oregon.
Just starting poultry farm.
Just starting stock farm.
Daughter just married.
Daughter just going to get married.
Son just married.
Only collected \$13 in six months.

Plancon, the singer, proposes to become an American citizen. He likes the United States and expects to invest most of his savings in land here.

Domestic Strategy.

When the Emancipated Woman came down to breakfast, she found a most delicious meal awaiting her. Her husband's biscuits had never been lighter or flakier. The coffee had never been so fragrant in aroma, so delicious to the taste. The beefsteak was broiled just as she liked it, and it was as tender as the affection of her own tender and loving husband.

"Ah!" she said, as she laid aside her napkin and prepared to leave the table, "a breakfast like this fortifies one for the day's duties. Now a good, sweet good-bye kiss from my dear husband, and I am gone."

He put his arms about her neck, and looked up into her face as she kissed him, and then he cooed: "My beloved, I just adore you! Oh, why do you have to go to the horrid office? Why can't you stay here at home with me, where I can look upon your sweet face, and feel your kisses upon my lips?"

The Emancipated Woman smiled an indulgent smile as she replied:

"That would be very nice, but life is something more than hugs and kisses, you know. I must go and perform my part in the great world of business, while my dear little husband, in his sheltered home nest, attends to his domestic duties."

"And will you think of me while you are downtown?" he asked.

"Certainly I shall," she replied.

"Dearest," he said.

"Well, love?"

"I am in such need of a new pair of trousers, dear. If you could spare me five or six dollars this morning, I—"

"Why, certainly," she replied, taking out her purse. "Here is the money. Get yourself a real nice pair."

As the Emancipated Woman seized the railing of the rear platform of a passing street-car and drew herself on board, she said to herself:

"I thought it mighty strange if that good breakfast and all that mollicoddling didn't mean that cash was wanted for some sort of togery or other."

As her husband put on his hat and sallied forth to do a little shopping, he said to himself:

"When a man wants a little money, it is much better to use a little strategy than to ask a wife bluntly for cash, as some men do."—*Bazar*.

The Geographical Society of California announces a lecture to be given next Tuesday evening by Mr. William Greer Harrison, on the subject of "Shakespeare's Geography and Shakespeare's New Woman."

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Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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chinery—defer
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down—give health and prolonged
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Alterative, Blood Purifier, and Tonic
FOR THE CURE OF
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ousness, Biliousness, and all
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Beware of knife and burning plasters which cause ex-
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SOCIETY.

The Regulars at Del Monte.

It has been definitely settled that about seven
hundred of the United States troops stationed
around this harbor will leave here about July 6th
to march to Del Monte and go into camp within a
mile of the hotel. They will arrive there about
July 15th, making several stops en route, and will
remain about one month. There will be about
seven companies of the First Infantry, two troops
of the Fourth Cavalry, and two batteries of the
Fifth Artillery, with their full complement of
officers. The camp will be at the same place
used five years ago when General Nelson A.
Miles, U. S. A., was in command of this depart-
ment. This encampment will be a great attraction
to society people, and it is expected that many
will be at the hotel at that time.

Living Pictures at Napa.

A charity entertainment, consisting of living pic-
tures and musical selections, was given at the Opera
House, in Napa City, last Tuesday evening, under
the direction of Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, of this
city. The affair was a decided success and at-
tracted a large and fashionable audience. Twenty
of Napa's society belles posed in Grecian gowns,
producing pictures that were most attractive.

Some of the tableaux were: "Night and Morn-
ing," by Miss Mahel Estee and Miss Mahel Lyle,
"Sirens and the Waking Psyche," by Miss
Bamles, Miss Hartson, and the Misses King;
"Artists' Models for Trilby" and "Trilby's Foot,"
by Miss Lyle, Miss Boggs, Miss Jewell Spencer,
Miss Estee, Miss Deery, Miss Francis, Miss
Fisher, Miss Hartson, and Miss Gift. The music
was under the direction of Mrs. Dennis Spencer,
who sang "Ben Bolt" in the Trilby tableaux.
Miss White's contralto voice was also heard to ad-
vantage in several songs.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of
Miss Mary Breeze, daughter of Mrs. Thomas
Breeze, to Lieutenant Harry A. Benson, Fourth
Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mrs. F. A. Frank gave an enjoyable lunch-party
recently, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, in
honor of Mrs. Cyrus Walker. The others present
were Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs.
W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Louis
B. Parrott, and Miss Stone.

The second fascicule of the "Figaro Salon—
1895," for which the text is written by Charles
Vriarte, still concerns itself with the exhibition at
the Champs-Élysées. The double-page colored
plate shows Georges Cain's "Bulletin de Victoire
de l'Armée d'Italie (1797)," and the full-page re-
productions are: "La Potion," by H. Brispet;
"Episode de la Terreur Blanche," by De Cordova;
"Bahil d'Oiseaux," by Rochegrosse—mentioned
for our Paris correspondent elsewhere in this issue;
"Chant d'Automne," by E. Toudouze; Ridgway
Knight's "Aubépine"—also mentioned by "Pa-
risina"; "Les Parfums," by A. Lynch; "The
Ouled Naëls Going to the Bath," by G. Clairin; a
Brittany landscape, by C. Bernier; Bridgman's
"Evening in Spring"; and A. Brouillet's picture
of a child being given an anti-diphtheria injection in
a hospital. There are also a number of smaller re-
productions of pictures scattered through the text.
The "Figaro Salon" is published by Bousset,
Valadon & Cie., Paris; price, 60 cents a part.

Mr. E. Werner and a number of other musical
enthusiasts are forming a society with the intention
of giving a musical festival here next fall, when
Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and other choral
works will be presented with a full orchestra under
the leadership of Mr. Fritz Scheel. Those who
desire to join the chorus are requested to apply to
the executive committee of the musical festival, 28
O'Farrell Street.

One of the most delightful ways to spend Sunday
is to go to Fruit Vale and take the electric car for
Haywards. There one can have a good lunch or
dinner at the club-house and enjoy the free popular
concert in the afternoon.

English Wine Auctions.

A notable feature of the English champagne
trade consists in the auctions at which the brands
of the best-known wines are represented. On
these occasions the leading wine merchants and
purchasers with established reputations for fine
palates meet in solemn conclave, and the prices
realized are generally considered a guide as to the
quality of the different descriptions. When it is
remembered that the English nobleman and wine-
drinker is always willing to pay the highest price
for what he considers the best wine, it is a matter
of course that the result of these auctions—the ver-
dict of the English experts—is watched with con-
siderable interest by the shippers.

The following were the prices realized on recent
sales:

PER CASE OF TWELVE BOTTLES.			
Jan. 12, 1895—			Shillings.
Pommery Sec.	Vintage '89.	83	at 89
Moët & Chandon Dry Imperial.	"	77	at 82
Veve Ciquot Dry.	"	77	at 82
G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry.	"	72	at 77
March 12, 1895—			
Pommery Sec.	"	84	at —
Moët & Chandon Dry Imperial.	"	79	at 81
Veve Ciquot Dry.	"	79	at 83
G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry.	"	79	at 71

—Ridley's Wine and Spirit Circular, London.

Not Used to the Sea.

I am leaning o'er the rail
And my face is very pale.
Am I looking for a sale?
No, I'm not.
I'm my father's only daughter
Casting bread upon the water
In a way I hadn't oughter—
And that's what I—judge.

Once when Hans von Bülow was drilling his
orchestra for a performance of Beethoven's Ninth
Symphony, a high personage at court expressed a
wish to attend one of the rehearsals. The con-
ductor was greatly annoyed, but could not decline
the honor. When the exalted lady and her attend-
ants had taken their seats and the rehearsal was
about to begin, Bülow called upon the bassoonist
to play his part alone from beginning to end. The
man obeyed, and began to draw from his weird
instrument a series of incoherent grunts and groans.
It was the most horrible solo ever heard. Bülow
occasionally interrupted the performance, demand-
ing a repetition of certain particularly discordant
passages with suggested modifications, and when
the bassoonist had finished, he ordered him to play
the whole of his part over again. This was too
much for the great lady. She hastily rose and con-
fessed to the conductor that the affair had been
rather different from what she had been led to ex-
pect, adding that "it was very interesting, no
doubt, but somewhat fatiguing," whereupon she
took her departure. Bülow's face beamed with
satisfaction, and he gave the signal for the rehearsal
proper to commence.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I hear, Miss Impecune, that you have the bicycle craze." "Yes. That is, I have the craze, but I'm sorry to say that I haven't the bicycle."—*Bazar*.

"Cholly shows a great lack of self-confidence," said one friend. "Yes. And right there he shows a great abundance of good judgment."—*Washington Star*.

Undergrad Bumler (spying his tailor and shoemaker sitting together in a tavern)—"Donnerwetter! A meeting of creduiors, I do believe!"—*Dorfbarber*.

De Auber (the artist)—"What objection have you to becoming an artist's bride?" *De Kurale*—"Oh, everybody would always be pointing me out as a model wife."—*Truth*.

Blobbs—"What was the charge against Wigwag?" *Slobbs*—"I don't know, but I'll bet it wasn't a marker to what his lawyer charged him."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Algic—"I wonder if Miss Rippingal has learned to ride a bicycle yet. Have you seen her lately?" *Claud*—"No. I believe no one is permitted to see her but the doctor."—*Ex*.

Prisoner—"It's all a mistake, your honor! I was quite sober—" *Justice*—"Quite sober? Why, you gave your right name and address at the station-house!"—*Puck*.

He—"My new book is bound to make a hit. It is full of thrilling situations." *She*—"What is it about?" *He*—"The adventures of a mouse in a young lady's college."—*Ex*.

Friend—"You've done very well, haven't you, doctor?" *Doctor*—"Very well. I can almost afford to tell some of my fashionable patients that there is nothing the matter with them."—*Puck*.

"Charley," she asked, as they sat looking at the game, "how many balls make a bat?" He looked long and suspiciously at her, then averted his face and slipped into it another clove.—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Cobwigger—"You seemed rather amused over the idea of your wife's wearing bloomers." *Smith*—"You'd be amused yourself if you could see her when she tried to find something in her work-basket and emptied it into her lap."—*Judge*.

He leaned soulfully nearer. "And could you," he whispered, "think of another?" She cast down her eyes in sweet confusion. "Really," she faltered; "two plates already—er—if you insist—thank you. Yes; strawberry flavor, if you please."—*Puck*.

The burglar turned with a sneer of malignant triumph. "If you shoot me," he hissed, "you'll wake the baby." There was nothing to do but permit him to load all the silver into a sack and carry it away, leaving the front door open behind him.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Noah was possessed of a pretty wit. On the tenth morning of the deluge he called Shem to him, and, standing on the main deck, he pointed to the fearful spectacle before them. "Are you sorry for this?" "Rather," said Shem. "Then know this, my son," said the patriarch, "society is not worth a moment's regret when everybody is in the swim."—*Baltimore News*.

"Here is some angel-food I made myself," she said. He paled. "Thank you, darling," he faltered, and partook. That night the painter dreamed, whereat he rose and in feverish haste painted an art-poster which brought seven hundred and fifty-six dollars. Then he kissed his wife fondly, called her a brave little woman, and wondered what he would do without her.—*Detroit News-Tribune*.

Young Mothers
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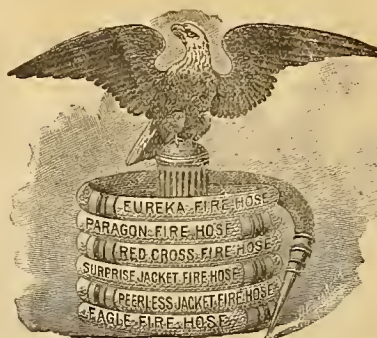
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